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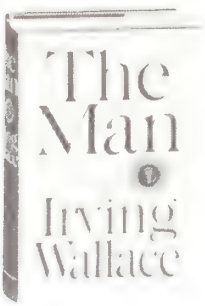
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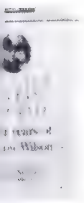
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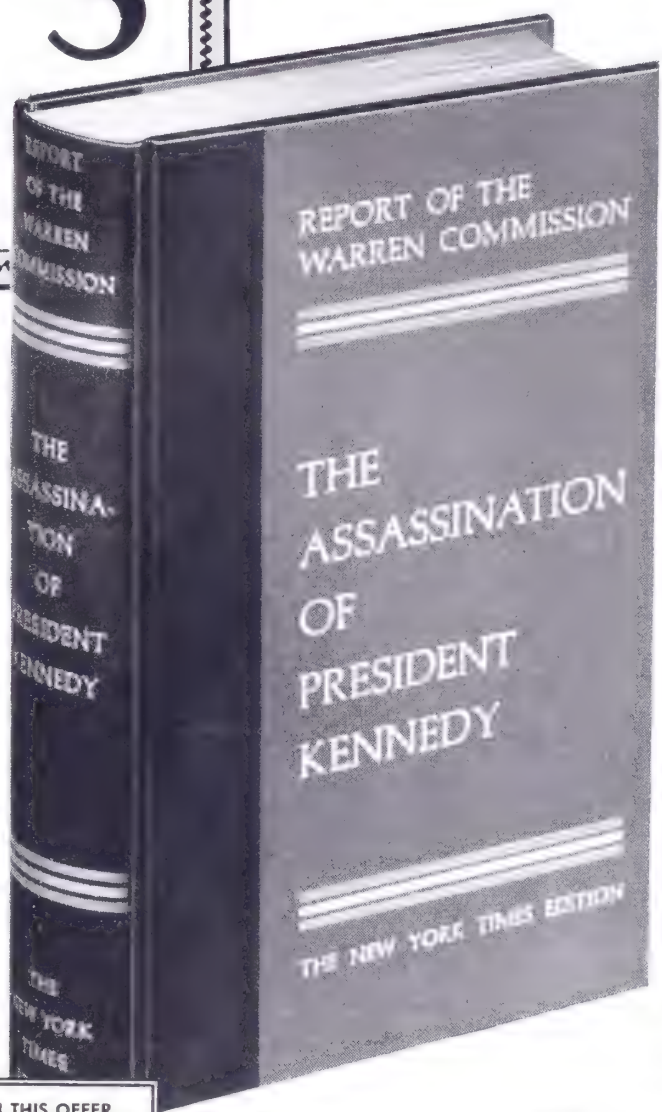
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LETTERS

Inscrutable "Priestess"

As I read "The Question of Fidelity" [Simone de Beauvoir, November] I experienced a rising feeling of bewilderment. "Few intellectuals" before World War II "had tried to understand their epoch." Really? In France, possibly. But in England and in America, never before had intellectuals made so sustained an attempt to understand their epoch. "Several new English writers were being mentioned—Auden, Spender, Graham Greene—but nothing was known about them yet." But by 1939 these writers already enjoyed a considerable reputation among intellectuals in the English-speaking world. Apparently, in the interval between the two world wars either France or Simone de Beauvoir was suffering from a certain cultural lag.

Miss de Beauvoir's account of the views and attitudes of American intellectuals during the Truman Administration is far removed from my experience of them; I can scarcely believe she is speaking of the same people.

I have too great an admiration for Miss de Beauvoir to believe that she is incapable of admitting that she may have been in error in generalizing from her rather limited experience. . . . From what I may claim as a larger and more representative experience of American intellectuals, I have never encountered one who ever thought it would be anything but disastrous to drop bombs on Moscow. Interesting as Miss de Beauvoir is as a writer, her views on America and American intellectuals are strangely out of focus, and quite removed from reality. Perhaps not even Miss de Beauvoir should be obliged to see America for the first time!

ASHLEY MONTAGU
Princeton, N. J.

What a crashing disappointment was Simone de Beauvoir's article! Advance publicity indicated that the "high priestess of existentialism" would solve the paradox of freedom and fidelity. . . . Instead, we are given an account of a liaison indistinguishable from countless other irregular attachments between parties of many social, economic, and intellectual levels. As for *fidelity*, it is certainly missing. . . . And when we come to *freedom*, there is the account of a walk to a luncheon when Sartre was faced with the question: "Frankly, who means the most to you, M. or I?" How, one asks, does that differ from: "Make up yer mind—is it her or me?"

It would be easy to forgive the high priestess for not solving the unsolvable. What is harder to condone is the fact that she has tried to cloak a quite ordinary affair . . . in nobility and grandeur. And is it entirely accidental that she has, in the course of her revelations, somewhat reduced the stature of Sartre himself? I refer not at all to his wandering eye, but to the criterion by which he valued M.: "She shared completely all his reactions, his emotions, his irritations, his desires." What narcissism, what arrogance—to measure the value of another being by her utter conformity to his own smallest impulses!

I do not think that lovers, married or not, will find much to inspire them in this well-publicized liaison. Some will remember a greater story that took place in the same setting, eight hundred years earlier, and in the letters of Heloise they will find no arrogance, no cant, no self-deception.

JEAN M. DEMOS
Nashville, Tenn.

How to Hunt a Radical

In a fit of despair, perhaps, Plato once invidiously labeled rhetoric as the art of cookery. Although, as a teacher of rhetoric, I am not wont to put down that discipline, after reading John Fischer's rhetorical recipe for "How to Spot an Extremist" [Easy Chair, November], I must conclude that Plato never dined at a decent restaurant. Fischer has poured into the proverbial stew all who dissent from the "Moder[ate] Center" *(sic)*. And, like Offi[cer] Krupke before him, he has illo[gi]cally, if not indigestibly, accus[ed] them of a variety of psychologi[cal] and social diseases.

Let it be admitted that there a[re] some Extreme Leftists (Stalinis[ts], Trotskyites, etc.) who, in outlo[ok], actions, and speech are not unli[ke] some members of the Radical Rig[ht]. But . . . there are profound diff[er]ences between the intellectu[al] Marxism of a Bertrand Russell a[nd] the hate-mongering of a Bircher. . . Unfortunately, Mr. Fischer nev[er] tells us very precisely whom he i[n]cludes as Extremists. Would he [also] classify the "conspiratorial min[d]" of Bob Moses [a leader of the St[u]dent Nonviolent Coordinating Co[m]mittee], who somehow thinks they'[re] after him in Mississippi? . . .

Fischer is guilty of the very i[n] tolerance and distortion of which h[e] accuses the Extremists. Perhaps h[e] should taste his own recipe. [It] might lead him to substitute bo[th] rhetoric and cookery for a health[y] dose of Pepto-Bismol.

HERBERT W. SIMONS, Ph.[D.]
Asst. Prof. of Speec[h]
Temple Universi[ty]
Philadelphia, P[a.]

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

I enjoyed Dr. Simons' witty lette[r] but I'm not willing to grant tha[t] "there are profound differences b[e]tween the intellectual Marxism of [a] Bertrand Russell and the hat[e]mongering of a Bircher." Durin[g] his later years especially, the ol[d] gentleman has been just as vigorou[s] a hate-monger as any Bircher, an[d] nearly as careless with his facts. Nor would I grant that Bob Mose[s] has a "conspiratorial mind." He ha[s] been a friend of mine for man[y] years, and I've never detected an[y] earmarks of the Extremist's behavio[r] in him.

JOHN FISCHE[R]
New York, N.Y.

I am beginning to have the feelin[g] that some kind of a corner has bee[n] turned. The appearance of your tw[o] articles on extremism—by Richar[d] Hofstadter ["The Paranoid Style i[n] American Politics," November] an[d] John Fischer—several books, an[d] several organizations in quick suc[-] cession indicates that quite a few



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people are beginning to have the feeling that enough is enough. There is also something about the frenzy with which the right-wing groups are reacting which indicates that they realize they are on the defensive.

ARTHUR LARSON, Dir.
World Rule of Law Center
Duke University
Durham, N. C.

Richard Hofstadter's excellent article . . . and other [such] current studies are greatly needed and helpful in their analysis, [but] they do not always provide assistance to the individual or group that is a potential or actual victim of extremism. . . .

A sense of humor is of inestimable value in meeting extremism, whether of the Right or the Left. The moderate or "conservative liberal" has a sense of humor born out of his realization that truth, while he has come to see something of it, is not his sole possession. The Extremist has no constructive sense of humor because he cannot believe that anyone else sees the truth so clearly as he. . . .

REV. CHARLES G. YOPST
Cold Spring, N. Y.

May I be permitted, in the name of nonconformity, to deny my own demise? In your November issue I am referred to by John Fischer as "the late Louis Budenz." Be it known that I am a regular parishioner of the same Catholic church in Newport that the late President Kennedy and his family attended when in Newport. I am also live enough to be engaged in the writing of a book, *The Bolshevik Invasion of the West*. . . .

May I also insist that Mr. Fischer and *Harper's*, in all fairness, list those "right-wing organizations" of which I have become (though dead) "an ornament." This is of particular importance since President Kennedy and the "liberal" federal Judge Hand both declared me to be "an undoubted authority on Marxism-Leninism."

LOUIS F. BUDENZ
Newport, R. I.

Our deep apologies to Mr. Budenz. The unfortunate reference to his demise was an inexplicable error.
—THE EDITORS

Fallen Hero

Louis Morton's review of *Reminiscences* by General MacArthur ["Egotist in Uniform," The New Books, November] disparages one greatest American since Lincoln. MacArthur's only fault was that he was not adjusted to winless war, appeasement, and stalemate. He had the bad grace to disagree with the Democratic Administration which shoved all of Eastern Europe and China under the Iron Curtain.

JOSEPH E. ZWISLER, JR.
Fox Point, Wis.

Yeats and the Maestro

Something, I should hate to say what, about your correspondence on Balanchine [Letters, November] led me to look up paragraph xxxiv in the section "Estrangement," of William Butler Yeats' *Dramatis Personae*.

"While Lady Gregory has brought herself to death's door with overwork, to give us, while neglecting no other duty, enough plays, translated or original, to keep the theatre alive, our base half-men of letters, or rather half-journalists, that coterie of patriots who have never been bought because no one ever thought them worth a price, have been whispering everywhere that she takes advantage of her position as director to put her own plays upon the stage."

Yeats continues this line of thought until a couple of pages later when he observes of these snipers that: "They contemplate all creative power as the eunuchs contemplate Don Juan as he passes through Hell on the white horse."

Balanchine's position in the world of American ballet is the reward of great merit and substantial achievement. How can it be a bad thing for American ballet that the best man in the field should be given his due?

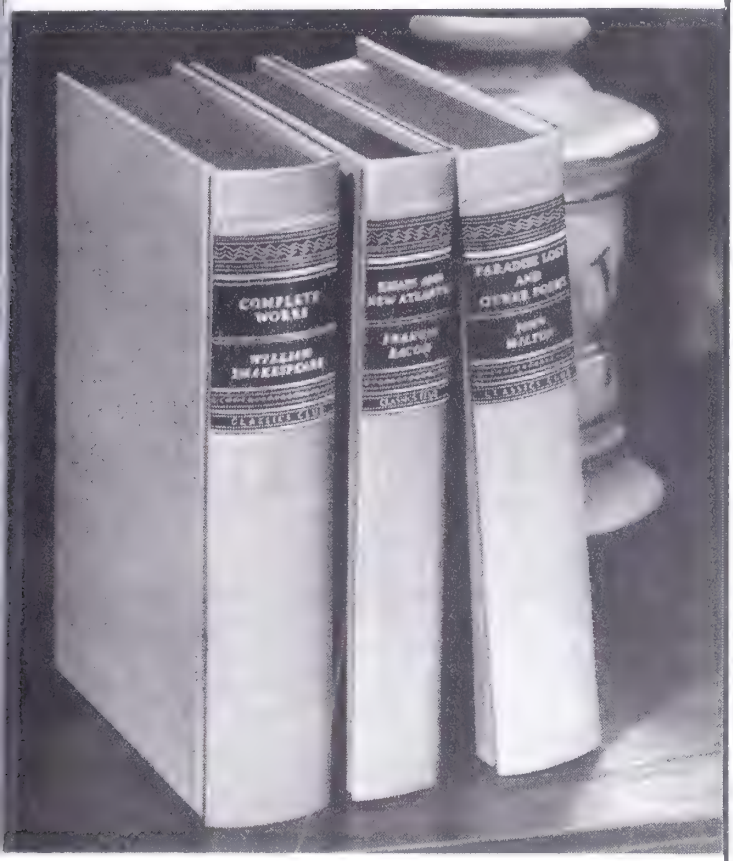
ANTHONY WEST
N. Stonington, Conn.

Folk Frenzy

If, as Arnold Shaw suggests in After Hours ["Gitars, Folk Songs, and Halls of Ivy," November], the popularity of folk music is due to its appeal to youth in search of an easy choice between right and wrong,

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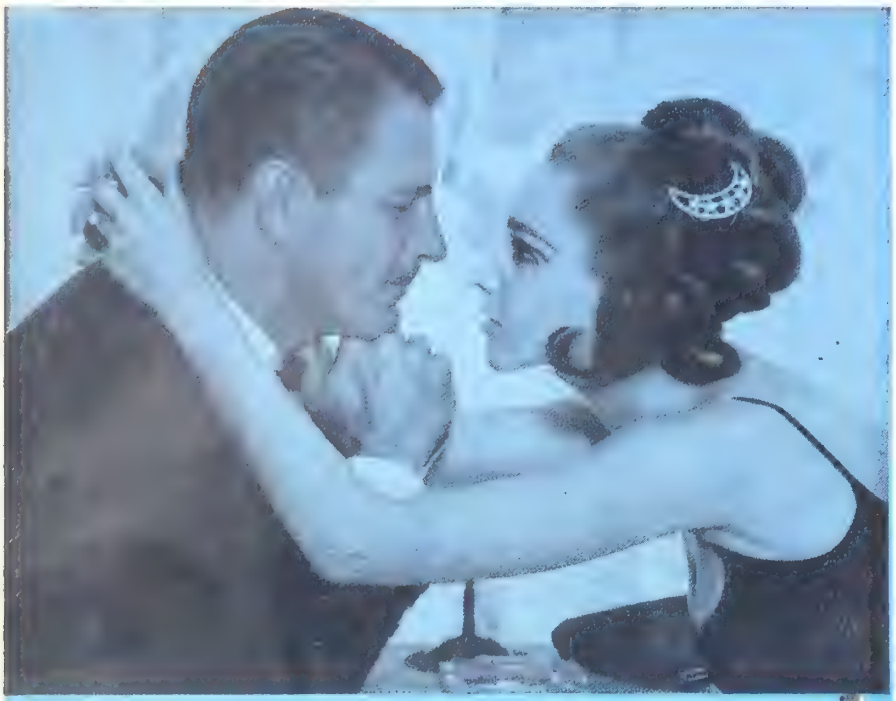
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LETTERS

it is . . . a frightening portent, sinc[e] [this appeal] is apparently stronge[r] on campuses which should encourag[e] the questioning of such attempts t[o] escape from complexity. Truth i[s] disregarded when security an[d] morality are sought by ignoring th[e] intricacies of existence.

SIBBALD D. GREGSO[N]
New York, N Y

Many thanks for Arnold Shaw'[s] fine article. . . . I do not understand[,] however, how a folk singer of th[e] stature of Theodore Bikel could hav[e] been omitted from the discussion. . . . He has been an important figure o[n] the American folk-music scene fo[r] almost a decade.

MRS. DAVID W. FERRI[S]
Avon Lake, O[.]

A House Undivided

To one whose newspaper assign[-]ment includes the Nebraska Legisla[-]ture, it was dismaying to find no discussion of the nonpartisan aspect of the Unicameral in Donald Janson's article, "The House Nebraska Built" [November]. . . .

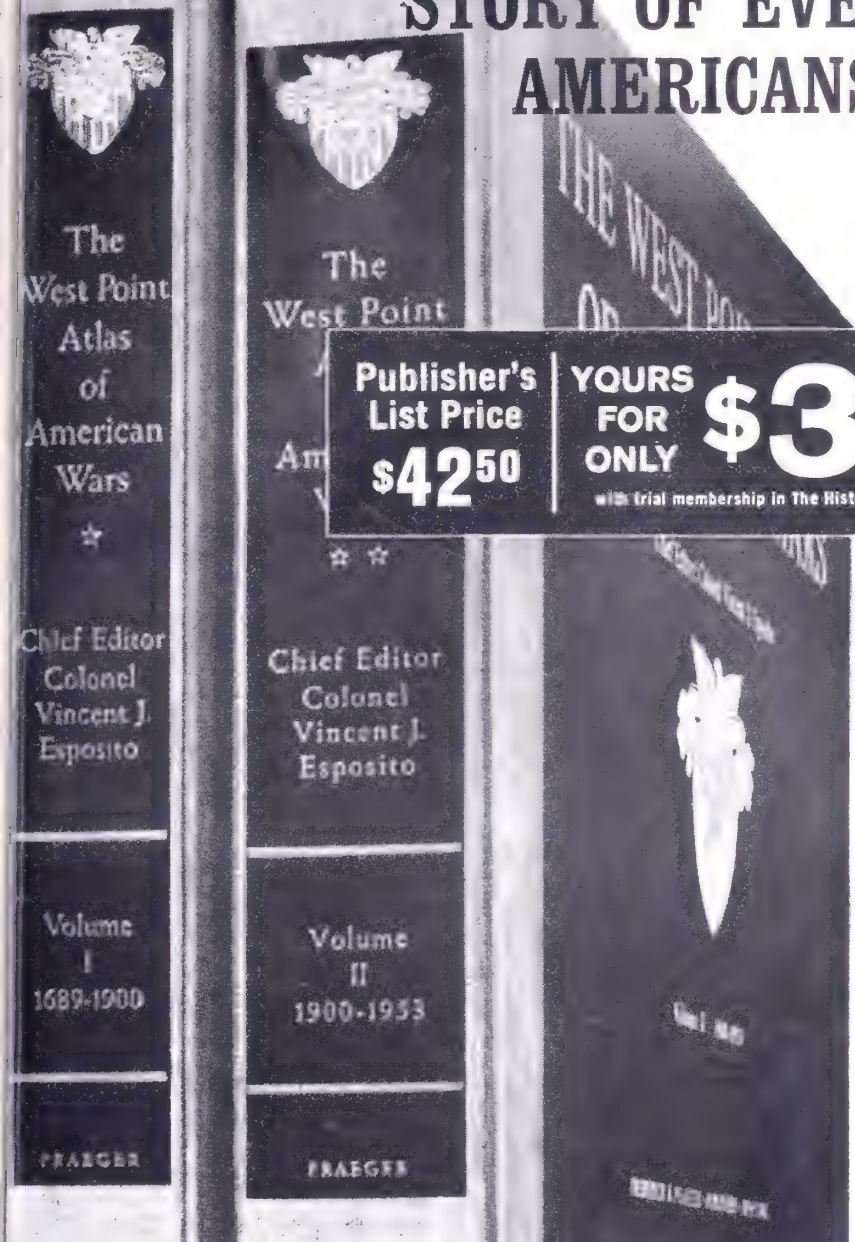
A practical consequence of the nonpartisan chamber is that it is virtually impossible for a strong Governor of either party to gather disciplined support for a meaningful legislative program. He has no special tools of leverage, save personal powers of persuasion. . . .

[Furthermore], committee deliberations are not in plain view of the electorate. Following public hearings . . . senators go into executive sessions. Votes of individual senators are never announced, although the senator is free to disclose his own position afterward. It is not uncommon that a public champion of some proposal will vote to kill it in a committee executive session.

The influence of lobbyists remains powerful, Janson to the contrary. How many legislatures are in continuous session from January to almost August every other year? How many senators are in a position to pay for their room and board on a $200 per month salary for six consecutive months? A result is that lobbyists, completely legitimately, spend most of their money buying senatorial breakfasts, lunches, and dinners. As Scottsbluff Senator

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LETTERS

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DICK HERMAN
Statehouse Reporter
Lincoln *Journal*
Lincoln, Neb.

Views from the Bridge

Mary Jean Kempner's article, "The Greatest Bridge of Them All" [November], is a superb example of technological reporting, and made fascinating reading. . . . Only a slightly more scholarly approach would have set Miss Kempner straight on Giovanni da Verrazzano's feat 440 years ago which is considered equally as astonishing an accomplishment as the breathtaking wonder of Othmar H. Ammann's bridge. . . .

Giovanni da Verrazzano did meet a tragic end, but not "swinging from a rope." He was killed by cannibals in 1528 on an island in the Antilles after his second voyage across the Atlantic. The eyewitness account of this incident was reported by his brother, Girolamo, a seaworthy navigator, cosmographer, and maker of the famous world map now in the Vatican Library.

Giovanni and Girolamo da Verrazzano were the scientific leaders of the exploratory expedition to the New World. The *Dauphine*, a French man-of-war disarmed for this peaceful enterprise, was commanded by a Frenchman, Captain Antoine de Conflans. This situation alone would be sufficient to refute the absurd fables of piracy and "rope-swinging."

It was the most logical decision to have this magnificent structure named for the first European who, in 1524, sailed into the waters the bridge now spans, and who first mapped and described this region. To credit the naming to any political pressure group is to ignore or underestimate the continuous tireless efforts in museum research to help broaden the knowledge of our priceless heritage.

LINO S. LIPINSKY DE ORLOV
Head of the Exhibits Design
Dept., Museum of the
City of New York
New York, N.Y.

It appears that "one of the grea works of art of our day" has com just in time to give the coup de grâc to another form of art which ha been dying painfully and slowly This is the ferry, that floating thing which is so much a contrast to the motor-concrete dementia of New York City. Now one will be able to be gobbled up by the Verrazano Bridge in Brooklyn, swallowed over the Narrows, and vomited into Staten Island with enough time on the way over to say, "What a beautiful view!" CHARLES W. JOHNSON
Wabash College
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Time on Whose Hands?

For years I've hoped to get around to writing of my delight at articles detailing pressures on time. I fully intend to do so as soon as I can finish reading "Help! Help!" by Charlton Ogburn, Jr. [November].

ROGER J. HERZ
New York, N.Y.

Old New Towns

I am thrilled that James Rouse is building Columbia ["A Brand New City for Maryland," J. W Anderson, November] and that he is putting so much sweat, blood, and tears into its comprehensive social planning. But *Harper's* should not let Mr. Anderson tell its readers that "Rouse's philosophy of the community" is a new phenomenon. "Some three to five hundred families will live in each neighborhood—built around a primary school . . ." This was good doctrine when it was propounded by Clarence Perry, staff sociologist of the Russell Sage Foundation, in 1925 and published in the *Regional Survey of New York and Environs* in 1929. . . . These ideas about new towns were debated in my staff meetings in the Regional Office of the Administrator of the National Housing Agency in 1944.

CHARLES S. ASCHER
New York, N.Y.

Parsing vs. Reading

I regret that Andrew Schiller's article on "The Coming Revolution in Teaching English" [October] did not emphasize the importance of

Get lost!

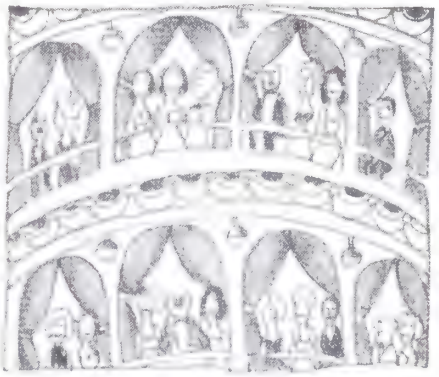
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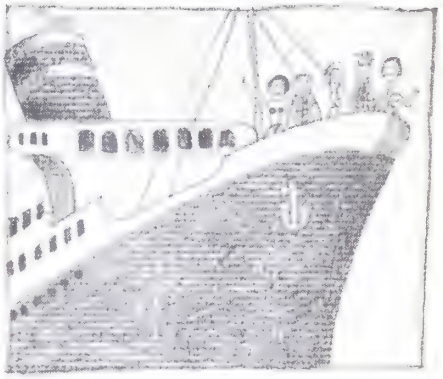
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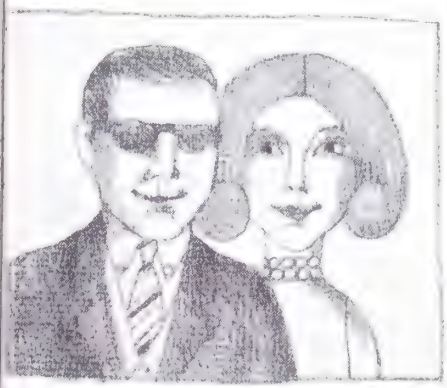
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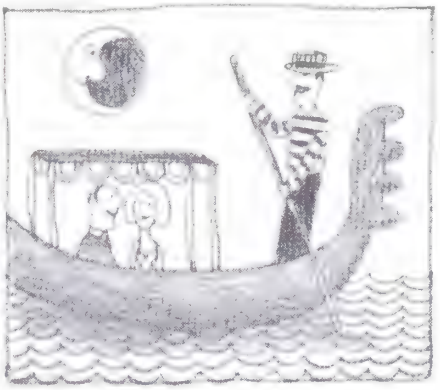
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reading in the teaching of English on every level.

Many teachers and many publishers of the conventional "grammars" seem to believe that writing can be taught to illiterates through some magic formula, whether that be based on traditional Latinic grammar or on "revolutionary" structural linguistics. The teaching of grammar or of any of the usual mechanical details of writing has simply become an evasion. It is much easier to train students to parse or to spell or to footnote than to read with understanding and discrimination. Until English teachers more widely assume the responsibility of meaningfully emphasized reading, the revolution that Mr. Schiller foresees, and which is long overdue, will remain only half begun.

PROF. MORRIS FREEDMAN
Dept. of English
University of N. Mexico
Albuquerque, N. M.

Turkish Delight

My father is in the U. S. Army and is stationed in Turkey. I must congratulate Russell Lynes on doing such a wonderful job of bringing Istanbul to me ["Emphatic Istanbul," After Hours, October]. It is a city very dear to my heart and his description does it more justice in writing than I have ever seen in any guidebook. Having lived on the island of Büyük Ada, been in the Kariye Camii church, and eaten *doner kebab*, I felt that I was almost at the Yesilköy Airport and very close to home. PETER ONOSZKO, Cadet
Valley Forge Military Academy
Wayne, Pa.

For the Record

An article titled "How to Read the Financial Pages Without Going Broke" by Peter Bart [August 1963] was called to our attention because of the inclusion therein of a reference to our Company which has been most harmful to our reputation.

We regret the reference to our Company in an article of this nature, particularly as the statements concerning us were incorrect and untrue. We believe that, in fairness to us and to your own reputation for adherence to the facts, the true information should be presented to your readers.

The article stated that in May 1961 we announced a "breakthrough in the chemical treatment of cancer." That is not true. We announced no "breakthrough" with respect to the treatment of cancer or any other illness.

The article mentioned "Guardian Chemical, Inc." as an "obscure company." As one that has almost 5,000 stockholders in practically every one of the fifty states and which is extremely well known to those medical fields in which it specializes, Guardian Chemical Corporation can hardly be called "obscure."

The article also stated that the "stock spurted from 2¾ to 14¾ by June. A month later it was back where it started." This statement is just not true. The stock did rise rapidly from about 2¾ and then, in May of 1961, when it was close to 15 and I spoke before a medical society and presented the actual facts on a conservative basis to offset any rumors, it dropped to about 8. However, the stock did not fall back to its original price of 2¾ until *a year later*, when prices on the entire stock market broke at the end of May and the beginning of June of *1962*.

Therefore, instead of going "broke," as your article would lead one to believe, anyone who invested in the stock of Guardian Chemical Corporation when it started its rise would have had almost a year to sell his stock and realize a very substantial profit on his original investment, which would hardly have been a bad financial move.

I think, therefore, that the above-quoted statements in your article, and the overall implications that our company has in any way deliberately manipulated the press for an improper purpose of affecting stock prices, should be corrected and fairly and accurately restated by you.

ALFRED R. GLOBUS, D.Sc., Pres.
Guardian Chemical Corporation
Long Island City, N. Y.

We wish to express our regret if any stockholders or readers were misled by Mr. Bart's article. It was based on sources which Mr. Bart and the editors considered reliable.

—THE EDITORS



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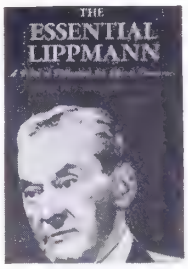
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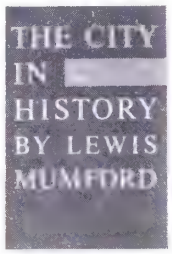
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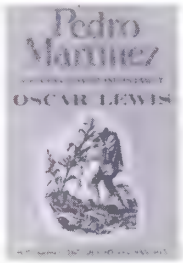
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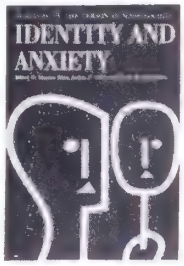






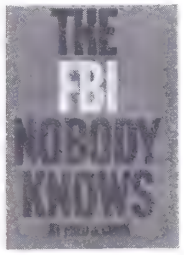














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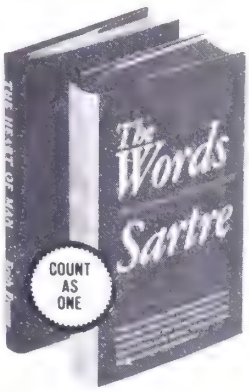
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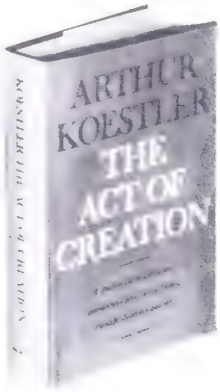


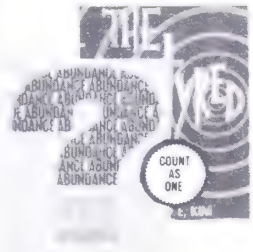












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Jaime García Terrés and the *Lista Negra*

by Frank H. Wardlaw

On May 28, 1964, Jaime García Terrés, a highly placed official of the National University of Mexico, arrived in Chicago via American Airlines to attend the annual meeting of the Association of American University Presses. His University is the first Latin-American member of AAUP and is the cosponsor with the Association of the new Inter-American Scholarly Book Center which will open soon in Mexico City.

García Terrés was traveling on an "official passport" issued by the Mexican government and bearing a visa granted by the U. S. Embassy in Mexico City. He presented this passport to an officer of the Immigration Service.

"After looking through a number of papers and files, this officer informed me that I would have to wait for a moment," García Terrés told us later. "This I did. When it became apparent after a reasonable lapse of time that nobody was attending to me, I approached the official again and asked him what the trouble was. 'It says here,' he told me, 'that you are a member of the Communist party.'

"I was so amazed that I was barely able to demand an explanation. This official then went to inform his immediate superior, who asked me to go into his office and told me again that according to a certain list (which, I may add, I was not permitted to see), I was a member of the Communist party. He then made a telephone call—without, of course, telling me to whom—and after a brief conversation he said to me, 'You have an official passport, and for that reason you can enter the country. But if on some future occasion you travel with an ordinary passport, with or without a visa, you will certainly find yourself in serious difficulties in the United States."

And so Jaime García Terrés, noted Mexican intellectual—poet, lawyer, philosopher, critic, editor, educator—was welcomed to the United States, an "undesirable" grudgingly allowed to set foot on the soil of the Land of the Free only because his passport was "official."

When I arrived in Chicago two days later, I looked up Jaime García Terrés immediately. I found him still quivering with rage. That night the Executive Committee of AAUP took official notice of Jaime's "welcome" and the following morning he received a letter from Roger Shugg, director of the University of Chicago Press and President of the Association. Shugg wrote that the Executive Committee was "embarrassed and angered" by the incident. "We apologize to you on behalf of our nation. If your name is actually on any such list, we shall demand that it be removed. Insofar as we are concerned, it is at the very top of the list of Mexicans who are particularly welcome in the United States and whose presence honors our country." Chester Kerr and I were appointed to investigate.

Kerr is director of the Yale University Press, chairman of the AAUP's International Committee, and President-elect of the Association. I am the director of the University of Texas Press and Past President of the Association. Cheste telephoned the Immigration Servic and the State Department. He wa told that although Jaime shoul never have been stopped because o his official passport, he *is* classifie under Section 212(a) (28) of th Immigration and Nationality Ac which makes him ineligible to ente the United States on a private pass port.

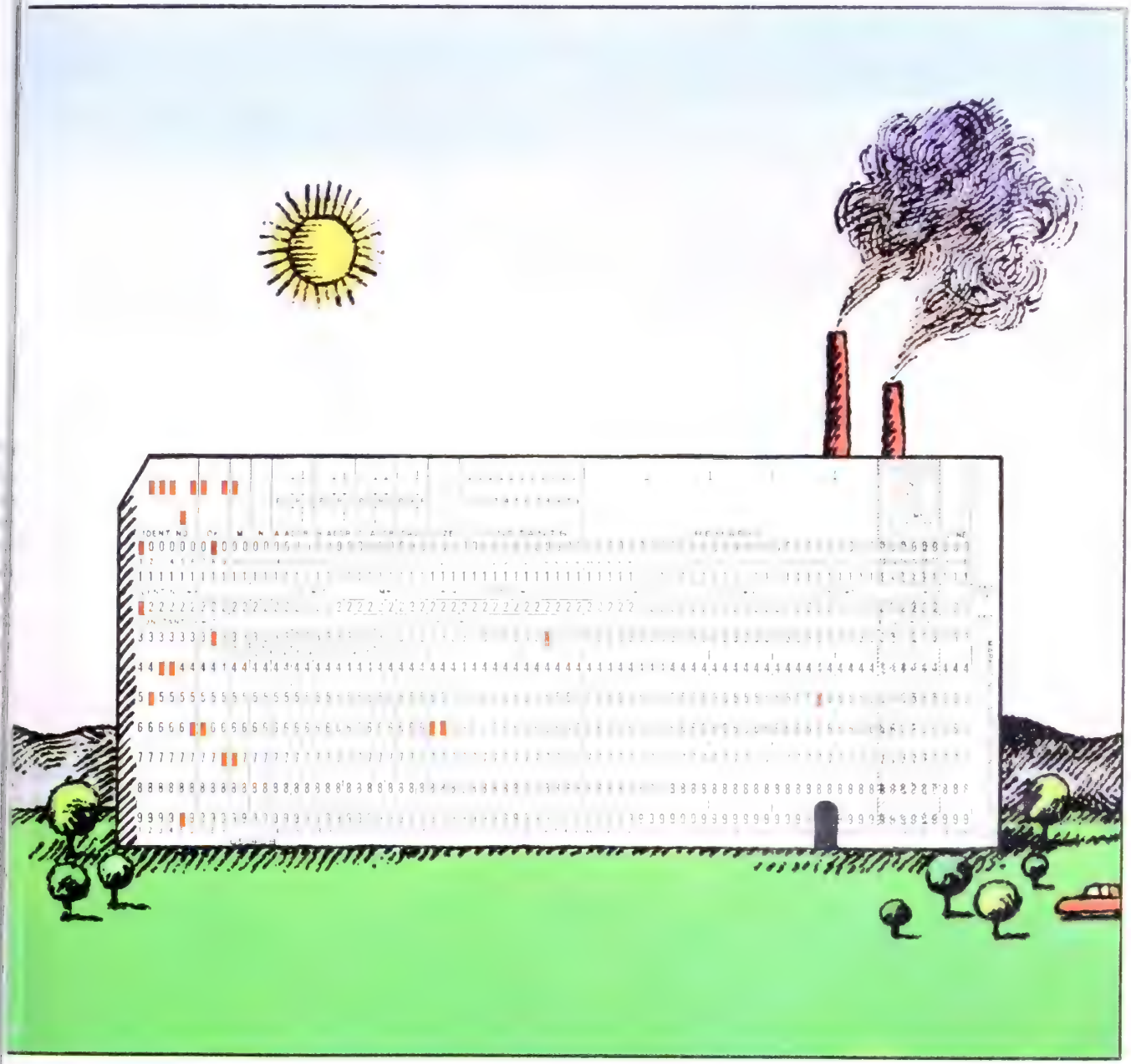
The next day an Immigration official called Jaime and apologized for "the incident and the delay" but reiterated the fact of his classification under Section 212(a)(28). Since the classification was made by our Embassy in Mexico, Jaime was advised to take the matter up with the Ambassador.

I had known Jaime for three years and had come to regard him as my friend. I met him first at Stanford in 1962 at the annual meeting of AAUP, when the National University of Mexico became a member, the first time that this great and historic University had ever joined a Norteamericano scholarly organization. I was President of AAUP that year and the strongest hope I had was that we should move boldly into the area of international cooperation. In my presidential address I pointed out that while most of the people of the world have little

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Director of the University of Texas Press since 1950, Mr. Wardlaw is also Past President of the Association of American University Presses. He was born in South Carolina and has been a newspaperman and college professor.

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in the way of a common frame of reference which can provide the basis for international understanding, this is not true of the world's scholars, bound together in the common interests of their disciplines.

AAUP has indeed moved forward with its international projects. Under a program financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, member presses have poured out a steady stream of translations of important books from Latin America. Teams of scholarly publishers have been sent to Africa and Asia to explore possible areas of cooperation, and a system of deposit libraries for scholarly books in the developing nations has been approved. But perhaps most important of all has been the development of the Centro Interamericano de Libros Académicos (CILA) soon to open in Mexico. CILA, which will have as its purpose the multidirectional distribution of scholarly books among all of the nations of the hemisphere, is an exciting concept. If it works it may be the prototype for similar centers in other areas.

CILA would have been an impossibility without the active support of Jaime García Terrés, who is personally responsible for the solid backing which the project has received from the National University. At the Chicago meeting CILA received the unanimous approval of AAUP. Jaime spoke eloquently in behalf of CILA and urged its support as an instrument of understanding.

The following day a number of us flew to Mexico in company with Jaime García Terrés to lay the legal groundwork for CILA. We were met at the airport by Jaime's beautiful wife Celia, who is the daughter of Dr. Ignacio Chavez, Rector of the National University. Our baggage was whisked through customs without being opened.

The next day Jaime wrote to Ambassador Fulton Freeman. He detailed his experience in Chicago and added:

> I recognize, Mr. Ambassador, that your government—if such is their desire—has the right to refuse me admission to the United States. Nonetheless it seems to me to be totally unwarranted to use a false excuse to achieve this end. I was by no means satisfied by the fact that I was finally allowed to enter only because I held an official passport; the reason offered for my inclusion in the blacklist *(lista negra)* continues to be false. The Director General of Immigration in Chicago very kindly offered his apologies for the incident and the delay. The incident and the delay are of relatively minor importance, as I was not treated discourteously; my protest derives from another, quite different reason.
>
> I am still amazed by the paradoxical nature of the following: In November 1963 I had the honor to be invited to the White House in Washington, together with a group of Latin-American intellectuals. If I am not mistaken, we were the last group President Kennedy received, and all those of us who were present have a clear recollection, heightened by the tragedy soon to follow, of his kindness, tolerance, and breadth of judgment. I was also able to meet the Attorney General, Robert Kennedy, and Senator Hubert Humphrey; a friend of mine, Richard Goodwin, arranged a supper for us at which were present Senator Edward Kennedy (whom I had talked to in Mexico) and other important figures in politics and journalism. During this friendly exchange of ideas I was far from imagining that I was classified as an undesirable visitor.
>
> I remember that the Attorney General asked me, if I knew of any case of a visa being unjustly refused, to write him giving full details, as he was anxious to prevent such occurrences. I never dreamed that my first complaint would be about my own treatment.
>
> The affair would be less serious if it were merely a personal affront. But I, Mr. Ambassador, am an officer of a University in which an absolute and unquestionable respect for ideas prevails. Furthermore, whenever a representative of your Embassy has come to me in connection with our cultural activities, I have always received him with the greatest interest and the warmest desire to cooperate with him. I find myself obliged to regard the treatment I received as affecting not only that branch of the University which I direct, but also the spirit of the University as a whole.

Jaime then quoted Roger Shugg's letter "with pleasure and pride." "This letter clearly shows," he "what a wide difference there the United States, as in all pa the world, between real dignit small-mindedness."

Secrets in the

Ambassador Freeman was o the country when Jaime wrot letter. The following day, a panied by two colleagues, I call the official who was presiding i Ambassador's absence. He kne object of our visit and had revi the files carefully. He was cour and, I think, as helpful as he be.

Yes, García Terrés was clas under Section 212(a)(28) of Immigration and Nationality The Embassy considered tha was properly so classified.

No, the Embassy was preve by law from revealing to us wh was that Jaime had said, done, ten, or joined which earned for this classification, nor could sources of the information in file be revealed. Could the Emb tell Jaime what he was cha with? No, but one should not use word "charged." He is not "charg with anything. I also used ano improper word. There is no "l black or otherwise, merely a co tion of names of people classi under the Act for activities deta in Section 212(a)(28).

Would it be possible for the bassy to review Jaime's case check again on the accuracy of charges against him—beg pardo of the information in his file? it would be possible but it wo accomplish nothing.

Is there any way for Jaime to off the list—sorry, Sir—to have classification changed? Yes, a p cedure is provided for in the A mimeographed copy of this pu ing procedure was shown to us. order to be removed from the (a)(28) classification, a man m not only demonstrate that for period of five years he has tur aside from the associations and tivities objected to but that he been actively engaged in oppos them.

The Biblical procedure for cleansing of lepers is simple in co parison.



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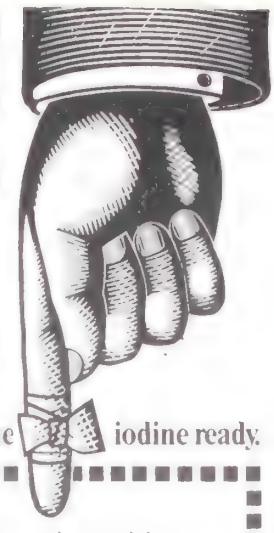
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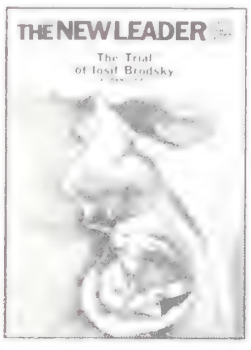
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H-1

The coupon above will bring you an ungrateful little biweekly magazine called The New Leader.

It doesn't pay its contributors for their articles. (Yet it often has the gall to argue with them publicly in its editorial columns.) It also regularly infuriates its readers and financial supporters.

Recently it upset so many of them by running Irving Kristol's hard-headed and, some thought, hard-hearted analysis of poverty in the U.S.A., that it had to devote the better part of two subsequent issues to rebuttals.

Soon afterward, it outraged some of its most influential subscribers—including members of Congress, and almost everybody at the State Department—by publishing a biting series of articles by Theodore Draper on U.S.-Cuban relations. (Among other things, these articles revealed a well-kept secret: that the State Department had made an undercover attempt at *rapprochement* with Castro way back in 1960—including an offer of aid.)

But don't think it's just The New Leader's political articles that bite into its readers. More than one devoted subscriber has yelped at an Albert Bermel drama review, a John Simon movie review, a Hilton Kramer art column, a David Boroff piece on the TV scene, or Dika Newlin on music. And some readers of gadfly literary critic Stanley Edgar Hyman do more than just yelp. A long-time subscriber, Mrs. M. of Wichita, Kansas, finally gave up and cancelled after reading Hyman's provocative column "In Defense of Pornography."

Why then, one wonders, does this ungrateful little magazine continue to have any writers, readers, or financial supporters. The first part of this question is the easiest to answer.

Men like (and as unalike as) Daniel Bell, Eric Bentley, Juan Bosch, Milovan Djilas, Ralph Ellison, Louis Fischer, Michael Harrington, Sidney Hook, Hubert H. Humphrey, George F. Kennan, Martin Luther King Jr., Marvin Kitman, Robert Lekachman, George Lichtheim, S. L. A. Marshall, Karl E. Meyer, Hans J. Morgenthau, Howard Nemerov, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. H. Raskin, John P. Roche, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Jacques Sous-telle, and Ronald Steel continue to c tribute articles without pay to The N Leader for just three reasons: It wil them say what they want to say, the they want to say it, to the people t want to say it to.

Which brings us to the part about people who read The New Leader.

There aren't very many of them. New Leader's total circulation is ec to only 0.022% of the adult populat of the United States.

But it is a pretty special 0.022%.

Senator Paul Douglas reads The N Leader. And Willy Brandt reads The N Leader. And T. S. Eliot, John Dos P sos, Chet Huntley, Marvin Kalb, Dwi Macdonald, Richard C. Hottelet, N man Cousins, William F. Buckley Leo Cherne and Max Lerner read T New Leader.

And the editors of The New Yo Times, Time Magazine, Fortune, Li The Washington Post, The New Yo Post, and the St. Louis Post Dispatch (of which have sometimes quoted fro praised, criticized, or publicly argu with The New Leader) read The N Leader. And the members of the Ov seas Press Club (which has awarded Citation for the "best magazine reporti of foreign affairs" to The New Leade read The New Leader. And that's alm 0.022% of the adult population of t United States right there.

Presumably all these people contin to read The New Leader—even though frequently infuriates them—because airs facts, ideas, insights, and viewpoir long before they get aired anywhere el As Murray Kempton put it, "The Ne Leader has always been about two yea ahead of The New York Times in telli you what is going on in the world."

We think there are probably abo 5,000 more people who would find th an adequate reason to subscribe. 5,0 more people who would enjoy and b stimulated by this toothy, audacious, u grateful little magazine which they wi find prophetic, candid, irritating, revea ing, and—sometimes—even wrong.

Our coupon gives you a chance t find out whether or not you ar one of them. It will bring you a year subscription, 26 issues, for $4.50. (Les than half the newsstand price.) If, afte four issues, you feel you've been bitte too much and you'd like to tear up you subscription and send us the pieces, g ahead. We'll refund the balance. Or writ us a furious letter, if you feel that tha would be revenge enough. We'll prob ably publish it.

The New Leader *does* give its reader plenty of chances to bite back.

The New Leader

posing that Jaime were willing empt to cleanse himself, how he go about it without first be- d the details of the information file? No answer to that one.

Embassy official emphasized ne did not actually have to be a er of the Party to qualify under section. He also stressed the tunate nature of the incident. s a blunder of the first water, d, to detain a man carrying an l passport. Jaime was not even sed to know about his 212(a) status. The immigration official nsible had already been dealt appropriately (I conjured up ision of his permanent assign- to Presidio, Texas, the hottest r post in the United States). State Department, we were does not make the laws; it y administers them. The Em- would be glad to talk with , but it really couldn't give any more information than we been given.

dinner that night I told Jaime Celia what we had learned at mbassy. Jaime was not happy. ally, he said, the incident itself unimportant and as long as he ned his position at the Univer- he could travel on an official port. But the principle involved important, he felt. He had been ally classified as undesirable he United States government he wanted to know why.

veral days later Jaime received tter from Terrence G. Leon- y, U. S. Consul General in co City. It read:

> The Embassy regrets the delay perienced by you in Chicago d has received assurance that ersons appropriately documented government officials will not be tained in the future.
>
> Concerning your eligibility for her than an official visa, the mbassy will be glad to discuss our case with you at any time.

ime has not accepted this in- ion. He saw no point in doing ince the Embassy is prohibited disclosing the information in file.

fter my return from Mexico I ined a copy of the Immigration Nationality Act and read Sec- 212(a)(28). You don't actually have to be a member of the Communist party to qualify for this section—although it obviously helps. You can be an anarchist, or you can be a member of or be "affiliated with" any other organization which advocates "the economic, international, or governmental doctrines of world communism . . . either through its own utterances or through any written or printed publications issued or published by or with the permission and consent of or under the authority of such organization or paid for by the funds of, or funds furnished by, such organization." (There are more than five pages of this kind of language in the section.)

I sent Section 212(a)(28) to Jaime and asked him to tell me frankly if any of its involved provisions applied to him. I received a telegram in reply: "I vigorously and categorically declare unjustified my classification under the section mentioned in your letter."

The Workings of Bureaucracy

What sort of man is Jaime García Terrés? His *curriculum vitae* would fill several columns. He is forty years old. He was educated at the National University of Mexico, from which he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws with honors, and did graduate work in aesthetics and medieval philosophy in France. He is truly trilingual, switching from Spanish to English to French without seeming to change gears. He is regarded as one of Mexico's leading poets and critics, and for years he has occupied a key position in a wide variety of cultural activities. He is the author of many books and articles and has visited and lectured at universities in many parts of the world. In addition to his position with the University as Director General de Difusión Cultural, he is editor of the *Revista Universidad de México*.

García Terrés has frequently expressed opinions highly critical of the policies of the United States government. In common with most Latin-American intellectuals he regards as indefensible intervention by the United States, past and present, in the internal affairs of Latin-American countries. I know several scholars who are intimately familiar with Jaime's writings. They think it is preposterous to classify him as one who seeks to further the Communist world conspiracy, which is the clear implication of classification under Section 212(a)(28). I myself have discussed many matters concerning our two nations with Jaime and have found him strong in his opinions but always open-minded and willing to listen to contrary views. He is a man with whom one can communicate.

Why is Jaime on the *lista negra*? He thinks it may be because of his "participation" in the Society of Friends of Guatemala. He wrote to me:

> This ephemeral Society was organized in 1954 immediately after Castillo Armas' Guatemalan invasion; its President was Dr. Ignacio Chavez, who at that time held no position at the University and who was not yet my father-in-law. Insofar as I can remember, the Society's only activity was the publication of a manifesto condemning the invasion on the same grounds that the Mexican government condemned it: it invoked the principle of nonintervention and refused to admit the validity of *coups d'état* in Latin America.
>
> When I applied for a visa at the American Embassy in 1960, they said that they wanted to clear up my position in regard to this Society. I explained my participation just as I have explained it to you. The Consular official told me that the Society of Friends of Guatemala had been a "communist" organization. This was untrue: none of the organizers of the Society was a communist or anything of the sort and some were actually rather conservative. Anyhow, my visa was granted.

Jaime told me that "a large number of Hispanic-Americans are on the blacklist of undesirables despite the fact that their ideas are far from those of the Communist party. In Mexico they include the novelist Carlos Fuentes and the philosopher Luis Villoro. Perhaps Villoro's case is the most striking of all; he is not only extremely worthy intellectually but also quite moderate both in opinion and action."

Jaime also thinks he may have incurred the displeasure of the

Embassy because of his outspoken criticism of certain policies of Ambassador Thomas Mann. I told him that I found that difficult to believe; everything I know about Ambassador Mann indicates that he is too big a man to react that way to personal criticism.

Jaime sent copies of his letter to Ambassador Freeman to several writers and newspapermen whom he knew.

William Styron, the novelist, wrote from Roxbury, Connecticut:

> You certainly had every right in the world to be indignant about your treatment in Chicago. . . . I am not, however, really surprised. . . . I recall that not long ago I had to intercede in getting a visa for an Italian movie actor, Marcello Pagliero, who had been denied entry at San Francisco. It turns out that he was refused admittance because he had played the part of the Communist underground leader in Rosselini's *Open City*. Try to top that one. . . .

Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, in a letter to Attorney General Kennedy, described what had happened to "one of Mexico's leading intellectuals" as a "scandalous incident." He referred to Jaime as "a man of great integrity whose word is not to be doubted."

Keith Botsford, Latin-American correspondent for *Encounter*, *Spectator*, and *New Leader* (he is an American citizen), wrote a strong letter to Ambassador Freeman. He said:

> Five years of work and travel in Latin America has convinced me that all the good work done by those who, like ourselves, have sought by every means possible, to stimulate cultural exchanges and to break down the clichés about the United States prevailing in so-called "leftist" circles, can be undone by some momentary stupidity. . . .

Botsford told Ambassador Freeman that, during the years he had known him, García Terrés had gradually been evolving toward a position of political independence, that he had frequently expressed admiration for "the new openness of spirit and vitality in the intellectual life of the United States," and that he had never voiced criticism of the United States that was not reasonable, or, upon challenge, open to debate. "What then am I to say when my country . . . undermines the very conditions of the dialogue that had been established?"

A Chance to Make Converts

García Terrés' case is by no means isolated. Anyone who has attempted to organize conferences in the United States which call for the participation of intellectuals becomes aware of the vast scope of the *lista negra*. A distinguished president of a Latin-American university, en route to Puerto Rico, was removed from his plane at Miami and detained for a day before being permitted to proceed; his case was merely one of mistaken identity. Another important intellectual, in the United States to speak at a leading university, was questioned extensively in another part of his hotel by government agents while his room was being thoroughly searched. And a mild-mannered folklorist from Peru, seeking to attend a conference in the United States, was denied a visa.

A great many intellectuals classified under 212(a) (28) enter the United States without learning of their status because the entrepreneurs of scholarly conferences and similar gatherings have obtained waivers for them from the Attorney General's office. Waivers, however, are not the answer; Latin Americans know about the *lista negra*, all right, and their whole attitude toward the United States is affected by it.

I am laboring under a considerable handicap in writing this article. I don't know what is in Jaime's file in the Embassy. It is quite possible that the State Department considers the Society of Friends of Guatemala a Communist-front organization, and it is likewise possible that some other organization to which he has belonged is thought to be closely connected with communist aims. I believe that our Embassy officials are acting in good faith and that they actually believe their hands are tied in this matter.

If this is so, it points up sharply the need for us to take a good, hard look at our immigration laws and make certain that they serve ra than work against the best inter of the United States. Even if Ja García Terrés is pro-commu (which I do not believe), don't have everything to gain and noth to lose by welcoming him to United States and letting him for himself what we are like establishing the basic conditions communication which will enabl to understand his point of view, he ours?

What are we afraid of? Is faith in the United States and principles which guide it so w that we must classify as unde able and exclude from the na (except by carefully controlled ference) foreign intellectuals wh points of view differ sharply fr our own? Is not a fear of ideas denial of the basic genius of our freedom? Do we not seek recogniti in the world as defenders of fr dom of thought and expression contradistinction to communistic pression of ideas? Can you imag how we would feel if the Mexi Embassy in Washington sought build up files of American citiz whom they felt it was undesira to permit to enter their country cause of the ideas which they ho

I know that there are m Americans who believe that should deal with the rest of world strictly on our own terms not at all, a suicidal notion un present world conditions. As a tion we *must* become complet committed to the interchange ideas which is basic to increa understanding among men of ferent nations and widely vary points of view.

Certainly we must have immig tion laws strong enough and br enough to keep out the criminals a the gamblers and the prostitutes a the pimps and the dope peddlers a the dangerous political conspirat and other real "undesirables" w might harm us. And we should ta all reasonable measures to prot ourselves against the menace world communism. But let us not ridiculous about it. And let us ne forget that our position in the wo today makes special demands on in our relationship with the rest mankind. If we have to err, let err on the side of freedom.

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By a Subscriber

OR YEARS I was shy in groups, even at nome. Didn't enter into conversations ly. By the time I'd collect my thoughts venture an opinion, the group's talk ld pass me by.

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Wives love it

d I'm not the only one who gets a lot of The Observer. Just the other day my clipped an Observer item describing und-raising ideas for clubs and organi- ons and took it to her club's finance mittee meeting. She stopped correcting little Billy's baby talk after she read in Observer why experts advise parents nst it. She says it's the most helpful s publication she's ever read.

Teen-agers use it for school

t only that, our teen-age boy and girl y it and use it in their school work. It's easure to be able to pass along to them per free from sensational crimes and dalmongering. John was impressed with the new facts brought out about auto seat belts at The Stapp Car Crash Conference. Betty was tremendously interested in what college presidents had to say about the point of a college education for women.

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After Hours



How to Get a Job as a "Swing Dancer" in a Hit Broadway Show

by Bob Evans

After a musical has opened in New York and has had the rare privilege of getting unanimous raves from the critics, everyone from the producers, writers, and directors right on down to the chorus relaxes to bask in the sunlight of critical acceptance, public support, and financial gain.

The dancers, especially, enjoy the hit in a strange sort of way. They immediately go back to the strenuous activity of daily jazz and ballet classes, masochistically stretching and twisting in order to stay in shape for auditions when this show eventually closes. After the strenuous activity of daytime classes, the theatre often becomes a place to rest up and recuperate for tomorrow's classes. Out come the magazines, books, knitting, and small change for poker games, and even possibly TV with the sound turned way down; the whole thing takes on the atmosphere of a USO.

At this point the management, in the flush of success, decides that it can afford an extra dancer to cover the possibility that dancers will be out sick from time to time. Now, as a rule, dancers are never sick during the rehearsal and out-of-town tryout periods unless they have fallen out of a window or been run over, but once the show is back in New York for a long run, illness becomes really fashionable. This extra dancer is known in the trade as a "swing dancer." It takes a good dancer to fill the job because it requires the ability to dance every position in every number and adjust to a variety of partners. Also, it means no cocktails before coming to work nights.

The management informs Equity, the theatrical union, to notify its members of an audition, but they are not told the nature of the job so that the turnout will be full strength. The inference is that the audition will be for the much-treasured straight replacement in the show, but word usually leaks out anyway that it's for the swing job. Regardless of that, everyone goes for the simple reason that everyone needs a job.

There are usually seventy-five to a hundred eager perspirants for this one position, stretching, kicking, and limbering up all over the stage. (Actually, both a boy and a girl are hired to cover all the dancers' steps and positions.) The step chosen for the audition is always the hardest one in the show. This movement is probably done only once in a number for, say, two measures, but at the auditi dancers get the dubious privil doing it over and over again all noon in a cold and dim theatre. anywhere from three to five gr hours of elimination, inters with occasional line-ups to see still standing (similar in meth the longshoremen's shape-u dancer is picked and told the his. He accepts, of course, beca that torture has convinced him lucky he was to be picked out those other good dancers who also tearing themselves limb limb to get the job.

The dancers with whom the s boy will be working can be di into roughly two groups. Grou becomes entrenched like wood on a hunting dog for a long run i show. To qualify for this grou must eventually bring some or the following items to the the coffee, tea, sugar, powdered spoons, knives and forks, glasses cups, hot plates, coffeepots, e umbrellas and rubbers, aspirin, t paste and brush, mouthwash, shaving things, books, magaz foam-rubber cushions, plus any creature comforts that the the lacks. Often these dressing ro wind up being more comfortable convenient than apartments. W the show closes it usually takes or three trips with a couple of s cases to clean the dressing table

Group two is made up of the can't wait to get the hell out of show" type who has been bored w the show practically from the f day of rehearsal. Since these in viduals consider their talents was and/or ignored, they don't "dig so they won't have too much to c away when they make a hasty e out of the present hit into a bra new flop. They shave at home a bring coffee in containers. The dressing room table is bare save f makeup and possibly a few essenti such as framed photos of themsel and perhaps the *New York Tim* crossword puzzle so that they do

---

Mr. Evans, who has written tu drum instruction books, was a dance in fourteen Broadway musical among them "Guys and Dolls" an "Music Man." He is now working i television as a stage manager.

ve to talk to anybody in the dress-
g room. Downstairs in the "rec-
ation area," which is really the
sement of the theatre, Group one
is taken all the chairs and the well-
areas. At the same time Group
o is going around driving every-
ne to distraction with anarchy and
surrection. This is the grim, battle-
arred atmosphere that the swing
oy walks into.

Your first evening you report to
ne theatre in your best suit, which
ou hope is still in style, as you will
o doubt go out front to watch the
now. While you wait backstage, the
irl dancers smile at you sweetly and
ay good evening, for no one except
ne stage manager stands around
ackstage with a suit on and so they
hink you must be someone important
rom the front office. When they find
ut you're just the extra dancer they
ll relax again and lose themselves in
everies of self-appreciation.

Under normal conditions it would
e a lot of fun to go out front and
vatch a Broadway show free, but
ight now the only thing on your
nind is to find out how hard the danc-
ng is and hope that there aren't any
crobatic tricks or lifts you can't do.
Everything else in the show, includ-
ng the principals and the plot, is un-
mportant. All that counts is eight
dancing boys and their partners, to
watch all at once. If the first act is
oaded with hard dances, you think
maybe you can just quietly disappear
during the intermission and never
be heard from again. If the dancing
hasn't scared you away, you go up to
the dressing room after the curtain
where everyone will ask you how you
liked the show. What is really meant
by this is "How was I?" and you
should have some compliments ready
because each dancer is sure that he is
as exciting on stage as Jack the Rip-
per would be at the Annual Street-
walkers' Picnic. It's always a good
idea to get as many people as you can
on your side in the beginning, be-
cause you'll need them later on when
your popularity wanes.

The next night you are introduced to the wardrobe mistress, the threat of the threads. She didn't especially like you even before she met you. Nothing personal, of course, but the swing boy creates a new problem for her. He must have costumes to cover every



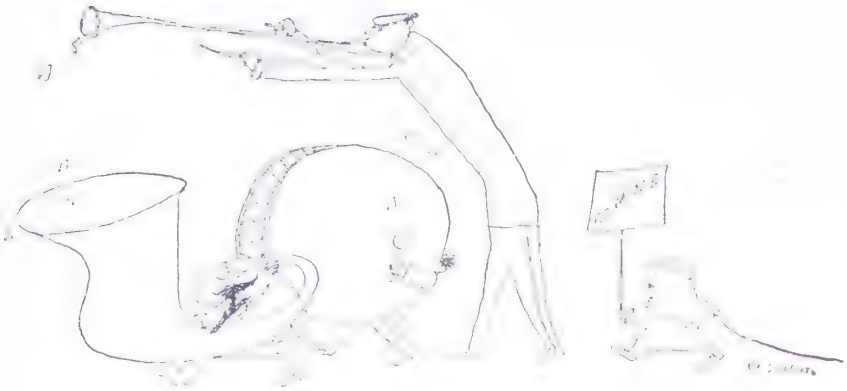
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By Peter F. Drucker

SECRET WHO'S WHO OF THE SOVIET OLIGARCHY

Even in Russia, the basic facts about the few thousand men who run the country are virtually unknown. A veteran American Foreign Service and Intelligence Officer analyzes them—drawing on much material never before available.

By Charles W. Thayer

ISAK DINESEN CONQUERS ROME

By Eugene Walter

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS AT A FILM FESTIVAL

By Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

A NEW YORKER'S REPORT ON NEW MEXICO

By David Boroff

URBAN RENEWAL AND ITS ENEMIES

Why so many people are mad at a program which is changing the face of American cities—sometimes too hastily, but usually for the better.

By Joseph Epstein

IS THERE A TEACHER ON THE FACULTY?

Why so much college teaching is so bad—and what might be done to make it less disappointing.

By John Fischer

AFTER HOURS

dance possibility, and the mana ment has suggested that she whip a complete wardrobe out of the s discarded from numbers and fin out of town. Since the managem doesn't expect to see a bill for r costumes up at the office it does get one, because the wardrobe m tress wants to be sure the firm c siders her for their new show n year. All in all, this puts quite strain on her as she usually has any dancers' costumes left over, b there always seem to be plenty overly large singers' costumes whi are destined to make the new b look like the comedy relief in t show. Everything is basted; they' afraid to cut material since t swing boy may not work out and t next one may be taller or somethin

From rehearsal days to the time th show opens in New York there hav been so many changes in the numbe that the dance captain is often as co fused as the swing boy because h hasn't had a chance to see what th other dancers have been doing be hind his back for three month Naturally, you learn the dance cap tain's part first until he can find ou what the rest of the dancers hav been up to. The best way for hin to find out is to call a rehearsal, th purpose of which is supposed to b for you to learn all the parts, bu actually the dance captain is so busy asking everybody one by one, "Now exactly what movement are you doing on this count?" that you never get to do any of the parts. But you've got an ace in the hole. You have gone to the five-and-ten and bought yourself a jumbo-size notebook and you are diligently writing down every movement and/or count, or at least you had better be doing it because these notes may be your only contact with reality and may save your life when the time comes . . . providing you can dope out what you have written down.

After a few weeks of watching and a whole notebook full of counts, half of which are all wrong, the inevitable happens. When you arrive at the theatre one evening, a half-hour early to be on the safe side, before you even sign in, you're hit with the news that you're on tonight. Naturally the boy who is out is the one you haven't been watching and you haven't the vaguest idea what he does or

ere he goes in the numbers. Eighty ges of counts and positions, and ; one page for the sick dancer, who out because he wants to catch a evision show he danced on that was ed during the past summer. Incintally, when some of the more conlerate dancers feel they are going to out, say for a matinee, they give u a hint by coughing and trying to k ill the night before so that you n watch them on stage and not be ught the next evening with your tes down.

It's very exciting for the whole st when the swing boy is going on r the first time. It gives them someing to look forward to that evening. ne rest of the dancers arrive and ll you that everything is going to fine and that you will be just eat, which is about as honest as an come-tax return. After putting on very bad makeup, with one eyeow penciled in thicker than the her, you rush down to the basement get into your basted singer's costme because you're going to rearse three lifts with one girl or ne lift with three girls—it ally doesn't matter anymore since 's already too late to learn anything. he first girl says something like his, which is supposed to be reassurng but which really makes you feel elpless:

"Don't worry about a thing, honey; ll you have to do is just grab me nd I'll do all the rest."

You're dispensable, right off the at! After three minutes of practicng five lifts, or five minutes of pracicing three lifts, you stand there vith a possible double hernia while he girls leave with such reassuring hrases as, "It'll be great." "Don't be afraid, you won't drop me, only please e careful of that right thumb you sprained in rehearsal . . . it's still very sore." "Good luck, honey" (with kiss thrown back). As soon as they reach the dressing room, the first one rolls her eyes and says, "Boy, what a night this is going to be!" The other one says, "Yeah, well, I'm glad my folks saw the show last week." The third one says, "Oh, boy, are my ribs going to be sore tomorrow."

I guess we don't have to go into the details of the performance because it happens just the way everyone expected, only worse. It doesn't seem to work out like that classic Ruby Keeler movie where you're brilliant going on for the first time and everyone just loves you for saving the show. What happens is this: When you aren't counting out loud, you're looking for the girl you're supposed to be lifting right this second, who looks entirely different with her stage makeup on. You can't find anybody because all the girls are dressed alike except for different lace work at the hem of their costumes which you probably couldn't see even if you weren't nervous, so you run to a girl singer instead of your partner and try to lift her. The leading man, who is singing stage center right in the way of all the dancers, hasn't seen you at all up until this minute, and he muffs a lyric trying to figure out who the new singer is and why he's dancing in the number in the first place. If you don't kick the leading lady, who is in the way also, you will at least muss up her intricate hour-and-a-half hairdo as you go flying past. All during this your basted singer's costume is coming apart at the seams. At the blackout at the end of the number, someone luckily pulls you back out of the way of the fast-falling, one-and-a-half-ton curtain, but you get smashed anyway by an avalanche of stagehands rushing onstage to clear the set in the dark.

Back in the dressing room, the hollow consolations of the other dancers ring all around you: "That was great for the first time. Nobody could have done better." "The audience doesn't know what's going on in the dance numbers anyway. They'd never catch all those little goofs you were making. Maybe the only one they really did see was when your shoe flew off into the orchestra pit after you cartwheeled the wrong way into the desk." "I guess I shouldn't have told you the choreographer was out front watching. It didn't make you nervous, did it? He probably wasn't even watching you."

After the show, the swing boy either goes home to sulk in front of the television set with a beer, or else he goes all out and gets potted at some bar. So the next time you see a dancer at a bar loaded and babbling incoherently, please be tolerant. It is just possible that he is a swing boy and he really isn't celebrating anything.



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STEUBEN
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NEW YORK 22, N.Y.





IBM computers help cows produce 50% more milk

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But how? The Dairy Herd Improvement Association suggested a new and better feeding plan. But this called for enormous work on records.

How could dairymen find time for this? Again the Association had an answer—a data processing system could do that tedious, analytical job for them.

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How small dairymen use IBM computers

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Making Better Things For You



Harper's
magazine

Sex vs. the Law

a study in hypocrisy

By Harriet F. Pilpel

Archaic and inhumane, our nation's sex laws even encroach on the privacy of our bedrooms. But there are hopeful signs that some of these statutes may be stricken from the books.

A few months ago I agreed to address an adult-education group in New York City about our laws impinging on sex. I arrived a little early at the building, which houses several lecture halls. As I waited in the empty room, three worried matrons wandered in and asked whether this was the right place for the lecture on schizophrenia. Being literal-minded, I said no. But perhaps I was wrong. For surely the sex laws of the United States today reflect a formidable mass schizophrenia. The split between our society's permissive—even obsessive—sexual behavior and attitudes, and our punitive, puritanical statutes is indeed scarcely credible. I am not speaking here of the laws designed to curb and punish violent or antisocial acts, public indecencies, or the corruption of the young; to prevent and punish all of these there must be laws. My concern rather is with that large body of law which makes no distinction between private sins and public crimes, that body of law which is irrelevant and even damaging to our present-day moral standards.

Consider, for example, Mrs. X, whose case is pending on appeal in one of our Midwestern states. Her sixteen-year-old daughter has borne three illegitimate children. Now Mrs. X has been convicted of impairing the morals of a minor—her daughter's. What was her crime? She had repeatedly preached chastity to the girl, but after the youngster became an unwed mother at thirteen, Mrs. X added, "If you do have sex relations be sure the boy 'uses something' so you won't have another baby." For this caveat the judge and jury imposed a one-year jail term and a $200 fine. Sentence was suspended on condition that Mrs. X—who had previously been taking care of the two first grandchildren—separate from her daughter's father, to whom she is not legally married. (She has a living husband, serving a long jail sentence.)

Bizarre though it is, this case is by no means unique. For all too many of our sex laws ignore our increasingly liberal attitudes toward sex. The evidence of what we really think and do surrounds us—in such titillating advertisements as the one for the film called "The Conjugal Bed," which features a large bed with assorted scantily dressed males and females in, out of, and under it; or another, which offers college girls a bathrobe that is "sexy, morale-building, and generally divine"; or the continuing blandishments of cosmetics manufacturers eager to make women of all ages into alluring sex symbols. Our bookstores are packed with sensational sex fiction as well as a huge variety of "self-help" books pointing the path to a more abundant sex life. The United States Supreme Court has held that ". . . Sex, a great and mysterious motive force in human life, has indisputably been a subject of absorbing interest to mankind . . . it is one of the vital problems of human and public concern." Psychiatrists, clergymen, and educators—as well as enlightened members of the bar and bench—agree that the new sexual freedom is a fact of our lives which calls for new legal and ethical guidelines.

Notwithstanding this background, our statute books are still filled with archaic laws which regard most forms of sex as not only sinful but criminal. What the laws in most states add up to is that all forms of sexual activity are frowned upon except face-to-face intercourse practiced by husband and wife. In two states there is the further requirement in words (as in Connecticut) or in effect (as in Massachusetts) that such intercourse must be without contraceptives. To be sure, these laws are rarely enforced. But their mere existence challenges a fundamental human right of privacy and their hypocrisy is no less pernicious for being absurd. The case of Mrs. X, which I have just described, is not atypical. Others are equally grotesque.

Not long ago, for instance, a young European woman landed in New York en route to another state to get married. In her luggage, a customs inspector discovered a contraceptive diaphragm (prescribed by her physician back home). The inspector told her that it was a criminal act to bring this object into the country, subject to dire penalties. She was panic-stricken at the prospect of becoming a felon under American laws before even setting foot on our soil. Apparently moved to pity, the inspector offered to forget the whole matter if she would walk to the end of the pier with him and another inspector and, in their presence, throw the contraceptive into the Hudson River—which she did.

Dead Letter of the Law

Upper-echelon customs officials do not subscribe to this view of the law, do what they can to prevent such incidents, and have disclaimed responsibility for this performance. But in fact the words of the federal statutes do prohibit the importation "of any article whatever for the prevention of conception" or its transportation in interstate commerce or by mail. Happily, the federal courts and administrative agencies (including the Customs Bureau) have decided that these statutes do not and cannot mean what they say, that they apply only when contraceptives are imported or transported for an unlawful purpose. Were it not for this interpretation—one of several hopeful portents of change which I will discuss shortly—there would be many more encounters like that of the European lady, the customs man, and the diaphragm.

Comparable incidents occur daily. Not long ago, for example, a young American college girl was arrested for "secret delivery of a bastard." Such a crime is on the statute books of Connecticut, a state which prohibits the *use* of contraceptives. To date, the Connecticut courts have declined to swerve from the letter of this law. Thus a doctor was not permitted to prescribe a contraceptive for a woman who nearly died giving birth to a dead child even though another pregnancy would mean almost certain death for her. (Curiously, abortion would have been legally permissible, but not the prevention of conception.) Nor was any exception made for a young mother who had borne three monstrosities and was destined to produce more unless the genetic cause could someday be determined. Instead, the Connecticut court recommended as a "reasonable" alternative total abstinence. (In both these cases, sterilization would almost certainly have been legal under the Connecticut law.)

Surely, few Americans of any faith or none would disagree with the eminent Catholic scholar, Father John Courtney Murray, who wrote in his book *We Hold These Truths:*

Mrs. Pilpel is a member of the New York Bar and of the national board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union. She contributes a monthly column to "Publishers' Weekly" entitled "But Can You Do That?" and has published several books, including one (written with Theodora Zavin) on "Your Marriage and the Law."

> . . . the Connecticut statute [prohibiting the *use* of contraceptives] confuses the moral and legal, in that it transposes without further ado a private sin into a public crime . . . as it stands, the statute is, of course, unenforceable without police invasion of the bedroom and is therefore indefensible as a piece of legal draughtsmanship.

The Connecticut birth control law (which is about to be tested once again in the United States Supreme Court), the Massachusetts law, and the laws of some other states restricting the distribution of contraceptives and contraceptive information are objectionable on still other grounds: they are class legislation of the most extreme kind. Well-to-do citizens of all states including Connecticut and Massachusetts can get contraceptives without difficulty from their private physicians. Or they can buy them in drugstores—they know what to ask for and they can pay the regular retail prices.

The poor are not so fortunate in Connecticut or Massachusetts, where family-planning clinics are illegal. Nor are they much better off in the many other states where the public health and welfare authorities are still not permitted to give birth control advice. In such states, there may be some privately run clinics; but, compared to the need, these—including the two hundred-odd operated by the Planned Parenthood Federation of America—are but a drop in the bucket. The result is that we are forcing the multiplication of births on low-income families who don't want more children but—because of ignorance or state law or practice—have no practical alternative. Forcing continuing childbearing on mothers who are often physically and emotionally—as well as economically—unfit inevitably leads to a high maternal and child death rate, mental and physical illness, juvenile delinquency, crime, and a mounting load on our relief rolls.

Nowhere are the anti-birth control laws or policies as stringent as they are in Connecticut (although Massachusetts runs a close second), but in some other states they have novel twists.

In Maryland it is a crime to purvey contraceptives from a vending machine—except on premises where liquor is sold. And seven Southern states usually considered backward in other connections have made instruction in contraception part of their public-health programs. One of them is Mississippi, where the sale, distribution, advertising, or display of all contraceptives is—on the books—still illegal. Yet, paradoxically, a bill introduced in the 1962 Mississippi state legislature would have imposed criminal penalties on any woman who had had an illegitimate child and who did not thereafter go to a planned-parenthood clinic. (Mississippians do not seem to be greatly troubled by legal hypocrisy: it is a dry state but there is a liquor tax.) Compulsory birth control—I scarcely need point out—is as bad as prohibition of birth control.

Equally illogical—and inhumane—are our laws relating to abortion, which in all but a handful of states is *said* to be illegal except where necessary to save the life of the mother or, in some states, the child. (Whatever that may mean—abortion by definition means the destruction of the fetus.)



"Frankly, I didn't think it was an obscene book, myself, until page 384, where she has that disgusting affair with a judge."

Many lawyers do not believe that preservation of life as used in these statutes can or does mean literally that the woman would die if the abortion were not performed. A strong argument can be made that when a woman is denied the right to terminate a pregnancy which threatens her well-being or that of her family, this adversely affects her life in a very real sense and jeopardizes her life and liberty in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

This thesis was dramatized for the world in 1962 when it became known that pregnant women who had taken the tranquilizer thalidomide were likely to bear armless, legless, and otherwise deformed babies. One such was Mrs. Sherry Finkbine of Arizona. When she could find no American doctor to abort her she went to Sweden to avert the birth of a baby without arms and legs (which is what her baby would have been, as established by an autopsy of the fetus).

A Nation of Lawbreakers

Unreported in the press are the million or more abortions which are carried out annually in the United States on the assumption that they are illegal, *i.e.*, in back-street doctors' offices, abortion mills, and the like. Ninety per cent of these assumed-to-be-illegal abortions are performed on married women. Clearly, the illicit traffic in abortion will continue until the lawyers and doctors combine either to change the laws or to give them a meaning consonant with the needs and customs of our society. The fact is that no doctor who operates in a hospital and comes right out and says that this woman should, medically speaking, have an abortion, has ever been prosecuted—no less convicted—of violating the anti-abortion laws.

Except when a spectacular case erupts on the front page, most people are unaware that our statute books are filled with legal anachronisms impinging on sex which are enforced from time to time. In virtually all states, for instance, adultery is a crime; yet, according to most studies, it is committed by a third or more of adult Americans. Fornication—that is, sexual intercourse between unmarried partners—is also a crime, of which, again according to all relevant studies, at least half of our population is guilty. One consequence is the fact—recently publicized—that one out of every six brides is pregnant on her wedding day. According to the well-known Kinsey research findings, nine out of every ten adults in this country are sex criminals—*i.e.*, at one time or another violate one or more of the laws dictating what is and what is not permissible sex behavior.

Although American citizens are very, very rarely prosecuted for adultery or fornication, we deal sternly in these matters with the foreigner. Thus a federal court has decided that an alien who had committed adultery during the five years preceding his request for naturalization may not become a citizen, even though the court conceded that the adulterous relationship "had the appearance of stability, permanence, and responsibility" and "the parties eventually married when the impediments . . . were removed."

Abhorrence of the "Abnormal"

What lies behind the pointless vindictiveness of our sex laws? Historically, most of them can be traced back to a period when life expectancy was thirty-five years and Christians and Jews felt impelled to produce many children in order to perpetuate the faith and protect believers against infidels. Today, of course, life expectancy has increased to seventy years and thoughtful people of all creeds agree that an alarming population explosion must be curbed if mankind is to survive. Yet we are still saddled with a body of laws designed to outlaw all "abnormal" sex relations, *i.e.*, all sex relations that don't lead to the production of offspring.

Thus, husbands and wives have been sent to jail for engaging—in the privacy of their bedrooms—in mouth-genital or anal contacts. All such acts (which, according to the Kinsey studies have been committed by 59 per cent of all American males in the course of their lives) are classified in most states as "crimes against nature." Whether these contacts are between husbands and wives, or between members of the same sex, with animals or corpses, all are equally regarded as sodomy—punishable in New York, for example, until fairly recently by a maximum twenty-year jail term. (At the same time, the penalty for second-degree robbery was fifteen years, for grand larceny and statutory rape ten years.) In other states, life imprisonment at hard labor may still be imposed for "crimes against nature."

In practice, our laws prohibiting such "crimes" are used chiefly to express our abhorrence of homosexuality. The United States is one of the few nations of the world that regard homosexuality, per se, as a crime. As a result, no matter how circumspect their conduct, men—and to a lesser degree women—who attain positions of promi-

nence are fair game for blackmailers if once, occasionally, or regularly they have engaged in homosexual practices. Policemen in our large cities haunt the men's rooms of subway stations and other public facilities and places in periodic efforts to arrest "undesirables." (The Jenkins incident during last fall's Presidential campaign focused national attention on these police methods.)

Deliberate entrapment is, of course, a usual technique of the vice squad, not confined to their war against homosexuals. Thus, for example, in Minneapolis not long ago a policeman testified that he had partially disrobed in a hotel room while two women undressed completely. Then two officers who had been hiding in the bathtub leaped out and arrested the women for prostitution. Of this kind of police zeal Professor Nathan Frankel of Columbia has written: "It seems odd to read in the press of so many arrests made daily and yet apparently so many more crimes being committed. Perhaps . . . the police spend a disproportionately large amount of their time enforcing morals rather than preventing what people generally regard as crimes."



"And will you be able to repress her in the manner to which she's accustomed?"

There is a class bias in the enforcement of our laws on homosexuality, as of other sex laws. In New York a convicted homosexual who can afford a competent lawyer will usually be given a suspended sentence for his first and second offenses and sent to jail only after a third arrest.*

In North Carolina, a law which the state Supreme Court described as dating back to the time of Henry VIII imposed the death sentence for "crimes against nature." The penalty was changed to a sixty-year prison term in 1869 but the statute remains, in the words of the court, ". . . a shocking example of the unfortunate gulf between criminal law and medicine and psychiatry." The Court, in the same opinion, pointed out that to put a homosexual in prison is "a little like throwing Brer Rabbit into the briarpatch. Most doctors who have studied homosexuality agree that prison environment, including close, continuous, and exclusive contact with men, aggravates and strengthens homosexual tendencies and produces unexcelled opportunity for homosexual practices."

"Is it not time," the Court asked, "to redraft a criminal statute first enacted in 1533?"

Only within the past few years have lawyers, legal scholars, or politicians shown any real inclination to deal with our national schizophrenia about sexual matters. The winds of change now blowing originate in part in Supreme Court

* Bias of other kinds is manifest in many other areas of our sex laws, as in our widely divergent social attitudes toward the identical behavior in men and women. Thus, for instance, if a man walking past an apartment stops to watch a woman undressing before a window, the man may be arrested as a peeper. On the other hand, if a man undresses before a window and a woman observes him, he may be arrested as an exhibitionist. This example is cited in the latest "Kinsey Report," *Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types*, to be published by Harper & Row this spring.

opinion concerning the Connecticut birth control law and in part on the Model Penal Code drafted recently by the American Law Institute, an organization of distinguished private law professors and lawyers.

A majority of the United States Supreme Court in 1961 declined to pass upon the constitutionality of the Connecticut birth control statute. However, Justice William O. Douglas dissented and in his opinion observed:

> . . . when the State makes "use" [of contraceptives] a crime and applies criminal sanctions to man and wife, the State has entered the innermost sanctum of the home. . . . And proof of its violation necessarily involves an inquiry into the relations between man and wife. . . . The idea of allowing the State that leeway is congenial only to a totalitarian regime.

Justice John M. Harlan, who is rarely in accord with Justice Douglas but who also dissented in the Connecticut birth control cases, agreed that ". . . The secular state is not an examiner of consciences; it must operate in the realm of behavior. . . ." And quoting an earlier dissent of Justice Brandeis, he said:

> The makers of our Constitution . . . sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions, and their sensations. They conferred . . . the right to be let alone — the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men. . . .

It is precisely this right to be let alone if we are not harming others which is placed in jeopardy by the sex laws that have been discussed here. The American Law Institute Model Penal Code proposes that we get rid of most of these statutes by excluding from the criminal law "all [non-]commercial sex practices involving force, adult corruption of minors, or public offense."

In its report the Institute points out:

> . . . No harm to the secular interest of the community is involved in [non-]commercial sex practice in private between consenting adult partners. This area of private morals is the distinctive concern of spiritual authorities. . . . [E]xisting law . . . is largely unenforced and there is no prospect of real enforcement except in cases of violence, corruption of minors, and public solicitation. Statutes that go beyond that permit capricious selection of a very few cases for prosecution and serve primarily the interests of blackmailers. Existence of the criminal threat probably deters some people from seeking psychiatric or other assistance for their emotional problems, certainly conviction and imprisonment are not conducive to cures. . . . Limited personnel for police work are limited, and it would appear to be poor policy to use them to any extent in this area when large numbers of atrocious crimes remain unsolved. . . .

The Model Penal Code also proposes that abortions should be legally permissible when "a licensed physician believes there is substantial risk that continuance of the pregnancy would gravely impair the physical or mental health of the mother or that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defect, or that the pregnancy resulted from rape, incest, or other felonious intercourse." Many of us believe that even the existing abortion laws can be so interpreted today.

The subject of birth control is omitted from the Model Penal Code entirely on the ground that "approximately twenty states have no penal statutes on the subject. . . . [R]easonable control of advertising and commercial distribution without infringing on individual freedom can best be provided by regulatory legislation outside the penal code."

The Model Penal Code has already spurred wholesale amendments and modifications of the sex laws in several states. Illinois has adopted virtually all of its provisions relating to sex behavior and a similar step is under consideration in New York. Colorado, Kansas, and Indiana have repealed their anti-birth control statutes and there is a determined effort being made in California to amend that state's abortion law. On the federal level, the disqualification of homosexuals for all civil-service posts (whether they involve any security question or not) is being legally challenged. Thanks to an enlightened interpretation of the federal birth control laws by federal courts and administrative agencies (notably the Post Office, the Customs Bureau, and the Justice Department), birth control products may now be advertised "for lawful purposes" in mass magazines—even with coupons enabling married people to send for free samples to help them plan their families.

Though we still have a great distance to go, it would appear that we are moving toward some degree of sanity in the area of sex laws. Prohibition taught us that a body of laws which is widely disregarded breeds disrespect for all law and a corrosive moral rottenness. Certainly this is the inevitable consequence of laws which are class legislation; which can only be enforced by snooping, informing, and entrapment; which make "sins" into "crimes"—laws, in short, which are completely at variance with the realities, and even the ethics, of our lives today.

Harper's Magazine, January 1965



Washington's Second Banana Politicians

by Larry L. King

They play Man Friday to Congressmen —and their struggles with their bosses' vanity, pretty receptionists, and unimportant bureaucrats are often more comic than glamorous.

The Capitol Hill community, not counting its 535 Congressional nabobs at the top, consists of some six thousand displaced souls, including elevator operators, waiters, mailmen, page boys, carpenters, and cops. All owe their jobs to political patronage. For the decade from Joe McCarthy's demise through most of Lyndon Johnson's first year as President, I was one of the most displaced souls of all—a second banana Washington politician.

A second banana, in the show-business use of the term, is one who plays straight man for the star. He combines the functions of common shill and apprentice artist. He must present the top banana in the best possible light, always be faithful to curtain time, speak his assigned lines on cue, and never, even under the most exceptional circumstances, upstage the hero. As an Administrative Assistant, known in Washington as an A.A., I was one of several hundred jacks-of-all-trades who work immediately under Congressmen and Senators. Looking back on the experience, I think I understand something of the emotional conflict Thomas Jefferson must have felt about his "splendid misery" as President. The second banana is engaged in a rat race; overworked and unsung, he can enjoy his lot if he recognizes the glories of Washington politics as peculiar and far between. Being an Administrative Assistant must be comparable to having been married to Elizabeth Taylor: one is left with some unusual memories, but hasn't the heart to try again.

The neophyte A.A. begins first of all with a somewhat exaggerated notion of the role he will play on the Hill. Enjoying the vicarious success of my own Congressman's first election victory, I had visions of lengthy discourses on national policy with Speaker Sam Rayburn and conversations with Sherman Adams while sipping coffee from White House china. I saw myself directing large strategies while moving freely about the

House floor, persuading here, blackmailing there, full of confidence and love. I would strike fear in the hearts of all bureaucrats, so that red tape would vanish forever from this earth.

For four years I had used my position as a newspaper reporter to promote my rising young patron-to-be, who had climbed upward as state representative and state senator, until finally he felt able to challenge an entrenched incumbent in Congress. I had competed successfully with other young reporters, executives, lawyers, and schoolteachers who jockeyed for the inside track with our idol. During his formative political years I succeeded in becoming his alter ego, his Sorensen and his Rasputin, his Schlesinger and his Big Daddy Unruh. With great hope in my future on the national scene, and a developing cynicism which was later to ripen and mature in Washington, I duped the other aspirants for the A.A. job which I coveted. I would ask each of them, in conspiratorial whispers, if he "might be interested" in going to Washington as a special assistant once the candidate had won. Blinded by ambition and not questioning my authority, they all accepted the "offer"; from that point on it was child's play to convert their talents, energies, and positions, not to mention their bank accounts, to my candidate's cause. He himself was appreciative; when he won, I went out and bought a book on Colonel House, and I read Robert Sherwood on Harry Hopkins.

But things did not work out the way I had expected. Excluding an incident with the Kennedy-Johnson campaign team in 1960, when Speaker Rayburn asked me to shut off a hotel-room TV set showing Richard Nixon ("I don't want to look at that fellah's face"), Mr. Sam solicited no aid from me; for years, in fact, he thought my name was Ritchie. The only conversation I had with Sherman Adams was by telephone and went as follows:

"Mr. Adams?"

"Yes?"

"This is the office of Congressman Rutherford." (Pause. Silence.) "I have a rather unusual request." (Silence.) "A constituent who is a rather noted amateur photographer has asked us to investigate the prospects of having a private audience with President Eisenhower to snap some informal poses—"

"No prospects."

"Ah . . . I thought perhaps only a couple of minutes might—"

"Impossible. Good day."

The Undeclared War

Many of my early aspirations were dispelled when I discovered that, although my Congressman might have been an imposing figure in the home precincts, he was merely one among the crowd once he reached Washington. His treatment as a freshman by old heads on the Hill alternated between contempt and condescension; I learned that unless a Congressman has a minimum of three terms behind him, he has less influence on the nation's destinies than his local fire chief. And since my own eminence ran in direct ratio to my superior's, I was not long in acknowledging that my lot was to be one of the faceless young men, with that "passion for anonymity" which FDR demanded of his brain trusters, but lower down on the social register.

For when the fledgling A.A. gets to Washington, he also finds that his personal relationship with his employer has undergone a subtle change. While at home he usually drank beer and exchanged ideas on an equal footing with his budding lawmaker, he sees a caste system at work in Washington which discourages A.A.s from major socializing with the pooh-bahs of the Hill, his man included. And while in the boondocks the A.A. may have been closer to his boss than anyone except his wife, in Washington the Congressman's time must be shared with party leaders, lobbyists, reporters, other common-garden-variety Congressmen, and, unless it can humanly be avoided, constituents.

The Hill A.A. sometimes works under another, more peculiar frustration, the least-publicized and probably the least-expected frustration of all—his relationship with his boss may develop into a contest, often a sort of undeclared war of jealousy. Both the public man and his assistant are usually extroverts. They are a bit vain. They long to be immortalized in bronze, and barring that, in stone; otherwise they would not have pursued so unnatural a calling. The A.A., often working himself to collapse and then sitting quietly on the back row while his boss takes the public bows, will begin to nurture a natural resentment. The Congressman will feel—and rightfully—that his assistant, knowing the rules

vic-
licitation. .
capricious sele*from West Texas, was Adminis-*
prosecution and s*two Congressmen in the ten*
of blackmailers. Ex*apitol Hill, and in 1960*
threat probably deters *est for the Kennedy-*
ing psychiatric or other*ancing in Washington,*
emotional problems; cer*out politics, "The One-*
imprisonment are not co*ed this spring.*
Funds and personnel

of the game, should suffer his obscurity in dignity. But little things will begin to nag at the prideful A.A. It will cause him anguish, for instance, to write a TV script for a program back home calling for a shot of his boss smiling over a typewriter, while the narrator says: "Unlike many public men, your Congressman does not use a ghostwriter. At this kitchen table in his modest family home, he writes his own speeches and newsletters after regular duty hours." This kind of thing can be especially distasteful when the A.A. knows that the only time his Congressman sat down at a typewriter he badly bruised both thumbs.

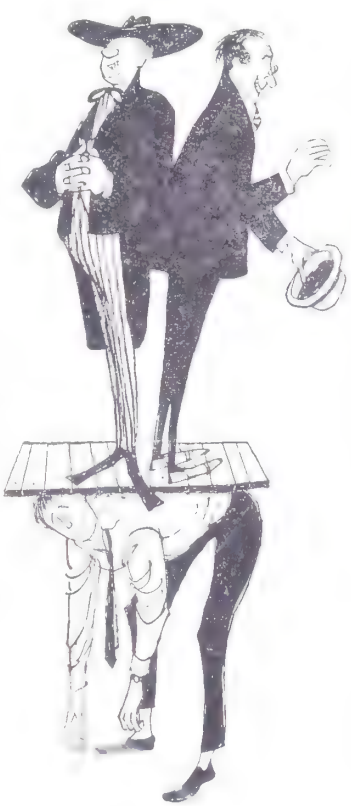
Seldom do the Congressman and his assistant talk out this problem, though it is a major topic of conversation when A.A.s gather together. The tensions feed on themselves. Anyone who has been an assistant to a Congressman knows that at some moment in some city of the hinterland, a master of ceremonies will rise on a podium and introduce the A.A. as "the man who really does all the work our Congressman takes credit for." While this may draw laughter and applause from an audience, the smiles of both the Congressman and the A.A. are invariably strained. The most awkward moment of all comes when the well-meaning speaker says, inevitably, "Congressman, your assistant here has done such a good job we've been thinking about running him against you." At this point the A.A. knows that his boss will soon assert himself in some mean small way, to prove that in his office in the Capitol there can be, at most, one God.

Senator Quentin Burdick, a Democrat from North Dakota, once served as A.A. to his father, the late maverick Republican Usher Burdick; the senior Burdick retired from the House after Democrats started a boom to have his son succeed him. In 1962 a Texas Congressman suddenly found himself opposed in the Democratic primary by the son of his top female secretary.

Such acts of cannibalism seldom fail to send alarms through the Capitol Hill community. The alarms are well founded. An A.A. knows all the family secrets and where all the corpses are buried. Little wonder a Congressman becomes agitated at the thought of being opposed by someone who has seen the moles on his nose, watched him in his private recreations, and not only read his mail but answered it.

(There have been other forms of cannibalism. As a young man, present U. S. Senator George Smathers of Florida was a friend and supporter of then Senator Claude Pepper. Smathers was known as a "Pepper man." Subsequently, in a bitter campaign he ran against and defeated Pepper, who is now a Congressman.)

The House A.A. usually brings to his job as many talents as the more celebrated Senate assistant. Most of Washington's second bananas, both in the Senate and the House, have college degrees, and Ph.D.s are not uncommon. Most are journalists or lawyers, with a considerable number of teachers, businessmen, preachers, and public-relations types. This is not to say that their practical political education has been neglected. The great majority of staffers to Congressmen studied their political primers in the dogfalls of provincial arenas. They have spontaneously shouted on cue at dozens of fund-raising dinners, learned all the nuances and horrors of back-street campaigning—the cheek muscle cramped from grinning, the leg muscles knotted from hiking door-to-door—and survived the hard personal fights of local political skirmishes.



What does a House A.A. do on a typical day? It is hard to generalize, but he is usually engaged in more activities than he can handle. During my first year in Washington I worked fourteen hours a day, most of which were spent dictating replies to the small mountain of letters from home. Letters to Congressmen defy all known rules of courtesy. The timid citizen who would hesitate to speak back to a policeman about a parking ticket feels no compunction about calling his national legislator a cur, mountebank, or traitor; when angered, his invectives will put the beatitudes of Robert Welch of the John Birch Society on a level with the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

After handling the letters, the House aide may then write a florid press release announcing a federal pork-barrel project dear to constituents. If he knows his job, he

will not be content with statistics on dollars and cents poured into the local maw. He must compare his boss with Jesus Christ, St. Paul, and depending upon the location of the district, either Abraham Lincoln or Robert E. Lee. He will make liberal use of his employer's name, the more the better. I once counted the name of a Midwestern Congressman twenty-seven times in a forty-four-line press release; no doubt the Congressman would have preferred a reverse ratio.

The A.A. may also draft one or more legislative acts, hear the complaints of a delegation of visiting constituents, and contact several government agencies to plead their murky causes. He may be called upon to turn away a group of salesmen trying to peddle everything from uranium stock to neckties as garish as his Congressman, or to discourage some agitated mystic on a scheme to end poverty by melting down the magnetic pole. The more enterprising of these uninvited callers, after casting a quick glance at the aide's nameplate, will then shout a familiar greeting as if they had shared the same stepfather; the trick is in watching their shifty eyes.

Having discharged these daily obligations, the A.A. likely will confer on a dozen urgent matters with his Congressman, who will usually want everything done not immediately, but yesterday. He may check with party leaders to find out if a crucial vote is scheduled for next Thursday. If not, his boss can accept an invitation to address the powerful State Goat Ropers Association. As an interlude he may snap a photograph of his statesman with a visiting constituent of high favor. In the meantime, he may take several phone calls from the home district, and then advance again into the morass of Washington bureaus, from which many good men have never returned, in search of putting down whatever villain his parochial complainants have cursed in the name of Moses and the Constitution.

Playing the Nameless Nitwit

The citizen back home may think well or ill of his Congressman, but in either case when he finds it necessary to transmit certain views or to ask help with some riddle centered in Washington, he will want to speak with the boss himself. He will always be reluctant to talk with a subordinate, even though the Congressman at the moment may be occupied with trying to put out a brush war in Asia or Mississippi, conferring with party leaders, attending a committee hearing, or, wonder of wonders, actually be on the floor for debating or voting. But even if he is engaged in some purely private concern, he usually will prefer that his A.A. handle the call. Consequently, a honey-voiced receptionist, who may draw about $7,500 a year for her gift of mendacity, will invent convincing falsehoods to account for the Congressman's unavailability, and try to persuade the constituent to speak with the lowly aide. Though Congressional assistants handle approximately 90 per cent of these problems, and at least 99 per cent of the tiresome details, the citizen from home may feel rebuffed when relegated to a subordinate. Unaware that a salaried aide even exists, he may fancy that his Congressman personally types all the thousands of letters sent out under his frank.

If the constituent, however, cannot be persuaded to speak to the A.A., the Congressman will rage at the inefficiency of his staff. He will morosely accept the call, and try to appear familiar with one of perhaps three hundred pending cases on which no sane man, much less a Congressman, could be reasonably informed. On the phone the Congressman booms hardy cheer, dispensing stores of wisdom. Meanwhile, his assistant scrambles for the file bearing upon the conversation, places it in front of the boss's eye, and offers up key information in urgent whispers. Often the Congressman has forgotten to ask anyone to gather the vital information germane to the caller's cause, without which nothing can be done. When this omission is finally discovered, the A.A. after a decent interval places a wheedling call to the constituent. To preserve the reputation of his boss as an efficient leader without mortal flaw, he confesses that he has "lost" the information. The constituent, bank president, or superintendent of streets chuckles condescendingly, lamenting the cross the Congressman bears in the person of his nameless nitwit of an aide.

It is customary for the second bananas who work for members of the House to adopt the protective coloration of their masters. Hence the A.A. to a Representative shares the legendary jealousies which his House member holds for Senators. (One of the myths most avidly promoted by the plain-vanilla Congressman is his equality with United States Senators. But Congressmen compromise this theory occasionally by running for the Senate, and if one wishes to put the proposition to simple test, try to recall the last time a U. S. Senator resigned to run for the House.) By working on the House side, I realized that my perfidies were less important, less dramatically Machiavellian. Administrative Assistants to Senators are lordly creatures commanding

large staffs. The Senate A.A. usually has some twenty or more men and women under his command, bearing more titles than Europe's royalty, from executive assistant and legislative assistant to less exotic ones, like press secretary, personal secretary, or office manager.



By contrast the lowly House aide is officially designated by statute as mere "clerk"—the same title bestowed on the three to five young women in his office, over whom he holds uneasy sway, and who must be proficient at shorthand, typing, and interoffice backbiting of the more refined sort. Along with these natural handicaps in a city where the scramble for power and prestige is a way of life, the Administrative Assistant to a Senator has it better in more tangible ways. For vague reasons, not yet ascertained, many people have actually begun to believe that U. S. Senators are worthy of their hire. They seem more willing to grant that a Senator representing an entire state might have something more important to do than chat all day with a series of service-station operators, ribbon clerks, and alligator trappers. Thus the Senator is more able to pass power to the lower echelons, and his A.A. need not take such pains to charm or equivocate. The Senate A.A. also has more mechanical gadgets to carry out his duties. Deep within the S.O.B.s—the Washington abbreviation for the two Senate Office Buildings—row upon row of machines turn out more mail, and faster, than a whole battery of office secretaries. When letters come out of these miracle machines, virtually untouched by human hands, they may be transferred to an ingenious office device which can sign a Senator's name better than the Senator himself. House members have no such mechanical assistance. They must affix their signatures by the old-fashioned method, unless blessed with a staffer who possesses gifts for mass forgery.

The Lobbyist and the A.A.

I come now to two particularly delicate areas in the life of the A.A.—lobbyists and money. Unless he has the unique talents of a Bobby Baker, no Congressional aide will get rich on the job. Salaries are by no means miserly, but the A.A. must maintain a home in Washington for the several months Congress is in session, and a second residence in the home district during adjournment. He will be called upon to give to every charity short of the NKVD Retirement Fund. Since men of influence and power back home must be properly entertained, he must devote some attention to a proper wardrobe. The Senate A.A. gets expenses for two trips a year to the constituency from tax money, but the House assistant must pay his own way unless he is authorized to tap the campaign kitty, a rare occurrence, since politicians consider this fund as inviolate as a nunnery. If one has an elastic conscience, certain lobbyists are easy marks for free transportation home. Rare is the lobbyist who will fork over the long dollar for a trip, fearing to run afoul of the Federal Corrupt Practices Act, but matters are often conveniently arranged so that a company airplane just happens to be going to the A.A.'s home area, and just happens to have a vacancy aboard. Through such coincidences friendly alliances are forged.

The Washington relationship between lobbyists and political assistants is a subtle one. The accomplished lobbyist cultivates personal friendships with Congressmen, Senators, and their A.A.s, and when a personal favor is done for a lobbyist it is less for tangible gain than out of a vague and mellow social obligation. Here the currents can be treacherous and deep, and a Congressman or his A.A. may be in over his head before he knows he has left the shallows.

Lobbying is made easier for the many former Congressmen who now work the halls for private causes, since they have the privilege of the floor and know most of their ex-colleagues and aides on a first-name basis. But the lobbyist who lacks this natural advantage need not deal in worldly goods to survive. George Hall, a conservative with the old-school manner, does a creditable job representing the vast Anderson-Clayton cotton interests through frequent informal visits to important House and Senate A.A.s. During these visits Hall will discuss everything from baseball to the Crucifixion, and if he springs for a ninety-cent luncheon in one of the Capitol cafeterias he may sleep uneasily for such extravagance. Leon-

ard Lee, lobbyist for Tennessee Gas, is so effective at moving among Hill employees that one may accept any number of drinks, a fine steak, or take an outing in Lee's boat on Chesapeake Bay before realizing that any debt of gratitude may be owed a corporate concern. T. L. (Hap) Fore, Jr., whose public-relations firm of Newmeyer Associates represents, among others, Standard Oil of New Jersey, is a former Hill employee whose soft-sell manner opens many doors. This is also true of Lyle O. Snader of the American Railroad Association, who was once top Republican clerk of the House and a protégé of former Speaker Joe Martin. Cecil Dickerson, Washington lobbyist for the American Medical Association, has not lost a major fight on Capitol Hill in recent memory. Such is his influence that by telephoning a handful of Congressmen or their A.A.s he is able to take accurate readings on how the House or Senate will react to any measure bearing on hospitals, doctors, or medical service. Former Congressman Frank Ikard, now of the Independent Petroleum Association of America, ingratiates himself to Congressmen and A.A.s friendly to his cause by appearing in their districts during elections to lay blessings upon these gentlemen before appropriately conservative groups.

The Washington lobbyist need not use the heavy thumb in dealing with Congressmen and their aides; he is able to curry favor merely by being able to give or withhold the voting support of various groups organized down to the corpuscles. The A.A. quickly appreciates the value of showing at least surface courtesy to the representatives of powerful voting blocs. This no doubt accounts for the fact that in ten years as an A.A. in Washington, I received fewer Christmas gifts from lobbyists than in one year covering a police beat for a small daily.

Small Town on the Hill

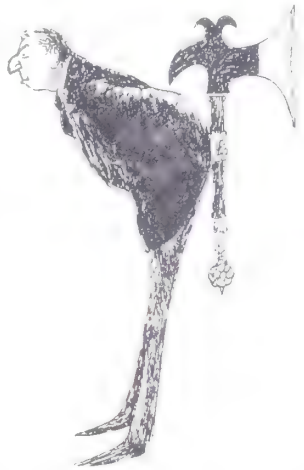
Some 85 per cent of the Members of Congress have men as Administrative Assistants. This does not reflect a prejudice against women so much as it recognizes the facts of political life. Since an A.A. is often required to travel in his home district with the Congressman for days on end, a female aide is at a distinct disadvantage. A Congressman circulating about his district with a lady assistant would be subject to the kind of gossip which proves fatal at the polls. A female A.A. would also find it difficult to talk the political idiom with tough precinct captains in the back of pool halls, put the pump on reluctant contributors at election time, and accept large cash contributions in deserted men's rooms. I do not mean to imply that women serve no function on the Hill. Talented secretaries draw up to $10,000 a year and often may take their pick of jobs, since legislators no longer honor the custom of having only employees who are natives of the home constituency.

The citizens of the Capitol Hill community, crowded into four buildings in ambush formation around the Capitol, come from all the fifty states. Since most workers on the Hill are from rural areas, the atmosphere is very much like that of a small town. There is hardly a man or woman on the Hill who cannot tell you precisely what Senator is sleeping with whose secretary, or what A.A. has eyes for whose receptionist. Yet there is a unique honor here. Like foreign policy under Eisenhower, these transgressions are nonpartisan. The Democrat who would do in an erring Republican, and vice-versa, would be considered unconstitutional.

The social life of the Hill A.A. is not all revelry. The disturbing truth is that Washington is little more sinful than most other cities its size. This fact in itself testifies to the hardy morals of the men who run our government, for it is difficult to imagine a place where temptations are so abundant. There are far more women than men in Washington, and while it is true that downtown federal agencies have their *pro rata* share of ladies who could not make it back home, or for that matter in the Turkish infantry, Capitol Hill itself has a striking proportion of lovely girls. Good behavior is sometimes difficult in such surroundings. Everything calls to the wild: the unreal atmosphere of political existence, the natural gregariousness of extroverts drawn to the public life, the irregular hours with long absences from home, the lobbyists with billfolds at the ready to buy bonded cheer, as well as the daily tensions of warfare on the Hill.

Rendezvous occur in haunts very close to the Capitol. On the House side, Congressmen and their A.A.s prefer places like the Filibuster Room in the Congressional Hotel, the posh Rotunda (where a common bottle of beer goes for a dollar ten), and the New Market Inn. The Senate side usually convenes in the Carroll Arms Hotel, whose Quorum Club was made famous by Bobby Baker, the Plaza Hotel bar (cheap drinks and easy credit), the Monocle supper club, or the Assembly, where sports-minded Hillites meet

for Bloody Marys before Redskin football games. Private clubs are available for gentlemen of both parties only a few steps across the street from Congressional office buildings. Each is connected with the official buzzer system which rings when Congressmen are required on the floor for a vote. Though many Congressmen do not frequent these places, statistics would show considerably higher attendance at each of them than at the Congressional Prayer Room.



I, for one, was more or less driven to such oases by the normal hazards of being an A.A. In addition to the amount of work, I was put under solemn oath and investigated down to the skin pores by flinty FBI agents during the public unmasking of Billie Sol Estes, unfortunately a constituent of my first Congressman. When my employer was subsequently crushed at the polls, I took as my next superior a promising young Congressman who chose the side of General Dynamics in that struggling company's historic dispute with Boeing Aircraft over the TFX fighter. While these competing cartels engaged in spiffy name-calling through their chosen public men, I was badgered around the clock by the enterprising Washington press corps and otherwise harassed by investigators from the McClellan Committee, who were convinced I held the key to certain mystic secrets of national policy. Several years earlier, strolling through the Capitol at a time when the Senate was finally getting around to its tardy censure of Joe McCarthy, I was wordlessly set upon by a goateed old State Department retiree who flailed me about the head and ears with an umbrella; after some twenty blows the old gentleman discovered he had mistaken my receding hairline, horn-rimmed glasses, and shapeless form for the Junior Senator from Wisconsin. For weeks after, my associates would greet me with the shout, "Who promoted Peress?"

Why They Stay

When I finally took leave of Capitol Hill a few months ago, my departure was late by seven years over my original plans. In this I was typical. The Hill abounds with old hands who came to Washington for one or two or three years, and who have grown palsied in the service of the Congress. Gone are their dreams of becoming legislators themselves, of starting a PR firm in Washington, of returning home to the mud flats to practice law or run the weekly newspaper. The reasons for lingering are complex: bad breaks, or habit, or waiting to succeed a boss who will probably live forever. Anyone, like myself, who finally chooses to go elsewhere concludes that many of these men hang on because of something barking darkly in the genes.*

But there is something else that keeps the A.A. going beyond the normal summons of duty—the curious and uncanny pull of his employer, the political animal. This brings to mind an experience I had a few years ago. In El Paso I found myself carrying bags, opening doors, and otherwise serving as houseboy for a U.S. Senator visiting my Congressman's home district. After a couple of days I wearied of the sport, and let it be known by tardy reactions to orders and a sullen countenance. When the Senator harangued me because a particularly obnoxious local citizen had been seated next to him during a tedious dinner, I mutinied. The Senator, a perceptive sort, knew at once how to deal with my disaffection. He grinned, took me by the arm, and stood nose to nose, breathing on my eyeglasses. "Boy," he said in his most jovial manner, "don't think I don't know what's going through your mind. You're thinkin' how all us big powerful politicians claim to be such hot stuff on the public stump we could walk on water, but how we really couldn't stop our nosebleeds without you young fellahs. And you're right. I know, because I first came to Washington myself as the secretary to a Congressman in nineteen-and-thirty-two. There's no harder work and sometimes it seems like the rewards are few and the frustrations many. But stick around. Your time will come."

My time never came, but I do recall that the next day I was again carrying Lyndon Johnson's suitcases.

* But more than a few former A.A.s have gone on to successful careers in law, the arts, business, or public office. A number of Congressmen once were A.A.s. Among them are Representatives Bob Michel of Illinois, Jake Pickle of Texas, John Brademas of Indiana, Ken Hechler of West Virginia, Gillis Long of Louisiana, John Dingell of Michigan, and Senators Mike Mansfield of Montana, Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, Gale McGee of Wyoming, Birch Bayh of Indiana, as well as Quentin Burdick of North Dakota.

The Other Kind of Teaching

by Eric Bender

Programmed instruction can take place in classroom, factory, or grass hut—anywhere you can sit down—and it may prove an unexpectedly useful tool, for either illiterates or the highly skilled.

If you are teaching anything at all, the chances are that you are already concerned with programmed instruction or are wondering if you shouldn't be. If you are studying anything at all—especially as an adult—your instruction may well be in programmed form.

In this ruthlessly automated age, when millions of adults will be forced to master new skills, programmed instruction may prove to be a key teaching technique. Programmed texts for self-instruction are already available in such diverse subjects as logarithms, how to write a memo, the sacraments of the Catholic Church, second-year German, boiler inspection, and the no-trump bid in bridge.

Most nations today are faced with an "education explosion"—increasingly overcrowded classrooms and only limited funds for more schools and teachers. In addition, in the United States our formidably high level of unemployment indicates the need for a massive effort to educate and retrain illiterates, dropouts, and the jobless. It is clear that our traditional "teacher-in-the-classroom" concept is simply not expansible enough to cope with these new pressures.

Programmed instruction, however, seems admirably suited to fill some of the gaps. Since it is geared to self-instruction, teaching can be done in groups of all sizes; it enables students of wide ranges of ability to learn with remarkable efficiency; and it does not necessarily depend on verbal skills. Although programmed instruction is not designed to replace the teacher in the classroom, it is excellently adapted to take over some of the load and has already done so on a massive scale in industry, the armed forces, and other areas. In the classroom it has so far made less impact. This article concerns itself chiefly with the impact of programmed instruction on adults.

We have in the United States 25 million adult men with less than eighth-grade education, and at the other end of the educational scale we have upward of three million males enrolled in college-level courses. Add to these the men in the armed services and government services, and all of the men learning jobs in industry, and you have a considerable segment of adult males who are, or ought to be, under formal instruction. The schools cannot deal with these populations physically nor do they have the resources and flexibilities required by the instructional tasks. Any of dozens of industries and government services maintain instructional facilities whose personnel could staff a good-sized college. Such elaborate systems are needed not only to teach a new employee what he is to do, but also in recognition of the fact that neither white-collar nor blue-collar workers can expect to make a lifetime career out of what they have been instructed to do for their present jobs. The necessity for reeducation of adults for a sec-

ond or a third successive job even at the highest professional level is in many areas already as much accepted as the necessity for primary education of children.

These are only a few of the unfilled needs of the education explosion; even greater will be those of emergent nations and subcultures. Instruction will take place in classrooms, under trees, in prefab huts, in buses, in cafeterias and auditoriums, in hammocks—anywhere a man can sit down. The learner will in some cases be unable to read and write his own language. In others he will be as highly skilled a person as our culture can produce. Nobody will be "safe" from instruction. Some of the subject matter will have been taught to generations of learners. Some won't exist until next year. Some will be taught once only, after which the surge of new information will erase the subject. Much of the instruction will not be in verbal form at all, thus ruling out some aspects of our standard instructional procedures.

It is amazingly difficult to instruct adults. Unlike children, who are eager for and receptive to new information, few adults consider themselves open to instruction. Even if they are willing to accept it, they are likely to resist all over again if they cannot see an immediate, here-and-now application for what is offered.

Almost always the adult possesses information and misinformation, and certainly he has prejudice toward a subject matter. He measures incoming information against what he has in his brain storage tanks and rejects any disturbing new idea. His study habits are abominable or nonexistent. He has been conditioned to value speed over content in producing an answer. Under these handicaps, the adult student finds that programmed instruction is of value because he is not thrown on his own resources and left to learn by himself if he can. There is no other adult physically present, "treating him like a school kid." He and the teaching force will be in constant communication so that he cannot easily stray into fruitless bypaths, cannot imprint himself with errors, cannot move forward without having mastered what went before. The "instructor" or programmer takes full responsibility for what the learner learns and how he does it. (In this article the word "programmer" will be used as a convenience to mean the team that prepares instructional material. In actual practice the programmer as a person does only specified part of the job. It is unfortunate that "program," already a general-purpose word, came into this use. It is doubly unfortunate that at about the same time another kind of "programmer" was created: the person who translates problems into computer language. The computer programmer, and the programmer involved with instructional programs, are two different persons with two different functions.)

Eric Bender has been involved in writing and publishing for young people ever since graduation from Ohio State University. One of the last editors of "St. Nicholas Magazine," he has more recently produced instructional films and worked on research and development of programmed texts for Harper & Row, with whom he has been associated for many years.

Macadamias and Hula Girls

One basic form of programming consists of a series of so-called "frames." Each frame consists of a "stimulus" and a "response." The stimulus does what its name suggests: it stimulates the learner to make a response, and the learning takes place when the response is made. Below are two rather lighthearted frames that begin a program prepared by a Texas insurance company* for instructing its employees in the basic ideas of programmed instruction.

> Pecans, cashews, almonds, and macadamias are all *****

> Because macadamias are eaten mostly by hula girls, surfboarders, and beachcombers, we can guess that they are grown in *****

Above are only the stimuli of the two frames. Usually the desired responses, "nuts" and "Hawaii," of course, would be printed in some nearby location so that the learner, having formulated his own response, could check it with the response the programmer wished him to produce.

It is clear that the statements are far more than sentences with one word arbitrarily left out. It is also clear that the learner must be a person already equipped with the kind of information needed to make the desired response. If this program had been prepared for third-graders it would not assume knowledge of hula girls and beachcombers, and would be based on quite different premises.

Now, the entire content of those two frames is this: Macadamias are nuts grown in Hawaii. Why not just read that sentence? Fine, if you

* *What Is a Macadamia?* by Patricia R. Jones for United Services Automobile Association, San Antonio.

happen to be conditioned to learn that way. Most people aren't. Look at the two frames again. *They* didn't say that macadamias are nuts grown in Hawaii. *You* summoned up things you already knew, applied them to a new situation, and produced information. This is quite a different kind of learning from reading a sentence and hoping to remember it.

Naturally, programmed instruction deals with matters other than hula girls. Here is a stimulus from a program about electricity:

> The potential energy for a system consisting of two charged spheres with opposite type charge is a ***** when the spheres are adjacent to each other.

And this from a programmed text on allergies:

> In man, the predominant smooth muscle is usually in the respiratory bronchiles. For this reason, the anaphylactic manifestations are most frequently of the ***** type.

Never mind what the responses are. It's unlikely that you would remember them since they weren't produced by you.

The frames about Hawaiian nuts demonstrate some of the basic ideas in programming:

1. The learning is contained in the learner's response.

2. The learner's knowledge and reading ability have been carefully analyzed in advance. The programmer must be sure at every step that the learner does indeed have the repertoire that will make it possible for him to produce the desired response.

3. The programmer must recognize all of the possible variables and build his stimulus so that only one response, the desired one, will be produced. Suppose that the first frame of the macadamia series had been worded thus: "Macadamias grow on trees. Macadamias are *****" Such a stimulus could produce a variety of responses—all the way from "acorns" to "baby monkeys."

There are many ways, in a program that consists of words, to limit the possible responses to only one. Thus:

> Electrons carry electrical charges.
> Neutrons, on the other hand, *****

Does a neutron have an electrical charge? You could scarcely help responding that it does not. The phrase, "on the other hand," tells the learner that the situation in the second sentence is the opposite of that in the first. But no knowledge of atomic structure is assumed.

Such a phrase is called a "grammatical cue," and there are many others, such as "similarly," "likewise," "however," "in spite of," "never," "but"—steering words and sentence constructions that guide the learner.

One of the programmer's first tasks is to break down the subject matter that the program is to teach into a chain of responses that he wants the learner to give. Then he writes his frames around the responses.

The next step is to test the program with learners of the kind the program is being prepared for. The programmer observes the learners as they work through the program. He can find out that what he thought was a perfectly splendid cue in Frame Number 234 means nothing to them. He wrote seventeen frames to go from point A to point B. He was wrong. The learners have a bad time and make errors. Smaller steps are needed, with perhaps eight or ten more frames. The converse can be true: the learner is impatient with a sequence; it is too detailed and seems trivial. The learner distrusts anything that seems too easy. This is more of a problem for the programmer, since it is always easier to lengthen a program than to shorten it.

In the end, the testing group will have told the programmer what they need from him in order to learn, so he rewrites the program, and retests, and rewrites, and retests. How does he know when he is finished? When he finally gets a group that never makes errors? Not necessarily. It is possible to write a program in which every learner scores an errorless 100 and not one of them learns anything. Actually, the stopping point has been agreed upon as part of the preparation for writing the program. In some job training, a learning score of, say, 65 per cent is entirely satisfactory, provided it is learned in not more than three hours. The rest can be learned on the job, but it would cost too much to spend more than three hours in preliminary instruction. On the other hand, a 65 per cent performance would scarcely be satisfactory in training an operator of a system for detecting enemy aircraft.

According to Dr. Robert F. Mager, "An instructor will function in a fog of his own making until he knows just what he wants his students to be able to do at the end of the instruction."*

Everybody knows that, but how do you define objectives? The answer is definite: by specifying what the learner would be able to do, having finished your course, that he couldn't do before.

Do is the operative word here.

* *Preparing Objectives for Programmed Instruction.* San Francisco, Fearon, 1962.

Then, how do you find out what a learner has learned? By his overt acts—the "behaviors" he can be recognized as "emitting," the psychologists say. But how does the programmer produce overt, observable behaviors so that he will know whether learning has really taken place?

It isn't always easy, but Mager holds that all learners should be required to do such observable things as *solve, construct, compare, write, differentiate,* etc., instead of merely claiming to *know, understand, appreciate, believe, enjoy,* and the like.

Doesn't all instruction demand such clear-cut proofs of learning?

Well—no.

This business of knowing when you have taught something is still a shadowy area. But in programmed instruction, since a learner cannot do anything without demonstrating his learnings at every step, achievement of objectives is relatively easy to prove.

The Educative Error

Up to now we have been describing "linear" programming, a basic type of program in which students follow the same frames in the same sequence and all variables are controlled so that the student will make just one response—the *correct* one—at each step along the way. Now we are going to discuss another form of programming—the "scrambled book" or "intrinsic" program—in which *error* is used as an element of instruction.

To the programmer an error is not a sin committed by the learner. It is merely one aspect of behavior to be considered along with others. One of the damaging tags applied to programmed instruction is "errorless learning." The responsible programmer rejects such a definition, because it is easy to write completely useless material that has a physical resemblance to a programmed sequence:

> There are thirteen alternating red and white stripes, and fifty white stars on a blue background, in the American *****

The response called for is trivial since the "learner" already knew everything that was in the frame. The "macadamia nuts" frames seem to be just as simple, but are profoundly different.

An error in traditional teaching may persist for a long time before it is corrected—if indeed it can be corrected at all. An examination paper, graded and returned to the student without comments written on it, does not correct any errors; it only states that errors have been made. In a program an error is correctable within seconds.

The programmer may with some frequency predict error and guard against it. He may know that a certain skill has been studied earlier by his learners, but he suspects that their grasp of it is shaky or even nonexistent. If he wishes to teach something based on knowledge of cube roots, for instance, he sets up a few problems calling for use of such knowledge, warning his learners that this is a special testing situation. At the end of the sequence, the program discusses the outcome. Those who do indeed possess the necessary skills are directed to proceed. Those who do not possess the skills are directed to go through a "sidetrack" sequence in which the skills are retaught, after which the learners will return to the main line of instruction. How this sort of "branching" can be usefully applied depends on the nature of the situation.

In the "intrinsic" program, the learner is given a stimulus, but he is then directed to choose his response from a list offered with the stimulus. Here is an example:

> You are in a five-hand, all-male poker game, playing draw with deuces wild. The stakes are at the upper limit at which you care to play. You have played with the other men before, but not often. You are dealt the 3, 4 of diamonds, 5 of clubs, 6 of hearts, jack of spades. The man at your left opens and there are two raises before the bet reaches you. Choose your course of action:
>
> 1. Meet the pot and draw one card. (p. 56)
> 2. Raise. (p. 44)
> 3. Fold. (p. 97)

The learner chooses what seems to him the best response, and turns to the indicated page in the program. If he has chosen the desired response, he will be so assured and will be presented with the next problem. If he has chosen an undesired response, the program will discuss the matter with him and then send him back to try again.

Both "linear" and "intrinsic" programming are still very much in use, but the programmer feels free to devise any form of instruction that will suit the task and the learners. He may, though he need not, cast his instruction into these two "classic" forms. Their basic principles will be found whether he uses computers or pushbuttons or physical motions as his apparatus. A program need not be in pencil-and-paper form, although it usually is.

One of the newer modes is called "mathetic" programming. An easily visualized principle of

mathetics says that the environment in which a task is learned should approximate as closely as possible the environment in which the actual job will be performed. The learner's active responses during training are, as nearly as possible, examples of performances that will be expected of him "on the job." Another, more complex mathetical principle states that there are some training procedures in which it seems best to work backward through a chain of learning situations. Thus, programmed instruction takes many forms, depending on the task to which it is applied.

At this point one might ask: Can all of these systems be so well thought out, and can the media of instruction be so well conceived that learnings can be produced at very high levels of efficiency? The answer is definitely yes, but with one important qualification—only when all processes are carried on by experts; when objectives and the matching tests are correctly prepared; when the programs themselves are assembled competently; when learners are handled as they should be. Under these conditions the results can be astonishing. Ninety per cent of a mixed bag of learners can respond, upon testing, with 90 per cent of what they are taught. Even better, with programmed instruction the least promising members of a group of learners can achieve just about as much as the top dogs, as long as they are not expected to learn *as fast as* the others.

Mind Manipulators?

Most people automatically think of programmed instruction as something used only in the school classroom. It has, however, scarcely made an appearance there, and school personnel generally do not yet possess the skills required to select programs and use them properly.

In fact, programmed instruction for schools has met with criticism from educators, some of it justified. Unfortunately, a certain amount of inferior programmed material has been offered to schools by opportunistic, fly-by-night companies who present it as a universal panacea for all teaching problems. Needless to say, with such materials, the results have been disappointing. However, neither reliable programmers nor schools themselves seem anxious for entire courses in programmed form. Schools in the foreseeable future will probably use programmed materials in the form of partial courses, carefully selected, which can be easily adapted to classroom needs.

Programmed instruction has also come under heavy fire as a dehumanized method that manipulates minds and controls thinking. One of the most outspoken of these critics is sociologist Paul Goodman. In his recent book *Compulsory Miseducation*, he contends that only the programmer does "any 'thinking' at all," that learning for the student means giving "some final response that the programmer considers advantageous." Thus, he says, "the student has no active self at all" and consequently will know nothing of the joy of discovery and the virtue of initiative. Mr. Goodman is assuming, however, that all persons are *capable* of "discovery."

Some of the public's resistance to the concept of programmed instruction has been caused by the widely misunderstood "teaching machine." At its lowest level a teaching machine is merely a box that contains a printed or filmed program, along with very simple mechanisms that prevent the learner from moving ahead to the next frame until he has made a response to the first.* When he has done so, the desired response to the previous frame is revealed and a new situation awaits his response.

This is sometimes called "cheatproof" learning. But the need for this kind of mechanical control is open to question, since the program is in no way a test, but a presentation of information to be learned.

There has been a good deal of interesting experimentation in what happens to learning when the student makes his responses in the following different ways:

1. The learner is urged to study the stimulus carefully, write down his response, and only then check the printed response with his own.

2. The learner studies the stimulus carefully, formulates a response without writing it down, and checks with the printed response.

3. The learner studies the stimulus, formulates no very careful response, and simply reads the printed response as part of his general attention to the frame as a whole.

4. The programmer prints the response where the response blank would normally appear in the frame, but differentiated visually from the stimulus, as by enclosure in parentheses, printing in a different color, etc.

It is agreed that the first method results in the greatest learning, but that the difference in total learning between #1 and #4 might be surprisingly small. One might ask how #3 or #4 can result in

* Other types of teaching machines include complex mechanical and electronic devices equipped with discs, tape, films, television, and keypunch units or typewriters wired to computers.

learning when the learner exerts little effort to make a response. *Simply by the way the material is spread upon the page.* The standard rectangular page of text, couched in the best available flow of literary English, imposes rigid limitations on the way in which information can be offered.

Although there is little need for teaching machines in elementary and secondary schools, machine-correlated instruction is proving fruitful at the research level, where the digital computer (to take one example) acts as tutor for human learners. One wonderful machine at the University of Illinois has a special button marked AHA. With this machine a learner can at his own request, or by direction of the machine, be shunted off the main course of instruction to a sidetrack which is a review of a particular point. If while working down this sequence the learner remembers in a flash what he had forgotten, and now knows that he can return to the main track with success, obviously he says, triumphantly, "Aha!" and pushes the AHA button and back he goes. It is somehow fitting that this computer has been used to teach human learners how to feed programs into a computer.

IBM has done extensive investigation into the instruction of such ordinary subject matter as first-year German, use of the Stenotype machine, and elementary statistics. But IBM is not advocating a million-dollar computer in every classroom. Work is now being carried on to find out how many subject matters a given computer can be equipped to handle that will take care of how many learners at how many scattered learning stations.

Some investigators, however, while ready to accept the premises of computer instruction, have preferred to begin with the traditional text page and to add to it a tutoring sequence that the reader copes with when he has finished reading a specified text. This tutoring sequence is definitely not the block of formal review or questioning that customarily follows a chapter or unit in a textbook—which usually has been written *pro forma*, or as an afterthought. A true tutoring sequence occurs when it is needed, not after an arbitrary span of reading. Such a sequence requires not only recall of facts, but ability to come to conclusions, reach concepts, skim, coordinate new learnings with past learnings, demonstrate skills, or any other behavior that true person-to-person tutoring would evoke.

This is roughly the way in which IBM and other experimenters present subject matter working through computers. The result is a sort of "controlled reading" that complies with the basic principles that underlie programmed instruction. Computer-based instruction is not the wild, far-out laboratory toy that it is sometimes said to be. The work so far done with it is generally satisfactory, and comes nowhere near exploiting the computer's full resources.

Who Uses the New Techniques?

The ideas and processes of the new technology of instruction are being applied in a vast number of ways and regions.

- In North Carolina, for example, the Department of Curriculum Study has set up eight centers throughout the state, with four more planned, to which adults can come—for a fee of two dollars a year—for self-instruction with programmed texts. The students, generally in their twenties and thirties (slightly over half are men), average fifth-grade reading ability upon entering, most of them have completed grade school, and almost all are or want to be employed. About half want to finish high school or remove deficiencies before beginning formal post-high-school curriculum; others want to acquire special knowledge to help them in their jobs; and still others simply want to learn something new. More than two-thirds of the students must usually begin with work to improve their reading skills, and about a third go no further.
- A number of banks in Southwestern states are distributing a short programmed text by means of which the customer can find out why his checkbook stubs do not necessarily agree with his monthly bank statements.
- Illiterates in some Southern states are being taught to read and write the kind of English that is the norm for the social and economic group to which they belong. The norm is one thing in rural Mississippi and would be something else in Harlem or south Chicago.

The instruction is programmed* even though the printed materials do not resemble a linear

*This system was devised by a type of business enterprise that did not exist a few years ago. The Diebold Group, Inc., did the research and prepared the materials. Many other companies—under such names as Educational Research Associates; General Programmed Teaching Corporation; Basic Systems, Inc.; Learning, Incorporated; Entelek, Inc.; American Institute for Research—write programmed texts and devise instructional systems for industries, government agencies, etc. Major textbook publishers—Macmillan; Harper & Row; Scott, Foresman; Heath; Harcourt, Brace; and others—have entered the field with materials intended primarily for school use.

program. A reasonably literate member of the closed group serves as tutor to an illiterate learner, who upon "graduation" may then in turn function as a tutor. The learner may start with a simple picture of a bird that will lead to recognition of the word "bird." If in his culture group that word is pronounced "boid" the recognition of "b-i-r-d" as "boid" is completely satisfactory and no effort will be made to change pronunciation. After all, the effort is to make him literate according to the standards of his group, not to teach him pronunciation and syntax that his group never use. In this system "furniture" is correct if read as "furnishter," and "poison" as "perzin," and literacy has indeed been achieved.

● Industry too is making successful use of programmed instruction. Some companies prefer to organize their own facilities. The United Services Automobile Association is an insurance company whose clients are present and former officers of all branches of the armed forces. The staff is large and is 90 per cent female. All transactions, including sales, are carried on by mail. There are many clerical jobs with a high turnover. New employees (800 a year) come into service in trickles, not as whole classes, and they couldn't be trained as classes anyway because of the diversity of the jobs involved.

Opening and routing of mail must be done with high accuracy, as must other functions such as completing complex forms. This is a job-training task generally familiar to a great many businesses. The usual procedure is a hit-or-miss combination of lectures, interviews, printed manuals, and on-the-job instruction by supervisors or other employees, who lose productive time thereby. Adapting programmed instruction to its own needs, the insurance company found that for some training tasks a programmed "flip chart" worked better than the printed linear or intrinsic text.

● Montgomery Ward finds great value in programmed instruction for training retail-store employees. The company uses five different types of cash registers, and has programmed texts for the use of each of them, along with other programs for teaching the writing of sales checks that will suit each type of cash register. Other programs teach the company's credit, refund, and exchange policies, or train people who may be hired on a temporary basis. "When our big stores need seasonal help, as at Christmas," says Montgomery Ward's Eleanor Rud, "we hire fast and we have to train fast. But at any time of year we have found programmed instruction economical and satisfactory for our job-training tasks."

● Some of industry's training tasks have to do with processes that did not exist a few years ago and perhaps will not exist a few years from now because of technological change. How do you teach workers to remove and to install gyroscope components in the flight-control systems of a Titan II missile? Ralph W. Walker supervises the programmed instruction activities of the Technical Training Department of the Martin Company in Denver, which is one of the contractors involved in production of the Titan II missile system. Since it isn't feasible to set up a programmed course of instruction for *every* task, Walker says: "If you are contemplating introducing programmed instruction in your firm, pick a subject which will remain reasonably static and which will be taught to a large number of employees over a long period of time."

● "Detail men," the salesmen for pharmaceutical manufacturers, must learn about a constant stream of new products. They must know not only chemical descriptions, but also how to inform physicians as to intended uses and what may be expected of the products when prescribed for patients. At least one major pharmaceutical house, Eli Lilly, has carefully described the objectives it wants to produce in its salesmen's behaviors, and has developed programmed materials for individual study by the men.

A Break for Special Learners

People in corrective institutions desperately need instruction if they are to be rehabilitated, but even a receptive learner in such an environment starts with a strike or two against him. He has been a consistent loser. He failed in his adjustment to normal society; he has failed his family, or vice versa; he has probably failed in school. "He has even failed in crime, or why else would he be in prison?" says Dr. John McKee, an experimenter with instruction in the Draper Correctional Center in Alabama.

Dr. McKee points out that placing an inmate in a traditional classroom environment is often a guarantee of failure. The learner has been conditioned to reject the authority represented by the teacher, and he probably expects to fail because he already has done so in every other classroom he has known.

Self-instruction through programmed materials creates its own environment and has produced encouraging results. Proceeding through programmed materials represents a series of small successes. Failure is not inevitable. Competition with other learners has perhaps been another area

of failure, and this too disappears. With such learners there are many simple ways to reinforce learnings. The mere act of turning a completed page can be highly encouraging, as can the completion of a physically small book or programmed text.

Other "exceptional learners" are the "retarded" adults who must be trained for industrial jobs. Imagine a group of adult males whose IQs range from 60 to 80. They are healthy and free from emotional and organic problems, willing and expecting to work. A printed job-instruction manual or a textbook or a programmed text won't work; they can't read it.

Dr. Edmund Neuhaus of the Human Resources Foundation in Albertson, New York, described how such a group was trained in a rather complex skill—soldering of electronic parts. The medium of instruction consisted of 216 projected slides along with a verbal "sound track"—with many more reviews scheduled than would have been needed with more able learners. The basic vocabulary used in the verbal instructions was not varied at any time. Esoteric words like "inhibisol," "flux," and "solder" were retained in the vocabulary but were very frequently repeated.

These learners appreciated the consistency and clarity of the instruction, as compared to what they got from their supervisors on-the-job, and the visual method held the attention of persons usually very easily distracted.

Another, very different, kind of exceptional learner is what Dr. James Finn of the University of Southern California calls an "elite" group—those of us who learned to read practically automatically, and for whom learning through reading was never a problem. Members of the elite read for fun and knowledge and expect to do so all their lives. The more thoughtful of this group recognize that they belong to a small, privileged minority.

How does programmed instruction work with Dr. Finn's "elite"? Juniors in medical school have clearly demonstrated ability to learn from a text, and so a program for them would in a sense be in competition with traditional methods. Dr. Virginia Zachert and Dr. Preston Lea Wilds, of the Medical College of Georgia, in Augusta, set up a two-part programmed text, one part basic instruction (tumors of human female genitalia), the other part a series of case histories for diagnosis and planned treatment.

A control group of students using standard textbook methods scored higher than the national averages, but the experimental group using the program excelled the national averages by a margin three times as great. As is often true of "elite" learners, the program-instructed group were pleased with their success but wondered whether the place of programs might not better be as an adjunct or reinforcer of text work.

The armed forces, on the other hand, are finding important direct uses for the new technology. Air Training Command, the instructional arm of the Air Force, committed itself several years ago to converting its processes to programmed instruction as rapidly as materials could be developed. In the summer of 1964, ten programming units were in organization at various air bases, each concerned with a different subject matter. Much of the actual work is being done by men at the sergeant level. The Army, too, is deeply involved. It trains 150,000 students a year at twenty-seven schools. In 1964 it had a hundred programmed texts in use, with completion times ranging from one hour to forty, and had 150 new programs in preparation.

Preparation of programs requires time and money; writing a program has few if any points of similarity to writing a textbook. The armed services together spend $200 million a year in training men to operate and maintain electronic gear alone. To spend half a million dollars to make self-instruction possible would, the Army estimates, not only pay off in man-hours, but could well salvage the services of many men who are now discarded in the traditional processes of teaching.

Much of what the armed services must teach is new, and the people to be taught and the circumstances in which they are to be taught are nonstandard, to say the least. The task may be to teach computer programming to the major general who has never seen a computer before or a program of instruction on maintenance of electronic apparatus for the lonely operators of early-warning stations in the Arctic.

Is programmed instruction purely an American phenomenon? Not at all. Active work is going forward the world over, particularly in Europe. And programmed instruction might eventually prove to be of major use in the underdeveloped nations, which face the formidable task of teaching well over half a billion people to read and write.

Instruction described as a technology is nothing ominous. Although there are situations in which it may compete with traditional modes, every indication is that it will be a valuable aid rather than a threat. In any case, the teaching need today is of such magnitude that it demands full use of every educational method at our command.

How to Rebuild the Two-party System

by Seymour Martin Lipset

A noted political scientist argues that the Democrats should appeal to the left, while the Republicans should cater to the right of responsible conservatism.

Much concern has been expressed since last November's election about the future of American politics. Some fear reactionary conservatives have seized control of one of the major parties, thereby jeopardizing the two-party system. Others argue that several fundamental realignments must be made in order that the normal pattern of politics can be restored.

The fact that the usual pattern of politics reasserted itself in most communities outside of the South, as was established conclusively in the vote for Goldwater. And that vote, cast by 39 per cent of the electorate, probably exaggerates the support for the Senator's beliefs; for in this election, as in previous ones, most voters cast a ballot for their traditional party. Evidence from a variety of opinion surveys indicates that no more than one-third of Republican voters agree with Senator Goldwater on most issues, and support for Radical Rightist groups such as the John Birch Society is much smaller than that.

The second fact is that "backlash" politics have been a recurrent phenomenon in America; the White Citizens' Councils, the John Birch Society, the Minutemen, and the Goldwater nomination itself are but the most recent examples. For more than a century, as formerly powerful groups declined in influence, they have lashed out with enough vigor to overwhelm the political process. And by espousing various emotional issues they have sought to find a mass appeal for what has been inherently a minority cause.

Third, the survival of the two-party system in this country probably depends more upon the future policies and performance of the nation's Democrats than upon the outcome of the factional disputes now raging in Republican ranks. I shall try in due course to explain why this is so.

At the outset, it is essential to understand what caused the GOP's shift to the right in 1964. To this end, it is helpful to examine the behavior of American conservative parties from the Federalists down through the Whigs and Republicans. Each of these parties drew its chief support from the higher-status, more well-to-do WASPish (white Anglo-Saxon Protestant) segments of the population. (The principal exception was the allegiance of Negroes to the Republican party before the New Deal.) However, to be identified as the representative of the privileged class has been a continuing electoral disadvantage, since American political values stemming

from the Revolution and the frontier have always glorified the common man rather than elites, whether based on money, family, or intellect.

The Federalists and their Whig successors became grudgingly aware of this fact and of the corollary need to play down obviously class-linked issues and find positions which would attract the lower strata, including the large lower-middle class. They tried to do this by appealing to traditional religious values; by attacking recent immigrant groups; and by selecting as candidates military heroes who could be represented as standing above the narrowly partisan, interest-linked battle waged by other parties.

Thus, for example, Alexander Hamilton proposed the formation of a Christian Constitutional Society which would oppose the Jeffersonians while promoting Christianity. Again in the 1830s and 1840s, the Whigs presented themselves as the party of Protestant religion fighting the irreligious and immoral Democrats and the subversive plots of Masons and Catholics. However, it was only by nominating military heroes that the Whigs were able to defeat the party of the "demagogues" in 1840 and 1848. One historian reports that the Whigs chose Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War in 1848, before it "was . . . known to what party he professed to belong," a practice which their equally desperate Republican descendants were to repeat a little more than a century later.

As many historians have noted, anti-Catholic nativism, prohibition, and abolition were backed strongly by middle-class evangelical Protestant groups in the North. The issues of abolition and prohibition, however, had little lower-class support. So nativism became the one cause which enabled the Republican party to reach into the ranks of lower-status, normally Democratic voters. (Many Republican leaders, particularly Abraham Lincoln, tried to dissociate the party from Know-Nothing doctrines.)

After the Civil War, the Republicans, as the party which preserved the Union, freed the slaves, and passed the Homestead Act, acquired a reservoir of mass support never available to its Federalist-Whig predecessors. The organization of Union veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, was practically a Republican "front-organization." With their families, these veterans constituted an enormous bloc of voters.

In the years that followed, the party became increasingly identified with the interests of expanding industrial capitalism. At the same time, however, it maintained its anti-Catholic and nativist positions. President Ulysses S. Grant publicly suggested that the country might face a new civil war between the forces of patriotism and intelligence on the one hand and those of superstition and ignorance (the Catholics) on the other. And when the anti-Catholic American Protective Association arose in the late 1880s, it operated with some success within the Republican party.

Thus by espousing issues which concerned moralistic puritanical voters and those fearful of foreign inroads on their jobs, status, and culture, the GOP attracted people who had little in common socially or economically with the elite which strongly influenced Republican policy.

Through the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, however, Republican expressions of moralistic intolerance and ethnic bigotry were confined largely to campaign oratory. Immigration remained open and almost totally unrestricted; and prohibition, though enacted in a number of states, could not pass Congress.

Suddenly, however, within a few years after the end of World War I, the Eighteenth—prohibition—Amendment was adopted; restrictive immigration laws were passed, severely limiting the total number of immigrants and applying national quotas biased against Catholics and Jews; in a number of states, mainly in the South, the teaching of evolutionary doctrines was outlawed; and the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, anti-Negro Ku Klux Klan rose to prominence with millions of supporters in the North as well as the South.

The Politics of Nostalgia

Why had success so abruptly come to these crusades, which had made little legislative progress for well over a century? I believe the explanation lies chiefly in the declining relative size of the groups favoring evangelical Protestant values and their dwindling influence in major spheres of the nation's life. Broad demographic changes resulting from urban growth and the influx of millions of European Catholic and Jewish immigrants from 1890 to 1920 had brought this about. Traditional Protestantism was well

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on the way to becoming a minority instead of a majority culture. The ideal typical Republican Protestant—God-fearing, deeply religious, moral, middle-class, living in a stable, nonurban community—was losing control of the society which his father had dominated and which he had learned to expect to dominate as his birthright.

As metropolitan areas became the actual and symbolic centers of Jewish and Catholic influence, white Protestants were rapidly shrinking to a numerical minority in the cities. The evangelical Protestants were not only losing power to outgroups. The very concepts of right and wrong seemed to be changing. The result was a striking outburst of backlash politics in the 1920s, as evidenced in prohibition, the growth of the Ku Klux Klan, and the other similar phenomena I have mentioned.

The election of 1928 was perhaps the last victory of aggressive Protestantism over a symbol of the urban, nonpuritanical groups which were taking over the country. In the years that followed, the klan formed a bridge between the traditional and the newer forms of nativist politics, for it was not only anti-immigrant, but also anti-radical and specifically anti-Communist. It operated largely within the Southern Democratic and Northern Republican parties. And in the North it served as a means of winning over normally Democratic segments of the electorate to the Republicans.

The continued strain between the values of the evangelical Protestants and the majority of the country has been documented in various opinion surveys. Recent Gallup polls show that a declining but large minority of the population still favors a national prohibition law (in 1948, about one third did; today, about one quarter). One third of the country's Protestants are prohibitionists, in contrast with less than a tenth of the Catholics. Sixty per cent of Protestant farmers still favor prohibition, as do 42 per cent of Protestants living in communities with less than 10,000 people. On the other hand, among Protestants residing in metropolitan areas with more than 500,000 people, only 12 per cent support prohibition. Obviously the traditional Protestant sects and their historic strongholds, the small towns and rural areas, still support a religious-political culture which is out of date with the twentieth-century American reality.

Protestant values have declined not only in the cultural sense. There has also been a transfer of power in other vital areas. In politics, long before Kennedy became President, Catholic influence was visibly mounting, particularly in the Democratic party. In the communications field, Jews have had a highly publicized (though somewhat exaggerated) influence, first in motion pictures and later in radio and television. Protestants have remained predominant in the business community, but this, curiously, is the least useful power base for influencing cultural or moral values. Economic strength may be very significant in the overall power structure, but in terms of ethics and values, politics and communications are much more important.

As they have been driven out of urban politics by the various minority ethnic groups, the WASPs have concentrated their activities in private associations and in community-chest drives, the symphony, the opera, and other forms of community culture. Sociologists, politicians, the press, and the entertainment industry think in terms of "minority" ethnic-religious categories. Political parties and the communications media feel it is safer to discriminate in *favor* of the minorities than against them. But the residual WASPs need not be dealt with in this fashion since they do not react as a group.

Battle Lines Reversed

The resentful fundamentalists have, in recent years, been joined by economic strata outraged by the growth of the welfare state and the trade-union movement. Lately, these sources of backlash politics have been augmented by the reaction of many whites against the increasingly victorious efforts of Negroes to gain equal access to public accommodations, schools, neighborhoods, and jobs previously restricted largely to whites. Each of these tendencies has fortified the right-wing crusade which has been trying for decades to convert the Republican party into a vehicle for the politics of alienation and nostalgia. Perhaps the most galling defeat suffered by the fundamentalists in the past three decades was their loss of leadership within Protestantism as a whole. No longer is the church dominated by the puritanical forces which could mount a major crusade behind the Anti-Saloon League. Instead the voice of Protestantism is the very liberal National Council of Churches, run by the metropolitan-centered denominations which retain little of that old-time religion or belief in the struggle between God and Satan.

For much of its history the Republican party has been the scene of internal conflict among its middle-class and big-business backers, a conflict sometimes linked to regional diversity. For ex-

ample, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, scions of old wealth and business leaders heading moderate-sized companies in the Midwest were the chief supporters of the Progressive faction of the GOP against the reactionary Eastern wing dominated by large business, the trusts, and the monopolies. The rural, small-town Progressives also found some leaders and followers in the big cities. These people were mainly migrants from, or socially comparable to, the Protestant upper-middle class of non-metropolitan America, in that they too came from the once-powerful class who formerly had had a sense of being in control of their party and country.

The Progressivism of these relatively well-to-do men, like that of their lower-middle-class counterparts, consisted in seeking to restrain the large corporations which were stifling individual initiative. Progressivism was linked with Protestant moralism, as was shown in Congressional action on prohibition. For example, in an early test vote on the Webb-Kenyon Law of 1913, most Progressive Republican Senators voted for it, while most conservatives were opposed.

This class and regional cleavage within the Republican party has, of course, continued down to the present, but the ideological battle lines have changed drastically. The Progressive Midwestern trust-busters advocated a fairly advanced welfare-state program. Their descendants are now ardent supporters of laissez-faire, while the executives of large Eastern corporations—inheritors of the trusts and monopolies—now accept the welfare state. Before World War I the Eastern states sent conservative Republican "stalwarts" to the Senate. But in 1954 Republican Senators from these same states voted to censure Senator McCarthy and at the 1964 convention their delegates supported Governor Scranton. Conversely, the very regions which were once the backbone of Republican Progressivism supplied the Senatorial votes for McCarthy and lined up almost solidly for Goldwater at the convention.

Today the small and middle-sized businessmen and independent professionals, perhaps more than any other groups, feel constrained by progressive social legislation and the rise of labor unions. The competitive position of the small firm makes it more difficult to pay increased wages, and such governmental measures as Social Security, business taxes, and various regulatory laws tend to complicate and raise the costs of a small business in ways that little disturb the large corporations. Threats to bring the government into medicine, to regulate employee recruitment through Fair Employment Practices legislation, or to control the rental and sale of property or public accommodations, all frighten small entrepreneurs, who foresee the loss of their cherished independence.*

The newly wealthy also tend to favor as little government as possible, for the man who has made his own money feels more possessive and less secure than do the members of an educated, established upper class inculcated with some of the noblesse-oblige values of aristocratic conservatism. The large, established bureaucratic corporation tends to run an internal "planned economy" of its own and is involved in continuous relations with government agencies.

In recent decades college-educated men and the scions of established wealth have moved into control of most large corporations. The result has been an alliance of economic power and traditional status in the moderate wing of the GOP, while small businessmen and the newly wealthy have backed the more conservative, laissez-faire faction.

Decision in California

These differences were manifest in the fight for the 1964 nomination and came through most clearly in the decisive California primary. Senator Goldwater carried the southern California counties in and around Los Angeles by a large majority, while Governor Rockefeller did well in the San Francisco area.

This pattern can be explained by the nature of the community and business structures of the two Californias. Centered around San Francisco in the north is the old, established part of the state. The city's population has grown little for some decades. Located in the Bay Area are many old, wealthy, and economically powerful families whose ancestors made their money in mining, commerce, or railroads in the first decades after statehood. To back Goldwater against Rockefeller

* There has been a striking change in the economic doctrines of the tiny Prohibition party, whose support and orientation has been linked to that of rural and small-town, lower-middle-class Protestantism. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the party's economic program resembled that of the Progressives. Its 1912 platform called for the enactment of income and inheritance taxes. The "whiskey ring" was denounced as the worst example of evil plutocratic influences in alliance with the trusts, and both 1908 and 1912 programs called for governmental control and regulation of *all* corporations in interstate business. Today the Prohibition party sees the main enemies of freedom in big government and labor unions rather than in big business.

in northern California involved challenging the opinions of the social and economic Establishments.

In the Los Angeles area, on the other hand—where population has mushroomed since the 1940s—wealth is largely nouveau riche, and a politically and culturally sophisticated elite has been slow to develop. Typically, in new, rapidly expanding centers of population there is no responsible leadership accustomed to running community institutions, reducing tensions, and protecting the rights of diverse groups.

Los Angeles also contains a large concentration of fundamentalist Protestant migrants from farms and small towns who have gathered together in fundamentalist churches to resist the corrupting influence of the big city, particularly the Sodom and Gomorrah of Hollywood. Right-wing extremism and presumably Goldwater Republicanism have been fostered by the tensions of population growth, weak community integration, and lack of an established upper-class leadership group. A disproportionate number of Birch Society supporters are to be found among those who have migrated to the state within the past fifteen years. (Studies of Birch Society urban membership in other parts of the country also find that it is comprised disproportionately of migrants from smaller communities.)

Minority Victory

Goldwater Republicanism makes a powerful appeal to people who long for the Protestant small-town and rural nineteenth-century laissez-faire America. But they are not numerous enough to nominate a Republican Presidential candidate in an open national primary election. A variety of opinion surveys indicates that more than two-thirds of all Americans accept the welfare state and favor an internationalist foreign policy. As a result, the two major parties have been in substantial agreement on these fundamental issues during the past two decades. However, the secondary local leadership of the Republican party has long been out of step with the majority of its supporters. For example, in a national survey just before the 1964 Republican convention Gallup found 60 per cent of Republicans for Scranton with only 34 per cent for Goldwater.

The explanation for Goldwater's convention strength is to be found in the fact that the Republican party is run largely by men who are active because of a very conservative ideology and who can afford the time for politics. Occupationally, such people are most likely to be automobile dealers, realtors, lawyers who serve small and medium-sized business, and other self-employed devotees of laissez-faire. On the other hand, the backbone of "moderate" Republicanism is among the employees and executives of the large, urban-based corporations. These men are less active in the Republican party, in part because they *are* moderate and thus much less passionately concerned about the consequences of Democratic rule. Furthermore, their bureaucratic and executive jobs make it hard for them to take time off from work for politics.

If the Republican convention delegates had voted in past years according to their convictions rather than their electoral hopes, they would have nominated men like Bricker and Taft, not Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower. In 1964, however, the result was different. This was due in part to the incredible stupidity of the moderate Republicans, who failed to join forces behind one candidate. Several other factors also contributed to the fiasco. Rockefeller—the one moderate who sought the nomination through the state primaries—alienated many Protestant Republicans by his divorce and remarriage. At the same time, many wealthy moderate Republicans were reasonably satisfied with Johnson's Presidential performance, felt he would win anyhow, and hence saw little reason to contribute to a losing and not very important cause. On the opposite side, the groups who felt displaced in power and prestige expressed their cumulative frustration with a tenacity and force that were nearly irresistible, much as similar groups had made an equally desperate last stand for the Lord in the 1920s. The Goldwater supporters were committed to a degree which far outweighed the fervor of their less involved adversaries.

In Search of an Issue

Though they were able to nominate Goldwater, it was obvious to the conservative Republicans that they would not win the election if they limited their appeal to the self-employed and the culturally alienated. They were thus faced with the recurring problem of conservatives in an egalitarian, mass-suffrage society: how to attract enough lower-class votes to get elected. This time they lacked a military hero standing above the fray. One available tactic was the repeated leveling of the "soft on communism" charge against the Democrats. McCarthy had demonstrated that many lower-status Democrats would respond to

such an appeal. His success, however, occurred during wartime; the end of the Korean war saw the end of McCarthyism. Although Goldwater tried to exploit the Vietnamese war, it clearly did not provide him with a comparable opportunity.

What tactics remained? The racial issue and white blacklash seemed the most convenient alternative, much as nativism attracted nineteenth-century conservative politicians. The Goldwater camp certainly encouraged racist support. The promise to do something to make the streets of our large cities safer was a clear-cut appeal to white anxieties about the racial issue. For the candidates who decry any interference by the federal government with "states' rights" to suggest that the problems of municipal policing would be affected by a change in the Presidency was somewhat startling, except in the context of the effort to deliver a message to the prejudiced.

The Edge

Four years ago many argued that the votes which Kennedy would gain *because* he was a Catholic would outweigh those he would lose. Long before the 1964 election it was evident that one should not ignore the pressure making for what Johnson called the "frontlash"—*i.e.*, the votes which he would gain from normally Republican groups. Referenda which showed Democratic white working-class districts voting against civil-rights proposals also revealed middle-class Republican areas as much more positive toward civil rights. The higher-status Protestant churches affiliated with the anti-fundamentalist National Council of Churches badgered their members to treat civil rights as a matter of conscience. Thus the Protestant weekly, *Christianity and Crisis*, editorialized early in the 1964 campaign:

> The mantle of religion is being used to support what we regard as an immoral nationalism, an immoral nuclear recklessness, an immoral racism (though the candidate is not a racist he promises the racists what they want—protection from the federal government), and an immoral economic individualism that fails to take account of the needs of the people who inhabit our cities. . . .

The more fundamentalist Protestant groups doubtless saw such expressions as further evidence of the corruption of Protestantism from within. But the fact remains that the National Council of Churches, not the much smaller conservative National Association of Evangelicals, represents the large majority of Protestants today, and that the weight of its influence was thrown directly or indirectly against Goldwater Republicanism.

The moderate Republican newspapers which are read by the college-educated corporation employees and executives also provided strong arguments for opposing the party ticket in 1964, and an extraordinary number endorsed Johnson. Their Republican readers are a knowledgeable group, interested in politics, and the views presented by the metropolitan pro-Johnson papers were close to their own.

On the other hand, outside of the South, Democratic defections by the racially prejudiced had to be drawn largely from the ranks of the least educated, most of whom vote regularly for the Democratic slate regardless of candidates or issues. They do not read political news, nor do they listen to campaign talks on television. There is little Republican campaign activity in their neighborhoods, and at work they were told repeatedly that Goldwater was antilabor, a union buster, and a man who would take away their Social Security. From the beginning it was doubtful that many normally Democratic workers, no matter how bigoted, would vote Republican. And in fact, Northern working-class districts—including those in Milwaukee and Gary which had given Governor Wallace a large vote in the primaries—voted overwhelmingly for Johnson.

An added handicap for Goldwater was the fact that the role of the Presidency has so increased during this century as to lift its incumbent to a stature far above anyone who is not President. Lyndon Johnson had the advantages of incumbency without some of its disadvantages. He had held office long enough to be perceived as an effective President, but not long enough to have antagonized many groups or individuals. Besides noting these assets, one must recognize that Johnson is the most consummate politician to have held the Presidency since Lincoln, with the possible exception of the two Roosevelts. Thus, for example, his proposals for saving money in the operation of the White House and in the government agencies generally did no damage to his liberal programs, but had strong appeal to the middle class; similarly, the use of the socialist slogan "war on poverty" for a program which proposes to change the attributes of poor people as individuals rather than the attributes of the economic system won support from Socialists and corporate executives alike. Both Norman Thomas and Henry Ford campaigned actively for Johnson and Humphrey.

Finally, it cannot be stressed too strongly that

The Market Man

by John Ratti

The walnut brains think moist
in their light tan skulls;
the apples croon redly
of their tooth white pulp;
and the squash curves voluptuously
in its yellow skin.
It is cold and the market man
burns an orange crate;
it is dark and bare bulbs hang down
like fiery glass pears.
The market man has big blunt thumbs,
he feels chapped melons;
the market man has a strong mouth,
dry as potato dust;
the market man has black grape eyes,
no seeds show in them.
The market man has lonely shanks,
he splats lemons against a wall;
the market man is angry at the cold,
he strips the heads of lettuce down
and throws the green leaves on the cobble
street;
the market man smells the salty river,
he bites an onion open with his teeth
and floods the black night with tears and
burning.

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the active support in 1964 for the Goldwater politics of the "backlash," whether religious-cultural, economic, or racially motivated, reflect the fact that the United States is becoming more liberal. The groups which reacted with such desperation that they captured the Republican Presidential nomination are desperate precisely because they are growing less influential and less numerous. They can see no conventional means to sustain their values or interests. The Republican party itself has become the major victim of this decline. In 1940, almost as many voters said they were Republicans (38 per cent) as Democrats (42 per cent). By 1960, the proportion of Democrats had grown to 47 per cent, while the Republicans had declined to only 30 per cent (the other 23 per cent were Independent). And in 1964, before the nominating conventions and after four years of Kennedy and Johnson, those who identified themselves as Democrats were for the first time over half the electorate (53 per cent), while the Republicans were down to a mere 25 per cent.

Public attitudes toward international issues and civil rights show comparable liberal trends. For example, surveys by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Chicago over the past two decades* indicate that "support of residential integration rose from 35 per cent in 1942 to 64 per cent at the end of last year (1963) among all whites." Support for school integration in the nation as a whole jumped from 30 per cent in 1942 to 49 per cent in 1956, and to 62 per cent at the end of 1963.

Thus there is simply no evidence that the Goldwater nomination or the twenty-six million votes he received means that dogmatic conservatism, racial bigotry, or xenophobic nationalism have become popular in this country. The efforts of increasingly desperate minorities to compensate for their loss of influence by heightened political activity within the Republican party is not evidence of an increase in their numbers. Even within conservative ranks generally, the popular strength of the organized Radical Right is quite small. A variety of national surveys conducted by Gallup, Harris, and the Opinion Research Corporation have inquired about attitudes toward the Birch Society. None of these have ever reported more than 8 per cent in favor of the Society. In a preconvention investigation conducted by the Opinion Research Corporation, people in a national sample were asked whether knowledge that a Presidential candidate had been endorsed by the Birch Society would make them "more likely to vote for" him; only 4 per cent said that it would, while 47 per cent said they would be *less* likely to vote for a candidate if they knew he had the Society's endorsement.

The revival of conservative laissez-faire Republicanism in 1964 was the backlash of declining forces in American life. As electoral forces, they should not be any more durable than the sociologically comparable tendencies represented in the movements of the early 1920s. The real danger in the right-wing take-over of the Republican party is the threat it poses to the viability of the GOP. There is considerable evidence that many moderate or liberal Republicans have left the party. Both official registration records and opinion-poll data indicate that a significant number of voters have ceased their identification with the GOP during the past year. And perhaps even more important for the long run, Republican strength is lowest by far among young voters, those under thirty. These facts bode ill for the future of the party generally.

* Summarized by Herbert Hyman and Paul Sheatsly in *Scientific American*, July 1964.

In spite of the defections from Republican ranks of many liberals and moderates, opinion-poll data and the difference between the vote Goldwater received and that secured by Republican moderates such as Keating, Scott, and Romney indicate that the efforts of the liberal GOP Governors and Congressmen to regain control of the party machinery and national nominations should be successful. There can be no assurance, however, that victories by the moderates in party primaries and conventions in the next four years will result in victories in November 1968. Bitter factional fights are not conducive to electoral triumph. There are many in the party who are more concerned with eliminating the influence of the other faction than with defeating the Democrats. To gain an effective position nationally, the Republican party must return to moderate leadership, while at the same time retaining the active support of the ideologically committed right-wingers, a task which is clearly difficult.

Prescription for Democrats

To a considerable extent also, the electoral and ideological future of the GOP is in the hands of the Democratic majority. If the Democrats continue to occupy the broad center, to seek to retain major support among all strata—from the corporation presidents and Wall Street bankers to trade-unionists and impoverished Negroes—they will force the GOP to remain on the far right. However, if the overwhelming Democratic Congressional majority which constitutes the most liberal Congress elected since 1936 presses for major social reforms along the lines presented by Harry Truman in 1948, the Republican party can move back to a position slightly right of center. To have a moderate Republican party, we need a Democratic party which is perceived by many voters as being on the left, much as was the party of Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. It is of some importance, therefore, to the future of the American two-party system that we do not enter a period of "good feeling," that Lyndon Johnson and the liberals in Congress should press for major social reforms even if fostering such issues helps return to the GOP some of the center support which it now so badly needs.

No politician will consciously seek to give votes to the opposition party, no matter how fervently he praises the virtues of a genuinely competitive two-party system. However, if a President desires to be viewed by history as more than a successful mediator among the diverse interest groups of the country, he must seek remedies for the problems of his day. If Lyndon Johnson's image of "The Great Society" really includes a drive on poverty, on unemployment, on slums, on the inequitable distribution of medical-care facilities, on inadequate urban transportation, on mediocre education, on the lack of facilities to meet the growing challenge of increased leisure in the age of automation, he will not only be positively responding to the challenges of the second part of this century, he will return to the Republican party the legitimate role of the conservative party. The party can concentrate on constructive criticism, modification and administration of the often over-enthusiastically fostered and sometimes not well designed reforms of the left.

Great nations in modern complex society must constantly adjust their institutions and practices to the changing needs imposed by technological advances, population growth, new ideas, external developments, and the like. And in a stable democracy, it is the role of the liberal or left groups to propose reforms which seek to bring the society ever closer to the dream of a more free society in which the disadvantages imposed on many by birth on the wrong side of the class or color lines are reduced as far as is humanly possible, and in which the American and democratic dream of complete equality of opportunity is approximated. In the ideal competitive democracy, the role of the conservative is to help make certain that the reformer does not destroy the good in the existing institutions, particularly the safeguards for individual and community freedom. The conservative points out the price which must be paid for any given reform, a price which frequently outweighs the gain which the reform is designed to achieve.

The United States currently faces the danger that both roles, that of the reformer and the conservative, will be performed badly by its two parties during the next decade. If the Democrats remain in the center and the Republicans on the far right, we may be in for a prolonged period of one-party, or more accurately one-and-one-half-party, politics, much like the situation which existed during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when the Federalists declined and finally disappeared. Such politics, today, can only be those of the dead center, without significant choice or progress.

Another view of America's political—and social—future will be presented next month by Peter F. Drucker, a leading management consultant.

Harper's Magazine, January 1965

Stalking the Muse on Publishers' Row

A story by John Leggett



I had a letter this morning from a classmate named Peter Perkins who is living out in Northfield, Minnesota, a lovely place thirty or forty miles south of Minneapolis. Northfield is a college town situated deep in the farming country, and Peter teaches there at Carleton College. He is an instructor in Elizabethan English and I believe him to be reasonably happy at it.

His letter set me to thinking about Peter Perkins. Peter was in the Marine Corps during the second world war and fought valiantly at Guadalcanal. I saw him when he had just mustered out in 1945 and he had already begun to work on his first novel. That novel was called *The Shattered Palms*, and Peter completed it in 1948 and began the search for a publisher.

He came across Robert Wood. You may remember him. Robert Wood was literally a personal publisher. He had an office in the brownstone where he lived in Gramercy Park and where he ran what amounted to a one-man operation. His wife, as I recall, did the publicity and he commissioned his manufacturing, sales, and advertising—whatever they could not do themselves.

Wood published *The Shattered Palms* in 1950. You may recall that it got good reviews and, despite the small distribution Wood was able to give it, went on to sell eight thousand copies and to enjoy a limited but very respectable success. Wood sold the reprint rights and even got someone to take a movie option on *Palms*. It was enough money—several thousand dollars—so that Peter was able to get his first divorce.

By 1952 Robert Wood had published a number of first novels, some volumes of poetry and, alas, had gone bankrupt. *The Shattered Palms* proved

the most successful of his publishing ventures, and Robert Wood was obliged to sell his firm to Delafield and Company, the well-known publisher uptown. It was then on Thirtieth Street and what used to be Fourth Avenue, the old Publishers' Row. Wood went out to the University of Idaho Press * to become its head, and there he spent several years publishing doctoral theses by members of the faculty and more volumes of poetry.

By 1953, Peter Perkins was well-launched on his second novel. He had titled it *The Village* and drawn heavily on the background of his own birthplace, Auburn, a town in upstate New York. At this stage in his writing career he decided it was important to have his first novel put back into print. Since Delafield had acquired the list of Robert Wood, Peter called on his new publisher to ask if they would issue a new edition of *Palms*. Delafield refused. They said that when his new book, *The Village*, was published, the reprinter would very probably put *Palms* back in print . . . but that meantime they had no plans of their own to reissue the old title.

Whereupon Peter Perkins proposed that he might deny them *The Village*. So far, he felt under no particular obligation to let them publish the second novel. And Delafield, in turn, pointed out that he was obliged to—that they had acquired not only the blacklist of Robert Wood but also his contracts and options. Perkins was under option to Delafield just as he had been under option to Robert Wood. Peter Perkins refused to accept this view. He, an artist, could not be sold by one publisher to another like a sack of potatoes. He would see his lawyer. And so he did. Thus arose the acrimonious and well-publicized lawsuit between Peter Perkins and Delafield and Company, which, you will recall, Peter Perkins lost. It proved that an author *can* be sold from publisher to publisher like a sack of potatoes.

The night the decision was handed down, Peter Perkins went home by way of Third Avenue, stopping at several bars en route. Once arrived at his apartment in Greenwich Village, and with the help of his second wife Nancy, Perkins destroyed the nine hundred pages he had completed of *The Village*. They tore the manuscript into scraps and burned it up in the fireplace.

It was the following day that old Brinley Delafield himself called Peter to offer his condolence to the loser of the lawsuit and to hope the Perkinses would join Mrs. Delafield and himself for dinner at Le Pavillon in an effort to sweeten the author-publisher relationship. And so the Perkinses, meaning to eat and drink some measure of retribution, joined the Delafields at Le Pavillon. But to their surprise they had a delightful time. Over an excellent Burgundy, they found the Delafields most agreeable people. Presently they confessed to having destroyed the manuscript, but in the spirit of new comradeship Peter promised to get to work at once on a reconstruction of the novel.

For two years, from 1955 to 1957, Perkins did as he promised. Now you may wonder how it was that Perkins supported himself and his wife during these unproductive years. And of course it was by the generosity of the many foundations which are the art and cultural patrons of our era. In the decade that Peter Perkins was engaged with *The Village*, he held a University of Iowa teaching fellowship and a fellowship from the American Institute of Arts and Letters. He was for six months at Yaddo and a year at the American Academy at Rome, and he had grants from both the Ford and the Guggenheim Foundations.

By 1958, Peter had completed about half *The Village*. It already amounted to a thousand pages of manuscript and he submitted it to Delafield and Company. They turned it down.

Although this was an unexpected blow to Perkins, it didn't alter his plans. His third wife was a glass heiress from Cincinnati. Money was no longer a major problem, and he decided to finish the book without further encouragement. This he did in two and a half more years, and in 1961 he returned from Spoleto with *The Village* completed. It was 2,200 pages in length.

Arriving in New York, Perkins found to his delight that Robert Wood had returned from the University of Idaho to take up his duties as editor at Delafield and Company. It took Wood three days to read *The Village*—reading day and night. At the end of that time he called to congratulate Perkins, offered him a contract with an advance of $15,000 and together they set to work cutting and polishing the manuscript.

Early in 1963, as they were readying *The Village* for publication, Delafield and Company was acquired by Asa Hawkins. This was Hawkins'

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* To the best of our knowledge, Delafield and some of the other characters and organizations in this story are fictitious creations and do not exist in real life.—*The Editors*

John Leggett's compassionate satire on the writer and the publishing world does not record, but may reflect, his own double professional life. He is a senior editor at Harper & Row, and a novelist whose latest book, "The Gloucester Branch," is now in the bookstores.

first venture in publishing, but he had already proved successful with television stations, magazines, newspapers, and, of course, his famous hotel chain. When Peter Perkins inquired as to how this was going to affect publication of *The Village*, he was told that it would all be favorable. Any such enlargement of publishing facilities might possibly work a hardship on secondary authors or marginal books, but for a blockbuster such as *The Village* it was going to be advantage all the way. There would be huge resources behind him now. Just for example, Asa Hawkins, Jr. was coming up from Texas to take over the publicity. Lavish advertising campaigns were drawn up and shown to Perkins for his approval. Asa Hawkins, Sr., it was reliably reported, liked *The Village*—had even sent a message to Perkins saying that it was the best novel since *The Carpetbaggers*. This disconcerted Perkins somewhat, but it was suggested that Asa Hawkins admired *The Carpetbaggers* above other novels since it was the only one he had read.

On the eve of publication, Peter Perkins and his fourth wife joined the Woods for a quiet dinner at the St. Regis, after which they went out to buy the early editions of the following morning's papers. To their astonishment, there were no reviews. They reassured one another that there were undoubtedly good reasons for this. Mrs. Wood pointed out that it was Tuesday, Charles Poore's day at the *Times*, and no doubt Orville Prescott had requested that *The Village* be delayed for his attention. But, next day, there were no reviews.

Perkins spent a week looking for reviews fruitlessly—and drinking. At the end of that time, red-eyed and haggard, he appeared in the Asa Hawkins offices, asking to know why there had been no advertising. It was explained that all the advertising was based upon the reviews. That they could not run the advertising until the reviews had appeared. Nowhere could he find Robert Wood. Mr. Wood was sick, and home, and he could not be reached by telephone.

Perkins proceeded to Brentano's to look for copies of *The Village*. He found a stack of four on the counter. And he found a lot—about fifty copies in all—on a handcar, being wheeled from the front of the store back to the stockroom. When he stopped the handcar and asked why they were taking these books back to the stockroom, he was told that the book was not selling. It seemed strange, but the publisher was not advertising it and there had been no reviews.

Perkins bought all the books, had them wrapped into small packages, and staggered from Brentano's with as many as he could carry in his arms. From there he proceeded into the Times Square area, where he entered a bar directly across from the *New York Times* and had a drink. There he gave away some twenty copies of *The Village*. On emerging from the bar a half-hour later, he was further distressed to find several copies of *The Village* in the trash basket outside the bar. But, undaunted, he crossed the street and entered the *New York Times* building, inquired about the offices of the daily book review, and went up to the third floor.

There, in a single room, he found three men seated at desks, surrounded by books and hard at work. Peter introduced himself to the largest man and said that he had come to find out why his book, *The Village*, had not been reviewed. The largest man replied that he was Charles Poore, and the reason he hadn't reviewed it was that he had not heretofore known about it . . . that no doubt the book was Mr. Prescott's, at the next desk, for they reviewed on alternate days. Peter then addressed himself to the thin man at the next desk and asked him why he had not reviewed *The Village*. Mr. Prescott replied that he had not before seen a copy of *The Village*. If neither he nor Mr. Poore had seen a copy of *The Village*, perhaps there had been some mix-up and it was likely Mr. Elefante, the gentleman at the third desk, could straighten it out, for it was this gentleman who received and assigned incoming books.

But when Mr. Elefante was shown a copy of *The Village*, he shook his head and said that he too had never seen a copy of the book before, and it was at that moment that Peter Perkins' patience snapped. Seizing an as-yet-unwrapped package of *The Villages*, he struck Mr. Elefante repeatedly on the head with it. Mr. Poore and Mr. Prescott seized Perkins and held him until the arrival of the police.

It was from jail the next day that Peter Perkins learned Asa Hawkins, Jr. had thought the publicity director was sending out the review copies and the publicity director thought that Asa Hawkins, Jr. was sending out the review copies. And, in truth, no one had sent out the review copies. He learned also that his friend, Robert Wood, was out of a job again and hoping to return to the University of Idaho Press and that Hawkins had found its trade-book department unprofitable and was shutting it down.

In this letter of Peter's which lies before me on the desk and which set off this reminiscence, he says he has an idea for a new novel. He wonders if I want it.

The Russians Yearn for the Managerial Mind

by David W. Ewing

They have at last discovered that management is a special art, which they badly need—but they aren't yet sure whether they dare encourage it.

American business executives may be surprised to hear that they are now receiving the sincerest form of flattery from the most unexpected of sources—their counterparts in the Soviet world.

In their own country, American managers have been wearily resigned for at least two generations to a shower of satire and abuse—ranging from such books as *Babbitt, The Organization Man,* and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* to Broadway hits such as *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying.* But suddenly the Russians, of all people, are beginning to speak of them not only with respect, but with envy.

Listen, for example, to Valery Tereshchenko, a loyal Communist and an official in a Russian ministry. Unlike most Soviet citizens, he spent a number of years in the United States. In an article in *Izvestia* (March 29, 1964), he describes the most important difference he has observed between Russia and this country. When you telephone an industrial establishment in Russia, writes Tereshchenko, an exchange like this may ensue:

> "I want to speak with Comrade Ivanov." "He isn't here!" And you hear the dial tone in the receiver. You are puzzled. What does "isn't here" mean? Is he ill, or has he stepped out for a smoke? Is he in conference, or has he gone out of town on a business trip? You dial the number again. The answer is sharper: "I told you he isn't here!" "Pardon me, but to whom am I speaking?" "What does it matter to you? I repeat, Ivanov is not here!" And the receiver is hung up again. You begin to get upset and call for the third time. "Miss, I beg you, don't hang up. I need Ivanov on an urgent matter." From the other end you hear: "Comrade, you are interrupting my work. I have told you twice already that Ivanov is not here! He is on vacation and will return in three weeks." "Why didn't you tell me this the first time? Who is taking his place?" "I don't know." And that is the end of it.

Tereshchenko explains that such frustrations are not likely in the United States:

> You call, let us say, the General Electric Company. A calm, trained voice answers: "General Electric Company, Miss Jones speaking." You ask: "May I speak with Mr. Smith, please?" The concise answer: "Mr. Smith is off on a trip, Mr. Carney is taking his place. His number is —— . Shall I connect you?"

What accounts for the difference? In the United States, says the Soviet official, the art of management has been developed to a far greater degree than in Russia: "To the question of what I consider most noteworthy in that country across the ocean, I inevitably answer: not the machinery, but the American methods of organization and management." American methods mean that both managers and employees like Miss Jones learn "how to do everything rapidly and efficiently."

This article illustrates a belated awakening among the Soviets to an important and sometimes underestimated asset of the West. The

Communists have always prized economic achievement but—most of the time, at least—they have held managerial skills in contempt. Lenin scoffed even at the need for managerial skills in government. On the eve of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917, a fellow revolutionary suggested that the Party would need administrative experts to help it take over the machinery of government. The notion was "pure absurdity," Lenin said. "Any workman can learn to become a minister in a few days."

Since then, doctrinaire Communists have tried repeatedly to prove that management will take care of itself in a classless society. In the last few years, however, Russia's blunders in management have become so frequent and costly that even the Party theoreticians cannot ignore them. Indeed, it now appears that one of the main reasons for Khrushchev's downfall was his failure as a manager, together with similar failures throughout the economy (especially in agriculture, for which he was held responsible). The new Premier, Kosygin, is committed to better economic management and is said to have both managerial ability and the capacity to teach it. Consequently, it is now becoming respectable—and safe—for Communists to suggest that their leaders and supervisors will have to learn to think like managers. The galling thing, from the Soviet point of view, is that this latter capacity could logically have developed first in the East. After all, their ideology puts more emphasis than capitalism on economic planning, and their societies are more obsessed with industrial progress than most Western nations. Yet it is the capitalist countries which have pioneered in developing both the theory and practice of management.

No Time for Teamwork

A good Bolshevik puts the state's economic interest ahead of his own—not just in times of crisis (when the capitalist will, too) but as a matter of course in daily work. In Robert Magidoff's novel, *In Anger and Pity*, a Soviet manager does not care that "his bones will rot in the mines" if that will help "bring to life the entire wealth of our land." But this is not the same thing as dedication to one's industrial organization—which is the first quality that distinguishes the managerial mind. The up-and-coming executive in General Motors in the United States, Philips' Lamps in the Netherlands, or Volkswagenwerk A.G. in Germany eats and sleeps General Motors, Philips' Lamps, or Volkswagenwerk. Possibly this attitude narrows his social and cultural outlook, but it does lead him to go all out for his company and work tenaciously to improve its efficiency.

In Soviet countries, organizations are not thus cherished. Managerial turnover is so high that there is little incentive for managers to identify themselves with their immediate work units. In the coal industry, said Premier Nikolai Bulganin in 1955, about 40 per cent of the heads and chief engineers of mines and 50 per cent of the sector managers were changed every year. *Pravda* has more than once criticized managers for their preoccupation with openings in other organizations. When they hear that a director somewhere has fallen ill, they "rush to the ministry and say: 'You have a vacancy in the making. Appoint me fast. I'm first in line.'"

Consequently, the Soviets have not developed seasoned teams of managers practiced in working together at the plant level. At the top of the economic pyramid, infinite care goes into the making of industry-wide plans. At the bottom, engineers and workers may apply themselves with enthusiasm in the shop. But in the middle, teamwork in directing operations is usually amateurish. Soviet officials have been acknowledging this weakness with increasing frankness. One of them is K. Plotnikov, Director of the Economics Institute of the U. S. S. R. Academy of Sciences. Writing in *Voprosy Ekonomiki* he reminds fellow economists that if they would improve planning results in Moscow, they must first improve the quality of management in local plants.

Soviet executives have also lacked a solid fund of knowledge about management—which is a second characteristic of the managerial mind. The West has steadily increased its stockpile of facts, case histories, and theories as a result of the work of company researchers, business schools, management institutes, trade associations, book publishers, and periodicals. But in the East, management information is in short supply. According to N. Adfeldt, head of a Moscow study bureau, factories in his country often are still headed by executives "who are unable

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to use the methods of bookkeeping analysis, who are not conversant with the subjects of financial policy, Soviet legislation, and the organization and economics of labor."* He adds:

> The facts show that some heads of enterprises and institutions, while having the proper knowledge of purely technical matters, exhibit an absence of rudimentary knowledge and skills when it comes to administrative work. It is not unusual for them to try to deal "personally" with the great majority of questions that arise in managing production. Not knowing how to foster initiative in their subordinates, they sometimes unintentionally curb it by intruding upon their responsibilities at every turn, by meddling in the trivial details of their day-to-day work, and then sincerely complain that their assistants are ineffectual, that they are unprepared to act on their own. "What sort of staff have I been saddled with? Not one of them will take a decision on a single question. They pester me with every trifle. I have to do everything myself."
>
> Education in administration may prove the sovereign remedy for ailments of this sort.

A couple of years ago, Adfeldt reported, a group of officials at the Machine-building Plant in Donetsk wanted to improve the management of their factory and began looking around for outside guidance. Unable to find a good text, they set out themselves to gather information. They visited machine-building plants in Kramatorsk, Slavyansk, Kharkov, Kiev, Kolomna, Elektrostal, and other cities. Their searching produced a great deal of empirical data, but the cost in time and travel was staggering. What is more, since they lacked training in management, they found it difficult to generalize from their findings and apply them fruitfully to their own problems.

A third way in which Soviet executives fail to think like managers, surprisingly enough, is in not stressing the healthy tensions and striving which are necessary for group creativity. In the United States, the man with a managerial mind develops almost a phobia about the dangers of static relationships among employees, and much prefers the risks of temper flare-ups and turnover to the risks of his organization becoming, through lack of change, noncompetitive. But the Russian executive prefers to let things slide rather than stir up trouble. "One of the major informal principles of managerial behavior," notes scholar Joseph S. Berliner after lengthy studies and interviews with Soviet citizens, is "the fear of 'quarreling,' the desire to live in peace and quiet with everyone." In the case of one representative plant, not a single instance could be recalled in which people guilty of underfulfillment of scheduled production or belated delivery of supplies were called to account for it. Hence an almost impossible burden is placed on the ministries and economic councils to maintain rising standards of efficiency.

From time to time, Soviet newspapers have crusaded against this don't-rock-the-boat attitude. *Pravda* reported in October 1962 the experience of a team of investigators, a "raid brigade," who went into the bakery industry. In one case, the shelves in a retail store were found to be full of substandard bread. The manager of the bakery supplying the store denied producing inferior loaves, and the store managers, though inconvenienced, refused to contradict him. They were returning the loaves and marking them "stale" instead of "substandard," which allowed the bakery executives to avoid being held accountable. Other retail stores, it turned out, were doing the same thing with tons more of bread.

Victims of History

Why has the managerial mind failed to mature in the Communist countries? One reason is historical: neither the Russians and their satellites nor the Red Chinese possess the long, rich history of organizational trial-and-error that the West has enjoyed. The capitalist nations began spawning private organizations in great multitudes more than a hundred years ago. In the countless centers of initiative thus created, managers had strong incentives to develop a know-how which they could pass on to associates and successors. In the East, by contrast, organizational development was long retarded. Chronic shortages of capital made it impossible for many would-be organizers to get started. Among those few who did possess capital, there was likely to be a contempt of commercial enterprise. In Tsarist Russia, notes economist Alexander Gerschenkron, "well-staged and repeated bankruptcies were regarded as almost normal steps on the road to wealth."

Then, too, Eastern thought has been dominated by engineering and scientific viewpoints at the expense of the managerial mind. Even today, most Soviet managers are trained as engineers, not as business administrators—and between these two types there is a world of difference. The engineer has not only to learn many new things to be a good administrator, but to *un*learn ways of thinking he acquired during his

* *Ekonomischeskaya Gazeta*, September 29, 1962.

technical training. The world of the engineer is precise, quantifiable, and measurable, and he has good reason to be a perfectionist. The manager, on the other hand, deals primarily with the elusive qualities of human nature, and if he is a perfectionist he will hardly ever get an important job done.

But perhaps the most devastating handicap has been the subjugation of industrial management to the political hierarchy. Many Communist officials today have no higher regard for the administrative art than did the original Bolsheviks. The Chinese Reds, being the most doctrinaire, offer the most extreme example. "As Communists," party official Li Shao-chi told Chinese business executives in 1950, "we consider that you are exploiting your workers." Since 1950, Communists like Li have tolerated the career manager for practical reasons, but their ideological conviction that his is a parasitic role does not encourage his initiative. In the Hangchow Machine-making Factory, a Chinese bulletin (*Ysai-cheng Yen-chiu*) reported a few years ago, managers preferred to be sent down to labor in the workshops rather than assume the risks of executive responsibility.

The disdain Party Communists have for professional managers is perfectly clear also in countries like Yugoslavia. In 1952, President Tito completed the abandonment of Stalinist economics, but the chief pillar of the new system he instituted was "workers' self-management." Under that system, the workers of an enterprise act as trustees of the plant and equipment and, through elected management organs, decide (in theory at least) what and how much to produce, at what price, and how to distribute wages and profits. At the mercy of both the workers' councils and the League of Communists, any would-be managerial class doesn't find it easy to thrive.

In the Soviet Union itself, Moscow and the regional ministries hold tight control. In recent years, businessmen have occasionally been allowed to protest their lack of authority in the press, but that is about as far as they have got. Here in *Pravda* (July 23, 1962) is V. Andreyev, director of the V. I. Lenin Nevsky Machine-building Plant, sounding off:

> On many questions the manager of an enterprise is under petty tutelage. Can I, the director of an enterprise, hire even one economist, for example, in order to improve economic analysis or planning? Can I hire one engineer for the mechanization of production in order to free five workers as a result? To all these and tens of similar questions, there is one answer: I cannot! All this is prescribed for the plant from above.

Hanging over the plant or store manager's head is the fact that the national economic plan is law, and a violation of it—including even failure to comply with inconsequential details—may mean years in prison. In a case reported by Joseph S. Berliner,* the traveling inspector for an economic ministry was frustrated to find mining machines piled up all over a manufacturing plant, unfinished for delivery. The inspector asked what was wrong. Weren't the machines badly needed in the mines, where work was being held up because of their nondelivery? The plant director answered that the specifications called for a red oil-resistant varnish, whereas he had only green varnish on hand. Although color was a ridiculously minor detail, he was afraid of getting eight years in prison if he didn't have a written note from the inspector permitting use of the green varnish. The inspector recounted his side of the story as follows:

> Well, I don't want to get eight years either. So what do I do? I cable the ministry and ask for permission to use the green varnish. I should have received an answer at once. But it took unusually long. Apparently they did not want to take any chances at the ministry either. . . . Finally I received permission. I put this cablegram from the ministry in my pocket and kept it for the rest of my life, and signed the note allowing the use of green paint, referring to the cablegram. In a short time the machines began to roll from the plant.

Birth of the Business School

Thoughtful Communist leaders, aware of the retarded state of the managerial mind in the Soviet bloc, are beginning to look with envy at the United States. "Questions of organization and management are now taught and studied in more than 250 institutions in the U. S. A.," Valery Tereshchenko wrote in *Izvestia* last March. "Fifty specialized educational institutions devote the entire curriculum to them. An 'organization and management' course is included in the program of instruction in most universities, and big companies allocate large sums to research in this connection." In such professional journals as *Voprosy Ekonomiki*, Russians are advised to close the gap. "It is high time to tackle this problem seriously and to do so on a scientific basis," urges

* *Factory and Manager in the U.S.S.R.* (Harvard University Press, 1957).

a leading economist, K. Plotnikov. "It is necessary . . . to train systematically cadres of managerial personnel, setting up for this purpose the necessary facilities and the appropriate colleges and schools." A number of editors have committed themselves to the same cause. In November 1963, an editorial in *Kommunist* called industry to task for avoiding "painstaking organizational work with people" and advocated a "new style of leadership, which includes perfecting forms and methods of work that justified themselves in the past and are being used today, as well as seeking out and selecting what is valuable and useful in the new."

The movement consists of more than words. Moscow State University has set up a laboratory for the study of management problems, and the State Committee for Coordinating Scientific Research Work has established a council on "the scientific principles of managing the economy." The programs of a growing number of research institutes and conferences include some attention to problems of organization and administration. And at least one company, the Moscow Carburetor Plant, has reportedly started a seminar on "problems of enterprise management."

The Kremlin is also permitting the comeback of the term that used to make good Bolsheviks see red: *profit*. This is significant because, once the directors of a firm are made responsible for profit, management development becomes more logical than it could ever be otherwise. The profit concept is being mentioned with increasing frequency in Russian writing, often with a disclaimer that "capitalist" or "selfish" profit is referred to, but leaving no doubt that profit—in the sense of a surplus for reinvestment—is considered a proper measure of an industry's success. Two years ago, Professor Yevsey G. Liberman of Kharkov proposed that the economic success of an enterprise should be judged by its profit, and that plant managers be given greater leeway for decision making. Because of opposition from highly placed conservative economists, his proposals were shelved, but since the overthrow of Khrushchev, "Libermanism" has been revived in the party newspapers and professional journals. Also, Sergei Afanasyev, chairman of the nation's Economic Council, has endorsed a proposal that profits be made the index of factory performance. At the same time, other officials are calling for incentive compensation. Professor M. Fedorovich, a department head in the Moscow Engineering and Economics Institute, has urged bonuses for each manager, engineer, or other employee who improves his work, together with collective bonuses for the management group as a whole that becomes more efficient.

Perhaps the Russian satellite that has gone farthest toward accepting basic new management principles is Czechoslovakia. A sweeping Party decree ratified last fall—according to Max Frankel of the *New York Times*—stated: "What is beneficial to society must be beneficial to the enterprise and to the individual. Good work will be rewarded; dead work will not be paid for as it has been to date."

In Red China, too, the managerial mind recently has gained status—although the success

The Unclouded Crystal Ball

Or, Who Says Kremlinology Is Not an Exact Science?

Khrushchev's position is not strong. His recent hints about giving way to younger successors are obviously not accidental. He is now seventy years of age and the possibility of his sudden death cannot be excluded. . . . It is also possible that he could be forcibly removed from power by those who wish to maintain the unity of the "world Communist movement." . . .

If control of the Party and state is separated and the state apparatus acquires more importance, Kosygin is a most likely candidate to become the head of the government. . . . The man who will come to power will have to be . . . capable of establishing a *modus vivendi* with Peking. . . . Perhaps the most suitable person in this respect is Brezhnev.

—From a report by Yury V. Marin, Institute for the Study of the U.S.S.R., Munich, Germany, June 10, 1964. Khrushchev was removed on October 15, 1964, and replaced by Brezhnev and Kosygin.

of the movement is in considerably greater doubt. Since the economic collapse of the so-called Great Leap Forward in 1961, *Red Flag* and other Party organs have recognized the manager as "head of the enterprise" and called for more professionalism in management. "It is intolerable," warned Chou En-lai in a statement in *People's Daily* that touched off efforts to restore administrative integrity, "to find in production and basic construction that no one takes up any responsibility. . . ." And last year it was reported in *Peking Review* that more than ten thousand people from various industrial enterprises were organized into study groups to visit Shanghai, an industrial center old enough to have roots in the Western tradition, and learn how "to improve production techniques and streamline management." Moreover, at least among the intellectuals (as opposed to Party cadres), here is increasingly open admiration for the administrative know-how of the United States and other advanced countries.

Can the Party Tolerate the Managerial Mind?

Will the East catch up with the West in managerial sophistication? It seems certain that the present gap will narrow. Once the Communists make up their minds to move ahead, many avenues are open to them. For instance, they can go to the rich, ready-made storehouse of texts, programs, and films in the West and use it simply for the cost of purchase, translation, and editorial adaptation.

At the same time, they labor under some handicaps that cannot be removed quickly. One of these is their shortage of trained psychologists. Modern management, with its heavy emphasis on the "people aspects" of administration, is difficult to teach and apply without some help from the behavioral scientist. In the Soviet Union, if we judge from what the Moscow Psychological Institute has reported, there are probably not many more than one thousand psychologists—a picayune number for a large country—and a similar shortage exists in all the satellite countries.

The big question is how much the Communists *want* professional management of industry. If they want it anywhere, they want it in Russia. But what would happen if the Kremlin were to go all out in encouraging the development of managerial minds and give them ample scope to work in? It might jeopardize part of its own control over the economy—and there is evidence it fully realizes this. A case in point is managerial accounting. The executives of an industry can move swiftly to correct planning errors only if they possess facts and figures showing what is going on in operations at any given moment. Some of the necessary reports are regularly produced in the U. S. S. R., but are distributed only to the statistical agencies of government, not to the plant managers and economic councils. However, one or two industry groups have gone ahead on their own to produce accounting summaries of operations every five days for internal use. In *Izvestia*, R. Levin commented in April 1962 on this experiment as follows:

> The experience of the Tatar Economic Council and some others indicates that efficient accounting of the work of enterprises over five-day periods makes it possible to give prompt warnings of disruptions and to achieve smooth operation of the industry as a whole. The only annoying thing is that this type of analytical accounting work is not being done with the aid of the statistical agencies but against their wishes. As of now, this is an "illegal" experiment.

The political bureaucracy has any number of holds like this over industrial management, and there is no reason to think that the entrenched interests will give up their powers easily. On occasions when Soviet officials attack industry for uneven quality of household goods, failure to meet production goals, and similar shortcomings, they are likely to demand that the operation in question be placed under the control of the "public" (that is, the political) arm. The more absorbed a totalitarian country is with economic affairs, the more unthinkable it would be to behave otherwise. For basic ideological reasons, the Kremlin can delegate only limited control of industry to professional administrators. At a plenary session of the Communist Party Central Committee, in November 1962, Nikita Khrushchev said: "Production emphasis must be uppermost. The Party committee workers must live by concern for this chief thing, must keep constant vigil and bear in mind that the chief thing . . . is economics, production, the struggle to create material and spiritual benefits for man."

Here, as on many other occasions, he made it perfectly clear that the Party and no one else is the steward of industrial and economic development. In this area, therefore, the Communist mind must take precedence over any other kind of approach, such as that of the managerial mind. So far, we have no evidence that his successors are any less devoted to the supremacy of the Party.

Loves and Rages

Masaccio's Expulsion

by Shirley Kaufman

I see that naked man become himself.
And Eve, all bone again, woman and pain,
Move slowly, human, into their private fear.
Out of the landscape of her mouth I hear
The cry, more terrible than any being first.
She can't forgive her breasts. He hides his eyes.
As a child, blindfolded in a game still
Hides from invisible angels, flaming sword.

Here on a wall in Florence, Masaccio, dead
At twenty-six, knew what they knew:
The shape of every wilderness, so many
Gardens gone, the animals all named,
The gates guarded. And each of us asking
Where is there left to go?

Who Said: Ripeness Is All?

by Brother Luke M. Grande, F.S.C.

Tonight he felt death
rummage in his brain
behind his eyes, between his temples,
when a poet
(only half a decade younger after all)
flamed inevitably and flared
with sleight of words
upon a page of *Partisan Review*.

Vertiginous and gnawed by
nausea
he clenched his puzzled fears
and ground the bones
of too insistent time
between decaying teeth.

Gray years, amorphous
images, hang silhouetted
black against a flagging sky
while frenzy moves the pen:

"The Ford Foundation
"Dear Sir . . ."

Dimensions

by Charles David Wright

God, said Spinoza, cannot care,
Beyond Himself, if we are there.
He has Himself to think about,
Who, all in All, leaves no one out.
Whole and eternal, shall God yearn
To love Spinoza in return,
This coughing Dutch Cartesian Jew?
Utterly other. Still, these two,
Baruch and God with a lens to grind
All evening long, seemed of one mind
While blessed geometric proof
Traced the ineffably aloof.
He smiled to watch his compass span
The hopeless arc from God to man.
"High," sighed Baruch, "but not above
The reach of intellectual love."

Love, let from X to Y a line
Conjoin your finitude with mine.
Conceive two planes inclined to seize
All tangent possibilities.
Lips, fingers, even finding sweet
The interfacing of our feet
You are the given I may own.
Like Adam's wife, you can be known
And seen (without a lens). Your eyes
Leave only when to my surmise.
If I have limits, so have you
Which we find pleasant proving true.
Coterminous we draw the arc
Of usual joy from X to Y.

Baruch means blessed, did you know?
For us as him, love, be it so.

A Note She Might Have Left

by Robert Mezey

Sorry I couldn't give you the details
Or say goodbye;
But if you were beguiled,
Well, that's your nature, and one has to try.
Only children believe in fairy tales,
And you're a child.
And everything you made me say
I said in play.

Our play is over now, but there you stand
On the empty stage
Where the great loves begin,
Crying out to the darkness in a rage
That only the two actors comprehend.
But one is gone,
And the whole speech is meaningless.
Remember this.

Harper's Magazine, January 1965



How a winter tourist Mecca turned into the most bitterly divided community in North America when the "decent citizens" gave way to a bizarre tribe of local terrorists.

Anarchy in St. Augustine

by Larry Goodwyn

St. Augustine was born of the sea, cursed by the sea, caressed and plundered, made, destroyed, and reborn on the bosom of great waters . . .

These florid phrases of the St. Augustine Historical Society, designed to lure tourists to the nation's oldest city, have a curious pertinence this winter. Words like "cursed" and "plundered" and "destroyed" have come to apply not to what the sea has done to the Ancient City, but to what its inhabitants have done to themselves. After months of racial disorder, St. Augustine today is an exhausted little town, with worn-out people and a crippled economy; moreover, it is perhaps the most bitterly divided community on the North American continent. Massive hostility exists not only between the races, but also within the white population.

The city's institutions of law and order have cracked under the strain, its leading citizens are in despair, its terrorists have adopted new tactics after an orgy of early summer violence, and its Negro community—4,000 in a city of 15,000—is both wounded and determined.

But worst of all is the silent fear of ordinary men who know their lives depend on avoiding the threatened night ambushes, the Molotov cocktails, and the sniper attacks. St. Augustine's Negro leaders have lived with this fear for over a year, and, in the "quiet" days that followed the nationally publicized demonstrations, the same fear stalked those of the town's merchants and restaurant owners whose offense was in complying with the Civil Rights Act.

In the rapid evolution of the summer-long crisis, the manager of Monson's Motor Lodge, Jimmy Brock, became the victim of this irrationality. In June, Brock was the segregationists' hero after the nation's front pages carried photographs of him pouring a water purifier into the motel's pool while it was being "integrated" by Negro and white demonstrators. Yet one July night, after Brock served Negroes testing the Civil Rights Act, Molotov cocktails ignited the

Monson restaurant in a $3,000 blaze; and in August, the chastened manager testified in the federal district court in Jacksonville that he was "a little frightened" and asked Judge Bryan Simpson to halt a line of questioning calculated to make him tell publicly who his tormentors were. It is a revealing commentary on lawlessness in North Florida that the judge, who had kept close tabs on the growth of organized violence over the months, granted his request.

By autumn, federal court orders against vigilante action had brought new hope but only a bare minimum of order. Weekly acts of violence against integrationists continued and so did the underground war of nerves against merchants. One white St. Augustinian confided, "We have absolutely no security against these people throwing a fire bomb at us sometime, someplace. Circumstances we used to take for granted just don't exist anymore. It is fashionable to talk about peace now—we've taken a $7-million loss in the tourist trade, you know—but underneath there is this uneasiness you feel every time some nigger gets beaten up. You can't help thinking you might be next. But don't quote me."

Amid such anxiety, the inhabitants of St. Augustine grope for an explanation of their disaster and find it in outrage, buttressed by righteousness. Everyone has his scapegoat, but everyone wonders: How did it happen to us?

Implicit in this puzzle is a larger one: In the rural, old cotton South, reaching through Georgia and Alabama to the Mississippi delta and up the eastern shores of the Carolinas, there are a thousand towns and hamlets like St. Augustine, sharing the same attitudes, the same social structures, the same ferment among Negroes, the same relatively small area of maneuver in times of racial showdown. Will the tragedy of St. Augustine be repeated endlessly during the next few years across this rural heartland? Will most of these places also surrender to anarchy? Or can there be hope for a pattern of peaceful transition such as has taken place already in Gainesville and Daytona, both within sixty miles of St. Augustine? And are there lessons for the rest of the nation in what happened to America's oldest city?

I went to St. Augustine after the first hint of violence last May. With the requisite Southern accent and hopes for the special rapport it sometimes establishes for an "outsider," I wanted to find some answers—from the political and commercial leaders, from the integration forces, from the klansmen, from the sheriff, and from the nightly scenes at the slave market in the heart of the city.

But, ironically, the first thing any "outsider" finds in this tourist city is that he is not wanted. Police study his press credentials minutely and volunteer their views on the quality of contemporary reporting ("Why don't you-all print the truth instead of all these lies that help the niggers?").

Throughout the events of June, the views of the city's officials corresponded in tone and substance to those of the patrolmen on the beat. Mayor Joseph Shelley maintained a consistent stance against biracial commissions or other peacemaking machinery, Police Chief Virgil Stuart* and St. Johns County Sheriff L. O. Davis are tough-minded segregationists, judged by even the strictest Deep South criterion.

Real political power in St. Augustine originates with the town's leading citizen, H. E. Wolfe, a wealthy general contractor and banker and a key member of St. Augustine's Quadricentennial Commission. Though the group hopes to get federal money to celebrate the city's four-hundredth anniversary with a splash this year, it repeatedly has risked losing the funds by asserting an adamant segregationist stand at critical periods.

Another political gradation in the city's fairly closed ruling elite is that of Dr. Haygood Norris, "our town's most respected ultraconservative," as one local leader put it. He heads a group of professional men, many descended from the city's old families. A second, somewhat less influential group consists mainly of motel and restaurant owners who depend largely on the tourist trade and, hence, are considerably more flexible in racial matters (though only in off-the-record conversation). Publicly, St. Augustine's business community—led by Mayor Shelley and supported powerfully from the wings by Wolfe—swears by the status quo. Their denunciations of Martin Luther King and also of the local integration leader, a thirty-four-year-old Negro dentist named Dr. Robert Hayling, are emphatic.

The tension of the white community in St.

Larry Goodwyn, a contributing editor of the "Texas Observer," concentrated on St. Augustine during an extended tour of the South this summer. His father's family has lived in Georgia for many generations, his mother's in Virginia; he grew up in Texas. This article will be part of a book he is writing on the South.

* Stuart later commented on Martin Luther King's being awarded the Nobel Peace Prize: "I consider it one of the biggest jokes of the year. How can you win the peace prize when you stir up all the trouble he did down here?"

Augustine—as in other racially troubled Southern cities—is difficult to describe. The atmosphere seems so oppressive that conversations are ponderous, guarded, and full of sighs. When Florida's segregationist Governor Farris Bryant banned night demonstrations, he inspired almost desperate hopes—even though he still permitted early evening as well as daytime confrontations. As the business leaders refuse to yield in each new crisis, little groups of merchants gather and talk, but no one comes up with any concrete moves to cope with "the problem." Everyone tends to retreat to safe ground, such as denouncing Martin Luther King or Dr. Hayling. In this manner a kind of unanimity-by-omission comes to characterize public discussion.

The only person who speaks with conviction about what the city's specific policies should be is fifty-year-old Holstead (Hoss) Manucy, klan-oriented leader of a group which townspeople call "Manucy's Raiders." His numerous, well-organized tribe roams the beaches by day and the plaza by night, and is officially known as the Ancient City Hunting Club and less officially as the "Gun Club." Manucy has repeatedly denied that his club is a local branch of the Ku Klux Klan, but carefully retains a folksy diplomacy in his denials. "I'm not a member of the klan—I'm Catholic—but I'm not knocking it either. I think the klan is a very good organization," Hoss explains.

Manucy is a Hollywood director's dream of what the Southern redneck should look and act like. His local reputation as a moonshiner ("Hoss was a farmer. He ran a forty-barrel farm") helps complete the casting instructions. Manucy's Raiders sport Confederate flags from their car radio aerials and communicate through citizens' band VHF radio equipment in their cars. Local Negroes complain about his friendship with Sheriff Davis, who named him an honorary special deputy. Several of Manucy's men were sworn in as deputies during the racial demonstrations before this arrangement was criticized by a federal judge.

Amidst the vague rhetoric of St. Augustine's business community, Manucy's bluff candor comes through loud and clear. "My boys are here to fight niggers," he explains. Martin Luther King? "He's a nigger. He's an outside nigger and we don't put up with outside niggers in St. Augustine. He's a Communist. That's a proven fact." The final outcome of the St. Augustine situation, says Hoss, will be that "the niggers are going to lose. There is no way they can win." His plan after the Civil Rights Bill passed: "Going to fight niggers."

As violence brought the national television networks to St. Augustine, it was Hoss Manucy who emerged as the city's spokesman. The year-long saga of his rise to power tells the real story of St. Augustine.

The Breakdown Begins

In June 1963, after three months of futile efforts by Negroes to induce city officials at least to *discuss* their grievances, Negro students marched downtown and sit-in demonstrations began. The next night, whites invaded the Negro neighborhood and rock fights ensued which escalated into gun battles in the following days.

Most "moderates" in St. Augustine are reluctant to talk about this period, but one businessman said, "The breakdown of law enforcement really began right then. It was common talk in town who was leading those armed gangs. They'd go down there and open up on Hayling's or Goldie Eubank's house [both NAACP leaders] and the Negroes guarding them would fire back." No one was ever convicted. The intransigence of the city fathers and the abdication of the moderates had begun to show.

However, the nightly skirmishes did bring about the first and only meeting between Negroes and whites for the official purpose of trying to work something out. The meeting started badly and ended in shambles. One white representative "allowed as how" the Kennedys and the Communists were behind all racial agitation, and another read from a pamphlet in which he substituted the word "nigger" for Negro each time it appeared. Dr. Hayling protested, and when one white person present suggested to the white leader that he might, in the interests of harmony, use the correct form, he did so. When the indecisive session ended, Dr. Hayling wryly remarked that the meeting "at least accomplished one thing—one of us has learned a new word." That ended St. Augustine's brief experiment in biracial meetings.

The next day, Hayling received the first phone calls threatening his life. He then made what he now regards as "naïve" requests to federal authorities for protection. "I was new to the civil-rights movement then and you can imagine my shock when they referred me to the local police!" As the threats multiplied over the next several days—around the time of Medgar Evers' death—Hayling called up the United Press bureau in Jacksonville. "It was out of this interview that the quote came in which I was supposed to have

said I was going to 'shoot first and ask questions later,'" the dentist recalls. Though he denies making the statement, Dr. Hayling now concedes that he is not as nonviolent as Dr. King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference staff. "When they try to kill you and your family in your own home, what are you going to do?"

On July 1, 1963, Dr. Hayling's home was shot at and four young Negroes standing in front of it were hit by shotgun pellets. Following an FBI investigation, three white teen-agers who were implicated named a fourth as the person firing the weapon. The four were arrested; the charges were later dropped.

The Florida Advisory Committee to the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights thereupon described St. Augustine as a "segregated superbomb aimed at the heart of Florida's economy and political integrity—the fuse is short." Mayor Shelley, however, issued a public statement blaming "the failure of the leaders of our nation [who] seek the minority [Negro] vote by calling the [white] majority names. . . . A biracial commission defeats the very purpose for which it was formed. It polarizes the white race and the Negro race and begins with the assumption there is a racial difference."

Later in the summer, St. Johns County Judge J. Charles Mathis had four juveniles locked in the county jail because their parents refused to sign a statement saying they would prevent them from joining any more demonstrations until they were twenty-one. They were later transferred to the state reformatory. The action inflamed the Negro community.

In this climate, Hoss Manucy's Gun Club began recruiting members and the klan stepped up its organizing drives across North Florida. On September 18, a huge klan rally at St. Augustine took a bizarre turn when Dr. Hayling and three youths were caught near the scene of the cross-burning and were brutally beaten with chains before a robed assembly. After Sheriff Davis arrested four white men, they in turn swore out charges against Hayling, saying he jumped out of his car and pointed a gun at them. On October 16, 1963, Dr. Hayling was convicted and fined $100. On November 4, the four whites were acquitted.

Meanwhile, as Florida newspapers reported mounting klan activity and the Florida Civil Rights Committee called for an investigation by the Justice Department, the vigilantes stepped up their forays into St. Augustine's Negro quarter. In October, a white man, William Kinard, was shot and killed while riding in his car a block from the home of Goldie Eubanks of the NAACP. Kinard was cradling in his arms a shotgun which discharged through the floor of the automobile when he was hit. Four Negroes were indicted in the Kinard murder, including Eubanks' son. The NAACP official was indicted for murder himself as an accessory after the fact. Three nights later, two Negro businesses and a residence were blasted by shotgun fire and the following night a white residence in a predominantly Negro neighborhood got the same treatment. Mayor Shelley reentered the fray to complain that newspaper publicity was giving his town a "raw deal":

"We are about as desegregated as we can get. And things are very quiet."

Dr. Hayling responded, "Local officials are bent on getting revenge, not justice."

When the new year came, two Negro families had children enrolled in "white" schools. In January, while the parents in one of these families were attending a PTA meeting, their automobile was burned outside the school. In February, the home of the second family was burned to the ground. In a second attack on Dr. Hayling's home, his wife and two small children escaped injury but the family's pet dog was killed.

The city stirred slightly. Breaking a long editorial silence on the crisis, the St. Augustine *Record* announced it was "high time" for some law enforcement. But the call fell on deaf ears;



Hoss Manucy, "a director's dream . . ."

within three days another car belonging to a prominent Negro minister was burned. Amid the subtly changing relationships in the white community, the terrorists were not a power in their own right. At the very least, they had achieved the passive acceptance of the ruling elite.

The Nation Takes Note

Through all the months of bombings, burnings, and shootings the crisis had remained primarily a Florida news item and the future of the suppression depended on this relative anonymity. But if insularity is a prerequisite to victory, the South in the era of the Negro revolution can no longer count on winning. Too many Southern Negroes, having come to regard suppression in a neighboring town as suppression in their own, stand ready to help. Thus in the spring of 1964 Hosea Williams, the leader of the Negro community in nearby Savannah, Georgia, came to St. Augustine to confer with Dr. Hayling. An articulate speaker and a talented organizer, Williams headed the Savannah affiliate of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and had the ear of its national chairman, Martin Luther King.

On March 20, the Boston affiliate of the SCLC announced plans for its prominent New England leaders to participate in Southern demonstrations. St. Augustine, "one of the most segregated cities in the U.S.," was included. The city responded in the only way its recent history now permitted with total opposition; the nation woke up on Easter Sunday to discover that the mother of Endicott Peabody, the Governor of Massachusetts, had spent the night in Sheriff Davis' jail. In rapid succession, SCLC field secretaries arrived to conduct workshops on the techniques of nonviolence and mass demonstrations; Dr. King himself came on May 27; and on May 28, Negroes staged their first mass night-march to the slave market for a public prayer meeting. The white raiders, brandishing clubs and shouting taunts, surrounded them. The seeds of anarchy had begun to sprout.

As evenings passed with increasingly ticklish confrontations downtown, daytime violence flared afresh and anew. Hoodlums staged hit and run assaults on demonstrators attempting to wade-in at the heretofore sacrosanct "white" beach. Beatings occurred so often they became merely routine. Reverend Andrew Young of the SCLC staff illustrated the dismay of the Negro leadership at the unique group of recently appointed "volunteer special deputies": "It's one thing to oppose the klan. . . . But when you have one man, wearing civilian clothes, beating you while another, wearing a badge, stands waiting to arrest you when the first one gets tired, well, that makes you think. St. Augustine is really worse than Birmingham. It's the worst I've ever seen."

In an effort to open a dialogue, SCLC suggested in a letter to white leaders that "they might come to enough accord to make further street demonstrations unnecessary." However, Mayor Shelley, Wolfe, and others stood pat and refused to discuss Dr. King's proposals.

St. Augustine came to resemble a giant fan, sucking in new people and tossing them about. On June 10, state troopers arrived; on the twelfth, klan organizer J. E. Stoner, Vice Presidential candidate of the National States' Rights Party, arrived from Atlanta; and daily a growing tide of newsmen poured into the city.

As St. Augustine rapidly became a national byword, the town's moderates stirred. State Senator Verle Pope—who describes himself as a "law-abiding segregationist opposed to violence"—tried to reassemble a secret committee of twenty-six businessmen whose efforts earlier that spring had been stillborn in the face of indifference by the dominant business group and the Mayor. But the move collapsed. For his efforts, Senator Pope got all the windows of his realty office shattered. That night, police arrested a carload of Negro students and announced they were being held on suspicion of wrecking Pope's office. Since town gossip gave the vigilantes full credit, the move by police was clumsy at best. Thus, the "Pope raid" left everybody mad, including Pope.

Who Listens to U. S. Judges?

At this juncture, the menace of the raiders was acknowledged by the federal judge, Bryan Simpson, in Jacksonville. On June 15, he upheld the Negroes' right to hold demonstrations and admonished state and local police to "engage in real enforcement, arrests, and charges against these hoodlums everybody seems afraid of."

But nobody in officialdom was listening to federal judges, not even Southern-born ones. Klan organizer Stoner and his anti-Semitic comrade-in-arms, Connie Lynch of California, harangued nightly to growing white crowds at the slave market while blood continued to flow on the beaches. Harassed newsmen gave up their hopes for local police protection, and hired private

bodyguards. (One newsman signed a statement to the effect that he had been beaten and had had his camera stolen by a "special" officer while regular policemen watched.)

But St. Augustine's leaders still viewed the situation differently. The St. Augustine *Record*, for example, praised "the brilliant leadership" of Sheriff Davis, Chief Stuart, and the Florida Highway Patrol, and reserved a paragraph of praise for the "special deputies": "Agitators who have called our city a place of 'Bigotry and Hate' must have overlooked these men who volunteered for the past weeks to protect the lives of the same individuals who have slandered them and our city."

Two days later, the white terrorists for the first time used weapons on the beach—heavy sticks resembling highway stakes. A Danish TV cameraman was severely beaten—the fifth newsman to be assaulted in the city. The number of Negro victims had to be counted by the dozens. The only ingredient for anarchy still missing was discord among the law-enforcement agencies. Suddenly it materialized.

From the start, the stance of Governor Bryant and the Florida Highway Patrol had been ambivalent. They arrived belatedly in the city—and then only after NAACP Legal Defense Fund lawyers complained about the lax law enforcement. The state troopers finally moved in on June 25 to protect the demonstrators on the beaches. In a scuffle that day, when a hit-and-run raider attempted to get at Negro swimmers, a trooper clouted a white youth over the head with a nightstick. Bleeding profusely, he was arrested and hospitalized. Klansmen and sheriff's deputies were almost speechless with rage, and a curious war seemed to break out among the law-enforcement agencies. That night, St. Augustine exploded; with a weird mixture of tradition, grandeur, and horror the Ancient City reaped the harvest of fifteen months of intransigence and abdication.

Strange Fruit

At 6:30 Confederate banners flapped gently under giant palms in the slave market as the "White Citizens Rally" got under way. Klan organizer Connie Lynch spoke: "If it takes violence to preserve the Constitution, I say all right. I favor violence to preserve the white race anytime, anyplace, anywhere. Now it may be some niggers are gonna get killed in the process, but when war's on, that's what happens."

Other Southerners, black and white, played out their roles. The Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth—battle-scarred founder of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, which had clashed with Bull Connor's fire hoses in Birmingham—led his ranks of Negro marchers slowly up the side of the plaza. His thin column of twos marched past motionless police into a narrowing tunnel of five hundred whites rimming both sides of the streets.

Then waves of whites poured into the street and the Negro line collapsed under the pounding of clenched fists. A teen-age Negro, his head bleeding, dashed through the crowd like a halfback, to disappear down the street toward home. A fat woman huddled over a young girl and a trooper ran up, looked around uncertainly, and finally bent down to inspect. The mob emitted an eerie cry as it crossed and recrossed the plaza, attacking the dwindling remnants of Negro marchers. A small pile of black bodies lay in the street.

In thirteen minutes it was all over. The injured numbered forty-five.

Civil order had collapsed. Some Negroes—not the active demonstrators but those who had had enough of seeing people beaten—also were in a violent mood. As LeRoy Clark, the NAACP Legal Defense Fund lawyer who handled the court cases, said later, "In my judgment, the federal court actions and our success in court averted a small-scale civil war." To dissuade those Negroes who, at this point, were on the verge of using violence against violence, the civil-rights leadership used two arguments: that the SCLC-sponsored street demonstrations had created a bona fide "crisis of conscience" impelling federal court intervention and, secondly, that once the court's attention had been attracted, the NAACP Legal Defense Fund's attorneys could swiftly achieve judicial relief.

Shortly before the Civil Rights Act was enacted in July, the Legal Defense Fund began its legal assault on a broad front. Sheriff Davis was beginning to use harsh treatment against demonstrators who were in jail. He would herd both men and women into a barbed-wire pen in the yard in a 99-degree sun; he kept them there all day. Water was insufficient and there was no latrine. At night the prisoners were crowded in small cells without room to lie down. The Legal Defense Fund filed injunctions in federal court against these practices, as well as against excessive bail (sometimes set as high as $3,000 per demonstrator). Both injunctions were granted.

A week later, on July 2, the Civil Rights Act was signed. Martin Luther King's strategy now



WIDE WORLD

St. Augustine, June 25, 1963—on the beach . . .

was to test restaurant compliance on a relatively small scale in order to assess the sincerity of the merchants. Most of the state troopers pulled out of the city. The merchants, with some exceptions, complied with the law, but soon they, in turn, became targets of intimidation. The town was virtually under vigilante mandate. Legal Defense Fund lawyers went back into court against the klan, Manucy, the Ancient City Hunting Club, Stoner, Lynch, the National States' Rights Party, and against seventeen merchants who, out of fear or desire, had refused to serve Negroes. They also sought to help the more than twenty restaurants which had obeyed the new law. With one exception, restaurant owners who had been threatened or had their property damaged refused to name the individuals who had intimidated them. The federal court, in the second suit filed under the Civil Rights Act, ordered compliance.

After Hoss Manucy took the Fifth Amendment thirty-three times, Judge Simpson ordered him not to interfere with peaceful compliance and held him accountable for notifying all members of his club of the necessity for similar compliance; and fined a restaurant owner and a deputy sheriff for their roles in incidents in which Negroes were denied service.

At summer's end, a St. Augustine grand jury reluctantly named a ten-man biracial commission, but in language which questioned the commission's "legality" and took parting swipes at Martin Luther King. So far, this commission has not accomplished anything. In any case, with the mere presence of the passionate local klansmen, scarcely anyone will venture to predict the return of genuine peace. One resident said, "They've built up a big head of steam and as long as they're not in jail, things in this town will be explosive."

The St. Augustine vigilantes, an old tradition of violence as their heritage, nurture a new feel for power, and an angry despair pervades the rest of the city as a substitute for alternative courses of action. Some merchants would like to rid themselves of the likes of Mayor Shelley, but first must do something about the terrorists. For to oppose Shelley openly now would be to employ language that, in turn, would expose themselves.

Shelley and the business leaders also must weigh any ameliorative move against the predictable response of the violent elements. They have, indeed, created a monster. They have observed during the long summer that terror is more than a convenient tool for an embattled segregationist city government: it is a form of institutionalized anarchy and no one is safe so long as one man, freed from civilized restraints by his own sense of power, has a bomb and a grievance.

One senses that St. Augustine has lost the power to reform itself. Out of a great many causes—surely including the tenacious pride born of insular habits—too many "decent citizens" let things slide too long; the alternatives that existed in June of 1963 have vanished. While law-enforcement officers did little or nothing, the decent citizens of St. Augustine railed against King or Hayling or Communists. In 1963, violence was not a threat to them. They know better now.

One or two of St. Augustine's moderates will tell you (off the record) where the opportunities were that could have changed their city's destiny: the attempts by Hayling and others to form a biracial commission in March, May, and June of 1963 and in January of 1964. Unfortunately, the same moderates denounced Hayling publicly during those periods of 1963.

He was too much for them to stomach, for he challenged the code itself: he acted like a white man; an Air Force lieutenant and a medical school graduate, he threatened the habits and thought

processes of generations with his very presence. He sought integration as a right, beyond the dispensation of city fathers. Hayling is credited, or rather blamed, for activating the students, though there is evidence that his role was more to channel existing energy into new pursuits than to stimulate it in the first place. The fact that St. Augustine's customs might offer legitimate cause for student discontent, with or without Hayling, was not the sort of analysis the town's elders grasped during the summer of 1963.

After the start of the terror and then Hayling's alleged statement about "shooting first and asking questions later," those who had not already done so condemned him vehemently for his intemperance. Yet intemperate statements had been rather the vogue in St. Augustine for many months and the prevailing sentiment has always managed to find justification for such flashes of temper—except in the case of Dr. Hayling. Because similar ostracism was extended to Dr. King, the symbol of nonviolence in the civil-rights movement, one is driven to seek other motives for the white hostility toward the two leaders.

Rewriting History

Such hardened racial attitudes, when counterpointed against the manifest self-respect of Negro leaders, presage more St. Augustines to come wherever so-called "decent citizens" opt for the status quo by abdication. This seems true, too, of the North, where rigid white attitudes against adjusting police institutions, housing codes, and job traditions might be viewed as little more than the Northern equivalent of Mayor Shelley's rigidity about biracial commissions.

In the South, sheriffs rarely enter into close working covenants with ad hoc groups without the tacit consent of the political and economic powers that be. The St. Augustine leaders who belatedly worried about their city's image as network cameras focused on Hoss Manucy have only to recall the events that allowed him to take over as the town's spokesman.

But they are not constructively rethinking these events; instead, they are busily rewriting recent history—in unwitting confession that everyone has a lot of explaining to do. After all the bloodshed, white St. Augustine still does not grasp the elemental motivations of its Negro citizens and is seriously deluded about what lessons Negro leaders have and have not learned over the past decade of struggle.

As the June crisis neared its climax, there was a one-day period when a wave of utterly inexplicable optimism passed through important segments of white opinion in the city. This came on the eve of a grand-jury recommendation calling for an immediate halt to all demonstrations for thirty days, with negotiations for a biracial commission to begin at the end of that period.

The proposal reflected the divided white opinion in the city at that point. For the hard-core segregationists, it represented a sensible tactical ploy to get the Negroes off the streets and break the rhythm of their momentum and élan built up over the preceding weeks. For moderates, it was regarded as a crucial step toward the biracial commission that would end the violence and bring back the tourists. When Martin Luther King rejected the proposal promptly, he infuriated both the segregationists—because he didn't take the bait—and the moderates—because he seemed to be blindly ungrateful for their efforts.

Yet—as even the most casual study of recent Southern experience reveals—Dr. King's counterproposal for a two-week moratorium contingent on the immediate formation of a biracial commission was wholly predictable. From a hundred cities and, most notably, from Birmingham, Negro leaders have learned that biracial commissions are as often used to *prevent* integration as to accomplish it. A commission formed voluntarily without pressure, can occasionally produce desegregation without pressure; but one formed only after demonstrations will likely produce little but rhetoric in the absence of the continued threat of demonstrations. So Negroes believe and recent Southern experience tends to support them. But whether true or not, Negroes in St. Augustine believed it true and the whites there hadn't the faintest glimmer of this and still don't know it.

In their endless post-mortems, Dr. King's "hypocrisy" about biracial commissions is used to undergird the one argument that absolves everybody of blame: that King wanted crisis and bloodshed in St. Augustine to gain sympathy across the nation with which to raise money. (No one mentions that they could have foiled him by naming a biracial commission anytime from March of 1963 to May of 1964.)

One is finally driven to conclude that much of what happened in St. Augustine flowed from a simple belief held by a large number of influential people: they could "beat the niggers" if they kept the heat on long enough. In a sense, the "heat" is still on, but now there are new considerations: the dead, the scarred, and the scared—and an awful legacy of bitterness.

A Fair Deal for the Cold War Soldier

by Senator Ralph W. Yarborough

A proposal to extend the old GI Bill of Rights to the new crop of veterans—not as a giveaway, but as a sound national investment . . . by the newly re-elected Senator from Texas, who has sponsored laws for conservation, education, and the Peace Corps.

Not long ago I talked with a young ex-serviceman who is working as a truck driver to support his family while he attends night school.

"At the rate I'm going, I'll be forty when I graduate," he said. "I suppose that isn't really 'old' but my value—and the degree's—will certainly have decreased by then—if I manage to stick it out. And I'm not sure I can."

This man is one of three million forgotten American veterans. By 1973 there will be five million in the same position. All of them had the bad luck to serve in the armed forces after the benefits of the World War II GI Bill of Rights and the Korean Bill had run out.

To give these young veterans a fair shake, I have proposed a Cold War Veterans Readjustment Bill. In the 88th Congress, this bill was co-sponsored by thirty-nine Senators, and we had hoped it would be enacted into law last June—on the twentieth anniversary of the Omaha Beach landing. (In the same month and year, 1944, the original GI Bill was passed.) When Congress adjourned in October, the bill was still pending on the Senate Calendar. It had been there for over a year. For the bill to pass in the 89th Congress, when it is reintroduced, it will be necessary for a great many Americans to demand it—in the name of both justice and good sense.

This is no bonus or giveaway program, for the GI Bills have proved among the best investments our government ever made. The record speaks for itself.

Almost eight million veterans received training under the World War II bill and thus acquired a median of 12.2 years of school compared to 9.6 years for nonveterans of their age. These veterans have been earning from $2,000 to $3,000 more a year than the less educated nonveterans. Assuming—as we properly may—that at least half of this added income is due to better education and training, then the GI Bill should be credited with giving the government an extra one billion dollars a year in taxes. By 1970, in fact, the men we educated will have fully repaid the cost of the Bill by their additional taxes, and it can be regarded from there on as one of the government's few profit-making ventures.

The GIs also proved admirable loan risks. Defaults amount to only .02 per cent of the more than $56 billion loaned or guaranteed on veterans' homes and businesses, and this small loss has been more than offset by the government's $118 million profit in interest payments.

Some three million additional veterans received schooling under the Korean GI Bill, making a total of about eleven million Americans whose educational level has been raised under these two laws. In the process we have added to our supply of sorely needed professional people some 625,000 engineers, 375,000 teachers, 165,000 natural and physical scientists, and 220,000 workers in medicine and related fields. Not surprisingly, many more in the veteran group educated under the GI Bill hold professional and managerial jobs, and unemployment is far less of a problem to them than to equivalent nonveterans.

The nation, in effect, created a new source from which to draw its leaders. At this writing, such leaders include two Cabinet officers—Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman—seven Governors, at least forty-seven Congressmen, and nine Senators. Indeed, about a thousand of the men listed in the 1960-61 *Who's Who in America* owe their educations to the GI Bills. If the pattern holds, 12 to 15 per cent of the book's total listings in the 1980s will be veterans who benefited from the program. And as World War II and Korean servicemen mature they are likely to assume still more important positions of leadership.

In contrast, our Cold War veterans are often lucky to get any jobs at all, and it is the government itself which seems to block their path. It keeps them out of the labor market for two and a half years, on the average, and then sets them loose in the civilian economy to catch up as best they can with the thousands of young men—56 per cent of those eligible for the draft—who were never in uniform.

Since the Korean GI Bill lapsed on January 31, 1955, more than two and a half million men have been discharged from active duty only to find themselves untrained, unemployable, and unable to compete for scarce jobs. Increasing automation promises to make their plight still worse. In 1963 alone, more than 210,000 veterans received unemployment compensation in excess of $96 million—that is, $2 million over the figure for 1962. We can expect to reverse the trend only by investing in their education.

The bill we have proposed aims to train today's veterans so that they can stay off the unemployment rolls. Specifically, it offers men who served in the military for more than 180 days between January 31, 1955, and July 1, 1967, 1.5 days of educational assistance for each day of active service—with a limit of 36 months of schooling. Its estimated $289 million annual cost will be entirely self-liquidating since well-trained veterans will pay higher tax bills.

Despite the fact that the initial cost of the bill would account for only three-fifths of one per cent of all military expenses, the Bureau of the Budget and the Department of Defense oppose the measure. Current in-service courses, so their argument runs, offer the same benefits and may encourage young men to enter the armed forces, while postservice educational programs are more likely to lure them to leave. The Defense Department has not, however, come up with evidence that GI Bills lower reenlistment rates.

Fighting for the bill are, among others, the AFL-CIO, the American Federation of Teachers, the National Education Association, the National Farmers Union, and more than half-a-dozen veterans' organizations. What they want is not a rash and extravagant experiment; it is a program which has proven its value for our nation in general and for the men who defend the U. S. in particular. I think they ought to get it.

A Bell Tolls

Editor, *The Avalanche-Journal:* A recent heading in *The Avalanche-Journal* read: "Relatives of Ralls Negro Sought." Highlights of the story were: Samuel J. Jones, seventy-two-year-old Negro, found dead in an open chicken shack. Thin clothes, dirt floor, one quilt. Doctor gives probable cause of death as heart failure.

At ten degrees below zero, these conditions could stop a powerful heart in a young robust body. Still we wonder—what really caused death, a heart attack—or heartbreak? . . . Reckon how many bales of cotton Sam Jones picked in his lifetime? How many bales did Sam help grow? How many acres did he chop? How much profit did Sam's labor make for somebody the past sixty years? . . . Just before he died, he left a note asking to be buried near some cemetery. Sam was too modest to ask to be buried in a cemetery. . . .

On the same day there was another heading in *The Avalanche-Journal.* Read like this: Bank Deposits in Area Exceed One Billion. Over 300 Billion in Lubbock. More than 15 million in little towns like Muleshoe. . . . Four hundred years ago, the uncomparable John Donne got up from his sickbed, and wrote in his diary, "Any man's death diminishes me, for I am involved in mankind." The bell has tolled for Sam Jones. When it did it tolled for me—and thee.

—Fred J. Johnson, in *The Avalanche-Journal,* Lubbock, Texas, January 20, 1963.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft



CHET LA ARMSTRONG

Letdown at the UN

Hammarskjöld was attacked for his notions of sainthood—yet without him the UN goes on its way deficient in creative vitality.

As the United Nations enters its twentieth year, it gives the impression of having stood still in time. The familiar litany of unsolved problems—Korea, Indochina, Palestine, Kashmir—is virtually unchanged. Uncertainty on the roles of big powers and little ones, General Assembly and Security Council, Ins and Outs, finds continued expression in the matter of Chinese admission. The issue of finances announces that now, as in the beginning, the very existence of the world body is in doubt.

But, in fact, the UN has traversed distances far beyond its score of years. During a brief period, under Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld, it was transformed from a debating society and occasional forum for diplomatic contacts into an active instrument of collective security. The serious troubles of the present are a reaction to that progress far more than a holdover from the distant past. For in the past three years, under Secretary General U Thant, there has been a falling off in the role of the UN. And the letdown is now underlined with the posthumous publication of *Markings*, Mr. Hammarskjöld's extraordinary book of musings and meditations.

To be sure, *Markings* has been generally written up (and, for most people, off) as a mystical dialogue of the soul. To Henry Van Dusen it is the "noblest self-disclosure of spiritual struggle and triumph published in this century." Professor Eric Goldman of Princeton and the White House has called it "a work of religious devotion." But to stop there is to do the opposite of assessing *Hamlet* without the Prince; it is to assess the Prince without the play. For if the prevailing idiom is religious more than political, if the argument is more private than public, most of *Markings* is unmistakably written against the background of the UN. Its central theme is a tale of international politics. And—to anyone sensitive to dates—famous figures and well-known events repeatedly assert themselves across the absence of proper nouns.

Hammarskjöld's first important task as Secretary General, for example, was a mission to Peking undertaken to secure the release of fifteen American fliers taken prisoner in the Korean war. As the fliers began to be released, a well-known Indian delegate tried to claim credit for the action. And Hammarskjöld wrote to himself in *Markings:*

> You thought you were indifferent to praise for achievements which you would not yourself have counted to your credit, or that, if you should be tempted to feel flattered, would always remember that praise far exceeded what the ev justified. You thought yourself different—until you felt your j ousy flare up at his naïve atten to "make himself important."

After the Suez settlement was the works, Hammarskjöld was tacked on the floor of the Assem on the grounds that he had acted an agent of the imperialists agai the Egyptian interests. And Ha marskjöld noted in *Markings*, in dent reference to the author of attack:

> Did the attack hurt you—in s of its absurdity—because it m you feel ridiculous when the lead role was assigned to a little b clerk? Would it have hurt though the little bank clerk had not begun fancy himself as a bit of a hero?

At almost the same time, Ha marskjöld was assailed by both t British and the Israelis. They charg that he had sold out to the Egypti interests. He made no public reply their attacks. But, in apparent r erence to either a British or Israeli diplomat, he wrote in *Ma ings:* "You saved him from victo and, after his defeat, showed h kindness out of a *Schadenfreude* y sorely needed to indulge in."

"An Unknown Lan

Larger outlines reinforce the ev dence of individual entries. At t outset Hammarskjöld is a soul the make for scope. The first ite a poem written between 1925 a 1930, speaks of being "driven in an unknown land," and asks: "Sh I ever get there?" Through the mi dle years of the 'thirties and 'fortie despite a spectacular rise in t Swedish civil service, he felt evide dissatisfaction. He speaks of "com placent adjustment to alien d mands." He reminds himself "neve to let success hide its emptiness. "Time goes by," he notes. "Reputa tion increases, ability declines." A late as 1950, at forty-five years age, he still expresses the hope tha "my whole being may become a instrument for that which is greate than I."

But with the unexpected appoint ment to the post of Secretary Gen eral, hunger gives way to fulfillment



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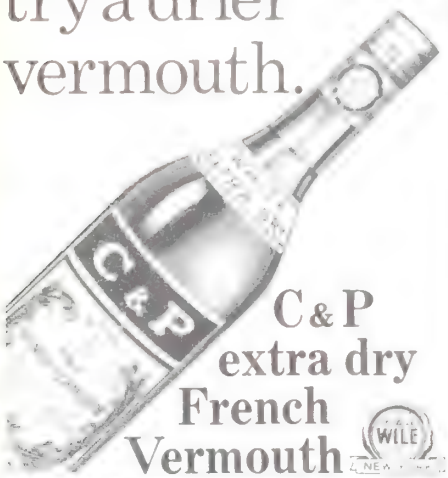
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"It *did* come—the day when the grief became small." "I am the vessel," he writes during the same period. "The draught is God's. And God is the thirsty one." Not much later he says: "To be free, to be able to stand up and leave everything without looking back. To say Yes—" When the challenge of Suez burst, he was more than ready: "Somebody placed the shuttle in your hand; somebody who had already arranged the threads." At the time of his reappointment as Secretary General in 1957, he is nearly ecstatic: "Your duty, your reward—your destiny—are here and now . . . Yes to God: yes to fate: yes to yourself." And even when he plunged into the thickets of the Congo, there was confidence. The last entry is a poem written less than two months before his death. It concludes: "I begin to know the map / And to get my bearings."

No Ordinary Mission

What all this says is that Hammarskjöld did, as so many of his European critics have averred, have a Christ-like urge. He did have notions of sainthood, and a sense of being bent on no ordinary mission. He found in the UN a focus for a Messianic drive. But so what? If the European critics, uncomfortable with the religious idiom, have found evidence of social maladjustment and sexual deformation, there is a simpler and better explanation. Hammarskjöld was consciously seeking to make true one of the ancient and noble dreams of mankind. His aim was nothing less than world peace secured under a rule of law by international forces. He saw the UN, as he said in a speech in 1953, "as an international instrument with more potential influence and a wider field of activity than any ever envisaged before." And through the UN, he moved to "penetrate the lives of states, and to influence their conduct."

Penetration, indeed, is very much the *mot juste* for what Hammarskjöld achieved. Trygve Lie before him had based his actions on the mandate of the major powers. His work was not without success. It saw an end to a threatened Soviet invasion of Iran, and an agreement, of sorts, on Palestine. But apart from the pressure generated by the large co tries, the UN in those days had staying power. And when the C War, and then the Korean war, dr the Big Two apart, Lie's effo collapsed.

Hammarskjöld, in contrast, work inside the rift produced by the C War. Consider, for example, t three major crises of his tenu Suez '56, Lebanon '58, and Congo '6 In each case there was at the r of trouble a local, political disp of an acute and violent sort. In ea case, major powers found th prestige and their forces engaged parties to the local dispute. Th each case presented the danger th the Cold War might spread.

Essentially, Hammarskjöld's reci for each crisis was the same. H interposed between the parties the local dispute and their grea power allies a UN presence—o servers in the case of Lebanon, a international forces in the case Suez and the Congo. The UN pre ence served to cut the ties between t local parties and their foreign bac ers: UN forces superseded the Britis and French in Suez and the Belgia in the Congo, while the UN obser ers picked up from the Americans Lebanon. Thus insulated, the loc parties were encouraged, cajoled, an pressured to settle problems amon themselves.

To bring off these acts of inte position, Hammarskjöld relied o two complementary techniques First, there was the technique tha Dean Rusk has called "parliamentar diplomacy." From such diverse ele ments as the Scandinavian countries the Irish and Canadians, and th growing bloc of neutrals from Asi and Africa, Hammarskjöld built a two-thirds majority in the Genera Assembly. He cultivated that ma jority with the care of the most assiduous whip. Proposals and initiatives by the Secretary General were checked with the majority leaders at all times, and sometimes put into their mouths. The majority furnished the manpower for the various UN presences. On very touchy issues the Secretary General named advisory committees which, in effect, were caucuses of the majority. Repeatedly, the Secretary General drove home the argument that "it is not the Soviet Union, or indeed any

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other big powers who need the UN for their protection; it is all the others." To be out of step with the Secretary General, in these circumstances, was to be out of step with most of the nations of the world. Repeatedly when his views were resisted in the Security Council or behind the scenes by the big powers, Hammarskjöld could, and did, turn to the Assembly majority for a mandate.

Cold War Contained

The second of the techniques was the technique of the neutral principle. One searches the record in vain for free-floating comments by Hammarskjöld on specific actions by specific governments. Even as he was interposing UN forces, he took the most exquisite pains to observe the local sovereignty of the Congolese and Egyptian governments. For whatever Hammarskjöld did, he based it on the UN Charter or its spirit. He believed in the Charter with a force not divorced from his religious fervor. He thought it represented ideals developed over the centuries with supporters in all lands. Fidelity to the Charter was, for him, a moral absolute. As he said in the most important public statement he ever made, his first statement to the Security Council at the time of Suez, "The principles of the Charter are by far greater than the Organization in which they are embodied, and the aims which they are to safeguard are holier than the policies of any single group or people. As a servant of the Organization, the Secretary General . . . must be a servant of the principles of the Charter, and its aims must ultimately determine what for him is right and wrong. For that he must stand." Thus to the technique that assured him backing at all times, there was a moral stand that made it look awfully bad to go against the Secretary General.

Thanks to these techniques, the UN was able to supplement the balance of terror. The Cold War was contained. Dramatic political changes took place in Africa and the Middle East with, all things considered, a minimum of bloodshed. On many major international problems, the initiative passed out of the hands of the great powers and into the hand of the smaller states as represente at the UN. As their own nation interests came into play, howeve the great powers, more and mor mounted pressures to curtail th Secretary General. The Sovi Union, feeling itself cheated of i chances in Africa, refused to pa the expenses of UN forces, an pitted against the technique of th neutral principle both the idea c the Troika—the tripartite Secr tariat— and Mr. Khrushchev's clai that "there are no neutral men." D Gaulle's France, determined t heighten the principle of nationa ism, also refused to underwrite U forces. Britain, feeling its Rhode sian interest threatened by th Congo operation, spoke, in Lor Home's phrase, of a "crisis of con fidence in the UN." Even the Unite States, under pressure from its tw closest allies, privately cautione Hammarksjöld to go slow. When h flew to his death in October 1961, no one of the great powers could b said to be supporting him. In hi hour of need, they all failed him.

The U Thant Strateg

With the advent of U Thant, a dramatic change has taken plac at the UN. The old Hammarskjöl majority still exists. Indeed, as a former Burmese delegate closely as sociated with Hammarskjöld in th past, U Thant is a projection o that majority. But he has been no tably reluctant to undertake heavy responsibilities. He took the lead in pulling UN forces from the Congo last July. The UN operations mounted by the Secretary General in Cyprus and the Yemen have been modest indeed. There has been steady resistance by the Secretary General to the possibility of UN intervention in Vietnam.

Even more, the technique of neutral principles has gone by the board. U Thant comments frequently, outspokenly, and sometimes quite loosely, on current political actions by the member states. He has cast doubt on the wisdom of the American defense effort. He has compared Khrushchev favorably to Stalin. He has expressed explicit approval of the controversial settlement in Laos, and of the outcome of the Cuba mis-

W SHINGTON INSIGHT

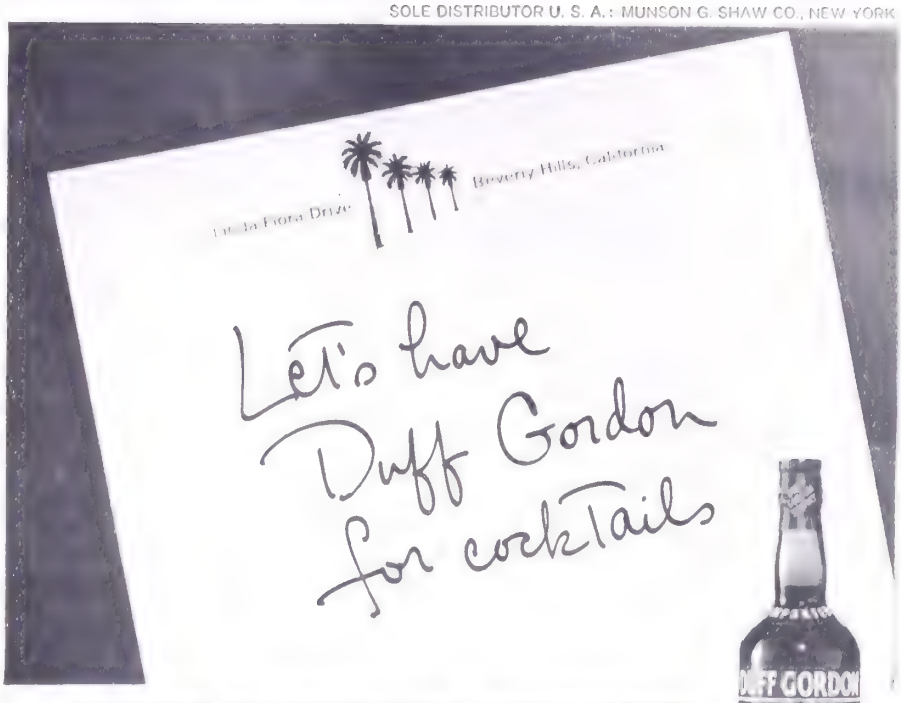
risis. He once told the Rus- eople, on an official Soviet ist, that they were misin- about the Congo. At another e called the Congolese leaders h of clowns."

preme example of U Thant's ue emerged at his press con- of October 22, 1964. First he he diplomatic world spinning comment on the ouster of Mr. chev: "I think it would be and even desirable if Mr. chev were able or inclined e a public statement on the stances leading to his ouster." onse to a question on the first e nuclear test, he next ex- the view that "it could be worthwhile if attempts were to have a dialogue between" others) the United States and To back up that view, he then speech by—of all people— publican Presidential candi- f 1936, Alf Landon. He had the speech himself in—of all —a back page of his after- newspaper.

ourse, U Thant is a good deal ive than he sounds. As a Bur- he can make with impunity nts that, made by others, would a stiffening. Neither the Rus- nor the Americans, for ex- took issue with his October conference remarks. Moreover, nt is not really interested in ng moral principles to difficult ms. On the contrary, he is to create a climate of easy nd-take, of compromise and ny and conciliation. He is to bring the great powers er, and to reintegrate them in- working mechanism of the as he said in a speech at Johns ns in 1962, his aim is "to ve East-West relations on the future of peace and of nd depends so much."

haps U Thant is going to suc- in this venture. The general e is favorable. Troika is out of ay. On the next test, the ques- f UN financing, the outlook is an accommodation. Still, the vn is obvious. A spiritual y is missing, a creative vitality. JN now goes its way short on sm, deficient in inspiration. ll the jibing at Hammarskjöld's ianic complex, the world is r without it.

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Peering In with the Outsiders

by Robert Hatch

Cabot Wright Begins, by James Purdy. Farrar, Straus, $4.95.
The Thief's Journal, by Jean Genet. Grove Press, $6.
Nova Express, by William Burroughs. Grove Press, $5.

Anyone sorting a pile of current books might, almost absently, stack these three close to one another. They "fit" together, we say, but how so? Their authors have not much in common, either of approach or of content or of relative gravity. The answer is, of course, that they are all "outsiders." I am careful not to say satirists or rebels—they project nothing sufficiently therapeutic or programmatic. But they are kin in the negative sense that they are all divorced from us, traveling in orbits of their own, and sometimes imparting a slight but disconcerting wobble to our social spin.

Purdy's orbit, at least in *Cabot Wright Begins,* is the least ambitious. From his earlier books, Purdy has earned a reputation for black humor, a wit thrown up by despair. But *Cabot Wright Begins* is of a lighter tone; it displays a pastel creepiness, as if Peter De Vries were to turn mordant. The project is to see how many falsities can be piled one on top of another before the edifice crumbles. A non-writer is to produce a pseudo-fiction based on the career of a psychologically-conditioned rapist (that's Cabot Wright) who can recall his adventures only when they are read back to him by the ghost collaborator who has been hired by the idea pirate of a publisher specializing in non-books to put some order into a manuscript which she engendered in the first place by whispering the idea to the wife of the non-writer at the head of this sentence.

That, clearly, is a shaky edifice, and Purdy juggles it upright by some exceedingly fast and merry writing. The script moves, in fact, at about the pace and with the profundity of the TV commercials for household staples. Thus, in a relatively short book, the author is able to register his lack of respect for the cosmetic sexuality of middle-class American women, the chicanery of psychoanalysis and the related vulgarity of religious cults, the mental paralysis of Wall Street, the gullibility of public curiosity (Wright is credited with three hundred rapes, all consummated —without violence—by a mesmeric virility), and the predatory opportunism of commercial publishing. Purdy's interest is limited, though, to checking off this list of grievances; he has made neither men nor monsters of his characters and they become no more than flash cards in a quick review of social pathology.

The book closes with Mrs. Bickle, the ghost, saying, "I won't be a writer in a time and place like the present." If that is Purdy giving his Prospero farewell, one can only hope, remembering *Malcolm* and *The Nephew,* that he will change his mind.

The Thief's Journal, in abrupt contrast, is a work of almost unparalleled intensity. It is a quest for personal consistency, carried out with an all-absorbing persistence that few of us could imagine, let alone document with such tormented nicety. Genet's book is a portrait of the artist as a work of art. In this context, it becomes irrelevant to ask whether it is a true biography; Genet lived his life and then he created it.

Ostensibly, the *Journal* covers the years of his young manhood, years spent in criminal vagabondage, principally in Spain and Antwerp, b crossing, usually at the demand of t police, almost every frontier Europe. As the title says, Genet w a thief; he was also a prostitute, forger, blackmailer, and dope peddle He lived habitually in the filthie surroundings and consorted e clusively with the most deprave individuals. (In that period, Gen recoiled, as though instinctively, fro what he occasionally refers to "your world"; it is his only a knowledgment that there is a realit other than the surreal one he shap for himself.)

How, then, make a work of a from such material? "Acts," say Genet, "must be carried through t their completion. Whatever thei point of departure, the end will b beautiful. It is because an action ha not been completed that it is vile." And his concern, almost super humanly vigilant—at least in retro spect—is to act so that every dee becomes the ultimate expression o that deed. That, of course, is ho mystics and saints behave. Genet i a mystic, intoxicated by self-absorp tion; and he has been called a sain —by Sartre for one, and by himsel for another.

Abandoned in childhood, Genet se out to get even with the world b being as wicked as possible. Mos readers will recall similar scheme to surpass the worst expectations o their elders. But Genet differed from the rest of us both because he had a capacity for really extreme wickedness and because he was endowed with one of those hyperdiscriminating nervous systems that can de-

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Robert Hatch has reviewed movies and plays for several magazines and is managing editor of "The Nation."

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eelings, his relationship with
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Thief's Journal is a major
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dy is disenchanted and Genet is
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Listen: I call you all. Show your
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back pay it *all* back."

t Burroughs is only part Jere-
; considerably more, he is trick-

Along about page 60 of this
oximately 200-page "novel" is a
tively coherent passage which
es the theme as being a struggle
he interplanetary police to frus-
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e immediately it is engaged in
ing the game of life, physical
emotional, against the marks—
h is the rest of us. This involves
y-panky with drugs, orgone dis-
ion, and biologic mutation—in Burroughs' opinion the corporations and the councils of power will stop at very little to keep us in line.

No doubt, but Burroughs himself will stop at very little in his appetite for verbal tomfoolery. "Reality," he says in that singularly coherent passage, "is simply a more or less constant scanning pattern." Which pattern, he adds, has been imposed by the controlling force on this planet and he's cursed if he will abide by it.

So he writes his book as though he were preparing a series of audio tapes, which then he runs back through the recorder in various permutations, distortions, overlappings, and mal-synchronizations. The process is not unlike that employed in one branch of electronic music; the result is a series, seemingly endless, of short declarative sentences, separated by dashes, which hauntingly echo one another and hauntingly grasp at sense.

The "color" changes from time to time as Burroughs feeds into his verbal kaleidoscope the major forms of science fiction: space mercenaries, time distortion, exotic symbiosis, galactic catastrophe, supergadgetry, and lost worlds. For all I know, he may have used existing texts; certainly he cribs (quite honestly, it should be said) from Kafka, T. S. Eliot, and others, mixing their phrases into the plastic phantasmagoria. The effect after a time is pleasantly hypnotic; I wish I could quote, but it takes several pages to get high on the stuff. At intervals, timed to check complete blackout, sense pops out of the amalgam; sometimes it is funny, more typically it is outrageous along the lines of Burroughs' well-established scatology. He can think of the wildest parodies of erotic exuberance and invent the weirdest places for demonstrating them (it's all apt to be formidably athletic, which suggests that he still has a youthful approach to the subject). But as a sinner he is not in the same class with Genet, nor as a writer. I'll accept his premise that we're being flummoxed out of our honest animal senses by high-powered manipulators, and I think he is right to be sore about it. The trouble is that in his zeal to conjure with words he has produced what looks more like an abstract decoration than a terrible warning.

Ten Million Million Million Insects

by Hal Borland

The Life of Insects, by V. B. Wigglesworth. World, $12.50.
The Beneficial Insects, by Lester Swann, Harper & Row, $7.95.
The Insect World of J. Henri Fabre, edited and with an introduction by Edwin Way Teale. Fawcett-Premier, 60 cents.
Butterflies and Moths. Golden Nature Guide Series. Golden Press, $1.

Human squabbles about minorities seem doubly stupid when one studies the insects, which outnumber man by at least 300,000 to one. By fossil evidence, insects have been here 350 million years or more and, on the evidence in V. B. Wigglesworth's excellent *The Life of Insects,* they will be here quite a while longer despite all man may do. This is good to know, for the insects are indispensable in any workable balance of life, and many of them are helpful to man. Others help to keep noxious and destructive species in check. Most of them are essential for maintaining successful plant life.

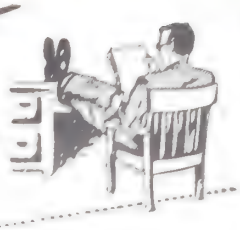
Not surprisingly, Professor Wigglesworth favors biological control of those species inimical to man and sees many dangers in chemical control. His book, however, deals primarily with insect life in all its

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Mr. Borland is outdoor essayist for the "New York Times" and author of "High, Wide, and Lonesome," "Sundial of the Seasons," and "King of Squaw Mountain."

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Editor-at-Large



Most histories of the United States have been commonly malformed. Readers in a future age might well suppose that the North American continent was discovered, settled, and shaped by White, Anglo-Saxon Protestants only.

The WASPS, as they are called, did have a hand in it, all right. But so too did minority groups such as the Mexican-Americans, Chinese-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and others. The slighting or total omission of their presence and contributions in many otherwise reputable works of history is a fault that has been revealed by the shock waves of the decade. But repairs could take generations of ordinary text book revision.

This year, Doubleday, which is launching several monumental projects (the Anchor Bible, for example), is bringing out a series called "Zenith Books," prepared after more than three years of research. These will be short narrative biographies or histories of people and periods who have helped to define the history of their time — and ours. The general editors are the distinguished historian and educator, John Hope Franklin, and Mrs. Shelley Umans, a specialist in reading instruction and a consultant to many major urban school systems.

The first two titles deal, properly, with origins important to an understanding of the American Negro: *A Glorious Age in Africa*, Daniel Chu and Elliott Skinner's history of the tribes and personalities which flourished in West Africa during the Middle Ages; and *Worth Fighting For*, a history of the Negro in the United States during the Civil War and Reconstruction, by Lawrence Reddick and Agnes McCarthy.

Vigilantes have sprung up to keep rabbits in children's books pure, white, and puffy. Now there is an editorial group determined to right the balance of American history. To the first hundred readers who write me specifying whether they will give a copy to a friend, a school, a library, or keep it for themselves, I will send a free Zenith book.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

If you would like to receive a free examination copy of one of the first *Zenith Books*, write L. L. Day, c/o Doubleday & Company, Inc., Dept. SSV H, 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. *Zenith Books* are published by Doubleday in both hard and soft cover editions, and are available at your local bookseller, including one of the 17 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford 7, Conn.

infinite variety, how insects move, what they eat, how they reproduce, their senses, their means of attack and defense. It is the most complete, and most readable, book of its kind I have struck.

A more specialized study is Lester Swann's *The Beneficial Insects*. It makes excellent supplementary reading for those who were properly alarmed by Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, and it presents extensive and convincing argument for biological rather than chemical controls. Its list of helpful insects is surprisingly long and its accounts of their virtues make impressive, if not always easy, reading. No one can go through it without seeing that man has many potential allies and that he has already used a surprising number of them successfully. Mr. Swann has brought together for the first time in a non-technical book an impressive amount of information about such biological controls as *Bacillus thuringiensis*, one of the most promising natural enemies of such leaf-eaters as the Gypsy moth. His book deserves serious attention from every agency dealing with the pesticide problem.

All writers about insects owe an overwhelming debt to that patient French genius, Jean Henri Fabre, who came late to fame and died in 1915. Many of his books are now out of print, so it is a particular pleasure to find that Edwin Way Teale has assembled a kind of Fabre sampler in *The Insect World of J. Henri Fabre*. Reading it, I wanted to go back and read a whole shelf of Fabre, for it reminded me of the great man's unique accomplishments and his skill as a writer. Mr. Teale's introduction and notes are in keeping with the excellent translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Finally, for the beginner or the casual nature-watcher, another volume, *Butterflies and Moths*, has been added to the Golden Nature Guide Series. In their abbreviated way and primarily through illustration, these guides are excellent primers. This one, with a wealth of pictures by André Durenceau, has adequate text confined to caption length, and covers about 350 species common to the United States. It is a good pocket-size reference for the country weekender or the young collector.

Koestler's Kit

by Benjamin DeMott

The Act of Creation, by Ar Koestler. Macmillan, $7.95.

The man's self-confidence is bre taking. Like Milton in his epic takes ALL as his subject—A Everything, the Sum of Sums. writes of joy and grief and ema lated newts. Desdemona and de G fit easily into his compass, as do grams and enzymes, Yang and Bede, Bodkin, Boehme, Bovary, Bohr. His range of interests, his to know and know and know, v visible in earlier works like *Ins and Outlook* and *The Sleepwalk* so too was his preoccupation with nature of genius. But *The Act Creation* is Arthur Koestler's n ambitious bid for regard as a synt sizing intellect. And, to repeat, c fidence is its striking feature—a tainty that no kingdom of mind earth can withstand the assault a gutsy energetic amateur bent making the world's secrets his o

The book has three prime p poses: to describe creativity a phenomenon, to establish that it curs endlessly at every level existence, and to elevate it to status of a kind of unifying princi of being. The book's structure simple. Its first part is about ventiveness at the level of gen and the second is about inventiven at the level of ordinary life, hum and animal. The seed of the w seems to have been Koestler's h pening on a truth about jokes namely that they often involve t sudden yoking of two hitherto connected, altogether different c texts. (The inquiry opens with study of the character of the Jest and the aptness at "bisociation" se as the mark of this figure is quick redefined as "the essence of creati activity.") The method is vario but for much of its length *The A of Creation* reads like a compendiu of instances; human and natur

---

Benjamin DeMott, who has writt many reviews for "Harper's," professor of English at Amherst.

eries, manipulations and re
ations that involve acts of
ation are recounted in detail.
most venturesome chapters of
ook are those which probe the
ical origins of "mental crea
," and construct (in passing)
synthetic psychology. They are
the stiffest chapters to read,
to the quantity of technical
—it is drawn from biological,
logical, and psychological sci
brought forward as evidence.
rned for his audience, Koestler
es that these chapters may be
ed without harm, provided the
r keeps in mind the large aim
e whole: that of showing that
ain basic principles operate
ghout the . . . organic hierarchy
om the fertilized egg to the fe
rain of the creative individual;
that phenomena analogous to
ive originality can be found on
vels." The advice is considerate
readers who heed it will find
elves badly placed for judging
overall quality of the perform

For it is only in this section
he book that the author is setting
h a fresh thesis, showing his
at marshaling evidence in sup
of a new idea. (Koestler appears
egard his discourse on the simi
ies between scientific and artistic
ius, and on the role played by the
nscious in the achievements of
, as original. But many writers
been here before him—includ
the renowned British neurolo
, Russell Brain, unmentioned in
stler's bibliography.) And the
raint or balance or taste shown
he presentation of evidence is, in
llectual discourse, a significant
of the value of a thesis.

Koestler's taste is faulty. It never
stions itself and has eyes only for
likenesses of things, not for
ferences. Buoyed by a psychol
st's beamish claim that it is
onderful to see how analogies can
ssom when they are given a little
ection," he laves a thousand
alogies not simply in affection but
sweaty unmeasured embrace.
bulating crabs, anesthetized gold
h, workaday spiders—these crea
es, their specific modes of action,
again and again examined as
unterparts of specific modes of
tion of genius, and rarely is there
hint that the unities thus achieved
y be products only of an artful
use of language. "The newt's amputation stump" equals "the unsolved problem in the scientist's mind. . . ." A genius's success in displacing emphasis in his field "to a previously irrelevant part or aspect of experience corresponds to the sudden dominance of a hitherto subordinate part of an organism—such as [a] crab's second leg [becoming] a pacemaker." "The intuitive grouping of ideas toward the 'good combination' . . . reminds one of the biochemical gradients in morphogenesis. . . ." "The 'creative stress' of the artist or scientist corresponds to the 'general alarm reaction' of the traumatized animal. . . ." Nor does the writer ever make a decent truce with similitudes; on the contrary, he cries out that his metaphors aren't "mere" metaphors but items that have "solid roots in earth."

Analogical immoderacy isn't the only error of taste in *The Act of Creation*. There are snippets of vulgarity ("'from Oedipus to Schmoedipus, or shall we love Mama?'"), many clumsy remarks about poetry (a pretty song in Shakespeare is described as having a "didactic intent of driving home a message"), and a large assemblage of misremembered clichés ("Drama strives on conflict, and so does the novel . . ."). There are also numberless signs that the author is much less fully in the current of present-day thinking than he imagines himself to be. His biology has been criticized as old-fashioned by specialists here and abroad. As a commentator on pedagogical method he claims originality for suggestions about the teaching of science, for example, that are at this moment commonplace. And as a commentator on literary matters, he cares nothing for developments in critical theory of recent decades, is overimpressed with A. E. Housman as a literary intelligence, and is simplistic in his acceptance of the dogmas of "identification."

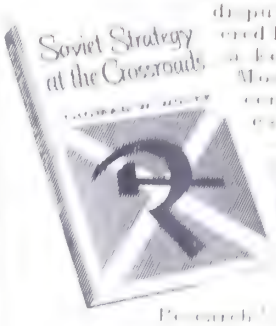
Faults of this order are of course venial. Among the laudable objectives of this book is that of transforming the entire set of issues implicit in the [illegible] phrase "The two cultures." (Compare the methodological harmony between the scientific genius and the artist, says Koestler; consider, too, the absurdities of marking off absolute distinctions be-

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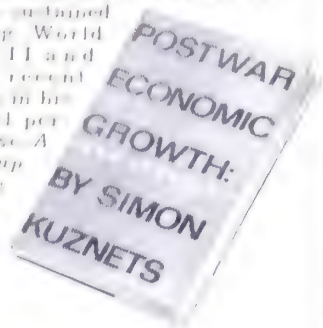


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tween the substance of art and the substance of science; and, finally, consider the truth that the patterns of action leading to accomplishment in either universe of intellect are, at bottom, unique to neither universe but are inherent in nature itself.) The book offers rapid, often highly readable surveys of the evidence against mechanistic, stimulus-response psychology—in itself a contribution to public education in modern science. Its discussions of creativity banish school-administrator cant about the subject, leaving in its place some sane, fully credible observations—among them, that genius and the capacity for wonder are near allied, and that the playful, mysterious, vastly powerful resources of the unconscious invariably figure in great triumphs of mind. (Any creative act, Koestler writes, always involves "a regression to earlier, more primitive levels in the mental hierarchy, while other processes continue simultaneously on the rational surface. . . .") And beyond all this, as ground for praise, is the very expansiveness of the undertaking. How many writers today could even begin to imagine themselves capable of running order through the chaos of general experience?

That there is ground for praise, though, does not mean that *The Act of Creation* is a book that can earn acceptance on its own terms. Its doctrine of correspondences, its countless assertions of links between physical and mental events, its "revelation" of resemblances between the development of the embryo and the gestation of the sonnet—none of these in the end has the power to carry the reader outward into the world. Each, instead, points back at the author himself. Bereft of "negative capability," Koestler is as tightly bound now as in the Marxist days by his need to reach after certainty, to bludgeon his way toward perfect truths about the order of the world. Nothing that exists is alien to him—and yet it can't be said that his zeal to collapse distinctions has the effect of deepening the sense of wonder before the variousness of life. The truth is that *The Act of Creation* buries that sense under abstractions, weakens the mind's grip on the separate livingness of every object it takes into its System.

Less Rural, More Wistful America

by Richard Kluger

The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America, by Leo Marx. Oxford University Press, $6.75.

A Vanishing America: The Life and Times of the Small Town, edited by Thomas C. Wheeler, with an introduction by Wallace Stegner. Illustrated. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $9.95.

The Heart of Our Cities: The Urban Crisis, Diagnosis and Cure, by Victor Gruen. Illustrated. Simon and Schuster, $8.50.

Barry Goldwater was in Idaho in the early part of the campaign last fall, and Idaho must have seemed to him a good place to note forthrightly that the moral poison afflicting the nation flows from the heart of our cities, where crime and violence and every manner of degeneracy fester. And these city people, he implied with characteristic lack of guile, these degenerate city people, want to take political power away from the sturdy yeomen in our small towns and rural areas—the very places that serve as antitoxins to keep the body politic from turning altogether corrupt.

Championing the moral superiority of country places was probably quite a sensible strategy for wooing Idaho. But the pronouncements of Presidential candidates have a way of being detected, even in Idaho, and broadcast back to those venal urban complexes where somewhat over 60 per cent of America lives. Somewhat over 60 per cent of America, as it turned out, chose not to endorse the credos pronounced by that fundamentalist Goldwater jaw—which reinforces the impression that whatever the vices of the former Senator from Arizona, expediency is not one of them. Even Idaho said no.

And yet, in seizing upon the rustic virtues and waving them as a banner against the Sodomites, Mr. Goldwater was echoing a theme operative from the first unfolding of the American continent and a mystique that has not yet lost its spell. T less rural we become, the more wi ful we are about the loss: we gi each new subdivision of pastel bo names like Bosky Dell Estates a as if to acknowledge the purifyi efficacy of the American soil, ha long permitted rural interests power over the nation's legislati machinery out of all proportion their numbers. It is with the roo course, and contradictions of th mystique that Leo Marx deals perceptively, if somberly, in *The M chine in the Garden.*

"I have often thought," Thom Jefferson wrote Charles Willso Peale in 1811, "that if heaven h given me choice of my position a calling, it should have been on rich spot of earth, well watere and near a good market for the pr ductions of the garden. No occup tion is so delightful to me as t culture of the earth, and no cultu comparable to that of the garden If all America could somehow b transformed into a garden, M Marx interpolates, then the citizen of that green republic "might escap from the terrible sequence of powe struggles, wars, and cruel repres sions suffered by Europe." Thus, a early and eminent American versio of a still incandescent myth.

Marx traces the redemptive value in the pastoral convention back t Virgil's *Eclogues,* but in its specia application to America he begin really with Shakespeare's *The Tem pest,* written as the New Worl was first being colonized. Through out, Marx dwells on the variations of that Jeffersonian garden as his ordering metaphor; to him, a garden is "a miniature middle landscape," and it is this concept—of a culti vated expanse midway between the savagery of the wilderness and the effete "overcivilization" of, say, Ver-

---

Richard Kluger is editor of "Book Week" in the Sunday New York "Herald Tribune" and author of a novel, "When the Bough Breaks."

s—that Marx shows has been eculiarly American form of the ral dream.

r did Europe's emerging indus- sm dim the radiant concept. So was America's continental gar- that Jefferson and others as- d it could readily accommodate nachine and harness it to turn wheels, to move ships, to power ransformation of a wilderness what Mr. Marx calls "a society ıe middle landscape." The prob- though, was to determine the se point at which the machine onger merely served man by ng him improve upon raw re and began instead to drive toward ends very different from lic contentment. With the onset ıe Jacksonian era, "the swelling, ing demand for everything that nology promises" became politi- irresistible. As a result, the ept of America as a garden tching to the horizon and beyond me, in Marx's words, "a rhetor- formula rather than a concep- of society, and an increasingly sparent and jejune expression he national preference for hav- it both ways. . . . It enabled nation to continue defining its pose as the pursuit of rural hap- ess while devoting itself to pro- tivity, wealth, and power."

his contradiction becomes a or theme throughout much of eteenth-century American litera- e, Marx asserts, and though ıe of the evidence he cites in ion supports this claim, it is on ance not nearly so convincing as essays and historical writings invokes. To say, for example, that ab in *Moby-Dick* is "the perfect, nomaniac incarnation of the Age Machinery" and to use as the key porting evidence Ahab's decla- ion, "All my means are sane, my tive and my object mad," seems unsanctionable narrowing of lville's cosmic dimension to suit rather special context Mr. Marx s in mind. But he is generally on id ground in the supporting terial he selects—in the journeys ay from instinct-deadening so- ty toward redemptive nature in *uckleberry Finn* and *Walden*, in nerson's version of Carlyle's as- rtion that men have grown echanical in head and heart," and Hawthorne's Ethan Brand, whose

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by the Editors of Esquire

Commentary by David Newman
Foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge

For nearly a generation there has been talk about the "current" paucity of humor. In his wise and witty foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge, former editor of PUNCH, takes note of all the gloom but reports, with optimism, that this collection from the pages of Esquire demonstrates that plenty of stylish practitioners are still having a go at it.

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destruction in the fires of change being stoked in the factories, says Marx, "conveys Hawthorne's inchoate sense of the doom awaiting the self-contained village culture . . . [and] the whole quasi-religious ideology that rests, finally, upon the hope that Americans will subordinate their burning desire for knowledge, wealth, and power to the pursuit of rural happiness."

The doom of that village culture is exhibited in *A Vanishing America*, case studies of a dozen little towns sprinkled about a continental garden fast going to weed. Wallace Stegner writes in the introduction:

> What really shines out of this cluster of essays is an abiding, ineradicable hatred of the "improved," sanitized, pre-shrunk, prefabricated, machine-tooled life that the industrial and the electronic and the other revolutions have made for us. . . . Whatever the statistics say about life expectancy and the GNP under modern conditions, and whatever the dangers of sentimentalizing the past, we may see more poetry, more hope of a really personal relationship with earth and natural things, in an old oaken (or cedarn) bucket than in a stainless-steel sink.

This, perhaps, is what Barry Goldwater should have said to us, had he the sensibility.

Mr. Stegner and the twelve writers contributing to *A Vanishing America*, unencumbered by the obligation of politicians to prescribe cures for what ails us, limit themselves to a lyric evocation of a way of life most of us will never know again. Some of the contributors evoke it a good deal more lyrically than others: especially, A. B. Guthrie, Jr. writing on Choteau, Montana, where a boy "was a natural part of this world, friend and killer of animals, eater of wild flesh and wild fruits, dipper in the waters, braver of the blizzards, finder of the first Johnny-jump-up and the woodsy Indian moccasin, hound-smeller of the season, of the growth he trod on unseeing, his nose undulled by age and nicotine." And Hodding Carter on the countryside around Holly Springs, Mississippi, bursting with its "raspberries, strawberries, cherries, figs and other fruit in abundance; beef and pork and poultry; lambs for wool and for consumption; wheat for bread, and corn for man and beast. There was no reason for master or slave or yeoman farmer to go hungry." A veritable Jeffersonian idyll, slaves and all.

These lush "middle landscapes" had their pioneer enterprisers, too—men who harnessed technology to improve upon nature's gifts, men like Colonel Gamaliel Painter in W. Storrs Lee's chronicle of Middlebury, Vermont, who had the vision to buy the most undesirable piece of property in town ("utterly unsuitable for farming, half of it a swampy quagmire and the rest of it on a limestone ledge, all of it on a downhill slant and much of it an impenetrable tangle of hemlock, fallen tree trunks, and prickly ash") and turn it into the biggest saw- and gristmill in the state; men like plucky L. L. Nunn in David Lavender's tale of boisterous Telluride, Colorado, who had the daring to throw a power line over cliff-studded mountains and across a high storm-swept flat, thereby tumbling the price of electricity and opening a whole new era of mining.

The citified reader may not be altogether convinced that life in the heyday of these picture-book places quickened the vital juices, but he cannot fail to feel that all these towns had a clear identity and communal cohesiveness too rarely achieved in our rootless age. Typically, though, those heydays were followed by an exodus of the ambitious, better-educated young people. Stultified by the provincialism that is the other side of this nostalgic coin, they gravitated toward the cities and did not return; then the mixed blessings of technology—the automobile, the movies, radio and television, the self-service chain stores—came to quench most of what remained of the communal life. The principal value, then, in this nostalgic look back is simply its commemoration, as Mr. Stegner says, "in the midst of our uniformity, of how great our national variety once was."

If the machine in the garden of America is increasingly uprooting what is left of the pastoral myth and if the little towns of the middle landscape are lapped now only by the backwaters of the national mainstream, our cities are even more rank in the view of Victor Gruen, the planner and architect. *The Heart of Our Cities* suggests he is no happier than Mr. Stegner (or most of the rest of us) with what he sees about him: urban clots that are hard to reach and harder to move around in; that are dirty and noisy and smell rather bad; that are embracing a shiny, graceless architecture; that segregate commercial, residential, cultural, and recreational land uses and thereby compartmentalize our lives in ghettos; that spawn land-wasting "refugee camps of suburbia" and a countryside blighted by the jerry-built eyesores of get-rich-quick commerce. The whole mess he calls "the anti-city."

A lover of churning sidewalks and cities thronged but orderly like his native Vienna, Mr. Gruen is convinced we can set all this right—as convinced, perhaps, as the Jeffersonians and the Jacksonians were that our native brand of progressivism could cope with the dehumanizing perils of rampant technology. The Gruen cure, not surprisingly, is a big dose of planning in its best sense—"the injection of diversity and variety into a meaningful organic pattern"—and unless we take the cure, "we will succeed in making our cities unlivable, unworkable places of infernal sameness." Thus, too, spoke Jane Jacobs in *The Death and Life of American Cities*, a vastly wiser and more original book, free of the portentous, self-aggrandizing prose and lame attempts at wit that mar *The Heart of Our Cities*.

The most evil machine in Mr. Gruen's garden is the automobile, and he heroically proposes that we outlaw it from our urban cores by building belt highways to ring the city and intersect with mass-transit terminals. He is all for shopping centers, on the grounds that they can become, if well planned, the civic centers of the focus-less suburban sprawl (and on the grounds, too, one suspects, that he has planned quite a few of them himself). His special brain-child is a cellular "metropolis of tomorrow." This he envisions as a planetary system—a Metrocore of 800,000 or so people ringed by clusters of steadily smaller population groupings, each with its center of gravity but all held in the orbit of the core; there would be green stretches in between each clustering. In this pattern of recentralization

sees a remedy to the chaos
eriling Megalopolis.
en denies that his scheme is
n—a curious demurrer and
irrelevant; the problem is not
e should cultivate the garden
were to start over again but
to do about all these dreadful
already on our hands. Mr.
would have helped us more
e elaborated upon his unex-
nable observation, offered just
ngly at the close, that "only
nment . . . can effectively create
asic prerequisites for urban
ization." What we most des-
ely need are new strategies—
ew myths to replace old ones.

Books in Brief

Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Key to My Heart, by V. S.
hett. Illustrated by Paul Ho-
n.

seems a kind of arrogance to try
ite about a V. S. Pritchett novel
titled "A Comedy in Three
s"). His characters, his situ-
s, his writing, his wit always
a style so distinctly his own—
very stylish that is too—that
is no way to gild it with en-
ums. "Immediacy" is the word
keeps coming to mind. In any
of his you are in it, with it,
y second. There may be hilarious
roidery but it is never irrelevant.
n the very first sentence: "When
er dropped dead and Mother and
re left to run the business on our
I was twenty-four years old,"
reader pants along behind the
ator (the business was a bakery
e English provinces) as he tries
ollect a whopping long-standing
from the richest and most out-
ously seductive lady in the town.
a short novel, a classic of concise-
, tough wisdom, and delightfully
corous humor.

Random House, $3.95

ovenant with Death, by Stephen
ker.

his is a novel which uses its
erican Southwest small-town at-
mosphere to give it unique flavor; which starts with a flamboyant and sexy murder; which continues with a vivid and exciting court trial testing the motives and beliefs of many others besides just those of the man in the dock; and which in the end is much more than the sum of these parts. The narrator of the story is the young presiding judge and he (and Mr. Becker) write with such grace and humor that while the drama moves along with the speed of an express train it manages at the same time to give man's struggle with life and love and honor the full dignity it deserves. Book of the Month, with *Full Fathom Five,* by John Stewart Carter, for January.

Atheneum, $4.40

The River of Diamonds, by Geoffrey Jenkins.

Anyone who read *A Twist of Sand* will have some idea what to expect of this new thriller by the same author. The locale is much the same—the storm-ridden, guano-covered islands off the coast of South Africa. The story is about a group of mining experts who plan to try to dredge diamonds from the floor of the sea and their frustration at every point through the machinations of a mysterious old prospector who seems in league with the unruly winds, tidal waves, eruptions, and other odd manifestations of nature. It is a delightful story with an exotic background, beautifully written, ingenious in its satisfying denouement. Unprincipled, untrammeled natural phenomena lend a dimension of *super*natural terror.

Viking, $3.95

A Kind of Anger, by Eric Ambler.

A vicious murder in Switzerland brings as its aftermath political intrigue and double-crossing on a grand scale. The chief protagonists are a ne'er-do-well (non-hero) Dutch journalist covering the story for an American magazine, and a beautiful (of course) and mysterious lost lady, whose suitcase full of the dead man's papers is wanted by at least three violently interested groups of people. Our hero and heroine are pursued by all three groups all over the Riviera and the excitement—as one might guess from the author of *A Coffin for Dimitrios* and *Journey Into Fear* —is terrific. The real hero of the piece, however, seems to me to be

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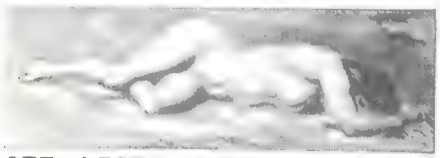
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the telephone. How in the world was international skulduggery of any kind ever carried on—let alone reported in books—before the day of the mysterious telephone call to arrange a rendezvous, the sudden break in the connection, "the click and then silence." Certainly this book couldn't exist without it.

Atheneum, $4.95

Non-fiction

Cecil Beaton's Fair Lady.

During his year at Hollywood working on the sets and costumes for the movie of *My Fair Lady* Mr. Beaton kept a running journal. Here are anecdotes, personalities, days of excitement, days of boredom, alternating elation and despair as the show went on. If anyone wants the feel and sense of the problems and hard work involved, here it is, embellished with drawings and most ravishing photography by the author. It is good to know that Audrey Hepburn is not only a dedicated and tireless worker but is apparently as wide-eyed, gay, gentle, and generally adorable as she looks, and in Mr. Beaton's costumes and photographs she looks elegant and bewitching and delicious enough to eat right off the page.

Holt, $4.95

Counterpoint, compiled and edited by Roy Newquist. Foreword by Mark Van Doren.

This massive collection of author-interviews with Mr. Newquist was originally prepared for radio presentation over a nationally syndicated program by WQXR. It is astonishing in many ways. First in the number (sixty-three) and variety of people interviewed (I have to confess to ignorance of at least three). The editor traveled 60,000 miles in nine months—a kind of interviewing marathon—and though some of the strain occasionally shows through (repetition in form and questions) there is for the most part enough ease, interest, and succinctness, in the presentation of the various points of view both to satisfy and stimulate the curiosity of anyone interested in what makes writers write. Mr. Newquist, who writes a syndicated column for the Chicago *American*, starts with Joy Adamson and Louis Auchincloss and ends with Morris West and Emlyn Williams, and—to mention only a few of those in the middl he presents Truman Capote, Pe De Vries Margery Sharp, Tyr Guthrie, C. P. Snow, Dwight M donald, and Jessica Mitford. I did read them all. One goes through book as one walks through a room of friends, picking out the ones knows best to talk or listen to. Bu found the remarks of Mark V Doren, Louis Auchincloss, and M gery Sharp for me particularly pe trating and enjoyable, each for ve different reasons. . . . Here are c contemporary literary lights on over lightly—and with several s prising omissions.

Rand McNally, $6.

Opinions and Perspectives, edit and with an introduction by Franc Brown.

This anthology—which contains almost exactly the same number essays as *Counterpoint* (above) co tains interviews (and not a few the same authors)—is, however, wholly different literary enterpris These are not, for the most part, su jective reflections on the personal a of creation or the state of the ar today. They are general, largely ob jective, sometimes profound, som times light, sometimes historic commentary on the literary scen both past and present. Mr. Brow editor of *The New York Times Boo Review* since 1949, has chosen th essays from articles published in tha magazine in the last decade. H divides them into groups: "Conside the Contemporary," "American Clas sics," "Reviews and Appraisals," "Points of View," "Something Per sonal," "The Author's Experience," and "Men and Measures." It is a impressive and stimulating galaxy.

Houghton Mifflin, $6.9

So What Else Is New? by Harry Golden.

All one has to say about a new book of Harry Golden's random thoughts on everything under the sun is that it exists. And presto, a new best-seller. This one happens to include among other things "A Last Visit with John F. Kennedy," "Lyndon B. Johnson," and "The Beatles." So that's part of what's new, and one can predict without much trouble that the author of *Only in America* has done it again.

Putnam, $4.95

MUSIC *in the round*

by Discus

Bernstein Twice

one can sit back and listen e "Kaddish" without the dis- ing polemics that this com- ted man and musician so inspires.

nard Bernstein is a man who s violent reactions, and of course appraisals are carried over into ates of the music he composes. his Third Symphony, the *Kad-* was first heard last season, it attacked in many quarters, and wondered just how much those ks were against Bernstein the rather than Bernstein the com- . Those who think he is a ır, and there are many who do, only too anxious to read that ty into the symphony. Now that as recorded the **Kaddish** with New York Philharmonic (Colum- KL 6005, mono; KS 6605, eo), one can settle back and y study the work, divorced from polemic that accompanied it.

ke his two previous symphonies, as programmatic connotations. nstein up to now has not been "absolute" composer. His best ks are for the stage, where music ways illustrating the action. His t Symphony, the *Jeremiah*, was ired by the Bible; and his Sec- *The Age of Anxiety*, by an len poem. Bernstein, of course, all the compositional skill to te any number of abstract sym- nies, but apparently he needs to riggered by some kind of extra- sical stimulus to achieve best re- s.

nd so for this Third Symphony went to the Kaddish, the Hebrew yer for the dead. (Bernstein does seem to be a militant Jew, but he ays has been deeply conscious of his Jewish heritage.) He wrote his own text, one that aroused a large amount of derision. And, indeed, much of the poem is pretentious. But it is interesting for all that, illustrating as it does a certain view toward modern man's relation to that primitive God known as Jahveh. It is a view that is partly exasperated, partly loving, partly resigned; and, in its way, it is a perfectly valid exposition. If only it were not so "literary" and pompous!

Bernstein has assigned this text to a speaker (his wife, Felicia Montealegre, is narrator on this disc) He also has inserted a part for mezzo-soprano (Jennie Tourel) and a large choral part (the Camerata Singers and Columbus Boychoir). Not yet fifty years old, Bernstein nevertheless reflects a style of composition that is completely old hat in the more aggressive modern circles. His style stems from Copland and Stravinsky and the American school of the 1930s. He has never shown any particular liking for dodecaphonic music (and, indeed, seldom programs it with his New York Philharmonic); and when he does do an avant-garde festival, as he did last year, he manages to make his distaste for that kind of writing quite clear.

There is nothing wrong with a composer writing in any style he chooses, provided he is honest about it. Bernstein, though, is not only a complete eclectic (that is one of the troubles in having his kind of musical-blotter mind, the kind that absorbs every type of music and retains it for good), but very often he gives the impression that no style is his own. This is not very fair to say, for he does indeed have a style. But it is a sophisticated, musical-comedy style rather than a symphonic style. Bernstein, who writes so easily and freely for the musical theatre, seems to become awed when he approaches symphonic music. He has a tendency to fall back upon tricks—tricks from Copland, tricks from Stravinsky, even hints at dodecaphonic tricks. All this he swathes in an orchestral coat of many colors, and he really does understand the orchestra. Yet the *Kaddish* Symphony ends up artificial-sounding, a noble failure despite its brilliance and good intentions.

For the subject is bigger than Bernstein is, much bigger. Bernstein does not seem to be able to rise to it. He bogs down in an attempt to be serious, and that generally happens when he tries serious works. It is a shame that so fine a musical mind should end up with banalities and pretentious overwriting.

None of this is evident in his first two Broadway scores. *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town* are the height of civilized musical wit, and in our day only Cole Porter has been able to achieve this kind of sophistication and musical imagination. Bernstein not only seems to have the ability to snap off really first-rate tunes (there is nothing in his serious music that has the melodic flow of the "Ohio" duet in *Wonderful Town*), but also the ability to break completely away from the Broadway harmonic formulas. He even engages in a certain amount of parody, immediately recognized as such by



trained musicians. Sometimes the pairings may be unconscious. Did Bernstein realize that in the "Pass That Football" number from *Wonderful Town* he was all but transliterating the bass line of the "Crucifixus" from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*? In *West Side Story* there are additional hints of parody, sometimes unconscious. *West Side Story*, though, does not have the natural flow of *On the Town* and *Wonderful Town*, despite the fact that it is by far Bernstein's greatest success. Virtuosi are learned in direct proportion to the "seriousness" of the book. The more serious Bernstein tries to get, the more his music suffers.

Some of this carries over into his conducting. He is not especially comfortable with Beethoven, for instance. The music is temperamentally alien to him, and he does one of two things: he either is so rigid and exact that the music sounds dehydrated, or he leans the other way and tinkers so much with it that the result is comical. The same is true of his Mozart, Schumann, Brahms. It is not true of his Haydn conducting, where Haydn's extro-

version and Bernstein's are happily paired. It certainly is not true of any exhibitionistic score. Bernstein does Richard Strauss very well. He also has an affinity with Mahler, who, like Bernstein, was a complicated man.

When Bernstein comes across a composer to whom he really responds—with a deep emotional as well as intellectual response—the results can be blazing. His new recording of the Berlioz **Symphonie fantastique**, with the New York Philharmonic, is a case in point. (Columbia ML 6007, mono, MS 6607, stereo.)

Mind to Mind

Here is mind meeting mind, manner meeting manner. The *Symphonie fantastique* is a program symphony (and a Bernstein's own symphonies are program symphonies). It is brilliantly orchestrated (as are Bernstein's). It is theatrical, effective, and Faustian. To all this Bernstein responds and flowers. And this disc is as definitive a performance of the work as has ever been heard.

It not only illustrates Bernstein's rhythmic flair, but is full of subtleties. The second movement, a waltz, is conducted with a good deal of rubato, but a delicate rubato, not a stomping one. Here and there Bernstein holds back on the second beat just a trifle, and it is a Viennese rather than a French effect, but the result is delicious. The choice of tempos sounds perfect. And the last movement, the *Nuit du Sabbat*, is a triumph. Obviously fascinated with the score, Bernstein misses no detail. The close-up, very brilliant recorded sound helps, too. In the concert hall one never hears the *col legno* effects with the vivid clarity they come through here. The effect, in context with the music, is almost frightening. (*Col legno* means rapping the strings with the wooden part of the bow.) There is one point near the end where the orchestra actually shrieks. This is indeed a witches' sabbath.

Of course, only so electrifying a score could stand up under so electrifying an approach. It is in music like this that Bernstein is unique. If this kind of identification, style, and resource could be transferred to other segments of the repertory, what a conductor we would have!

And Also . . .

Janacek: Sinfonietta; Preludes to The Makropoulos Affair, Katya Kabanova, The House of the Dead, Jenufa. Pro Arte Orchestra conducted by Charles Mackerras. Vanguard 1116 mono, 1116 stereo.

Some piano music by the fine Czech composer who died in 1928. The Sinfonietta has unusual spirit and invention. It is a nationalistic work. The other pieces on this disc are preludes to operas. Those among others, deserves to be a repertory piece. Fine performances.

Chopin: Piano Concerto in F minor; Andante Spianato and Polonaise; Nocturne in C-sharp minor (posth.). Janos Vasary, piano, and Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Janos Kulka. Deutsche Grammophon DGG 19442, mono, 136442, stereo.

Very nice, flexible performances. The Andante Spianato and Polonaise, played here as originally composed for piano and orchestra, is of special interest. Usually it is played as a piano solo. Vasary, a young Hungarian pianist, seems to be a major talent.

JAZZ *notes*

by Eric Larrabee

Camouflage

New Law of Record Merchandising: the seriousness of the jacket correlates negatively with the seriousness of the record. The two at issue come from the same company, within four digits of one another on the latin, and differ strikingly in appearance: one cover is an abstractionist painting, the other a gagged-up photo. The former contains a "narration" against jazz background spoken by Skitch Henderson (eventually suite) to—as, indeed, it has appeared on a Leonard Bernstein Youth Concert with the Philharmonic, while the latter— put forward under the hard-sell title *From Vienna with Jazz!*—is the most impressive jazz-classical combination to be heard in years.

Jazz Journey rates the high-class treatment because it is made by John Lewis's Orchestra U.S.A. and (in part) is conducted by Gunther Schuller, and these are names Columbia can rely on record-buyers to recognize in a "class" context. *From Vienna . . .* is made by Friedrich Gulda, and who (or so the merchandising vice president must have said) ever heard of Friedrich Gulda?

His record is jazz with some thickness to it; the classical background of the soloist (Mr. Gulda on piano) has been put to work, for a change, to deepen and elaborate his ideas. The jazz elements have penetrated and been absorbed into the orchestral background, rather than simply larded onto the solo, and the other musicians are, if anything, more solidly jazz-trained than Gulda is.

He is described as a modest man, if brave to the point of rashness, and deserves better billing than he gets here. His *Music for Piano and Band* is not as tuneful as a Gershwin concerto, nor as rich as Ravel, but it is solidly and sensibly constructed, of the right materials; those who want to build upon it and go higher will not go far wrong.

Jazz Journey. Orchestra U.S.A. John Lewis, Musical Director. Columbia CS 9047. **From Vienna with Jazz!** Friedrich Gulda, his piano and big band. Columbia CS 9051.



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*ILLUSTRATED BY N. M. BODECKER

Foreword

THIS special collection of travel articles is not intended for the "fourteen-countries-in-fourteen-days" trippers nor the ones who split the Louvre between husband and wife ("You go around the outside, I'll go through the inside, and I'll meet you here in twenty minutes"). Nor is it in any sense a guidebook. It is, rather, a menu for the nourishment of the spirits and the enhancement of the pleasures of those who already know how to delight in travel.

This is an era of mass travel, just as it is of mass everything else. Some seasoned voyagers look upon this phenomenon with dismay, believing that packaged tours have ruined the world they love. There are those who think that the only time to travel is out of season, and those who have discovered that in some respects there is no such thing anymore as out of season. But of one thing we can be sure: there are more knowing travelers than ever before, more purposeful ones, and more places for them to go.

No one, of course, knows all the ropes in all the sorts of places he can reach in a few hours by jet or a few weeks by ship. No one is immune to the "culture shock" of being transported from the familiar to the exotic between breakfast and dinner. But today's American is by and large a great deal more sophisticated on foreign shores than he was a couple of decades ago. Indeed, he may be the most sophisticated of all travelers today.

"Abroad" is no longer synonymous with Europe, as it once was, and the items in this menu reflect the extension of our appetites. Foreign travel no longer means just recreation; it means business and professional excursions and involvements with the lives and workings (and not just the spectacular sights and monuments) of other nations: the surest antidote to provincialism. Today's sophisticated traveler is no longer a wanderer on a grand tour. He travels with his eyes open, his ears attuned, his purse diminishing; sometimes he goes with a group, sometimes with a child's hand clasped in his; sometimes he is on the defensive, sometimes with his nose in the air.

Just about a year ago *Harper's* made a survey of its readers and it produced some remarkable statistics about the way they travel. To a question about "method of travel" 8 per cent of those who had gone to Europe in the last five years declined to say how they got there, 79 per cent said that they had gone by plane, 34 per cent had gone by ship (obviously some overlap here), and then there was a mysterious one per cent who answered "other." This special notebook for the sophisticated traveler, since we don't believe in editing on the basis of surveys, is directed, of course, to the frank 121, but even more to that imaginative one per cent.



The Case of the Extravagant Traveler

by Eleanor Perényi

Spending money is usually as much an emotional as a financial matter for the voyager. But, says this insatiable traveler (who grew up in Europe, China, and the West Indies and now lives in Connecticut), almost any way you lose you win.

One thing the traveler who is neither rich nor exactly poor ought to be clear about before he starts out: He will be broke when he gets home. This will be true if he has watched his spending money and avoided temptations along the way—and just as true if he has succumbed to them. If he has been rash enough to fall for some of the various forms of travel credit available, like pay-later plans, his situation will of course be even worse. He will not only be broke but in debt. This law of inevitable bankruptcy does not work at opposite ends of the scale. The rich are just as rich and the poor, oddly enough, no poorer when *they* get home. Neither faces the bedeviling decisions of the middle-income man. Is the four-star restaurant really worth the price—once? Is a hired car with chauffeur the only way to see Turkey? When is an economy flight too uncomfortable to justify the lower fare? (The answers to the above are: "Check Michelin's current edition," "Yes," and "On any trip longer than six hours." At least they are *my* answers.)

If one has more than enough money or none at all, such questions do not arise, or have other answers. But the intelligent traveler with only adequate means debates them all along the line because something beyond the mere budgeting of money is involved. What turns out to be at stake is not money but one's "money's worth," for which no exact standard exists. The simple human wish for luxury will never be the answer.

The best travel stories, moreover, are tales of hardship like Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, Mungo Park trudging on foot through Africa. Without

the homicidal guide, the lost luggage, there may be literally nothing to write home about. This is one reason why Marco Polo makes such stupefying reading. He and his brothers seem to have had no trouble at all, to have been, indeed, on a flawlessly conducted tour of Asia. But it is they, not the Doughtys, who are the prototypes of today's tourist as we see him reflected in the ads. The Polos would have liked those ships which, in addition to facilities for "relaxing" (that word which seems to indicate neither rest nor active pleasure), provide conference rooms and secretarial service. They too were more interested in the "fabulous buys" in local markets than in art or landscape or history. They share, in other words, the middle-class ideal of travel today, with its emphasis on absolute security, absolute comfort—and perhaps the chance to pick up a little business.

But what if one does *not* share this ideal? Clearly, one is guilty of the kind of reverse snobbery that raises an eyebrow at a friend who is spending his all to go first-class on the *United States*. Worse, there is a detectable overtone of moral priggishness. In the affluent society, it is not the fact of extravagance that shocks, not what is spent but how: millions for a motor caravan across Africa if I had them, but not one cent for a suite at the Caribe Hilton.

Down Pillows and Bribe Money

Is there then a case for extravagance? I think so. But here I must emphasize my own bias, which is not everyone's. A lifetime of middle-income and sometimes downright poverty-stricken travel hasn't given me any hankerings to better my lot. I would not go to an expensive resort if I could. I don't like Biarritz, the Swiss ski places, St. Tropez, Acapulco, or Porto Ercole. I have no credentials for joining what *Vogue* keeps calling "The Beautiful People." I am not strong on yachts or the people who hire yachts, especially to visit the Greek islands, which I have found enjoyable in exactly reverse ratio to the expense of the layout. Much, in short, of what passes for luxurious travel leaves me cold. Rather I am that antiquated tourist, Baedeker or Augustus Hare in hand, who is to be found prowling around the Forum Romanum. I have even abandoned the camera, that device for unseeing. Nowadays, I come home not only broke but without records. Lastly, I am terrified of airplanes, to which no amount of red-carpeting or promises of "champagne flights" can tempt me. All the same, and inside this admittedly narrow context, I think a certain amount of sheer extravagance is necessary to the enjoyment of travel.

Indeed prejudices like mine, of a generally stoical tendency, generate a whole complex of special spending. Take the dislike of air travel. It is cheaper. Transcontinental trains, and those to Mexico, now cost a great deal more than the plane fare. Boats to Europe are a toss-up, aggravated by the fact that while it is just possible to endure an overseas economy flight of a few hours, twelve days in tourist class to Naples is something else again. The solution for the plane-hater is twelve days in *first* class. The unwillingness to fly, moreover, works out to an ampler plan altogether. More time, more clothes, more luggage, something to read en route . . . Books! I carry dozens: guidebooks, histories, travel books, paperback Simenons. Porters groan and stagger, and have to be given great big extra tips. And since one is in for this much, why not a few more comforts of home? Years of misery, especially in Mediterranean countries, have taught me the value of a large goose-down pillow. Given a delicious pillow, any mattress can be endured. So I also carry that, zipped up in a plaid case of my own making. And a typewriter. And next time I travel, I will take one of those fold-up lamps with tiny, powerful bulbs, for use in the kind of remote place I often go to, where even the best hotels have never heard of a reading light. As well be hanged for a sheep.

The guidebooks I carry suggest another prejudice that runs into money. I cannot endure to *be* guided. The bus tour that is usually the most economical and often the most efficient way to see something in a short time is to me a form of agony. Not enough time in the right places and too much in the wrong. But, above all, the voice of the guide, worse if amplified on a microphone, reciting its dispiriting lesson: Twenty thousand bits of glass in this mosaic; that shrunken lump of coal with a tooth is the head of St. Catherine of Siena. Museum attendants, guardian monks, custodians of shrines, I try to flee them all, and in my haste have blundered more than once up a hillside where Agamemnon's Treasury wasn't, or missed some part of a ruin altogether. Where the *Guide Bleu* fails me, and it often does—"Next, we pass through the Main Gateway of the E. peribolum . . ."—all is lost.

Hubris is inconvenient. It is also expensive. Not to take the guided tour means taxis and hired cars, especially where bus signs are unreadable and subways nonexistent—$5 a day in

Istanbul just to get by (larcenous) cabs to and from the old city where I could roam around on foot trying to follow directions like this: "Turning into the Kutukçu Sokagi, the fifth street on the l. after the Sultan Selim Çaddesi, you will come to the ruins of the little Byzantine church of . . ." And at the little Byzantine church there will be a little man with a key who wants money to let me in.

Independent travel means carrying a certain amount of bribe money, one of the points to avoiding the guided tour being that one is supposed to penetrate those villas closed to the public, sealed up reliquaries, and sequestered paintings that are the status symbols of erudite travel. Unfortunately, it sometimes works out quite the other way, and it is the sheep who are herded into the sanctuary while the unregimented goat stands outside feeling a fool. Swan Hellenic Cruises, Connaissance des Arts groups, and all those with names like the Society of Architectural Historians can get into anything, and the problems of duplicating one of their tours privately are formidable.

One decides, for instance, to visit the ruins of Aphrodisias in southern Turkey, unknown to any but the most specialized archaeological tours, and for that matter also unknown to the driver of the hired car, who nevertheless wants about $40 for the trip there from Ephesus. As it works out, the *Guide Bleu* does not know where Aphrodisias is either—it is wrong by a good fifteen kilometers of practically impassable road and several place names. A harrowing experience, for which the reward is perhaps the most exquisite of the Greco-Roman sites in Asia Minor, all shell-pink marble, lying in a wild valley under a snow-peak.

Something Less Than Native

The rewards are not invariable. I have to admit that my prejudice against organized travel and the large, possibly vulgar hotel is apt to break down when I leave the shores of Europe. All very well for Arabists to clothe themselves in native dress and plunge into the desert unescorted. The unconducted tour of Turkey—not the desert but not American Express country either—frankly scared the daylights out of me and convinced me that in the East at any rate the charm of the native inn does not usually outweigh the vulgar luxury of the Hilton, if there is one. It is something to be able to turn in for a night's sleep without a wary eye on the spotted walls or the nagging worry that the luggage may be stolen by morning. The sad truth is that while one may despise the middle-class ideal one is somehow its victim anyway. As I lay in my unspeakable Turkish inns, I read Doughty and Mungo Park and Freya Stark by the twenty-watt bulbs burning like feeble fireflies on the ceiling, and told myself that the kinship I felt with them was spurious—spurious because I knew that if anything better had been at hand, I would have stayed there like a shot.

Spotless Japan with its poetic little native hotels, tatami-floored, extremely uncomfortable, is an exception. Like the tea ceremony, Japanese inns have an obscure, beautiful, somewhat overrated point. In the rest of the East there is almost no middle ground between the splurge, which often means a kind of old-fashioned colonial grandeur, and a debilitating squalor. This is said with a note of apology for its ugly echo of the complaints of memsahibs about dirt and drinking water and "native food"—and about this last, at least, they were wrong. It is usually delicious and far, far better than the sham Western meals served in hotels rated suitable for foreign devils. The fact remains: The ex-French, ex-English, ex-Dutch, or plain American hotel with its stigma of spacious plumbing and bar and air conditioning is the one to seek in the East or Africa, and expense and the liberal conscience be damned.

"The waiter seemed a little offended . . . so I overtipped him. That made him happy. It felt comfortable to be in a country where it is so simple to make people happy. You can never tell whether a Spanish waiter will thank you. Everything is on such a clear financial basis in France . . . . If you want people to like you you have only to spend a little money. . . . I spent a little money and the waiter liked me. He appreciated my valuable qualities. He would be glad to see me back."

This is Hemingway and typically show-off, and typically American show-off, attaching as it does a special significance to the domestic aspect of travel: how to tell the difference between Spanish and French waiters, just as Hemingway elsewhere tells us how to get along with white hunters, barmen, muleteers, and where the best food and drink are to be found. It is our form of "inness." (The "in" Englishman—Waugh? Connolly?—could not care less about the temperament of waiters, knows all about the historical data, and is probably dining at the Embassy.) It is also, of course, naïve, and a little touching. Americans feel a peculiar reassurance when a waiter recognizes them. It is as if by doing so he



"Years of misery, especially in Mediterranean countries, have taught me the value of a large goose-down pillow."

bestowed on them an identity they did not otherwise have. This, I think, is why we worry more than other peoples about tipping. How much for the chief steward? The sommelier? Will the porter make a scene if given only what the law calls for? (Yes, he will.) Afraid to be miserly, not wanting to be taken for a rich boob, anxious to do the right thing, the American tourist fusses endlessly over these questions, and usually ends by giving a little too much. (But the Germans are hated on the Continent for, among more powerful reasons, their penuriousness with tips, and the French are not popular travelers either.) It is a matter of what one wants: to be received as a valued client, or to pass more or less anonymously on one's way.

How Not to Be Terrorized

European hotels complicate the whole business by their policy of adding 12 or 15 per cent service charge and then allowing the staff to line up like so many mendicants as the guest leaves—or they complicate it for me. With this charge in mind—*and* the one for heat, *and* the tax of sojourn, *and* the final stamp that mysteriously completes the affair of the bill—my instinct is often to pass the whole group furiously by. The trouble is that it is the hotel and not the staff who is greedy. The percentage for service is not distributed; at best it only helps the hotel to meet its payroll. The Italians are talking about abolishing this system, but when they do, there will still be the delicate question of "How much?"

On the whole, I think a reasonably extravagant policy is best. Concierges have long memories. Gabriel, who terrorized the guests of the Hotel Bristol in Vienna for years before the second war, once whipped out an unpaid bill for stamps and other oddments, at least three years old, when I was unwise enough to mention the name of the Viennese friend who had recommended the hotel—"See, he owes me forty schillings!" It was not, naturally, the bill that made Gabriel commit this discourtesy. Unpaid bills were endemic at the Bristol in those days. It was my friend's failure to give him a *pourboire*. Gabriel belonged to that order of old hotel personages who figure in aristocratic memoirs, often as evidence of upper-class masochism, since they usually *were* rude and always capricious. Like gilded ceilings and heated bath rails, they belong to the atmospheric past. To know them, above all to have them know you, meant that you were rich, or important, or interestingly eccentric—or, ideally, all three. Life is undoubtedly simpler without them. It is enough now to smile, tip generously where it seems deserved, and pass on. At best, you will be remembered with pleasure and welcomed back. At worst, you will be forgotten, a fate the stoical traveler learns to surmount.

A more acute test is the one he faces in the

marketplace. To spend or not? The rabidity for shopping, a subject that dominates American guidebooks and large hunks of travel journalism, suggests that the really original thing to do is to come home empty-handed. Not that Americans are the only ones at fault. A visit from a ship like the *Caronia* on one of her world cruises can bolster whole national economies, and is tensely competed for. The making of trashy objects for idiot foreigners is not a new idea either. The Athenians were turning out a variety of gaudy vase, often with joke inscriptions, for shipment to the ignorant Etruscans in the sixth century B.C., and no doubt the little shops at Ostia Antica, whose sidewalk advertising in black-and-white mosaic is still to be seen, carried all sorts of shoddy goods. Then, as now, the sophisticated visitor must have passed them by and hurried up to Rome itself to the shop known for its sandals or the dealer in Greek antiques he could trust. Reliable shopping addresses must be as old as the history of cities.

Competing with Professionals

What is new is a distribution system that makes the whole question of what to buy abroad academic—if price is no object, and sometimes even then. Almost the only thing the American *can* get abroad that he can't at home is, in fact, tourist-style trash: Guatemalan weaving from German looms, Italian gloves that dye the hands, 1965 Greek vases, and all the other flotsam of inferior local production that buyers for American department stores and specialty shops won't touch. So frenetic is the commercial search for the original, the brilliant handmade gimmick, that foreigners themselves often say they can find their native products more easily at, for instance, Macy's than at home. And what we don't import we frequently copy. Ohrbach's famous reproductions of French *haute couture* clothes at reasonable prices could not exist in France and are so desirable that even women who could afford the real thing rush to buy them.

The tourist's chances of unearthing a really talented designer of clothes, pottery, silver, leather, before he is found by a professional talent scout are, alas, also quite illusory. Certainly, there is a little tailor on the island of Mykonos who turns out wonderful slacks. But on the wall of his closet-like shop you will find a photograph of Christian Dior, with an effusive handwritten testimonial to the excellence of the slacks. Unless you are at the literal end of the world, your discovery of someone who has been overlooked by a visiting *Bazaar* editor or a buyer for Neiman-Marcus will have a depressing reason: He's no good. It is hardly ever true, either, that the famous practitioner is actually no better than the unknown around the corner. Unfortunately, Hermès *does* produce the most superb leathers, Balenciaga the most beautiful women's clothes, Schlumberger the most exquisite jewels in the world.

The moral points to extravagance. The best buys abroad are those things which, while expensive (an Hermès alligator bag can cost $600 in Paris), are still anywhere up to 40 per cent less than they would be at home, where they are beyond one's pocketbook altogether—luxury objects whose craft and materials justify their price. (At lower levels, price differences diminish, and sometimes disappear altogether.) Not furs; American standards for these are the highest anywhere, and it is folly to buy them abroad. Not, necessarily, antiques; English silver, for instance, now often costs more in London than in New York. Not all clothes; most ready-to-wear is better at home and a lot of "boutique" stuff in places like Greece and Mexico is indeed handmade, but badly. The famous Italian sportswear is not only easier to locate but frequently much better chosen in American stores than in Italy itself. Household things—perhaps. One must be prepared, though, to find the same item sitting smugly in Marshall Field's or one of those little Japanese shops that have become part of our landscape.

But when all this is said, there is still one thing worse than being duped or careless. This is the feeling of regret for the unique, the unreproduceable object that got away. Like the place that was so near and yet unvisited, the unbought thing can become in retrospect the most desirable of all. These lost opportunities have a way of occurring at the ends of voyages. Sated with experience, aware of the vanishing roll of checks, the traveler turns cautious and lazy. He will come back some day, and meanwhile this isn't the only diamond pin, copper brazier, lace mantilla, and the price by local standards, to which he is now accustomed, seems high. Possibly they take him for a gullible tourist? The moment slips away, and the opportunity does not, as a matter of fact, come again. Why, oh why not have taken a chance? Because, as we said at the beginning, he will be just as broke when he gets home as if he had bought the whole lot. Well, next time he will know better—and shoot the works.



The Sight of Music

by Harold C. Schonberg

The delights of music are not all sounds; they are also surroundings. The music critic of the "New York Times" makes suggestions about how and where to listen with your eyes.

Probably the only place where music exists in a pure, ideal state is in the composer's inner ear. Once loosed upon the world, his music is at the mercy of the performers and the surroundings. Music sounds different in different places. If nothing else, there is an acoustic factor. The Brahms First Symphony has a completely different sound in the great Musikvereinssaal of Vienna than it has with the same orchestra in the Royal Albert Hall of London, where there are not one but two echoes, and where reverberations wander disconsolately around, looking for a place to perch. A tenor in the small Teatro la Fenice in Venice is not the same tenor who sings at the Metropolitan in New York. For in the vast surroundings of the Metropolitan, his voice has a different timbre and amplitude. In opera, too, there is always the factor of translation. It takes some adjustment for the Western listener at the Bolshoi Theater to take in *"Serdtse krasavitsky,"* when his ear tells him the music is saying, *"La donna è mobile";* or *"Kurtizany, ischadye poroka,"* when the baritone should be singing *"Cortigiani, vil razza."*

And not to be despised is the psychological factor. Now, it may be that Château Lafite is the same ambrosia when sipped from a beer mug or from a delicate wineglass; but it tastes better from the glass. Similarly Mozart's *Idomeneo* is basically the same opera when given at Covent Garden or the Cuvilliéstheater in Munich. But it was at the Cuvilliéstheater in 1781 that Mozart himself conducted the world premiere. Today the little theater, that most perfect jewel of the Rococo, stands exactly as it was when Mozart was there. What heart will not beat a little faster when the overture starts? Who will not read associations into the performance that distinguish it from any elsewhere?

This weight of tradition makes concert- and opera-going in Europe a somewhat different experience than it is in America. One's pulse does speed up when entering La Scala, the house that was so directly concerned with the affairs of Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini. In Vienna it takes a hardened soul to enter the Theater an der Wien without reflecting that Beethoven himself had walked the aisles and—who knows?—perhaps sat in the very location where you are now. At the Bayreuth Festspielhaus the spirit of Wagner is all but palpable. At the Staatsoper in Munich one rubs elbows with the presence of Richard Strauss.

Physically, the old opera houses of Europe have much in common. By American standards they are small, averaging less than 2,000 seats.

(Some people have the idea that La Scala is a big hall. It isn't, though it is one of the bigger ones in Europe, with its 2,289 seats. The Metropolitan Opera has 3,639.) They are dignified, with miles of red plush and classical pillars, acres of gold leaf. Some are ornate, like the Paris Opéra, where everything is breathtaking but the singing. Some are provincial, like the Royal Theater in Stockholm, where at intermission the audience is regaled with colored slides flashed on a screen lowered to the stage. These slides advertise such local worthies as *"Holberg och Holmgren—Gardinspecialisten."* Some are relaxed, like the opera house in Odessa, where during the summer months the orchestra plays in shirtsleeves and the audience eats ice cream in the boxes. But all nevertheless have a family relationship. They were built in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, which means they are horseshoe-shaped, with a royal box in the middle (or, in some cases, at the extreme side). They are, being uniformly state-subsidized, part of the community as no American opera house ever can be. Their size is such that there is a feeling of contact between audience and performers.

Three Special Beauties

Of course there are special opera houses that are all but museums. Three of those are the Court Theater at Drottningholm (just outside of Stockholm), the Altes Residenztheater (or Cuvilliéstheater) in Munich, and the Teatro la Fenice in Venice. At Drottningholm the Swedes do it up proud. Built in 1766, the Court Theater was restored in 1921 according to its original specifications, and when opera is staged there it is with an eighteenth-century flavor. The ushers and orchestra players wear eighteenth-century dress, complete with white periwigs. The conductor also does. One of the great sights is watching him come out, adjust his ruffles, put on his horn-rimmed glasses, and look surreptitiously at his wristwatch. Tourists love the show, and the ladies go ooh and aah.

La Fenice and the Cuvilliéstheater are working opera houses, and they are startlingly beautiful. The history of the latter goes back to 1753. It is a tiny house, seating about five hundred, and it looks like something out of Hans Christian Andersen, all gingerbread and goodies, gleaming in cream, red, and gold. During the last war the Germans took it down, piece by piece, for safekeeping. It was a wise precaution, for Munich was heavily bombed, and the nearby Staatsoper was gutted. When the war was over, the Germans put the Cuvilliéstheater together again. Nothing like this happened to the Teatro la Fenice, also a small house and almost as beautiful. It stands today much as it did when it was opened in 1792.

Venice has this lovely opera house but no concert halls as such. What the Venetians do for concerts is to use churches, public buildings, or shrines. During the summer, the *vaporetto* carries the audience across the Grand Canal to San Giorgio and its sixteenth-century Cloister of Cypresses—a quiet, rectangular garden bounded by a building in which art exhibitions frequently are given. Somehow the choral music of Vivaldi sounds better there than anywhere else.

Or a concert of Renaissance music may be given in the enormous room of the Scuola Grande di San Rocco, where walls and ceiling are covered by tremendous Tintoretto paintings. At first one cannot hear the music for looking at the paintings, and cannot look at the paintings for listening to the music. Once an adjustment is made, though, the listener has a feeling of aesthetic well-being that is unique.

During the war quite a few German and Austrian opera houses were destroyed. Several of these have been reconstructed much as they originally were. These include the famous Staatsoper in Vienna (one of the best listening houses in the world) and the Nationaltheater in Munich. But in many cases the architects have been told to proceed on their own, and some remarkable buildings have resulted.

In Berlin, which always has been hospitable to architectural innovation, there is a pair of new musical edifices that are attracting much attention. The Deutsche Oper was opened in September 1961 and is ultramodern. Its exterior is a great gray slab covering most of a city block, garnished by a huge abstract metal construction. Inside, the atmosphere is austere and all but clinical; and instead of busts of Mozart and Beethoven, there are sculptures by Jean Arp, Henry Moore, Kenneth Armitage, and other heroes of the modern school. The auditorium is rectangular, with perfect sight lines from every one of the 1,800 seats.

But that is Victorian compared with the Symphonie in Berlin, the home of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, which opened last year. This is modernism with a vengeance, and Berliners promptly nicknamed the hall Karajan's Circus. The roof has several scalloped peaks, giving a tentlike appearance. Hans Scharoun, the architect, extended his novel ideas to the interior, a

Caligari maze of angles, levels, and unexpected turns. He has called his hall "a landscape, with mountains and valleys," and after some acquaintance with the Symphonie it is possible to follow Scharoun's logic. The chances are, though, that in the next generation the hall will be as dated as a 1925 ad in *Vanity Fair* is today.

The auditorium itself is equally unconventional. It was Scharoun's idea to surround the orchestra with the audience. Thus there is no proscenium, no reflecting surface, no real stage. Aesthetically, the innovation can be argued pro and con. Acoustically, there is no argument. Large areas of the Symphonie are acoustically inferior, and the problem is causing Berliners great concern.

Acoustic problems have come up in quite a few postwar European (and, of course, American) theaters. By common consent, the two greatest symphony halls in Europe are the Musikvereinssaal in Vienna (opened in 1870, with 1,680 seats), and the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam (1887, with 2,206 seats). Both of these more than live up to their acoustic reputation. Their orchestral sound is warm and vital, with an extraordinary feeling of presence, and with freedom from echo. Why, then, can't modern architects, engineers, and acousticians come near duplicating that kind of beautiful sound?

Apparently they can't. Whether it is because modern concert halls are too large, or perhaps because building materials have changed, or because modern taste in design and decor prohibit the breaking-up of reflecting surfaces characteristic of the older halls, the fact remains that one new concert hall after another is in acoustic difficulties.

London's Royal Festival Hall is a case in point. This 3,000-seat structure was opened in 1951 and in some respects was a triumph. Its location, along the Thames; its comfort, with acres of promenade space; its good looks (even if there were some complaints about the boxes, which reminded people of half-extended bureau drawers)—all these promised a brilliant addition to Europe's collection of great concert halls. But alas! From the very first day it was evident that acoustically it was bad; and a concert hall without good sound, no matter how beautiful, does leave a little bit to be desired. Bass was lacking, and there was an inferior fusion of sound.

For fourteen years Festival Hall officials tussled with the problem. Last year they decided that nothing could be done, short of a complete reconstruction. They therefore went to sound engineers and had electronic reinforcement of bass notes built into the hall. Festival Hall people maintain that the kind of electronic reinforcement they have adopted is a physical, built-in feature of the hall no more objectionable than the clouds in New York's new Philharmonic Hall, or the shell of any stage. But musicians are looking on the thing with deep distrust.

Connoisseurs often get into great and fervid discussions about which is the most beautiful concert hall in Europe. Has there ever been any discussion of the ugliest? The vote here would go to the Grand Pleyel in Paris, that monument of antiseptic, chromed unloveliness of the 1920s, with its high, unrelieved walls and total lack of charm. Concert halls, of course, on the whole represent nowhere near the effort and money that traditionally have gone into the erection of opera houses. For many years, concert life in London was dominated by Wigmore Hall, which is really nothing but a large, undistinctive room. The Salle Gaveau in Paris is not handsome, nor are Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool, the Konzertsaal in Berlin, and most others one could mention. The newer concert halls, though, are being designed with care, and that is something new in the scheme of things. They may have acoustic flaws, but that is another matter. Typical of new European concert halls is the Koncertsal in the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen—ultramodern inside, with glass walls so that the audience can look out while listening.

Opera and Food Correlated

But, as always, it is opera that provides most physical and musical glamour, and part of the fun of opera-going in Europe is observing national differences in presentation. There are those who would extend, or at least couple, national differences in presentation with national differences in food.

A restaurant near the Nationaltheater in Munich serves a dinner built around *Gulaschsuppe*, followed by a marvelous *Rumpsteak mit Pfifferlinge und Petersilkartoffeln*, washed down by a superior Moselle. A meal like this is the only suitable complement to the oncoming *Zauberflöte* a block away. Caviar, cabbage soup, and Kiev cutlets at the Ukraine Hotel in Moscow are the only fit meal before *Boris Godunov* at the Bolshoi. Each is a specific product of the country, unduplicated elsewhere. Food and music! How well they go together! And how often they are mistreated! It would be a severe gastronomic, not to say aesthetic, error to partake of *Rumpsteak mit Pfifferlinge und Petersilkartoffeln* before a per-

formance of *Manon*. For that, a *Filet de sole au vin blanc* is called for, or perhaps *Rognons de veau à la Bordelaise*.

In Madrid, for example, a good *paella*, unspoiled by an overdose of saffron, can be followed by a visit to the zarzuelas (Spanish operettas) given in Los Jardines de Cecilia Rodriguez del Retiro—a fairyland of grass, trees, flowers, and well-manicured shrubbery. In the background are noises from the zoo, and twenty-cycle roars from lions occasionally make the deepest bass singers sound like coloratura sopranos. Performances at Los Jardines generally are listed as starting at 11:00 P.M., but the Spaniards are a leisurely people and as often as not it is nearer midnight when the performances get under way.

Stagecraft: Paris to Kiev

Until recently, opera in Paris was a relic of the Second Empire. The new administration of Georges Auric seems, from all accounts, to have brought the twentieth century to the great old Opéra. Only a few years ago, though, one could confidently expect to see productions in which the scenery was as antiquated as the singers, and in which the stage direction had a flair and flavor all its own. At one performance of *Otello*, Iago sang the "Brindisi" around an enormous fire, tongues of red crepe blowing like mad. When the aria was finished, a group of soldiers walked on stage, lifted the fire, and carried it off. This performance was sung in French, and *Otello* suddenly sounded like a Massenet opera. At intermission, the bar, not unexpectedly, did a big business. Americans invariably ordered champagne; British, brandy. And the French? Coca-Cola.

At La Scala, Covent Garden, the Staatsoper in Vienna, the Neues Festspielhaus in Salzburg, the Nationaltheater in Munich, the Deutsche Oper in Berlin—at these houses on the international beat, nearly all performances are on an international level. One sign of the times is that even in Germany opera is beginning to be sung in the original, and more and more on German programs the notations, "*In italienischer Sprache*," or French, or even English, are printed. Much the same singers and conductors participate in much the same repertoire, the jet plane hurtling them from one house to another.

In Berlin, though, one can go through Checkpoint Charlie and enter another operatic world that of the Komische Oper directed by Walter Felsenstein. No international stars are currently active there, and Felsenstein has to make his points through stagecraft. His exquisitely finished productions are the talk of Europe. It helps that he has unlimited funds and unlimited time—all the resources of East Germany seem to be behind him. At his old, unattractive house the stage comes to life when the curtain goes up. A few years ago, this writer attended a rehearsal there of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The director and his singers worked all day and never did get beyond half of the first act. And this was a revival, not a new production. Felsenstein slowly and painstakingly went through the action and the music, phrase by phrase, ad infinitum; and when there was a breakdown, or things did not satisfy him, he went back to the beginning and started all over.

When one leaves the big operatic centers, the results are inevitably provincial. Opera as given in Stockholm and Copenhagen has charm, thanks to the intimacy of the auditoriums and the exotic flavor of the language (*Le Nozze di Figaro* comes out as *Figaros Bröllop* in Sweden), but one cannot and should not expect great singing in outlying areas. One is entitled, however, to expect a minimum of style and musicianship, and even those sometimes are missing. One night last summer this writer found himself in Bulgaria, listening to *Madama Butterfly* at the opera house in Sofia. It was pretty bad, with the small orchestra consistently out of tune, with a despondent conductor evidently not caring whether the players were coming in together, with singing that made one wonder if the participants had throats built differently from those of all other vocalists.

Indeed, there seem to be very few good voices anywhere in the Soviet sphere, or in the U.S.S.R. itself. The Russians turn out instrumentalists who are the admiration of the world, but hardly any of their singers could occupy much of a place on the international scene. No; what distinguishes Russian productions is not vocal art but a massive kind of realism in staging that sends audiences wild. In a dreadful opera by Yuri Shaporin named *The Decembrists*, at the Kirov Opera in Leningrad, companies—no, regiments—of soldiers run in and out, firing their rifles, clashing their swords, shooting cannons, and for all we know using live ammunition. In *Prince Igor*, at the Bolshoi, a city is put to the torch, and the stage goes up in what seem to be real flames. Smoke billows, sparks fly, fire licks the buildings. The audience yells its acclaim.

Moscow and Leningrad, which are showplaces, represent Russian performance at its best.

Provincial as it is, the quality is that of professionals skilled in their field. In cities like Kiev or Odessa, however, vocal standards are not much above those in Sofia. In the prevalent kind of singing and vocal production in Russia, voices are squeezed from the throat without any indication of diaphragm support. The results are thin, tremolo-ridden, edgy sounds, and the singers likely as not run out of breath before the end of a phrase. But at least in Russia one can hear the operas of Musorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Borodin in the original language, without the watered-down feeling one gets from translations.

A Brave Man in Dubrovnik

It is not only opera that suffers in the provinces. Symphonic standards also are low. And yet, once in a while, a bad performance not only sticks in the memory, but is actually treasured. One night last June, in Dubrovnik, a poster advertised a symphony concert at the Regent's Palace: *Midsummer Night's Dream Overture*, Tchaikovsky B flat minor Piano Concerto, Brahms Third. "Let's go," said four Americans passing through. Who knew but that the unknown Yugoslavian pianist might turn out to be the next Horowitz or Richter?

The Regent's Palace was a Renaissance building, and the concert was given in a tiny courtyard with 350 or so seats jammed in. It was a beautiful setting. Above the courtyard were levels over which young people draped themselves, ignoring a thirty-foot drop. A nearly full moon polished the marble. The palace was a semi-ruin, but its thick stone walls and tower were standing as firmly as ever. Those Venetians who came to Dubrovnik in the fifteenth century knew how to build.

When the overture started, it was immediately apparent that this was not going to be one of the great musical events. The little orchestra—fifty or so players—was not much over an amateur level. But they tried hard, and so did the young conductor, and anyway nobody was expecting the Vienna Philharmonic. Everybody relaxed and had a good time.

Then out came the pianist, a wee little man, thin, fortyish, with a balding head, a little moustache, and a receding chin. Arms raised high, he attacked the fortissimo D flat chords of the concerto's opening. His intentions were good but his aim was bad; and in the following sweeps of diminished sevenths he held his foot on the pedal, causing a grand blur but at the same time hiding some of the wrong notes. And so went the concerto. The orchestra lagged a little behind, forged a little ahead. The pianist bluffed some of the passagework, muffed the octaves, simplified the cadenza, but bravely kept going. Virtue was rewarded: he and the orchestra finished together.

When the program was over, he got an ovation. It did the heart good to see the little man come out again and again, bowing deeply, trying to keep a poker face but sheerly bursting with pride. This was what he lived for, and this night he had captured Dubrovnik. If he was not a great artist, he at least had the dignity and the aspirations of a great artist. And that night he conquered not only Dubrovnik but the hearts of four visiting Americans.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: Tourist in Shock

At Stratford-on-Avon—even at Westminster Abbey, on my first visit—I was as little moved as any stone in the pavement. These visits to the identical scenes of poetical or historic interest inevitably cause an encounter and a shock of the Actual with the Ideal, in which the latter—unless stronger than in my own case—is very apt to be overpowered. My emotions always come before, or afterward; and I can not help envying those happier tourists, who can time and tune themselves so accurately, that their raptures (as I presume from their printed descriptions) are sure to gush up just on the very spot, and precisely at the right moment.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, April 1857



Packaged Pilgrims

by Helen Everitt

There are pleasures and protections in being delivered to foreign parts like a piece of merchandise, but there are perils too. You may not lose anything . . . except your identity. (Which this former editor of "The Ladies Home Journal" did not.)

> And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
> The NOTHING it set out from. Oh make haste!
> —*Omar Khayyam*

My reasons for joining a Round the World Tour seemed sufficient at the time, notably a hastily decided upon departure which made it impossible to be sure of reservations. Furthermore, there was not time for adequate research on which to make sound judgments about allocating the days between departure and my deadline for a rendezvous in Pakistan with my sister, whose tour of government duty in Asia was to be finished shortly. Also, I had a slight apprehension and awe about voyaging in the Orient on my own. Advice on all sides only enhanced the confusion.

The practical solution was to hitchhike as far as Delhi with an already scheduled tour that was flying west from San Francisco. The one I chose cut Phileas Fogg's round-the-world time in half, and would fetch me to Delhi at the appointed hour.

My doubts about reservations turned out to be well-founded. In Japan, for example, reservations even on the railroads must be booked well in advance. Apprehension about Oriental countries proved unnecessary and naïve. To be sure, the Japanese prefer to speak Japanese, and the Pushtu, Pushtu. But what have we been playing The Game for all these years?

So it was that I passed through the Orient and the Asian Subcontinent without having to look

immigration official or a piece of luggage square on the eye or tip a servant. All that was taken care of by our sweating Tour Escort and lackeys who met us at every point. Nothing more arduous was required of us than to be herded occasionally before an already briefed immigration official who dared to recognize us from our passport pictures and wave us on. At all other times our passports were in the safekeeping of the Escort's satchel.

Mountains, plains, and cities passed swiftly by our cushioned reviewing stand. The white of Fujiyama, the bazaars of Taipei, the klongs of Thailand whirled like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. It was not long, however, before I began to feel as if I were under mild anesthesia. Responses were drying up and a slow paralysis of the will was noticeable.

I recognized the symptoms of "Booked Syndrome" -a formidable manifestation with aftereffects lingering well beyond the acute stage. These take the form of a marked inability to face policemen (or any public authority), timidity, and agoraphobia when alone in taxicabs, inability to read timetables, or indeed to tell time. Severe cases leave a kind of listening tic like that of an army recruit anticipating orders. At the height of the affection, the sufferers are incapable of decision and perform as an orchestra responds to the baton of its leader.

Many a mature woman has thought himself immune to the Syndrome, but the strongest wills have been sapped under the lively ministrations of Group Travel and a Tour Escort. The evidence is overwhelming that any human being subjected long enough to the care allotted to an idiot child becomes one, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

The average age of our party of nine was seventy-one. I don't think we were out to elect a longevity king or queen. It just happened that way. I suppose every group has more or less the same character and make-up. People are people, but in a group they are more so. There are the ones who have been there before and find this trip vastly inferior to all others. There are the secret guide watchers who couldn't care less but want to be sure that the tour is giving them their money's worth of "sights." There are the sick ones and the ones who would rather wait in the car than walk up all those steps to the temple. Then there are the pacers, the sitters, and the ladies who paste everything in little books. And always, there are the camera buffs who would rather sulk about the picture they didn't get than alert the guide in time. One of our eighty-seven-year-olds—whose habit of pacing may have come from his former association with orthopedics—varied his reports of past journeys with commanding interpolations of "Let's all stick together now! It's dangerous to get separated."

The Younger We Grew

We were not a Jolly Tour. We didn't dress up or play jokes on each other or deliver cakes on birthdays. We were prompt, acquiescent, and reticent. We rather despised the Sprawling or Jolly Tours and had a composite pride in the fact that our Escort always got us away from the airports ahead of them.

"I might have been on that one," chuckled our eighty-five-year-old Scotsman from Texas, in a ten-gallon hat. He pointed to a large tour, donning its leis at the airport in Bangkok. "But they demanded a certificate that I was right in my head. Now I know I'm crazy, but I'll be damned if I'll ask a doctor's opinion on the subject."

One cold night in Kyoto, we were taken to a geisha house. Electric fires tried in vain to warm the icy floor on which we sat, and the flimsy screens could not shut out the wind. We preferred not to join in the slap-in-slap-out dance games which were suggested. The undaunted geishas worked hard and finally persuaded a few of us into a kind of scissors-cut-paper pounce, played with a block of wood on an armrest. I wondered if the Jolly Tours had fun with these things. Our calendar of events told us we were seeing a "typical Japanese inn." There was no directive about enjoyment.

By the time we reached Hong Kong the Syndrome was acute. Our behavior was that of six-year-olds in a confusing adult world. The good child was the one who stayed close to the Tour Escort, asked questions, but not too many, and listened with gracious attention when a native guide described in broken English what was passing in front of our eyes. No poking in corners, no forays down side streets, or the Bus —that safe haven, that home base—would be discommoded.

A common side effect of the disease is a pathological reluctance to spend what is known as "my own money." The privilege of being quartered in the beautiful new Mandarin Hotel on the island of Hong Kong was impressed upon us. But, unhappily, the amount allotted for our meals was just a trifle below the prices on the menu. We therefore had the choice of supple-

menting with our "own money" or eating more or less on a subsistence level. Everyone in our group grudgingly accepted the latter course. Any adventures in dining out in Hong Kong were passed up for the same reason.

Two escorts deployed us across to the mainland of Kowloon on our first ferry trip. Buddy fashion, we waited on the curb of the dizzy waterfront for our leader's reassuring voice. "There are no cars coming now. You may cross." With flutters of the heart, but buoyed by the promise of bargains on the other side, we made it Alone thereafter.

We never said things which hadn't been said many times before, usually by us. It was as if we suspected each other of being a little deaf and therefore stuck to the familiar, where complete comprehension was unnecessary. A shrill Indian lady guide on the day's bus trip from Agra to Jaipur also suspected this deafness.

"Lissen me!" she shrieked, pointing a long finger at the victim beside whose seat she was kneeling. "I give you short history of India, lissen me!" I thanked her and said I knew much of the history of India. This convinced her that I was very deaf indeed. I was forced to turn my head away since her redoubled effort to communicate over the noise of the bus caused a considerable spray.

Zealous in all matters, she pursued our Camera Buff, who had strayed up a street in Jaipur to get a better focus on the Palace of the Winds. When her billowing sari and flying braid of hair came to rest, she demanded that he stay close to her as all other courses were "dangerous and unorder." With a whimsical or vengeful turn of mind, he obeyed, and pursued her like a keen hound to his rabbit for the rest of the day. Appeals from the harassed girl to the Tour Escort availed her nothing. "Close to her I was told to stay and there I'll stay," said our Camera Buff.

But these were minor trials and did not greatly disturb the surface of our decorous biddability.

A month after leaving San Francisco, we drank our last tea among the stacked luggage in the lobby of the hotel in New Delhi. The Cadillacs with their Sikh guides were lined up outside ready for transport to the airport. Karachi and Rome for the Tour—and unknown lands for me.

I sat in a chair in the deserted lobby. The Syndrome had me in its grip. I felt like a first-grader, promoted to second with a new teacher to face, and I couldn't find the teacher. If I went to a dance exhibition that evening, would I be able to get a taxi back? Did I have enough rupees to pay the hotel bill? How much should I tip the boys? Should I bargain with the taxi driver on the fare to the airport in the morning? Did I have my certificate of money cashed in India? I counted. I fingered my passport. I fidgeted. I then considered that there must be a specific for this acute trepidation. "What's the hardest thing to do in India?" I asked myself. "Get a drink," I answered. I got one by asking room boys who seemed to be lurking there for no other purpose. Not cured, no tiger in the tank, but a gain.

I got a taxi back from the dance festival; I paid the hotel bill. When we started for the airport, I not only bargained, but made the driver uncloak his meter and delete the large sum already registered there.

Paying My Own Money

The second hardest thing to do in India is to get out of it. Money changers are usually on siesta. Immigration requires only patience and a hefty autobiographical sense. But customs can be lively. Up to this point, our Gallant Leader had made out all the documents, describing the contents of luggage, which are required on entering a country. Listing of possessions and money on entrance is based on the idea that tourists are



And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

intent on turning a fast buck by selling to inhabitants of the country through which they are passing. The paper, on which I had somewhat carelessly put my signature sometime before, was in the slim brown fingers of the customs officer. "You possess two transistor radios," he said, looking up from my declaration. "Will you produce them?"

Unhappily, I did not at this moment possess two transistor radios. I had only my own. In Hong Kong I had bought, for $10, a Sony to give to my sister in Pakistan. I had met her unexpectedly in Benares and lightened my luggage by giving her the Sony on the spot. I explained the gift, but not that the Sony had passed beyond the bounds of India some days before.

The inspector replied, "That will be ninety rupees (eighteen dollars) duty and penalty for not producing the second transistor."

I said it had cost only ten dollars, I had not sold it. I blew my top. I argued with what was by now a large crowd of eager interpreters.

I said, "Take this transistor instead. I won't pay this ridiculous amount! I have passed immigration requirements. I have no rupees." I was eloquent, I was pathetic, I was adamant. It ended by my being escorted by an immigration official to a money changer to acquire—ninety rupees (eighteen dollars). On the way, my escort said, "I'll be glad to relieve you of the Sony you have for half of the sum of the duty." So much for principle.

While I waited for the plane, fuming, he sought me out again and said, "If you had told me of your merchandise before entering customs, I would have had your papers stamped without being read. The customs man is my friend. But after the paper is read, we must deal for the government. Do not think so badly of India as you have expressed yourself."

It was a proper row, all round. But it was my row—me, the idiot child, against the might of India. And my defeat was paid for with "my own money." This was progress. I had been closer to communication with India in that half-hour than in all the hours before.

A Global Assembly Line

The East is a world of waiting, of mix-ups, of the shrug. For thousands of years man has been adapting to environment instead of making the unpleasant effort to change it. The result is a compromise of uneasy distrust. The Tour has no time to adapt to environment. It makes its own in all places and times. Serendipity* may be the "soul of travel," but the Tour cannot practice it. The menu has been cooked in advance and must be served.

> The Moving Finger writes; and having writ
> Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
> Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line . . .

Synecdochism** is another word not allowed to invade the Tour architect's vocabulary. The best is simply the most. The guide watchers will catch him if he skips. He must put the world in an orderly pile—Pelion, squarely on top of Ossa and Olympus atop of all.

And the world responds by looking like an assembly line of new models manned by mechanics who have often heard a new model described, but never actually seen one. The cities of the world can no longer be "looked at" in the single dimension of rapid succession. They are becoming too uniform, and the cinder block is king. They must be seen with focused eyes, felt and, alas, smelled. One city in each culture, understood in all of its perplexing dimensions, could well stand for all. Or an idea could direct the path. A young Japanese said to me, "You can't hope to understand Japan unless you understand Buddhism." It takes a little doing!

Burton Holmes and Pukka Sahib are gone. People, forces, and problems remain. The journey is now inward more than outward. The Happy Traveler is the one who can change his schedule at whim or mix-up and can catch up with his understanding while he sits out the blow. There *will* be another train, another plane, another hotel. Alternately, he can skip what once seemed important, but has been overshadowed.

The predigested package tour which is conscientiously stuffed with something for everyone can, like an airplane lunch, turn out to be a dry and tasteless affair. Travel agencies know about travel. They are long-suffering and invaluable in helping the traveler achieve individual objectives. They can save money. They will arrange a Through the Lens Tour, a Through the Eye of a Needle Tour, or an Angler's Expedition to the Suez, with equal aplomb. There is no Raised Eyebrows Department for the traveler who knows what he wants. It is the innocent who buys a package planned by airlines, and hotels owned by them, who has possessed himself of a Pandora's box wherein lurks the fateful Syndrome.

* The faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident.

** Belief or practice in which part of an object or person is taken as equivalent to the whole.

Le Snob-snob à l'Etranger

par Pierre Daninos

This excerpt is from "Snobissimo," a current best-seller in France, by the author of "Les Carnets de Major Thompson." Those who can't read it (and won't admit it) are not travel snobs.

Face aux criquets touristiques pourvus d'élytres transistoriens et de mandibules photographiques, dévoreurs de musées, avaleurs de ruines, pollueurs de suppléments, le snob-snob éprouve chaque année des difficultés plus grandes à tirer son épingle du jeu. La révolution forfaitaire, en entraînant l'abolition des privilèges dans le bassin méditerranéen et l'accession des économiquement faibles aux *jets* transocéaniques, le contraint, pour se distinguer du commun, à de véritables acrobaties.

La distance même ne saurait le mettre hors d'atteinte, puisqu'il peut plomber à Tahiti sur le Club Méditerranée et qu'il est difficile d'aller plus loin sans revenir sur ses pas.

Le choix de l'époque peut lui assurer une certaine supériorité. En un temps où les gens sont pris d'une frénésie de déplacement entre le 1er juillet et le 30 septembre, le *Je ne bouge pas* (au moment où tout le monde bouge) est très bien vu. Autrefois cela faisait pauvre. Aujourd'hui cela fait riche. D'autant que ce n'est généralement pas tout à fait vrai. Le *Je ne bouge pas . . . : J'irai quinze jours au Kenya avec les McGuire et c'est tout*—qui me fut dit avec beaucoup de détachement par quelqu'un à qui j'avais demandé ses projets estivaux—montre jusqu'où l'on peut aller sans bouger.

Le Kenya donc, même pour l'été (*safari*), est encore bien. Le Kenya ou l'Indre-et-Loire (Deauville aussi, si l'on y possède quelque intérêt dans les chevaux, et même des chevaux sans intérêt). Le Cachemire (mieux: le *Cashmere*) se porte de plus en plus. La traversée de l'Arizona à cheval, avec *cow-boy* d'origine (et *sans femme*), n'est pas mal non plus. A ceux qui ne sauraient souffrir ou s'offrir ce genre de déplacement, restent évidemment les yachts—les yachts des autres, bien sûr. Encore faut-il que ce soit en mai, juin, ou octobre, tout autre moment de la belle saison risquant de vous faire rencontrer dans les îles de la mer Egée des forfaitaires badauds qui se plantent sur le quai pour vous voir manger sur le pont, ce qui rend le *deck* très inconfortable aux *yachtsmen*. Sans yacht, et parmi les régions encore préservées, on peut citer l'Écosse à l'époque des grouses, Hong-Kong, l'Irlande si l'on est invité, la côte ouest du Mexique, à l'exception d'Acapulco, déjà mort.

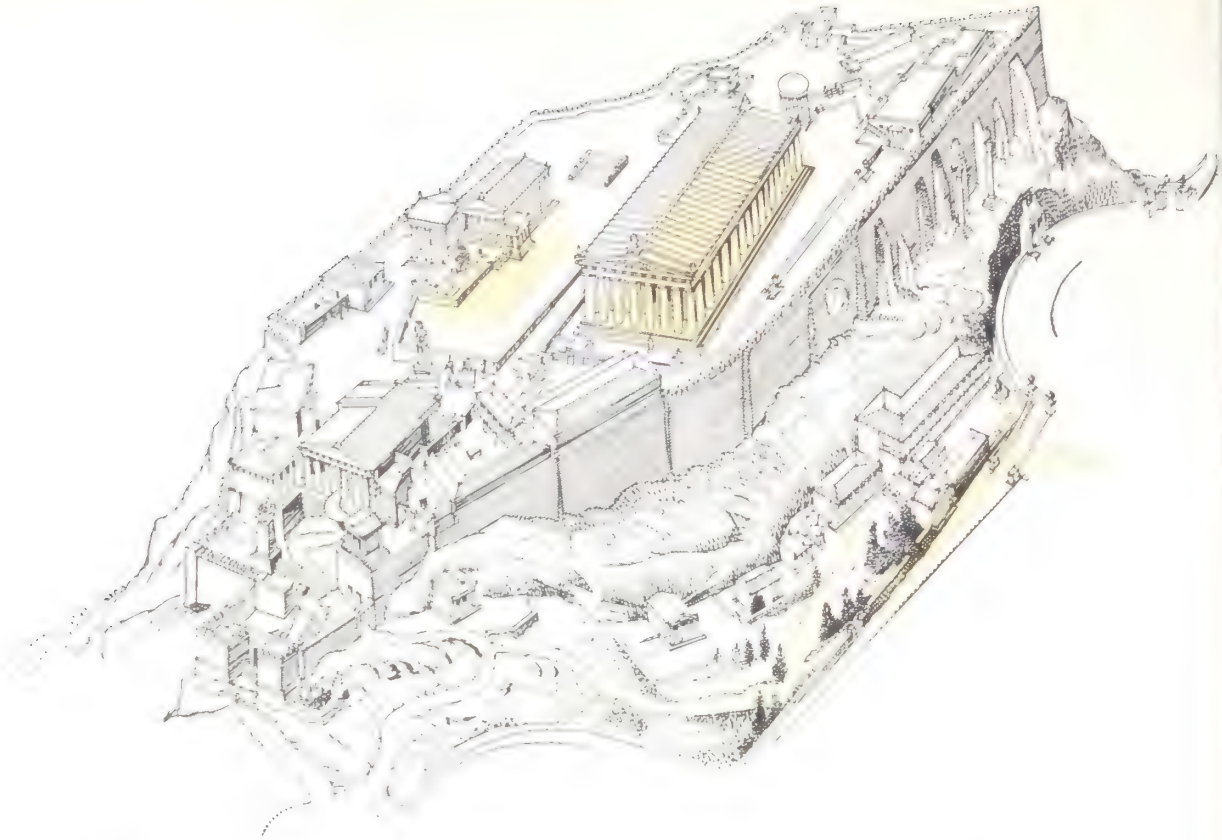
Quant aux terrains de combat classiques—Florence, Rome, Venise, Madrid, Athènes—ils ne sauraient être possibles que chez l'habitant: les Colonna à Rome, ou la comtesse Volpi à Venise. D'ailleurs le lieu d'élection est généralement en dehors de la ville même. Le snob estival va dans un endroit qui est *à côté de* l'endroit connu. S'il n'existe pas encore, il le fait naître. Capri envahi, il fuit vers Ischia. Ischia menacé, il ne jure que par Ponza: *Comment! Vous ne connaissez pas Ponza? . . .* Ponza connu, il découvrira la Sardaigne, pas la Sardaigne, bien sûr, mais une île minuscule, inaccessible, à cinquante miles du cap Carbonara, qui est le *seul* endroit possible (un mot revient toujours lorsqu'il est question de ces paradis: *barbecue*). Avec ses deux mille cent cinquante-deux îles et îlots, la Grèce apparaît aujourd'hui comme imbattable au jeu de snob-perché. Mais déjà retentissent les gémissements de ceux qui ont connu Mykonos *quand il n'y avait personne*, assurent que Lesbos est déjà contaminée, et estiment qu'il y en a tout juste pour trois ans. C'est ainsi que, d'île en île, le snob, fuyant le monde qui n'est pas le sien, en arrive à découvrir des îles désertes dans la forêt de Fontainebleau—le croirait-on?—en plein mois d'août. . . . *Mais, mon cher, c'est normal . . . tout le monde va à Capri ou à Formentor. . . .*

Admettons tout de même—cela arrive—que le snob se trouve dans une place forte dévorée par les criquets.

On écartera à tout prix les contacts avec d'autres compatriotes, sauf nécessité absolue en cas de rencontre à l'heure du cocktail dans un palais vénitien. On évitera, par un maintien approprié, toute confusion possible avec le voyageur bon marché. D'abord, cela va de soi, jamais de Guide Bleu ou autre Baedeker sous le bras. Est-ce qu'un habitué des balances, à Longchamp, se promène avec un journal de courses à la main? Il a les chevaux dans la tête. Donc pas de poncifs. On ne parlera pas des Pyramides si l'on revient d'Égypte, mais plutôt du Noir qui a ciré vos souliers à l'aéroport du Caire et fait tinter une sonnette de vélo pour vous demander de tendre l'autre pied. Bien entendu, pas de transistor. Et surtout, point capital, pas le moindre appareil de photo en bandoulière (quelquefois à la rigueur un *minox* lilliputien pour ce qu'il est de bon ton d'appeler *candid snapshot*). On réagira, en revanche, contre le débraillé du touriste moyen en se promenant dans l'appareil le plus strict: cravate, veston "tropical" boutonné (les deux boutons du haut seulement, bien sûr, mais parfois, en Italie, les trois pour faire plus italien). Afin de dérouter les compatriotes lecteurs de quotidiens français, on fera semblant, derrière des verres fumés, de lire la *Gazeta* ou H KAOHMEPINH dans le texte.

Et, de retour à Paris, le snob fera encore illusion en disant, *J'habitais à Venise le palais de Desdémone*, sans préciser qu'il s'agit de l'annexe du Grand Hôtel.

© Librairie Hachette, 1964. From *Snobissimo, ou Le Désir de Paraître.*



How to Look at Architecture

by Edgar Kaufmann, jr.

Buildings are ideas and people and societies. . . . An architectural critic and historian (Columbia University) gives a few not-so-obvious clues to the humane rhetoric of stone and mortar and steel.

Can you read architecture the way you read faces? Visitors in a new land are always looking at buildings, getting the feel of the place. But to get more from architecture requires a few simple rules based on practice. Then, a new source of enjoyment opens up: architecture tells a lot about the life it was made for and the people who made it. There are profound studies of architecture, its techniques, its artistry, its history. What the visitor needs is not a semi- or pseudo-professional reduction of these, but an introduction to the pleasures of seeing architecture. The ground rules are easy.

Forget about the styles. Styles are historians' puzzles, forever being taken apart and reassembled. Most of architecture's makers and users were, after all, happy to be moderns in their day —they wanted beautiful and suitable settings for their lives. Stylistic nomenclature is merely an intellectual filing system, and even so it is not quite orderly. Many wonderful buildings have a long history that carried them through a number of styles and even restorations, variously valid; often enough, what you see is a mixture. You can learn to play styles the way one does acrostics, of course, but styles are forever merging, so that "what to call it" is a refinement of the academic game. A current favorite among the learned is "Romantic Classicism," which sounds like "hot-cold" but means more than *semi-freddo* once you get the hang of it.

Forget the structural terminology. Every craft has its shoptalk, and architectural experts derive a lot of advantages from using theirs. But knowing an archivolt from an arquebus doesn't

The drawing of the Acropolis on the facing page shows in color the original building sites and the processional paths to the sacred hill.

make the Colosseum a whit more impressive; it may of course make a guide sound more impressive, but that's not the topic here. An inquisitive mind, not an acquisitive vocabulary, will help anyone understand how a building is put together.

See the architecture in its setting and as a setting. One of the wisest architects, Eliel Saarinen, used to tell his students at Cranbrook to think of every building in context with the next larger and the next smaller aspects of life. A beautiful building well set is marvelously improved; much of the fun of architecture lies in being conscious of how you come upon it. Thus to consider a work of architecture in a larger context is to ask whether it is concealed, for example, like the late-medieval courtyards of Barcelona, or presented with fanfare like Versailles. When a building is deliberately set within a city or a great estate, this is evidence of another branch of art, planning, from which architecture may benefit, if it is lucky. But many monumental buildings have been congealed in an aspic of too much planning, like Notre Dame in Paris with its inappropriate *place*, or Independence Hall with its vastly pretentious landscaping. The shrines of religion and history are especially subject to this kind of mishandling; fortunately, lots of good architecture escapes it, as at Delphi or in Florence. It is worth noting that some lovely buildings are set differently on one side and on the other, like the Pitti Palace, which is all stone in front, all greenery behind; or the French eighteenth-century town houses *entre cours et jardins*.

Buildings are set in cities or on grounds; they are themselves settings for the comings and goings, the risings and slumbers, the receptions and deceptions of people. To see this is to consider architecture in a smaller context, in which buildings reveal much to the casual visitor. Was the life formal, intimate, or just busy? What space was given over to public and what to private uses? How were the services handled? Awkwardly, as in many Baroque palaces where even for royalty closestools were brought to public corridors and set behind folding screens, with grenadiers to fend off assiduous courtiers? Or deftly, as in later country houses where the heating stoves in each room could be stoked, without disturbing the company, by servants using narrow interior passageways? If the kitchens were far from the dining rooms, as they often were for amenity and sanitation, was the food reheated? How did people sleep, and sit, and read? Architecture can raise such questions and an open eye can find answers to them.

Architecture and Function. To read the human side of architecture in a strange land is easier than to learn the language; but even so a few hints may be helpful. A great recent book, Pevsner's *An Outline of European Architecture*, begins: "A bicycle shed is a building; Lincoln cathedral is a piece of architecture." Vitruvius (the only architect of the classical world whose writings have come down to us) stated the connection between the two; he saw the primitive hut as the seed from which the tree, indeed the whole forest, of architecture grew. Architecture is always functional, even if the function is but play, as it is at a world's fair or at Marie Antoinette's thatched, half-timbered hamlet in the Trianon gardens. Looking at a piece of architecture is easier if its function is identified at once as one of three main types: work, home, or recreation (recreation includes both ritual and play). These functions may be housed together, or linked, or kept apart. They may be humbly or grandly carried out: a tea ceremony hut in a Japanese garden is ritually humble; Blenheim Palace is ceremoniously grand. The art of architecture lies in the grace and clarity with which its required function(s) and desired tone are expressed in unison. Thus the key to building is function; the key to (but not the sum of) architecture is expression.

T*he Five Families of Architectural Expression.* The expressive power of architecture depends largely on arrangements of mass, of space, and of details. In all places and in all styles, one may look for five revealing typical arrangements of these elements. They may be compacted into *simple masses*, strung out to create an *architecture in motion*, or juxtaposed in *space play*. They may establish *character in architecture*, or they may make a transition between *architectural ornament and the fine arts*. These are the aspects now briefly to be explored.

Simple Forms. These are exceptional in architecture and nearly always serve either ritual or temporary uses. Tents and igloos are temporary shelters, but the Pyramids of Egypt and the Pantheon of Rome take similar forms and make them eternally monumental. Such simple shapes are not necessarily easy to build. The Pyramids, including inner chambers and passageways, were tried out in many forms before reaching a classic statement at Giza. Some were stepped, some



The Pantheon: a pure sphere of space

had rounded corners, and above all, the slope was varied time and again. The Pantheon is a remarkable mixture of engineering knowledge and guesswork. It offered dome roof on a brick cylinder curiously braced with invisible arches that channel pressure and allow strange niches within the bulk of the wall. But when all is said and done the Greek pyramid is statement of mass and permanence stunningly elementary, and the Pantheon encloses a pure sphere of space in a ring of marble revetments, lighting the whole from one circle round opening at the top, so that space has never been more real before or since. Thus Egypt and Rome made the basic statements about architecture as mass and architecture in space. Architecture had been given its A and its B.

Architecture in Motion. The early civilizations that evolved architecture knew that mass and space could be interplayed and used in sequence; they applied this to the monumental settings for ritual processions that periodically accented their lives. There are two types of processional architecture, one rare, one common. The rarer recreates a solemn architectural pilgrimage up a mountain: for instance, the ziggurats of Sumeria, the temple of Hatshepsut, and Sulla's shrine to Fortune at Palestrina. All these depend on ramps that lift the visitor past changing vistas of simple, regular masses, so that it is his movement that makes the forms seem set in motion. The more usual architecture of processions depends on rows of columns, rising from level ground; sometimes on regularly repeated elements that support nothing, like rows of sphinxes. Karnak's axis, the nave of Reims, or the smooth avenue and brute triliths of Stonehenge are examples. Through such punctuations of space a procession could measure its progress, added or omitted columns or alternated shapes like the round and square columns in certain Romanesque churches could give the whole experience a marvelous richness. Almost always these processions were meant to proceed through preestablished ritual stops to a devout climax; in a church, altars and stations lead to the high altar itself. Whether under roof or outdoors, architecture could model the space and the light to underline the meaning of the procession. Often the climax took place in a small, dark sanctuary reserved for the highest initiates only. The Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens combines a mountain-climbing procession, up the sacred rocky hill, and a procession around the marble-paved porticoes of the temple, as its frieze portrays; then the quadrennial ritual (the presentation of a new specially woven robe to Athena) could be enacted within the holy of holies.

Space Play. Processions, perhaps, suggested other explorations of space, less linear than those mentioned, more spread out, adding to architecture's variety. Buildings of similar shapes and of related sizes were arranged within a compound; the space and the paths between buildings were as much part of the architecture as the roofed areas. Different as they are, African dwellings beautifully modeled in mud, Mayan temple precincts, and Michelangelo's Campidoglio in Rome share this approach to architecture. In all countries architects learned that small variations of size and location within compounds made for strong differences of expressive tone. On the Acropolis, again, the building blocks were shifted around from age to age, preserving ritual meanings while the supreme achievement of classical architecture was being evolved. Around the Parthenon itself, the colonnades were spaced a little differently on each side, the latest being the most perfect of all, a comparison any tourist can make for himself today. Proportional subtleties, like those so patiently pursued by the Greeks, also governed the works of Palladio, one of Italy's genial Renaissance architects especially revered in eighteenth-century England and North America. Thomas Jefferson, the most gifted of the amateur architects who have served as Presidents of the United States, was a very free follower of Palladian ideas. Thus a tradition of proportion as the controller of spatial effects has been recurrent in Western architecture.

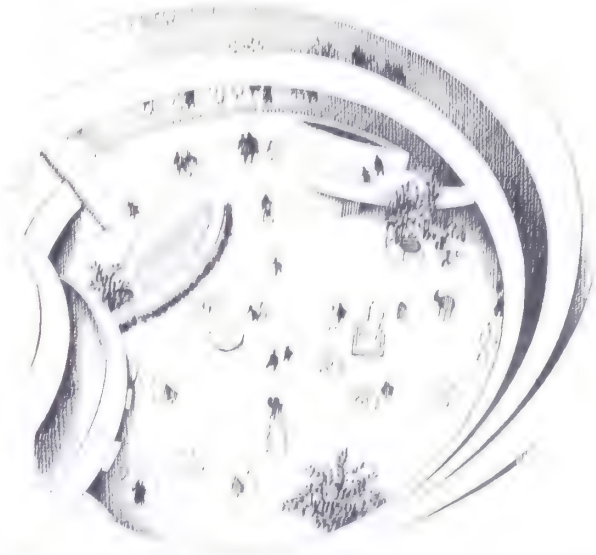
Spatial play more daring by far marks the great Baroque interiors, launched by Borromini, that spread throughout Europe, reaching a cli-

mas of intricate harmonies at the Church of the Fourteen Saints near Lichtenfels. Lightweight almost magical, interlocking ceiling vaults had been developed at the very end of Gothic architecture, but now (as once, more massively, in the proud structures of Imperial Rome) Baroque architects employed such vaults over richly curved and angled walls to define some of the most beguiling and baffling spaces ever made by the hands of man. All the gilded *putti* and polychrome mâyas that go with the Baroque are but trimmings to this magnificent space opera.

Spatial play, as refined proportion and as bravura structure, is actively at work in architecture today. Mies van der Rohe of Chicago is the master of proportional subtleties governing space, as he has proved in his buildings there and in New York, Baltimore, Fort Wayne, Detroit, Newark and Mexico City. Le Corbusier of Paris has assumed the mantle of Baroque boldness and has astonished four continents, reserving for India his complete and challenging performance at the government center of Chandigarh. This and Akbar the Great's Fatehpur Sikri give India the two most beautiful existing urban designs created to order from scratch.

The lone lightning thunderer of architecture, Frank Lloyd Wright, was able in seventy years of active work to create two fundamentally new expressions of space, the first of which developed around 1900 pace impetus to much of modern architecture in the twentieth century. This was his full statement of what might be called nuclear architecture, that is, architecture expanding from a core. Canali, chimneys and stairways brace the core and, in Wright's earlier work, from this center spaces flow freely outward screened but not definitively separated from the general space around. Mass and space architecture A and B were replaced by a new unit, the "bubble-ab perhaps". Of course this was revolutionary and stoutly resisted, but in the arts as in the sciences once a door is opened it can hardly be shut. Wright's disturbing creation has become a constituent element of twentieth century architecture. The pattern once known is easily identified, and architectural amateurs will find that many modern buildings which don't look particularly Wrightian nevertheless embody his nuclear concept.

Character in Architecture. Wright's second creation in architecture needs examination for the consideration of two aspects of the art, articulation and continuity. The well-designed spatial play that enhances most architecture has these two fundamental modes of utterance, readily observed by any interested person. Wherever two surfaces or two structural members come together, a decision is called for: Is the joint to be emphasized or not? Are the facts of construction to be stated, or symbolized by some graceful ornament, or denied in favor of a more important effect? From the answers to such simple, practical questions the two main modes of architectural expression were evolved. An emphasis on joining leads to articulation, an emphasis on the whole as one thing, greater than its components, leads to continuity.



Wright: *Guggenheim architecture at Caracas*

Much of the great architecture of the world has been based on articulation, on the ennoblement of the fact of function. The Greek and Roman orders, the detailed relationships called Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, are familiar expressions of this, and so are the magnificent systematic formulations of Gothic church architecture as well as the postwar, glass-skinned skyscrapers that are gleaming in every large town across the globe. These kinds of architecture are plastically interpreted by the powers of gravity. Post and beam, vault and buttress are means of lifting matter up piece by piece and setting it so that measured weight keeps it there. Miracles of lightness can be achieved (as in Gothic interiors) by removing the structure or shifting it to the outside of the building. Inside Gothic churches the temptation arose to express continuity. (That some Gothic interiors present space more vividly than the Pantheon with its elaborately articulated interior surfaces.) But not until the nineteenth century, when structural metal was scientifically unpenned, could there be true architecture of tension, in which scaffold

conquers gravity; the elegant power of a suspension bridge states this case. Here gravity is only the counterweight, the anchor; the structure itself cantilevers out freely into space.

Thus implemented, the architecture of continuity becomes more than a Gothic metaphor; and the great new shell and tension engineering of our age began to mean as much to architects as post and beam, vault and buttress. The engineers keep experimenting, and their forms are exciting. Once, these forms have been taken in hand and developed for all they're worth by an architect: Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum is an initial statement of this kind of architecture; it offers a unique spatial experience as powerful and significant as that in the Pantheon. Much remains to be done before architects master all the possibilities that have been presented to them by the engineers, but the new engineering is a not-so-primitive "hut" from which a new architecture can grow, as did the architecture of former ages. Who knows when or where the new Acropolis will be created? Meanwhile, the alert observer will enjoy the engineering feats of Maillart in Switzerland, Torroja in Spain, Nervi in Italy, Candela in Mexico, and Fuller in the U. S. A.

Architectural Ornament and the Fine Arts. The conventional approach to architecture is to identify its expression not by the use of mass and space, not by construction, but by ornamental details and their arrangements. As the grammar of this ornament changes, a new architectural style is identified: Perpendicular, Mannerist, International, etc., etc. In fact, the grammars of ornament can be both fascinating and revealing; moreover, ornament can lead and often has led into the fine arts as accouterments to architecture, decorative painting and sculpture. To understand these embellishments of architecture and to trace their relationships to each other are enthralling occupations but ones not readily mastered. Here the casual inquirer has to stop, satisfied with a basic understanding of architecture as an expression of human needs and desires, and as a play of spaces and masses, indoors and out, characterized by two types of joining, articulate and continuous. To this simple scaffolding for looking at architecture a few words may be added on the topics of "pure form" and "modernity."



The fine arts as accouterments to architecture.

Pure Form and Declarative Architecture. In our times all the arts have tended toward an abstract purity of expression. In architecture, too, there has been much effort to realize forms and voids that are supremely beautiful, regardless of their functions or meanings. This architecture strives to be more or less habitable sculpture. The inquisitive eye will find traces of this effort widespread. Even more common is a tradition of declarative architecture: churches require steeples, banks require sturdy columns, courthouses should be domed, homes look homier under spreading roofs, and so on. Architecture as a rebus and architecture as sculpture are two extremes. Most architectural masterpieces find ways to absorb such exaggerations in grander harmonies.

Tradition and Innovation. Nowadays, too, a good deal of emphasis is laid on personal expression and originality in the arts, as against the tradition of tradition. Architecture, of course, is affected by this trend; the new possibilities of structure and of new basic concepts tempt many architects to try the unprecedented. More of this is inevitable; it is part of the development of our culture.

The voyager who learns to look at architecture will find it a ready guide to unfamiliar cultures and to new ways of living. Back home again, he may then see unsuspected aspects of the world he has always lived in. The United States, for instance, is the land of supermarkets and Savannah, Georgia; of trailer camps and Frank Lloyd Wright's home, Taliesin; of "General Grant" architecture and General Motors architecture—until they're all in, no one has an image of America. Abroad, it's the same story: to look at architecture is to see mankind.

Harper's Magazine, January 1965

Defense Manual for Tourists

by Marya Mannes

Hints on how to protect the American reputation from attack by foreign friends . . . ghost-written by a novelist, critic, and reporter who is, herself, a formidable attacker of American foibles and nonsense.

Foreword: *Owing to the increasing number of American travelers abroad who have complained to this Department about the denigrating criticisms of the United States expressed in their presence by citizens of foreign countries, the Secretary of State has prepared this pamphlet for distribution with each passport. It is designed to equip the American tourist with fitting counterarguments to the chief issues raised in such confrontations. Peripheral issues may arise from time to time, in which cases the tourist must of necessity rely on his own ingenuity, or on the discretion of silence.*

—Washington, D.C., January 1, 1965

MATERIALISM, EXCESS OF

FOREIGNER: You Americans care only for money and material values. You have no spiritual values.

ANSWER: (a) What is your job? Would you like to earn more? Are you satisfied with your house? Your car? Your kitchen?

(b) If you were offered twice as much as you're making to take a similar job in America, would you accept?

Note: If the Foreigner's reply is YES, your point is made. If it is NO, use the following alternate approaches:

ANSWER: (a) While you condemn us for materialism, you crave and import all the material devices and pleasures which we have developed for comfort and convenience: supermarkets, central heating, dishwashers, ready-to-wear clothes, domesticated husbands, etc.

(b) How can you accuse us of lacking spiritual values when surveys have shown that Americans use the word God in speech and print 95.7 per cent more than your countrymen? No American President can afford not to attend church or to include the name of the Deity in his addresses. Some have prayed before Cabinet meetings.

(c) Three and a half billion dollars are contributed annually in charitable and philanthropic gifts by American religious and secular groups. How much does your public contribute?

Note: Among the Latin countries in Europe and South America particularly, you can press the point further by asking what their privileged classes have done for the poor and underprivileged. If possible, show photographs of the slums in Naples, Caracas, Rio, etc.

(d) Do you consider poverty a spiritual asset?

(e) Do you consider comfort a spiritual loss?

Note: This last question is particularly applicable to the British, who place a high moral value on inconvenience, except in countries other than their own.

CULTURE, LACK OF

FOREIGNER: Since you Americans care only for the dollar and what it buys, you have never had any cultural tradition to fall back on. You have also no respect for the artist or the intellectual,

who must struggle to survive in a materialistic and hostile society.

ANSWER: (a) *(Breathe deeply, smiling.)* Perhaps you have not yet heard that more people go to concerts than to ball games, more people go to museums than to horse races, and the sale of paperbacks has reached an all-time high.

Note: If your accuser should ask, "What paperbacks?" or question whether attendance at concerts implies knowledge of music, switch to:

(b) What about Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Herman Wouk, Irving Wallace?

(c) American abstract expressionist painting has influenced and dominated the art of the whole world. *(You do not have to care for it to say it: your accuser may not understand it any more than you do.)*

(d) What about our great musical theatre; ballet; Lincoln Center?

FOREIGNER: A people who are truly cultured would not live in such ugly cities as you Americans do. Americans do not care about beauty in daily life.

Note: It would be of great advantage for the visitor in a foreign city to begin his sojourn there with a preliminary tour of its streets and outskirts, noting down the names of particularly ugly or commercialized sections, tawdry signs, shoddy merchandise in shops, neon lights, etc., in order to be specific in rebuttal.

ANSWER: (a) If you wish to speak about beauty, please compare your ———— housing development on ———— Boulevard with our own low-income suburban housing. You would find in yours the lowest common denominator of bourgeois taste and decoration, while in ours you would often find good contemporary design mass-produced for a modest budget. Compare the cheap religious color prints and calendars in your workers' homes with the reproductions of Van Gogh or Norman Rockwell in ours.

(b) The products in your cheap furniture and houseware shops do not compare in taste and style with those available in our equivalent price range.

FOREIGNER: Those are usually designed by the Japanese, the Italians, or the Scandinavians.

ANSWER: We were the first to import them on a large scale.

FOREIGNER: Your people can afford good taste because you have so much money.

ANSWER: Your own rich people rely on traditional taste (antiques, old masters, etc.) or on no taste. As for the newly rich, I have seen some of the ugliest interiors in the homes of your self-made tycoons. Apparently their wives have no aesthetic sense. American wives cultivate theirs by studying the latest decorating and furnishing trends in the smart magazines.

FOREIGNER: Our wives have not the leisure to read magazines.

WOMEN

FOREIGNER (Male): The American woman is spoiled. She has too much money, too much time, too much power.

ANSWER (Female): Kindly remove your hand from my knee.

ANSWER (Male): Our women work harder than any other women in the world. The average wife is cook, cleaner, chauffeur, hostess, mother, wife, community supporter, and call girl.

FOREIGNER (Female): The American woman is too aggressive!

ANSWER (Male): I wish our girls were more like you, Karen (Gretl, Odette, Pamela, Olga)!

FOREIGNER (Male): The American woman is fundamentally sexless.

ANSWER (Female): *Do not deny charge indignantly. Merely smile.*

ANSWER (Male): Who invented the striptease?

FOREIGNER (Female): American women do not make a man feel like a man.

ANSWER (Male): *A long glance will be sufficient.*

FOREIGNER (Male): American women need to be awakened!

ANSWER (Female): What time is it?

MEN

FOREIGNER: Why do American men wear such silly sports clothes?

ANSWER: Because they are boys at heart.

FOREIGNER: But where is their male dignity?

ANSWER: In the weekly pay envelope.

FOREIGNER: Why do you not dominate your women more?

ANSWER: (a) Because it's too much work.

(b) Golf (fishing, poker, Karate) is more fun.

FOREIGNER: Why do you wear such heavy shoes?

ANSWER: To stamp out communism.

SEX

FOREIGNER: Why are you Americans so obsessed with sex?

ANSWER: Who isn't?

FOREIGNER: I am referring to your girlie

magazines, your Playboy Clubs, your mass pornography, etc. Are these not all vicarious substitutes for a satisfactory sex life?

ANSWER: What about your French (Swedish, Italian, British, Japanese) films, books, photos?

FOREIGNER: They are art forms.

ANSWER: So are nudes.

Note: As this conversation can lead only to a cabaret, it would be wise to call a taxi.

YOUTH, BEHAVIOR OF

FOREIGNER: You Americans have no discipline over your children. That is why there is all that teen-age rioting in the United States.

ANSWER: What about the teen-age riots at Clacton? (Hastings? Copenhagen? Tokyo?)

FOREIGNER: But these are not by privileged youths. Your boys who break up other people's homes and property have gone to the best colleges and have plenty of money.

Note: You are on delicate ground here. Proceed to vague generalities.

ANSWER: (a) Don't you think that most of the young people of the world have lost their direction?

(b) When you see the misery their parents have brought on the world, can you blame them for losing faith?

CRIME AND VIOLENCE

FOREIGNER: Your crime rate is apalling. Why are your law-enforcement officers incapable of controlling it?

ANSWER: (a) Because we believe in private initiative and individual liberties.

(b) Depending on the political sympathies of the accuser, blame it on the Mafia, the I.R.A., the Zionists, the Negroes, the Liberals, the Radical Rightists, or J. Edgar Hoover.

(c) Because there are no more prayers in schools.

AFFAIRS, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

FOREIGNER: How was it possible that a man like Goldwater ever got nominated in the first place?

ANSWER: (a) We needed a face, not a reason.

(b) He is an excellent photographer.

FOREIGNER: Why do you treat the Negroes so badly?

ANSWER: *Do not attempt to explain what great strides the Negroes have made in the last twenty years, because they will not listen. Take the offensive and ask them why they treat their minorities so badly: British (West Indians); French (Algerians); Portuguese (Indians); Indians (Pakistanis). And so forth.*

FOREIGNER: Why are you all so afraid of the handful of Communists in your country?

ANSWER: Because we don't think our democratic system is strong enough to withstand their alien ideology. *(Say this with a straight face and without inflection.)*

FOREIGNER: You always talk about individual rights and liberties, yet you will not permit your people to travel in Cuba or Communist China. Why is that?

ANSWER: *Same as above.*

FOREIGNER: Why do you maintain your discriminatory immigration quotas while you pride yourselves on being a melting pot?

ANSWER: (a) We give millions in foreign aid to make people stay where they are.

(b) The pot has melted.

FOREIGNER: What are you Americans doing in Vietnam?

ANSWER: *Excuse yourself quickly to make a long-distance telephone call.*

FOREIGNER: Do you really think there will ever be a stable government in Vietnam, and if not, how do you expect to control the Vietnamese?

ANSWER: *You are still on the phone.*

FOREIGNER: Won't there be a time when you will have to deal with the Communist Chinese, and if that is so, will you not have to recognize them?

ANSWER: We will recognize them if they behave nicely.

FOREIGNER: Do you think you are behaving nicely?

ANSWER: Americans believe in God and morality. Both are on our side.

FOREIGNER: Of what?

ANSWER: Of any confrontation with those who do not believe in God and morality.

FOREIGNER: What about the Bobby Baker case?

ANSWER: Bobby Baker is a typical example of a young American who gets ahead through ambition and hard work. Most foreigners would envy him his success.

FOREIGNER: You Americans pride yourselves on a sense of humor yet you never laugh at yourselves. Why is that?

ANSWER: (a) Because you are funnier than we are.

(b) Charles de Gaulle (Makarios, Queen Elizabeth, Nasser, Tshombe, etc.) has no sense of humor.

(c) *Contagious laughter.*



Traveling with Young Eyes

by Mary Jean Kempner

Since it's impossible to lick 'em, the only way to travel joyfully with young children is to join 'em. The author of this packet of suggestions spent her childhood traveling with her family and several recent summers being squired about Europe by her young son.

"Travel is a means to regulate imagination and reality," Boswell said, "instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." Young eyes tend to do just that, and although many adults shudder at the thought of traveling with children, I can testify that the experience is far more enlightening than infuriating.

Had I not been forced by circumstances to choose between going abroad with a small son and staying home, I might well have argued with the opposition. But I would have missed a lot over the past seven years, from the time Danny was five until last summer, when he was thirteen and could no longer travel by air for half fare. And so would he, as he is quick to tell.

Somewhat tentatively at first, we marked out dos and don'ts to suit us both—not just me—a point never to be ignored. We learned quickly what was profitable or fun to do together, and I learned when, and how, to be free of him. Friends who have followed our system confess that it works.

Traveling with children is not the kind of thing one dives into flippantly. Like the shallow end of the pool, it can come up with a lethal bash. A successful junket depends either on tons of money and a Nanny to run interference—or on careful research and planning. Asking specific questions of foreign consulates in America often uncovers facts ignored by travel agencies —for instance, that the white stallions of the Spanish Riding School sometimes take long summer vacations. And one should also be prepared to answer questions. Although an occasional "I don't know" comes as a relief to an inquisitive child, too many frustrate him. A couple of good guidebooks have always seemed to me preferable to hiring a guide. One can skip irrelevancies on the printed page, but it's impossible to muzzle those so-called experts who

'tend to count the cats in Zanzibar," as Thoreau said. Minimal bedtime cramming supplies enough data for the next day's excursions. It's wise to have alternative bad-weather schemes as well. Nothing is worse than a child stalemated in your hotel room.

My formula, in general, was to spend the mornings, when we were both fresh, with Danny. Sometimes we went to one of the great museums. These hold more than anyone can absorb at a gulp, and since attempting too much can permanently damage young taste buds I always treated art galleries as if they were peep shows. I would rush my child directly to whatever we planned to see, then hurry him out again. Danny was curious about what Adam and Eve looked like, so when we were in Florence, I took him to the Uffizi to see Cranach's lovely portraits. (He seemed relieved to find they didn't resemble Neanderthals.) In time, he saw the Impressionists at the Jeu de Paume in Paris and found them "nice and cheerful." The Delacroix's in the Louvre—all those tigers, horses, Arabs, and gory battles—were "neat." In Amsterdam the Rembrandts were "sad," and the Van Goghs "kooky." Freedom to admire or dislike, in their own terms, excites the young. Wise parents never voice an aesthetic opinion without being asked to do so and even then are cautious not to sound didactic. One does not cultivate delight with a bulldozer.

Children in transit need entertainment as well as enlightenment. It makes them more amiable in close quarters. Punch and Judy in a Roman park, the sewers of Paris, or the ubiquitous English-language films may not be enough to satisfy them. But try European racetracks; the mock battles of Edinburgh's great Tattoo, with their skirling bagpipes; the smells, the vehement bargaining, and the chaos of open-air markets; or the Flea Market in Paris and London's Portobello Road, where children, searching out old swords, dolls, and fancy dress accouterments, sometimes break through the language barrier to haggle (in instant French or Cockney) with surprising expertise.

Outings needn't be elaborate. Hack rides are ideal for getting the feel of a city, almost as good as doing it on foot, and better suited to short-legged youngsters. Every motor trip should be punctuated by strategic leg-stretching stops, ostensibly to buy fruit, sip a grenadine at a sidewalk café, or even dance on the Pont d'Avignon. Boat trips are practically foolproof. In Paris, one can have lunch or dinner on the Seine aboard the *Bateau Mouche,* not exactly cheap but worth every penny of it. In Amsterdam, sixty cents will get you on the launches probing through its canals. In Venice, the Grand Canal must be seen at least once by gondola, the world's most expensive taxi service; the *vaporetti,* or water-buses, however, save both time and money as a rule. On the Thames, a regular shuttle runs between London and Hampton Court, that fabulous sixteenth-century palace.

Exploring, a more beguiling term than sightseeing, should be varied. Dates and periods make an enormous difference. A good rule of thumb seems to be to stick with today and yesterday or step really far back into history. London's bombed-out ruins are okay, but World War I battlefields aren't. Catacombs and colosseums never pall. Rooms where plots were hatched, murder committed or thwarted—any plot, any murder—are glorious. Dungeons are great, greater if equipped with a full line of medieval torture devices. Collections of armor intrigue boys; in the Tower of London, a stuffed elephant stands arrayed in full Mogul battle dress, and at the Hofburg Palace in Vienna, one can see coat of mail scaled to all shapes and sizes—right down to dwarfs and four-year-old princelings.

Sights with a twist or a legend are provocative. Confront a child with the grandeur of St. Peter's and he is likely to remain stalwartly unimpressed. But next day let him see it through the keyhole of the villa of the Knights of Malta, reduced to thimble size, and St. Peter's becomes memorable and calls for another visit. The young are riveted by the notion that England's monarchy is doomed if the ravens abandon the Tower of London courtyards. Discovering that these birds are well fed, and their wings clipped, brings comforting proof that history isn't left entirely to chance. In Rome, at the Piazza del Campidoglio (which Michelangelo built) an owl, carved on the noble equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, is supposed to "sing to announce the end of the world." (During the Cuban crisis, my son suggested we check on him.)

The young tend to spot quality intuitively. No one need spell out the beauty of faded blue and yellow walls heavily embossed with gold and silver, or white-paneled dog kennels decorated with blue chinoiserie, all in the royal hunting lodge at Nymphenburg Castle outside Munich. I took my son to see *Macbeth* at the Old Vic one night when he was ten; witches and murder sustained him. And opera, sung in the ruined majesty of the Baths of Caracalla, proved entrancing.

Architecture improves for young critics if there is a story behind the stones. Grim anecdotes of the Revolution make the façade of the Conciergerie in Paris compelling, while the grace and elegance of Pulteney Bridge in Bath raise only a flicker. The Doge's Palace in Venice has everything—shape, color, and its inexorable exit, the Bridge of Sighs. The tabloid history of the French châteaux—Chenonceaux, Blois, Amboise, Azay-le-Rideau—fascinated Danny, especially when seen at night, floodlit for the *Son et Lumière* spectacles produced by the French government.

The young, who tend to be inquisitive as to how people live, indefatigably prowl through England's stately homes (Windsor Castle's royal apartments have a special fascination) and willingly explore the lavish interiors of Versailles, where "all the clocks tick, there are logs in the fireplaces, and at night the lights blink like candles." But the moldering furnishings in many other French castles qualify as "plain crummy" in young vocabularies.

A strain of mysticism in many children stirs to great churches—Notre Dame, Chartres, Westminster Abbey, Santa Maria della Salute—and to some small ones like St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and the Matisse church at Vence. When I pointed out the hand of God in the Michelangelo mural in the Sistine Chapel, Danny reacted with awed satisfaction: "What a big arm He has."

Eating is a conservative way of going native. A certain amount of prodding is required and steak-and-potato parents can expect nothing more adventuresome from their children. But given encouragement, young palates, like young minds, are acquisitive and avid. Instead of Coke, hamburgers, and peanut butter, try substituting what European children eat—Swiss chocolate sandwiched in a lightly buttered roll as a snack; wine and water instead of milk at meals. (My son learned at an early age to keep a close watch on the amount of wine I added to his waterglass, knowing that I increased it slightly—to approximately the potency of a half aspirin—if I wanted him to take a long nap.) Gradually, the unfamiliar or exotic may be recognized as delicious —oxtail in England, eel in France, jugged hare in Germany, *paella* in Spain.

There are plenty of things to do with the young, but often non-doing must balance them out. Adults need to find practical escape hatches—*i.e.*, sitters. The concierge can usually produce responsible sitters—or walkers—particularly if alerted when rooms are booked. (Foresight consistently remains travel's best ally.) During the summer, students and young teachers are glad to earn the standard fee—around a dollar an hour plus expenses—for unwinding expeditions like going to the zoo or a Venetian glass factory or a circus, rowing on a lake, or just dragging one's feet in mud or dust—an intense pleasure unappreciated by parents who wonder if the shoes will hold out. Children on outings should carry identification: name, hotel, and telephone number.

Just as parents benefit from adult companionship, children need the give and take of association with their contemporaries. Amicable relations can sometimes be established at a zoo, or while sailing model boats, or in the hotel lobby. It is always preferable that such pickups take place spontaneously, with no hint of adult encouragement.

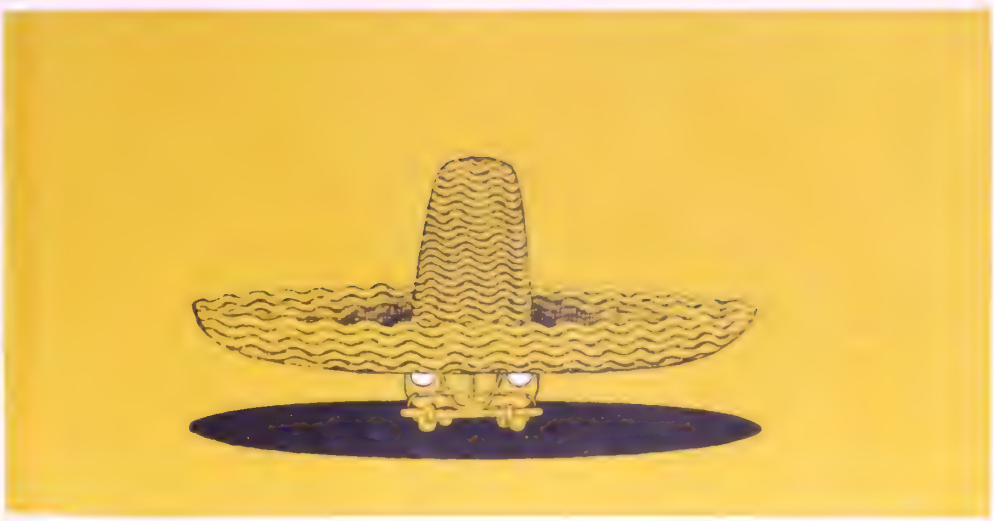
On our most recent trip, my son struck up friendly relations with another twelve-year-old while waiting for me to come down from my room. Although the youngsters spoke only enough French "to get out of a fix" (a definition I never chose to analyze) they quartered Paris by Métro, and filed the French subway system under high adventure. These excursions broke certain security rules. But once they realized they were considered reliable, the boys were careful to live up to their new station in life. "Young men should travel, if but to amuse themselves," Byron said. And they did!

Danny was equally mature about my annoying talent for getting lost. He never gloated or groused. Instead he tried to explain it: "When it comes to directions," he once said sympathetically, "I guess she's very insecure, like Linus."

If the young tend to muffle their enthusiasm, one shouldn't push them to comment. Their reaction is probably too big for their words. One simply assumes that children who aren't complaining are happy, perhaps even excited. It is exposure not words that count. When Danny says, "Can't we see that again? After all, I was only five," it doesn't mean that he saw it too soon, but rather that the exposure took. For, as Jean Renoir, master film-maker and son of the painter, has noted, few adults ever "discover the world anymore. They think they know it, and are satisfied with mere surface appearances. . . . Hence that affliction of modern society, boredom. A child is being continually astonished by things."

It can be a special delight to share in that astonishment.

Harper's Magazine, January 1965



Tranquilized in Latin America

by Merle Miller

A former editor of "Harper's," frequently a novelist—and most recently the author with Evan Rhodes of "Only You, Dick Darling!"—succumbs to the inevitability of mañana south of the border.

My most recent escape into Latin America began in El Paso. A friend and colleague, Evan Rhodes, was driving, and as we approached what we thought was a bridge to Juárez, scores of pudgy dark men who looked a lot like Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa!* started waving red flags at the white convertible and shouting menacing but unintelligible words at us.

"They're Mexican cops," I explained, "and if we don't stop, they'll throw us into a dungeon, and, besides, we might as well prepare ourselves for what the Peace Corps calls cultural shock, and, what's more, as our nation's unofficial ambassadors . . ."

"Merle, shut up," said Evan, stopping the Volkswagen.

After a brief colloquy largely carried on in four-letter words—the same four-letter words we have in English except that the Mexicans put a *y* on the end—it turned out that what the various Villas had in mind was to usher us into a house or houses of prostitution in Juárez. But it was only ten in the morning, and Evan turned the car around. A few blocks further on we came to the customs station on the international highway. The young Mexican in charge looked a lot like Wallace Beery in *Viva Villa!* and he had great trouble with my name.

"You Mellie Milley," he kept saying. "You Mellie Milley, Blewstee, New Yolk." He *sounded* like Mr. Moto in the Late, Late Show.

I admitted that and other damning facts, like my age, after which he and several pals discussed the weather, the merits of the Volkswagen, the forthcoming Mexican elections, and the history of bullfighting. Eventually, he nodded to two border patrolmen who made various chalk marks on Evan's and my luggage, then looked with alarm at Evan's electric typewriter, the first one the Underwood people hammered out. It is somewhat larger than the Volkswagen. The patrolmen felt —as I do—that the thing is lethal; nevertheless, they waved us on. It isn't easy to get a Mexican

cop to arrest you, and they all look like—Well.

The northern plains of Mexico resemble the Texas Panhandle and the Mojave Desert—bleak, dry, and inhospitable. A tree is as rare as a human being. Somebody—it may have been Octavio Paz, a fine Mexican poet—has said that the state of Chihuahua is without water, smiles, or conversation.

On the first day Evan and I didn't talk much either; we were both nursing internal wounds resulting from an involvement of several months with the insanity of trying to turn out a pilot film for a television series. We have, however, written rather extensively about that experience. (*Only You, Dick Daring!* Sloane, $5.95.)

We spent the night in the capital city of the province, also called Chihuahua. The hotel was Victorian and chilly; the food was rather like Howard Johnson's, institutional, and the service was slow and surly.

"Where's all the Latin charm you keep talking about?" asked Evan. "Where are all the gentle people?"

"These people aren't typical of Mexico," I said. "As Erico Verissimo points out . . ."

"I give Mexico one more day, then back to New York."

I said, "If Christopher Columbus had had *you* along when he set out to discover a shorter route . . ."

On the morning of the second day the brown, dusty hills were behind us; the soil was red, the air clear and warm, and on either side of the narrow road were mountains, at first blue, then pink, and, finally, purple. In the first village the simple white-washed church stood at one end of the plaza, which was crowded. It was a *fiesta* day.

Mexico has more than fifty *national* fiestas every year, some celebrating revolutions, others honoring certain saints, many commemorating the birth dates of various individuals who weren't exactly saints, Benito Juárez, for instance. Then there is the carnival, which takes a week or more to get ready for and in many cases even longer to recover from; every village has one or two, sometimes more patron saints of its own, and there is a fiesta for each of them. There are also celebrations on the day the Conquistadores were finally got rid of, and in Vera Cruz they have quite a to-do on the day the last pirates were shipped out.

The fiesta Evan and I happened on was the equivalent of July 4, Mexico's independence day. Everybody was dressed in his Sunday best, especially the children, the girls in starched white dresses, the boys in white pants and bright-colored coats. Mexican children—all Mexican children—are beautiful, and they are all cheerful, too; I have never heard one cry or whine or pout. I'm not sure why, but perhaps one reason is that when a baby is hungry, a Mexican mother, no matter where she is, even in the heart of Mexico City, whips out a breast, and the child starts eating. There it all is, a hot lunch and love.

That second morning in Mexico, several informal groups of musicians were playing *mariachi;* the local police were marching around, each to the sound of a different drummer, and the soldiers in the local garrison were waiting to demonstrate that military precision is not considered a virtue in Mexico. Every store in town was closed, but the plaza was lined with haphazard stands offering various kinds of unhealthy drinks and indigestible foods.

"They're absolutely delicious," I said, finishing my third tortilla. "Have one."

"Haven't you ever heard of Montezuma's revenge?" asked Evan.

"Nonsense. You were brought up in an orthodox household, and when you get right down to it, a tortilla is simply a flappy *matzo.*"

Later that day we took part in fiestas in several other villages; since there is usually only one road running through the center of town, there was no alternative. It was late evening when we got to Durango, a good-sized town in the mountains of central Mexico. Evan was famished, and since his Spanish at the time was nonexistent, he rubbed his stomach and made what I suppose he intended as a soup-eating pantomime to a local policeman.

"Ha, ha," the policeman laughed in Spanish.

Then he led us to a square where pinwheels lighted the sky; the entire population of the town was present, dancing, singing, eating, gambling, and kissing each other a lot. Finally, Evan decided he could risk a hot dog.

"Not exactly Nathan's," he said, "but not bad."

After a while he returned to the hotel, but I stayed in the square until dawn; so did everybody else. I walked slowly back to the Duran Hotel, a Moorish building of serene beauty that was built in the sixteenth century around an indoor court with a white marble fountain. There were only ten rooms, all of them large and with high-beamed ceilings. When I climbed into the enormous bed, I listened for a long time to the now-distant music in the square and to the voices of people on their way home. The Mexican language is softer and more lyrical than

the Portuguese of Brazil or the Spanish of Spain. The voice of a girl or a very young boy was singing a folk tune in the street below, and for the first time in months I was able to fall asleep without a pill, not even an aspirin.

I've been traveling—exploring is really a better word—in Latin America whenever I could since the early 1950s, and the experience is always the same, a sense of peace and enlargement.

I'm not sure why. Perhaps because Latin Americans are kind, to strangers and each other, and there isn't a great deal of that going around anymore. What's more, although they are capable of furious outbursts, they are gentle people.

During the most recent coup in Brazil the American newspapers for more than a week carried headlines about two armies marching against each other, one supporting the deposed president João Goulart, the other the generals who had forced him out of office. Goulart issued a number of bellicose statements and promised a fight to the death—about the same time as he was taking off for Uruguay, accompanied by several sycophants, a large fortune, and, among other loot, several foreign automobiles.

My friend Carlos Roberto Moreira de Souza wrote me later: "João likes nice things. . . . I told you we talk a good revolution. . . . You know what they say about Brazilian revolutions, 'I would have taken part in it, but it was raining that day.'"

Hector Acebes, a rich young Colombian with whom I once wrote a book, made somewhat the same point in a story that is, I understand, told throughout South America. Apocryphal, of course. A young man from Bogotá was walking with his girl when a second young man came up and insulted him thoroughly. The Bogotano simply shrugged and walked on.

"What's the matter?" asked his girl. "Aren't you a man?"

"Yes," he said, "but not fanatically so."

Illiteracy is high in all Latin-American countries, 80 to 90 per cent, but on the other hand, respect for the intellect is very great indeed. In Brazil the highest compliment is to call someone a poet; when I was acting my most American, Carlos used to say, "Merle, you are a poet—but an incomplete poet." They say in Bogotá that there is one bookstore for every twenty-five people, and that every shoeshine boy can discuss Proust.

I always wanted to say to the Pedros or Pepes—all shoeshine boys in Bogotá are either Pedro or Pepe—"Man is the creature that cannot emerge from himself, that knows his fellow only in himself; when he asserts to the contrary, he is lying . . ."

I just couldn't seem to work it into the conversation.

All right then. My long-standing affair with Latin America has persisted and, I am sure, will continue largely because of the nature of its people. But it is certainly not for all travelers. Charles Macomb Flandrau began one of the best books about any Latin-American country, *Viva Mexico!*, by saying:

> Neither tourists nor persons of fashion seem to have discovered that the trip by water from New York to Vera Cruz is both interesting and agreeable. But perhaps to tourists and persons of fashion it wouldn't be. For, although the former enjoy having traveled they rarely enjoy traveling, and the travels of the latter would be pointless, as a result, if they failed to involve the constant hope of social activity and its occasional fulfillment.

Flandrau's book was published in 1908, but the observation about the voyage from New York to Vera Cruz—well, Evan and I did it the other way around, and nothing has changed much since Mr. Flandrau's day, although there was one person of fashion among the eight first-class passengers.

A lady from Madrid with blue-gray hair had been visiting relatives in Mexico. I asked her what she thought of the country.

"Very provincial," she said, in pure Castilian Spanish, of course.

She's right; most of the Latin-American countries are provincial; and those who adhere to a schedule—and most people have to, or think they do—would be better off in, say, Miami Beach.

Myself, in the late afternoon of my life, I have as Carlos Roberto says, "ceased the racing of your motor." Most of the time anyway.

One day in the south of Brazil, Carlos and I waited on the bank of a river for more than three hours. When the ferry finally did arrive, it immediately broke down. After the crew stopped laughing, they took a swim, brushed their teeth, and did some overdue laundry in the river. Then they had lunch, took naps and, finally, with reluctance, looked into the faulty machinery of the ferry.

"Would you mind asking them how long it will take them to fix it?" I said.

"If I did that, they would only laugh," said Carlos.

Actually, once the crew got down to work, it

took less time to fix the motor than it does to get a grease job on the Volkswagen in Danbury, Connecticut. The Brazilians had a lot more fun, too. But you see what I mean about a schedule.

And even in the more populated areas the unexpected is always happening. A couple of years ago on a beach in Acapulco crowded with tourists, a friend cut his foot on a piece of glass. The Mexican lifeguard ran to the first-aid station and unlocked it, after which he sliced open a lemon and squeezed some juice on the wound.

Last December during the film festival in Acapulco Evan and I had to wait three days to get a money order. The manager of the tourist agency was just never in. Rather he was in for a couple of hours a day, but it was two different hours every day. And one day Evan spent most of an afternoon trying to find a drugstore that had *aspirina*. By the time he did get some, his headache was gone. I'm sure there's a moral in that.

The Indian influence in Latin America is at least partly responsible for the indifference to time. There are two kinds of time, Indian time and real time.

As for corruption—well, you know; but at least Latin Americans do it with some flair, and it is as much a part of their way of life as cheating on the income tax is of ours. And not nearly so complicated. Ellsworth Bunker, our Ambassador to the Organization of American States, told Evan about the mythical interviews held to find how much each of three nationals would charge to take the first trip to the moon.

The American said, "$15,000 to pay up my life insurance for my wife."

The Frenchman said, "$15,000. That is $7,500 for my wife and $7,500 for my mistress."

The Brazilian said, "I want $17,000."

"*$17,000?*" said the interviewer.

"$17,000," said the Brazilian. "$10,000 for me, $5,000 for you, and $2,000 for the damned fool that's going to take my place."

The word that best describes the Latin Americans I have known is *human*. The face they wear is their own.

And now for Vera Cruz, which is where Evan's and my adventure in Mexico ended last December. We started from Mexico City early in the morning and by late afternoon we were high in the mountains, where we came across a sign that said—or so I thought—"Beware of the fog." For perhaps half an hour there wasn't any, and Evan kept saying, "Are you sure it didn't say, 'Beware of the dog'?"

About that time on a particularly narrow and curving mountain road a huge truck roared past us. I started shouting a few four-letter words, using the *y* ending so that the driver of the truck would know what I was talking about.

Then I saw that he had hung curtains at the windows of his cab; most Mexican truck drivers do. In this case the curtains were magenta-colored and had ball-fringes. What's more, there was a sign on the rear bumper that said, "Before you talk about me, remember your own past."

The fog started to roll in from the gulf when we were a few miles outside the city, and by the time we had checked into the Macombo Hotel, real Emily Brontë weather had set in. The only other two guests in the hotel—it was mid-December, hardly the season—were partners in a construction firm whose offices were about three miles away from my glass house in Brewster.

We were sailing on a small Spanish ship, the *Guadalupe*, which may have been the same ship Charles Macomb Flandrau took to Vera Cruz in 1905. We thought we had made all the arrangements for our own passage and for the Volkswagen before arriving, but it took most of two days and the services of a lawyer to get the car and our luggage on board.

On the last afternoon, after we had paid off the lawyer and most of the membership of the local longshoremen's union, Evan and I were sitting at a sidewalk café across from the Plaza de la Constitución, one of the loveliest squares anywhere. It was ten days before Christmas, but there wasn't a single Christmas carol, and no Muzak. Instead, two small black boys came up and played *mariachi* on guitars made of cigar boxes and rubber bands. Since they very likely believed in Santa Claus, we tipped the boys generously.

"Why didn't you tell me what gentle people the Mexicans are?" asked Evan.

A few minutes later two friendly policemen who believed in Papá Noel brought two marimba players to the sidewalk in front of our table. After the latter started running through what was obviously an extensive repertoire I said to Evan, "Look, if we're going to get packed and get on the ship on time, I think . . ."

"Rush, rush, rush," said Evan. "No wonder you gringos are always having coronaries. If we miss the *Guadalupe*, we can take the next boat."

"But the next boat isn't until February."

"I'm aware of that," Evan replied. Then he turned to the marimba players and, clapping his hands, said, "*Muchas gracias, señors . . . Más música, por favor.*"

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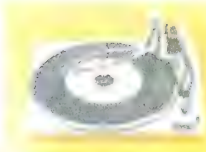
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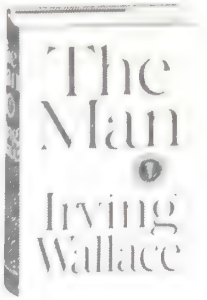
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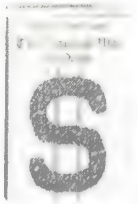
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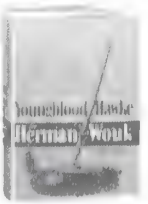
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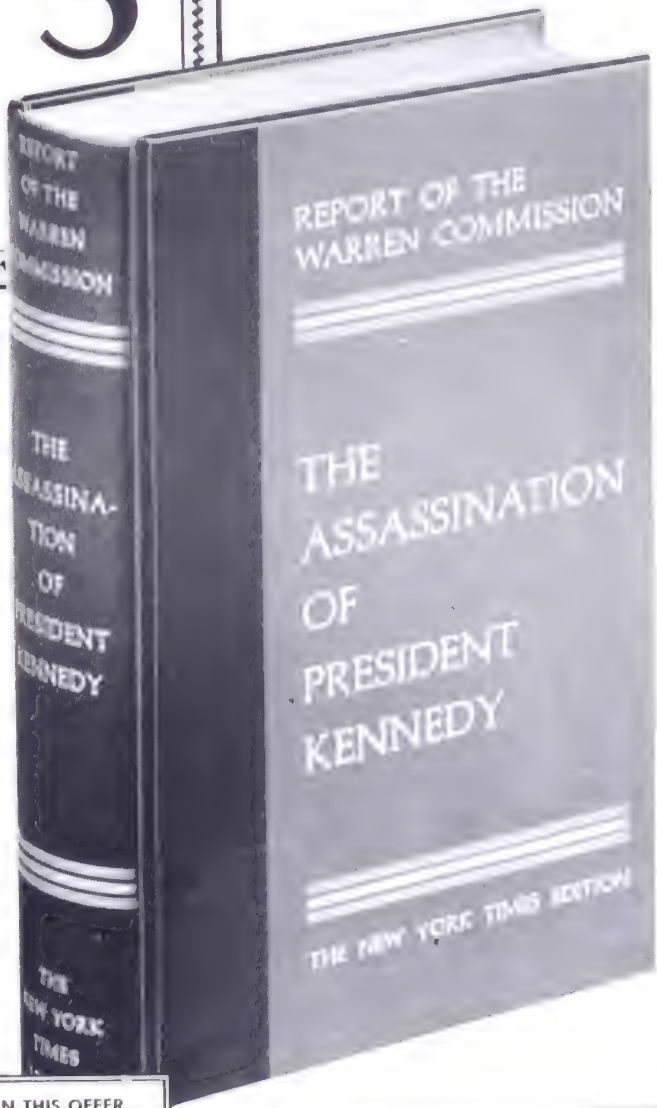


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LETTERS

The Future of the Radical Right

Those of us who live our political lives under the guns of the Radical Right find it hard to believe that the last election was any kind of finale for this virulent new form of fanaticism. I grant that we cannot view the question with the same detachment, nor measure it with the same degree of historical precision exhibited by Seymour Martin Lipset in "How to Rebuild the Two-party System" [January]. But our instincts warn us that the Goldwater candidacy was not the last gasp of present-day reaction on the rampage. . . .

Surveying the election results, leading right-wing spokesmen found cause for optimism. "A great, thrilling awakening," declared Dan Smoot; "we can more than double [our strength] in the next four years." "If one million can convince 26 million in four months," concluded *Liberty Lowdown*, "they can surely convince eight million more in two years and clean house in Congress in 1966." The Reverend Billy James Hargis summed up their reasoning when he said, "In the past several months the conservative message has received unprecedented exposure." It is this exposure which is paying off in new recruitment, expanded budgets, and increased activity across the whole right-wing front.

It may be true that the Radical Right addresses its case to a minority of our population which is itself diminishing in relative size and importance, and that it has no prospect, therefore, of ever capturing a majority of the voters. But Lipset's own reference to the earlier "puritanical, nativist" movement, which failed in its aims for seventy-five years, only to suddenly achieve them in the aftermath of the first world war, is hardly reassuring. Prohibition, the shut-off of large-scale immigration, and the rampant rise of the Ku Klux Klan resulted from the organized action of a militant minority, which was able to exert an immense influence, more proportionate to its zeal than to its numbers. The same could prove true for the Radical Right of our day.

Dr. Lipset sees these self-styled conservatives as a right-wing fringe, which can hope for no more than continued control over the Republican party. If this happens, he fears the Republicans will be foreclosed from contesting with the Democrats for the middle ground, where elections are won, and that the country may face a prolonged period of one-party politics.

I suggest this may be precisely what today's right-wing extremists are aiming for. Sensing that they cannot command a majority of the votes—barring some national calamity to exploit—their strategy could be to build so formidable an apparatus as to govern without office, through the pressures of coercion and intimidation. Preferably, this should be done from within a kept Republican party, but, if necessary, it could be done outside the framework of either party.

If this sounds fanciful, consider what has already been accomplished. For so long have politicians of both parties used the national repugnance to communism as a convenient crutch for winning votes, that they hesitate now to take issue with constituents who regard themselves as superpatriots, operating under the compelling banner of "anticommunism." Already, the formulation of American foreign policy comes dangerously close to being locked in a right-wing vise.

The challenge to the Democrats is to break out of that vise before its paralysis extends to domestic policy as well. If we fail to do so . . . with the mandate given us in the last election, the Radical Right may yet win its victory without the vote.

FRANK CHURCH
U. S. Senator from Idaho
Washington, D. C.

The Lipset piece is worth reading as an example of the misconceptions and distortions offered by those who profess a concern for the future of the Republican party. Lipset's friendship and concern are as spuriou his advice.

To categorize those who suppo Goldwater as practitioners of "t lash politics"—Birchers, Minute and members of the White Citi Council—may please Mr. Lip vanity, but does violence to truth. His attempt at clever (WASPish) is scarcely the hall of an objective mind.

Lipset professes to find validi what he describes as the decli the Republican party between and 1960—a period when the D crats were in power for twelve y and when the Republican E hower, whose Administration scarcely different from that o predecessor, practiced me-tooism eight years. It is not surprising generations born and brough on the New Deal and the Fair would accept the Democratic p as the leaders of the status q

He seems to find repugnant notion that the typical Repub is Protestant, God-fearing, d religious, moral, middle-class, living in a stable, nonurban munity. Does he suggest that Jew and the Catholic are less fearing, deeply religious, mora middle-class?

Lipset's advice to the Demo is valid. But unfortunately fo readers, he fails in any unders ing as to the forces which bro about the nomination of Goldw Yet the piece is worth reading that its fallacies may be cor hended—and also because the a clearly defines the conservative and the need for conservative ence if the Republic is to endur

The Democrats will not and not accept Lipset's advice an come a party of the center. conservatives, if they can climb from under the burden of hy ated definitions—Far-Right, Ra Right, etc.—will, it is hoped, in set's words, "make certain tha reformer does not destroy the in the existing institutions" "point out the price which mu paid for any given reform, a which frequently outweighs gains which the reform is desi to achieve."

STEPHEN C. SHA
Phoenix,
Author of the forthcoming
What Happened to Goldu



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LETTERS

S. M. Lipset's article doubtless
receive some dissenting comme
from scholars and citizens. . . .
Mr. Lipset was correct . . . The "
tory" claimed for conservatism
the national election is just not s

In California, cited by Sen
Goldwater as one of his stronghc
Opinion Research of California
ducted opinion studies both be
and following the election to
termine the appeal of Goldwater
servatism to Republicans. (Of
registered Republicans, 73.6 per
voted for Goldwater; 18.5 per
voted for Johnson; 7.9 per cent
did not vote.)

Results indicate a hard core of
per cent of the state's Republic
were for Goldwater both in
Presidential primary and in
general election; in short, the Se
has picked up no appreciable supp
during the general election c
paign. At the same time, appr
mately 31.5 per cent of
Republicans who voted for Goldwa
voted for the party and not
candidate, while 50 per cent of
Republicans who voted for G
water would have preferred anot
party nominee. In addition, some
per cent of the Republicans
voted for Johnson (about 13 per
all registered Republicans) w
have done so if someone of
than Goldwater had been the ca
date.

Another significant fact is that
Shell conservative former s
legislator, polled one-third of Rep
lican votes in the 1962 gubernato
primary race against the moder
candidate Richard Nixon, who
the nomination and was defeated
the incumbent Democrat Edmun
Brown. The conservative vote
Shell two years ago measures up
most equally with the Goldwa
conservative vote. . . .

The conservatives have been abl
deliver only one-third of the mino
party in California, potentially
most powerful of states.

DON M. MUCHM
Chairman of the Bo
Opinion Research of Califor
Long Beach, Ca

Bizarre Bequ

I'm very much afraid that El
beth T. Harris' article ["On Giv

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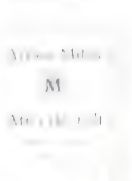
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LETTERS

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the donation of remains to medi
schools by encouraging and spre
ing the unfounded belief that
medical schools have a surplus
bodies available. Actually, the
posite is true.

The Demonstrators Association
Illinois . . . is the legal represe
tive of the schools relating to
procuring, preparing, and pres
ing of remains for the med
schools. If Mrs. Harris had inclu
Illinois in her survey, she wo
have found that we will go anywh
within the state of Illinois and m
a removal without any expense
the family or estate of the decea
We have forms whereby one can
nate his remains to one of
schools. In Illinois it is legal to
one's remains to a medical schoo

WALTER D. NORTH, Cura
Demonstrators Assoc. of Illi
Chicago,

I'm glad to say that we do
treat dead bodies that have b
donated to us any differently in J
uary than we do in July. We h
some day to have on hand the
davers of only those persons
have previously indicated their v
ingness to have their bodies u
for scientific purposes.

OLIVER P. JONES, Ph.D., M
Prof. and Head, Dept. of Anat
State University of N.Y. at Buf
School of Medi
Buffalo, N

Lest Mrs. Harris discourage y
readers from donating their bo
to medical schools, I would like
relate my experiences in this mat

Since I wished my body to g
a Catholic medical school after
death, I wrote my first letter of
quiry to Georgetown Univer
School of Medicine. In return, I
ceived a personal letter, not a f
letter, stating that the school wo
be happy to accept my donation.
tone of the entire letter was m
cordial. My numerous questions
were answered clearly and th
oughly. . . . I have also made arran
ments to give my eyes to the
Bank for Sight Restoration a
my death. The medical school
accept the body after the remo
of the eyes. JO ANN GA
Croton-on-Hudson, N

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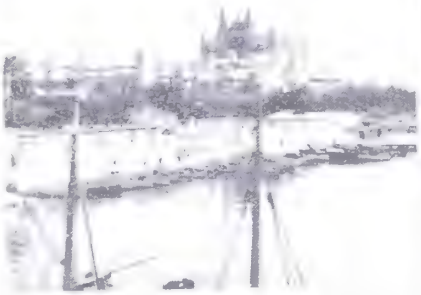
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LETTERS

Trigger-happy NRA?

Carl Bakal apparently can see no good in the National Rifle Association ["The Traffic in Guns: A Forgotten Lesson of the Assassination," December]. As a member of the board of directors of the NRA . . . I would like to discuss the very constructive work of this organization. Unpaid NRA instructors worked many hours providing basic marksmanship training for some 1.5 million boys prior to their draft induction during World War II without cost to the government. This is training the Armed Forces does not have time to give properly in basic, and makes our men more efficient fighters and at least 50 per cent more likely to come home alive. In peacetime, our instructors devoted many volunteer hours training youngsters and others in marksmanship, safe gun handling both in the hunting field and in the home, and to a large extent in the discipline and sportsmanship that make good citizens.

The NRA clubs have to account for every round of ammunition they receive, and they must provide bond and be responsible for the rifles or pistols issued to them to carry on their training programs. . . .

Do you believe that a police officer in each community should be given the power to say who can purchase a firearm? This is what results when a license is required. I know because we had such a law here in Phoenix for one year. In that one year we were able to compile such a list of abuses of the discretionary power that has to be reposed in the license-issuing agency that the chief of police himself recommended repeal of the ordinance. And he admitted publicly that it never kept firearms out of the hands of a single criminal.

Do you realize that a firearm is such a simple device that a high-school boy can build one in a few hours? BEN AVERY, Outdoor Ed.
The *Arizona Republic*
Phoenix, Ariz.

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

The NRA's civilian marksmanship program may have the noblest of intentions. But the thesis that our country's ability to defend itself in this age of pushbutton w fare still depends on a self-ar citizenry . . . is exceedingly d ous. I should also point to the p dox which has the governm subsidizing rifle (and pistol) p tice for civilians, ostensibly to pare them for an eventual call the colors, while at the same t taking steps to end the draft.

No legislation can be devised keep firearms out of the hands every criminal. But this is ground for defeating legisla which would make the obtaining possession of firearms more diffi and provide the basis for convict gun-carrying miscreants who still in particular abundance in Avery's pistol-packing Phoenix, cording to the FBI's latest cr reports.

Senator Dodd's bill, I should did not require licensing.

CARL BA
New York, N

I find the article on "The Tr in Guns" most interesting and w to congratulate Mr. Bakal on frank appraisal of this impor matter.

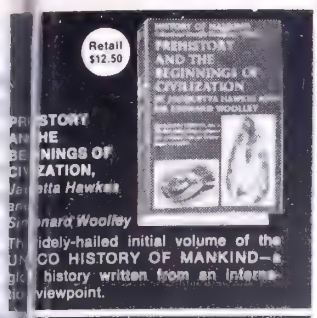
PROF. ARTHUR E. SUTHERL
Harvard University Law Sc
Cambridge, M

. . . Mr. Bakal talks about "t who own guns for sports or o legitimate purposes." . . . Is s hunting a "legitimate" use for arms? I contend it is *not*. It these very "sportsmen" who the firearms menace and cont need to be aimed at them firs see no necessity for wholesale g toting by amateurs in the guise "sport" when the problem of s plus animals, if there is such problem, could well be handled professionals. . . .

DONALD J. KINT
Chatham, N.

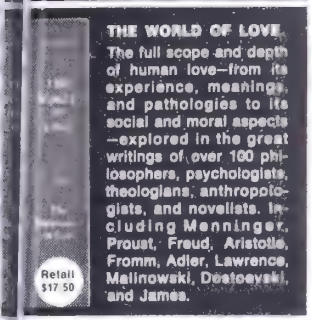
Liaison Dangere

The two leaders of French e tentialism are portrayed in Simon Beauvoir's memoirs as incapable fully committing themselves to a thing human—even each other ["' Question of Fidelity," Novem December]. This is perhaps one son for their cosmic worry ab



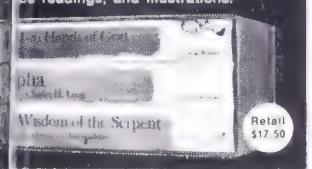
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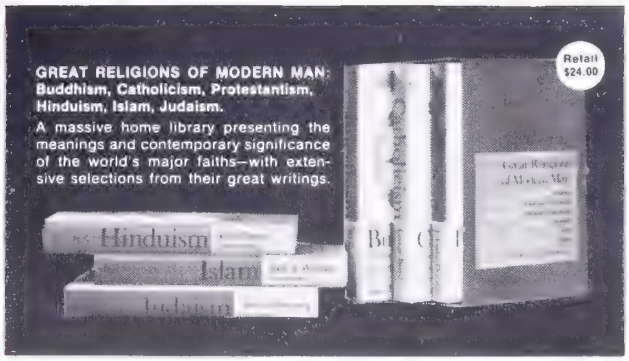
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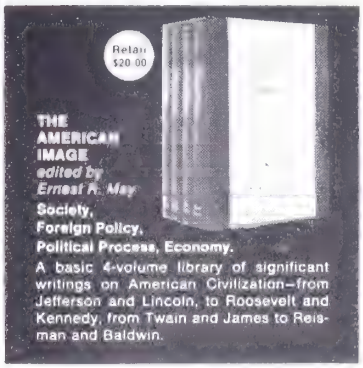


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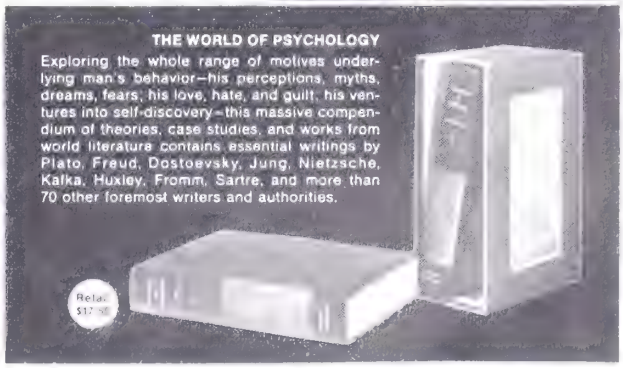
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Communist party. Mme de Beauvoir . . . had a somewhat different problem. She has been committed to the morality of her own mind throughout her adult life. Her problem objectively was to escape—her autobiography testifies that the price is almost unendurable. Yet the committed found out through the same sort of —of the sort and in the style we ressions. . . .

Spoon-fed Intermediary

Press, Alas!" by Ben H. Bagdikian' that involves my business, Mrs. Taylor vicious manner . . .

Mrs. Taylor tells me Mr. Bagdikian some questions. But I doubt very much if her replies qualified him to tell your readers that the U.S. Press Association, Inc. "is a friendly family business run by a pleasant couple in McLean, Virginia." If he were

And on what grounds he assumes this is a "family business" I wouldn't know. . . .

Mr. Bagdikian clearly . . . makes

lovely of quoting part of my answer to a question. And he is gratuitously insulting to the great body of America's small-town editors, who, whether he thinks so or not, are the last best hope of a free-wheeling independent American press. . . .

The things that Mr. Bagdikian doesn't know about the syndicated operation he is castigating would fill more space than his article. . . . He has contrived to portray a respected, useful, and responsible in-

sampling as a racket. . . .

U.S. Press Association, Inc.
McLean, Va.

Mr. Taylor's testimony was refreshingly straightforward in a set of hearings not distinguished for candor by witnesses and I think his canned editorials are honestly labeled. In fact, it is Mr. Taylor's admirable directness that makes it all the more reprehensible that the editors he admires so much run free plugs as news and editorials.

My acquaintance with the Fulbright hearings is not scant. There were thirteen published volumes of testimony of which I read every word. I was present at almost all the open hearings, including the Taylor who use the Taylor service. I spoke personally to the Taylors on two occasions, once with a few other correspondents after a hearing, and once alone, in the corridor outside, at which time I identified myself. In addition, I spoke twice on the telephone to Mrs. Taylor, both times identifying myself. I called theirs a family business because Mr. and Mrs. Taylor used that phrase to describe their enterprise. I used the words "friendly" and "pleasant" on the basis of my own observation and the descriptions given to me by some of the Taylors' best customers. If "friendly" and "pleasant" are wrong, I apologize.

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN
Washington, D.C.

editorials but its editors' own, resists the pressures of the right wing,

fully—to keep the hidden persuaders out of its news columns, may I say that Ben H. Bagdikian's article is in many cases too close for comfort. The flood of slick copy plugging causes and products not only poses a temptation to the harried editor but, when published, belies his constant lament of "lack of space."

Even in a small town, the reader who may not like or agree with the local paper's editorial policies will nevertheless respect them if they are forthrightly stated and [illegible] that the paper believes the best interests of the community. Editors of such papers often are too busy to read the national releases and "suggested editorials" that come over their desks. The story goes straight into the can.

ANDREW L. PINCUS, [illegible]
The Bernardsville [illegible]
Gladstone, N[illegible]

Harvard's Pioneer

I have read with appreciation Andrew T. Weil's forthright portrait of Dr. Jerome Bruner and his impact on educational psychology ["Harvard's Bruner and His Year of Ideas," December]. I think something should also be said about the implications of Dr. Bruner's notion for childhood mental illness. . . . Research in child psychopathology is beginning to take new turns. Old gospels are being questioned and new gospels are being formulated. . . . "The Gospel According to Saint Jerome" (as Weil describes it) has opened up some remarkably new and exciting lines of exploration, of possible interdisciplinary synthesis, and of hope. . . .

Weil's point about the field of education applies to research and therapy in child psychopathology equally well: "In a field where unmitigated nonsense has often emerged triumphant, 'Bruner' is unmistakably a force for enlightenment."

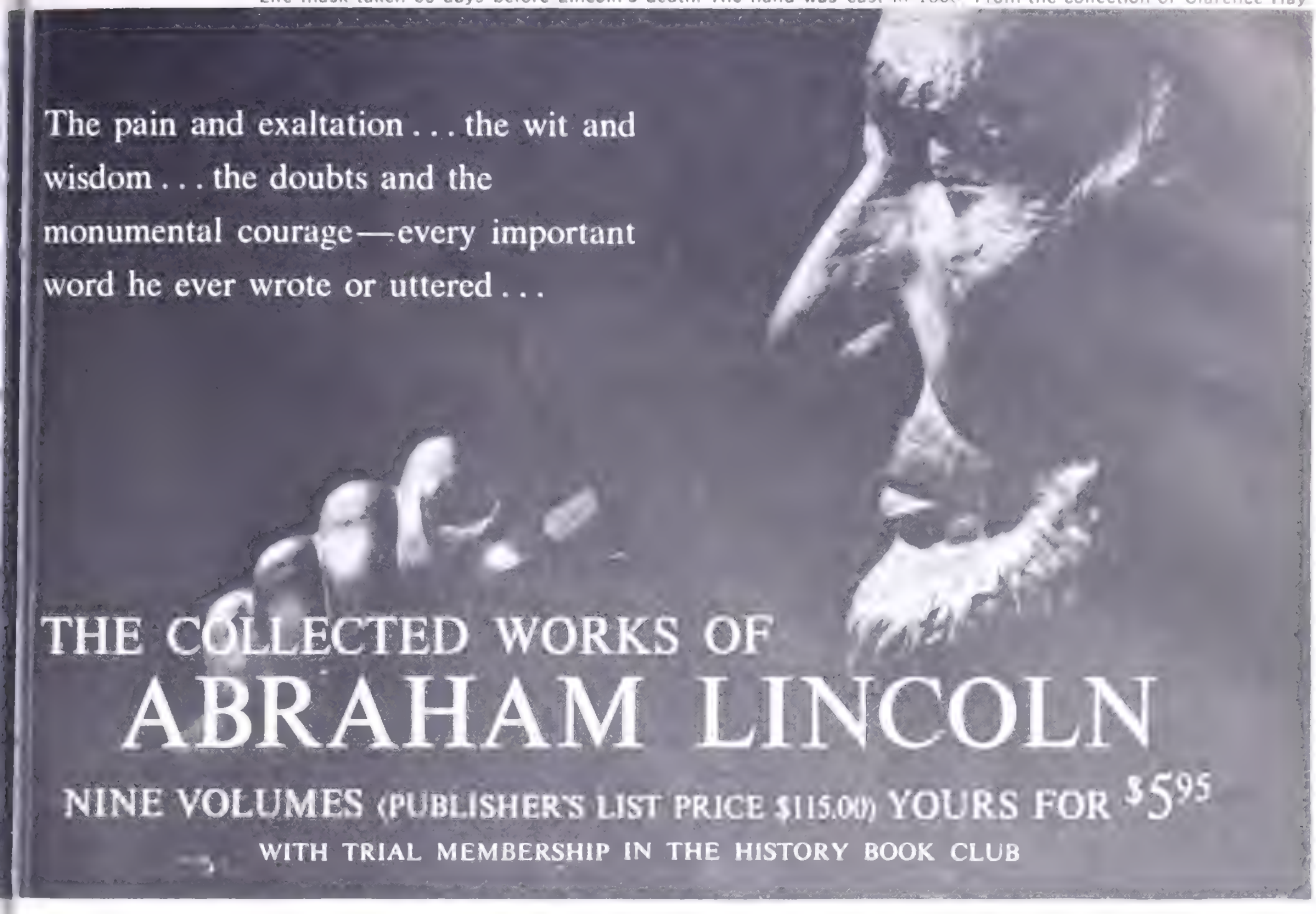
[illegible]
Dept. of Psychology
University of California
Los Angeles, Cal.

Out of Beesnees

I was fascinated by the item "Nothing Sacred?" in your December issue. Your readers might be interested to know that even if they have neither bees nor whistles to pollinate their plants they can still grow tomatoes. Some friends of mine who have a penthouse garden more flowers up than insects can help find great success with a product that comes in an aerosol can and, like the high-intensity whistle, pollinates their plants without benefit of bee.

JUDITH RAND[illegible]
New York, N.[illegible]

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay



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ut of Your Trip to Europe

ne tips to save you time and money—plus a few words ut Holland-America Line and travelling First Class

E TENSEN *Photographs by Bob Swenson*

first time one does *anything*, he allows impatience to rob him of l enjoyment of the experience. I of my first encounter with vintage agne. It was so good I gulped. sip. *Slowly.*

differently do I cross to Europe. I ber as a first-timer, my intense ess to be *there*, to tread its ancient see its paintings, its statues, eat its drink its wines. I was impelled at e, too, to get the "most" for what noney I had to spend. Looking see how much more I might have l from every dollar if I hadn't been atient. I'm talking about *relaxing* ay to Europe—by ship.

sider just a few of the extremely *al* results of going by ship:

ing Europe for the first or the -first time—not to mention *pre-*for it—is an exhausting experience. ould spend weeks doing just Paris ne or Amsterdam—and not see all s to see. *And for storing up all the you're going to expend, there's like those few anticipatory days in advance of your arrival.*

d this is no less important.) During all-too-brief few days at sea, you eet and talk with countless people ave already been there and who vish upon you all the time and saving tips of the seasoned traveller at to see, how best to see it and o avoid costly mistakes. (I would te this feature alone can save you a hundred or more dollars.)

ou're going by ship, go right—go lass. The difference in cost, you'll ell worth the extras it buys.

, of course, if time allows—return p. You'll welcome—and want—nce to relax on the way back, too; your weary feet and stretch your ack in a deck chair, and arrive really refreshed by your experi-ot exhausted by it.

ger, Vancouver, B.C.—sculptor, sketch-waves . . . "I must travel back and forth the Atlantic quite often on business. l-America ships seem to have a certain here that you never quite find any place makes me feel very content."



Mr. Dwight Shaver of Chicago, Illinois—relaxing in the lounge . . . "I've been around the world five times and I've made many trips to Europe. I've travelled on all the lines—but there is none superior in food, service and friendliness to Holland-America."

So you decide to go (as so many of the seasoned travellers go) and return: by ship. The next question is—what ship?

Like big corporations, ships all have countless fringe benefits. Great food. Music. Dancing. Bars. Bridge rooms. Deck tennis. First-run movies. Writing rooms. And some (notably the Holland-America Line ships) even have shops selling fabulous round-the-world items at duty-free mid-Atlantic prices.

But the chief difference in ships is their *feel*. What I mean chiefly is *people*—the kind of fellow passengers you rub elbows with and, of course, the crew and the staff.

I mentioned the Holland-America Line. The Dutch have a word for this feeling. They call it *gezelligheid*. The Dutch are an extremely friendly and informal people. (They have to be in their tiny, crowded country.) And these are probably the two most distinguishing characteristics of *gezelligheid*—friendliness and informality. Anybody who's taken a Dutch ship, even if they can't pronounce the word, can tell you what *gezelligheid* means in terms of pure shipboard enjoyment. To every passenger it seems to mean something else, but to all it means the way *they* like to go and do things and have things done.

Footnote to photographs

Just to back up my own conclusions, these are actual quotes from actual passengers and pictures taken of the passengers themselves, *en route*.

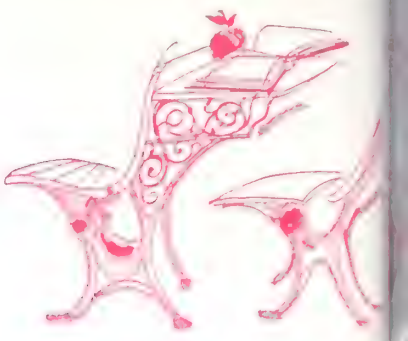
For there are no ship facilities or services any better than the people who provide them, and their attitude. And these you will find outstanding on a Dutch ship—whether it's Holland-America's flagship *Rotterdam*, gracious *Nieuw Amsterdam*, or modern *Statendam*.

I'm afraid all too many people are frightened of First Class. They think of starched shirts and decolletage and stuffy people. And wads of money. All essentially untrue—particularly on Holland-America ships. First Class costs really little more—and what you get is well worth the difference. A sumptuous stateroom. A luxurious bath. Your own steward or stewardess. Deck space like a country club at sea. Night life as exciting as what you're looking forward to when you arrive. And delightfully friendly, interesting, even influential people.

Incidentally, getting some of the booklets the steamship companies put out can be very helpful in planning your trip. The Holland-America Line has especially helpful literature which you can get free from your travel agent or by writing Holland-America Line, Pier 40, North River, New York, N. Y.



Mrs. Hanne Ventillius, North Miami Beach, Florida—in the main dining room . . . "It was enjoyable and relaxing to sail the Atlantic with Holland-America. My son, too, has found so many things to do. I've especially enjoyed the continental menu and the attentive service."



Is There a Teacher on the Faculty?

by John Fischer

That muffled snarl you hear is the sound of unhappy college students enrolling, just about now, for the spring semester. They are returning to their campuses, by the hundreds of thousands, with a swelling suspicion that they are being gypped. They are quite right.

They and their parents are paying dear for an education. What they expect to get for their money—reasonably enough—is good teaching. In a great many classrooms they are not getting it. This is not because the colleges are poverty-stricken or overcrowded or short of good faculty (although in some cases the situation may be aggravated by all these woes). The harsh truth is that nearly all of our colleges and universities are capable right now of providing far better instruction than they actually put out.

They don't do it simply because our whole academic system is now rigged against good teaching. No faculty member (with rare exceptions) is rewarded if he teaches well, or punished if he doesn't. On the contrary, all the incentives are arranged to divert him away from teaching, no matter how strong a vocation he may have for it, and to penalize him if he wastes too much time on mere students.

During the last few years I have had occasion to talk to hundreds of students, on campus or in my own home; and I cannot remember one of them who was not disappointed, in some degree, by the education he was being offered. Maybe they begin with their expectations too high. The competition to get into good universities has, of course, become enormous. After years of strain and worry, starting in grade school, when a youngster finally makes his way past the flaming sword of the Admissions Officer he expects a good deal of his academic Eden. Then, if he meets indifference, slovenly instruction, and a curriculum only tangentially relevant to his needs, he is likely to get angry.

So are his parents—who are also taxpayers and the prime target of every academic fund-raising campaign. If I read the signs correctly, this smoldering discontent is growing fast. It won't stay bottled up forever; and when it does break into the open, the whole academic world may be in for some distressful days.

Naturally, the more alert college administrators have been aware of this for a long time, and they are worried. Dr. Logan Wilson, president of the American Council on Education and formerly chancellor of the University of Texas, recently * warned his colleagues that they had better remember that "colleges were created primarily for students" and that "there is a danger of our becoming indifferent, if not callous, to the sources of discontent and the causes of failure." And President Rosemary Park of Barnard has noted that increasing numbers of students are becoming alienated from college life—no longer rebelling against the campus Establishment but simply ignoring it, including their own undergraduate government, organizations, and publications. Part of the blame, she suggested, lies with the faculty, which no longer has much contact with the students outsid classroom, and all too often o formal and perfunctory one insi

Unfortunately, the administr seldom can do much about all Professors grumble constantly we all know, about academic ad istration—but in fact most ur sities have less administration square yard than any other in tions in American life. Typicall president is a sort of Merovi king, presiding nervously ove savage and powerful barons wh their separate schools, departm laboratories, and institutes lik many feudal fiefs. He has only partial command over the univers budget; because of the tenure he cannot fire a lazy or incomp professor; and his control over happens in the classroom is m nal. Moreover, even if he had a deal more authority—compar say, to that of a modern corp executive—he could achieve ref only very slowly; for the acad world has a granitic, built-in r ance to change. However liber professor may be on political o cial issues, when it comes to his professional environment he i most invariably as conservativ Charles I—believing, indeed, in Divine Right of the Professoria do as it damn well pleases, wi minimum of accountability to one, whether president, parent, payer, or student. (Perhaps thi counts for a phenomenon rec pointed out to me by a friend o faculty of Teachers College at lumbia: a technological innov will usually be widely adopted b dustry within about two yea while a comparable innovation i ucational methods takes at

* In an address at Franklin and Marshall College, October 22, 1964, entitled "Is the Student Becoming the 'Forgotten Man' in Higher Education?"



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thirty years to gain general acceptance.)

It seems unlikely, therefore, that we can hope for any drastic improvement in college teaching to come from either the administrators or the faculties. It will come, if at all, only as the result of outside pressure—from parents, alumni, and the students themselves. Luckily, they have at hand some powerful tools, which they have hardly begun to use. A few ways of putting on the pressure will be noted in a moment.

First, however, it may be useful to take a look at the reasons why so much college teaching is so poor.

The main reason, I am persuaded, is that we do not now have any objective, impersonal method to measure the quality of teaching. It is true that nearly everybody on the campus knows who are the good teachers and who the bad ones; but this information is acquired by a process of hearsay, student gossip, and osmosis. There is no solid, safe yardstick that a dean or department head can use to justify raising the pay of a good instructor, or firing a poor one. He dares not depend on his personal judgment, however sound it may be. That way lie recriminations, accusations of favoritism and injustice, and probably a fight with the American Association of University Professors, one of the most powerful of trade unions.

Consequently, in doling out rewards and punishments the administrator falls back on something that *can* be measured: research and publication. The number of column-inches in learned journals, the pounds of books published, the foundation grants awarded, the prizes won—Nobel, Bancroft, Guggenheim, or a dozen others—these are tangible, indisputable tokens of some kind of academic achievement. (The *quality* of the research or the publications is hardly relevant. After all, an administrator isn't expected to be able to judge whether a finding in biochemistry is really significant, or whether yet another critical evaluation of Henry James adds anything to those already on the shelf.)

Now everybody will agree that research ought to be an important part of academic life. Ideally, we are told, research and teaching go hand-in-hand; the good professor adds to the store of knowledge at the same time he is dispensing it. In practice, alas, things seldom work out that way. So long as research alone pays off, in cash and fame, the temptation to scamp on teaching is almost irresistible. Hence the lectures delivered year after year from notes compiled a generation ago . . . the section men who conduct their classes with unconcealed distaste, begrudging every minute stolen from the lab . . . the perfunctory seminar, the brushed-off questions, the impatient stifling of a student's bothersome zeal. Indeed, human nature being what it is, we should be amazed that so many academics do sweat to teach the very best they can, ignoring self-interest for the sake of the young and their own sense of mission. These rare souls are the saving leaven which can make the college experience worthwhile (sometimes) in spite of everything. But they are bound to dwindle like the whooping crane if (in Dr. Logan Wilson's words) "the faculty itself regards *relief from teaching* as the chief reward for accomplishment, or as the highest status sym

It is idle, however, to rail ag the publish-or-perish syndrome, all its baleful side effects, so as publication is the only accep measure of achievement. A he balance between scholarship teaching probably can never b stored until a reasonably tive yardstick is devised for te —and rewarding—performance teacher. The difficulties are ob but, as we shall see, they may n insuperable.

Another reason for substa teaching simply is that college fessors don't know how to Aside from a microscopic nu who have had some experien grade or high schools (where f teacher training is required), n on the typical campus has eve a lesson in learning theory, lect techniques, or organization o terial for classroom presentati

This is not a hint (God for that faculty members ought compelled to endure the inanit the traditional teacher's c That could prove ruinous, as i for so many grade- and high- teachers. But it is not impossi figure out *good* ways to teac art of teaching, in as little a year of intensive work. Alread being done in a few place Master of Arts in Teaching c at Harvard, Yale, and a cou other universities, for example Dr. James B. Conant has sug other ways to do it, as part regular undergraduate course. such training is widely availa might be sensible to require a a little of it for all college in tors. In the classroom it wo infinitely more useful than present compulsory union car Ph.D.

Yet another reason for st dissatisfaction is that the bes fessors are seldom home. S that your Henry decides to Halls of Ivy U. because he yea sit at the feet of Dr. Grumb The Big Man in Linear Pro ming, and Dr. McSpivey, the renowned authority on Am history. When Henry gets the almost certainly will find tha of them have just left—Dr. bacher to work for the Cour

---

The Flight from Teaching

The able researcher, through publication, gains a national reputation. But the able teacher is rarely known, as a teacher, beyond his own college or university. Good teaching is not only a relatively private performance, but it resists measurement. . . .

The college teacher shortage will never be solved without an intensive and thoroughgoing effort to reestablish the status of teaching. . . . As a rule the university administration is so busy struggling to maintain the strength of its huge graduate and professional schools that it neglects the undergraduate. And so does the faculty. . . .

Some . . . appear to have no sense of institutional loyalty whatever. In their view students are just impediments in the headlong search for more and better grants, fatter fees, higher salaries, higher rank.

—Excerpts from *The Flight from Teaching*, a publication of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

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ARISTOTLE ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE



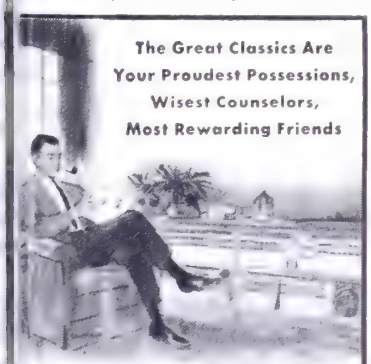
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Love Letters to Rambler



G. C. Whitney, B.D.

MINISTER George C. Whitney, B.D., of The Unitarian Church in Studio City, California, has owned *four* Ramblers. In his letter he says about his present sedan:

"Saved us close to a thousand dollars"

"We had a flurry of excitement the other day when our Rambler turned 80,000 miles.
"The mileage was close to that when I was driving over the Continental Divide to New Mexico last weekend and it occurred to me that the car was doing about as well or better than when we got it.
"Of course...age and mileage have taken their toll in little ways. We got only 20 miles per gallon, but I drove close to 70 miles an hour most of the way and the engine does need a tuneup.
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Economic Advisers, Dr. McSpivey to lecture in Thailand on a Fulbright. They won't be back next year either, because when Dr. G. gets the Council straightened out, he's scheduled to take an embassy in an underdeveloped (and probably undevelopable) country, while Dr. M. has a foundation grant to work on his *major opus* in Fiesole, where, by curious chance, some indispensable records have just been located. He will, however, touch home base for one semester after that, before moving on to a stint as historian-in-residence at the White House; but naturally he will have no time for Henry because every one of his precious hours must be devoted to graduate students.

As a matter of fact, Henry will be lucky if he ever sees any full professor of stature, because the academic pecking order is largely determined by the number of consultantships, industrial advisory assignments, off-campus conferences, and traveling fellowships that a faculty member can pick up. Meanwhile, there are plenty of graduate assistants and junior instructors to do the actual teaching. And meanwhile, too, as Dr. Clark Kerr recently observed, "the undergraduate students are restless. . . . There is an incipient revolt against the faculty; the revolt that used to be against the faculty *in loco parentis* is now against the faculty *in absentia*."

The remedy looks easy. Why doesn't the university simply order the good doctors to stay home and do a little work for a change? Because, if it dared to try such elementary discipline, it would quickly lose its best men. They feel no particular loyalty to that university, or to any other; for in their world, loyalties run to their field of work, not to the institution. And both Dr. G. and Dr. M. know they can get an offer in a flash from any of a dozen other first-rate schools—with a promise of reduced teaching loads, plus two years leave of absence out of every three for their work on Higher Things.

What might moderate this academic wanderlust is an agreement among all the major universities on a uniform set of rules to govern leaves and teaching obligations. But don't hold your breath. Since the colleges have never yet been able to agree on, and enforce, a code for the hiring of football players, how we expect them to do so in the al equally fierce competition for name professors? (And if suc code were adopted, the profes probably would get it outlawed an illegal restraint on inter commerce.)

What, then, can be done? possible to set up an acceptable jective device for measuring— rewarding—good teaching?

Perhaps the answer lies in that reliable maxim of the compet free-enterprise system: "The tomer is always right." Not i pure form, of course; that woul too shockingly revolutionary for a conservative industry as Ame education. But it might be pos to experiment with a watered- version: "Just possibly, the cust might be right now and then, so make a cautious, tentative effo find out what's on his mind."

In this case, of course, the tomer is the student. I am conv that he is, on the whole, a pret curate and fair-minded judge o quality of teaching he gets. Al his judgment is being fe sporadic, unofficial ways—on a ber of campuses; and its i seems to be a healthy one. W am suggesting, therefore, is s that the collective student jud should be sought out systemat and weighed (along with factors, including research an lications) in deciding facult wards and punishments.

In a crude fashion, this s already is operating in nearly big university. In some basic fi European History, for exam American Literature—the course will be offered by half a different instructors. If one o finds his section oversubscribe after year, while another ge body except a few innocent aren't plugged into the c grapevine, then you can be certain that the first is a good t and the second is not. But, b agreement of the Professoria sort of common knowledge i posed to be ignored by the ad trators. (Not so in the great eval universities. There, in each student dropped a qua the turnstile at the lectur



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

door—with the consequence that an Abelard or a Duns Scotus could become a wealthy man. The less brilliant lecturers naturally hated this arrangement, which eventually was trampled to death by the onward march of enlightenment.)

At a few universities—notably Harvard and the University of California at Berkeley—the undergraduates publish their own guides to courses and teachers. Both of these publications are based on questionnaires, filled out confidentially by students enrolled during the previous semester in each of the courses listed. The answers are then tabulated and evaluated, at Berkeley by upper-division and graduate students in the respective departments, at Harvard by the editors of *The Crimson*. It is my impression that both sets of evaluators try hard to be fair, ignoring the comments of soreheads and grudge-nursers. When the evidence is scanty or contradictory, the ratings tend to be cautious; when it is ample, they are brutally candid.

The last issue of the Berkeley *Slate*, for instance, described an English instructor as "one of the brilliant young men who shore up the department; he is a most intelligent and articulate person, easily accessible and very pleasant." In an adjoining paragraph, another man's lectures were reported as "dull, pedantic, and largely irrelevant. . . . Although apparently a technician and a scholar, he is like a used-car salesman selling Tolstoi to a customer he is sure won't buy." Nor are the editors overawed by academic fame. *The Crimson's* thirty-ninth edition of its "Confidential Guide" remarked of the prestigious Dr. Jerome Bruner—whose work was discussed in the December *Harper's*—that he was well-liked, but not as a lecturer, because his lectures were poorly organized and "incoherent." It was even rougher on Dr. J. Kenneth Galbraith, economic polemicist, Presidential adviser, and recent Ambassador to India.

Obviously, this sort of thing is bound to cause a certain amount of anguish among the faculty. One former teacher (a very good one) told me she could never bear to work on a campus where her performance was thus held up to public scrutiny. But writers, actors, painters, chefs, and automobile manufacturers also fer when they read reviews of t work—think how the designer the Edsel must have felt—and they somehow continue to ope Sometimes they even profit f such criticism. Why, then, sh teaching be the only important f tion in our society which is not ject either to criticism or to appraisal of the market?

After all, Harvard and Berl are commonly recognized as tw our best universities, so the official guides evidently have no flicted any irreparable blight. students at both places have tol that they find the guides invalu

Why, therefore, doesn't every jor university have such an u graduate enterprise? Why, in doesn't the administration enco them, if the students lack the i tive to start one themselves?

Better yet, why shouldn't each versity set up the machinery systematic student appraisal o faculty, on a more thorough reliable basis than any underg ate publication can possibly ma All that would be needed is a signed questionnaire, to be fille by every student in each cour the end of each semester. The r might be evaluated by a trip group, including representativ the faculty, the administration graduate students in each d ment. The ratings need not be lished; they could merely be us one indicator (along with othe cluding scholarly accomplish to guide department heads in ing on awards of permanent t salary increases, and promo The predictable result would be vanic increase in the amount of invested in good teaching.

All right, I know the sta objections. Many professors whom I have discussed this argue that: (1) most students vote for the merely entert lecturer rather than the soun and (2) undergraduates are t mature to recognize a good te While they are in school they detest old Dr. Slogger, who held noses so mercilessly to the stone—but in later years the come to realize that he was their benefactor.

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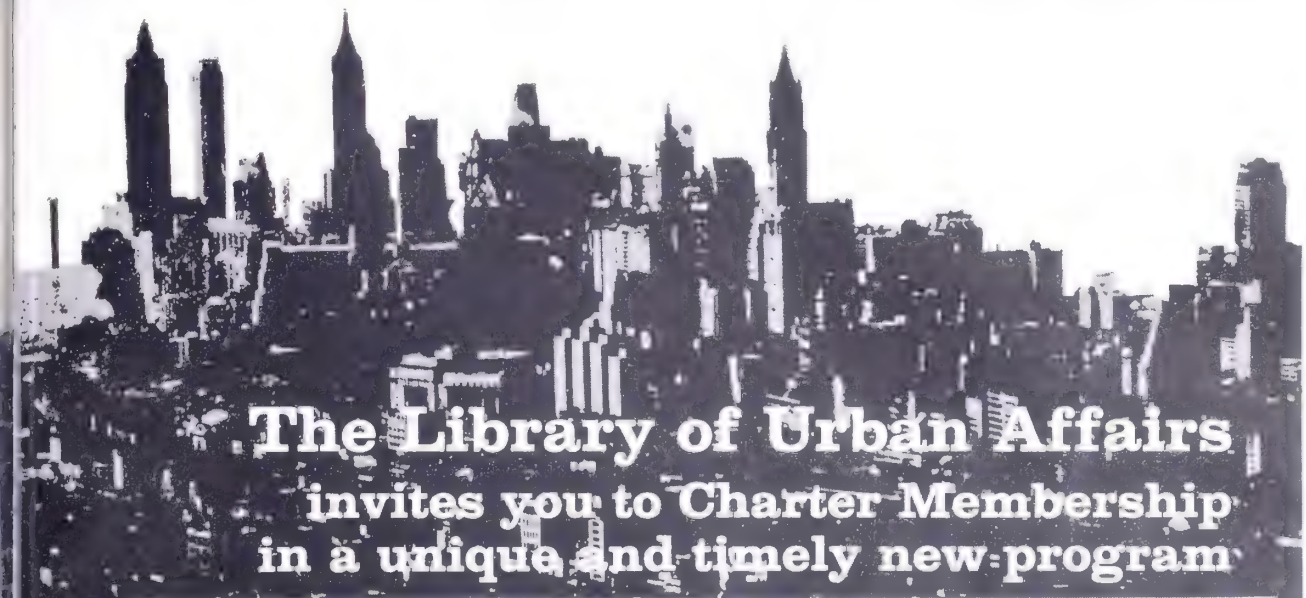
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

I don't believe a word of it. Certainly when I was an undergraduate I knew who my good teachers were (the bad ones too) and the passing decades have not changed my view in a single case. Today, moreover, the vast majority of students are more serious, more rigorously selected, more demanding than in my day. Few of them go to college—to a good college, at least—merely for entertainment.* Indeed, one of their commonest complaints is against instructors who are *too* entertaining. Here, for example, are a few typical comments from the Harvard and Berkeley course guides: "Each lecture was in microcosm the chaos of the course as a whole . . . anecdotes split off from one another in seemingly endless progression. Between snatches of the economist's autobiography, students were treated to an unorganized chain of intriguing thoughts which someday may blossom into another best-seller." "Entertaining to the point of distraction . . . low ratings on intellectual stimulation." "A scholarly and articulate Harpo Marx . . . [his lectures] sometimes are virtually all slapstick and no facts."

But, for academics who are implacably distrustful of their students' judgment, two safeguards might be built into the system. For one thing, questionnaires might be sent to alumni a year, two years, f years, and ten years after th graduation. Thus undergraduate "i maturity" could be tempered blending into the evaluation the ber afterthoughts of the old gra

An even better check is the use outside examiners. In the hon courses at Swarthmore, for exam the final examinations (both writ and oral) are conducted by a gr of professors imported from ot campuses, usually distinguished thorities in their fields. This acc plishes two things, both of th wholesome:

(1) It provides an objective y stick of teaching ability, since Swarthmore instructor whose dents perform well before the side examiners, year after y obviously is doing a good job.

(2) It changes the whole relat ship between teacher and stude Automatically he becomes their complice instead of their advers They know that he is just as e as they are for all of them to m a good showing. They don't re him as someone who has to be tri or flattered, or whose crotchety tions have to be parroted bac him, as so often happens whe instructor writes and grades exams himself; neither can suspect him of unfairness or o ing "too hard." He and they be true partners in an adventur learning; and both partners l that their success will be ju jointly, by an impartial and resp authority in the discipline.

Perhaps this explains, in part, why the teaching at Sw more is so widely regarded as the best going on today anyw in the country. The only myste why the plan has not been ad everywhere. (It is being used few other liberal-arts colleges not in any big university th know of.) The usual excuse is it is expensive; bringing in a of outside examiners costs a l money. But I can't imagine better investment in education

If innovations of this sort transform college teaching believe they would), what ar chances that they might be duced on a fairly large scal

Most students, and many a

* Some exceptions must be noted. There are still a lot of students in the inferior state universities and liberal-arts colleges who don't really want an education. They are there only because a degree is essential for a good job, or because they hope to catch a husband, or because of family or social pressures. They will learn the minimum needed to scrape by—and they break the hearts of many a dedicated teacher. The suggestions outlined here are not meant to apply to them, or to the institutions which tolerate their presence.

Other students, even in good schools, whine too much. They cannot reasonably expect to get in college as much personal attention from their teachers as they got in prep school, or the better high schools. Nor do they need it, if they are as mature as university students should be. Any bright young person can get a passably good education for himself, simply by digging for four years in a good library, if he has determination and a minimum of guidance—even if all of his teachers are not first-rate.

HIGH STYLIST

Designing woman? Yes indeed, but in a most admirable sense. As a member of the General Motors design team, she is preparing sketches of a steering wheel for a future GM car. Like her male associates on GM's Styling Staff, she is fully qualified and competent to design consumer products in any field.

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and parents, seem to feel that there is no hope of changing The System. The typical university is too hidebound, too complacent, too deaf to the needs of its students (and their future employers) to pay any attention to such suggestions. This probably is true—unless each suggestion is accompanied by a firm tug on the purse strings.

For every college and university in America is desperately in need of money. They will have to double their plants and their faculties within the next twenty years to take care of the expected increase in enrollments. Most of this money will have to come from alumni, from parents, and from legislators (who are a good deal more sensitive to the taxpayers' wishes than is the academic world).

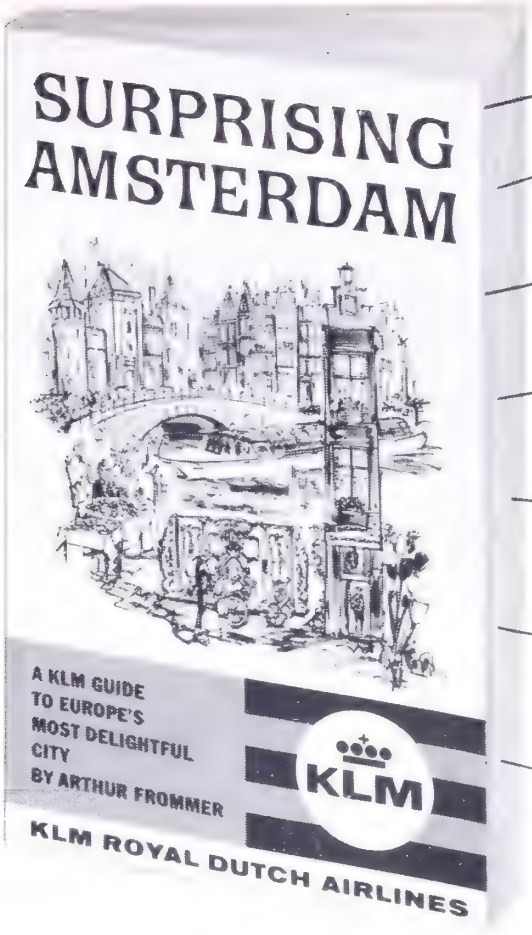
So, next time you get an appeal from your alma mater, don't send a check. Send a letter asking what the college is doing to improve its teaching. Does it have any system for appraising teaching ability? At a minimum, why aren't its undergraduates being encouraged to publish something like Harvard's "Confidential Guide to Courses"? Intimate, in a nice way, that you aren't about to make any more contributions until you get satisfactory answers.

If you are a business executive, you almost certainly will be asked during the next six months to make a corporate donation to a new stadium or an aerospace lab or a fund for faculty travel grants. You could say no. You could hint that your firm might, however, be willing to help finance an experiment with outside examiners—or a salary increase for one faculty member in each department who is voted by the students to be the best teacher.

If you are a student, you could raise a little more hell. American undergraduates surely are the most docile in the world—and this may be one reason why they get so much unsatisfactory teaching. I am not urging that they should stone deans, burn classrooms, or riot in the streets, in the academic fashion of Latin America, say, or Iran. But surely they could do a bit more complaining. When teaching is perfunctory, when curricula are arranged primarily for the convenience of the professors, when good instructor is refused ten because his publications are scant when the Big Men on the facul spend too much time off the camp the students really don't have take it lying down. A few doz letters to the state's major ne paper, to the foundations whe come those lovely grants, to legislative appropriations comm tees—even to the university pre dent—might work wonders. would a students' report on teach and courses; it could start as mimeographed leaflet covering o one department. And why not l a Bruner, picket a Galbraith, p sent crowns of laurel to a John H Franklin, a quart of bourbon t Royden Dangerfield? The pos bilities for nonviolent action infinite—and they could prove a more fun than panty raids or b busts at Fort Lauderdale.

Such tactics, naturally, will enchant one part of the acade Establishment. Some profess still believe that higher educat is an arcane rite which ought to conducted by (and largely for benefit of) its own Sanhed without interference from the pe antry. In the old days, when coll was the privilege of a small el they could get away with this dainful posture. But today edu tion is our largest industry Peter F. Drucker points out e where in these pages). It affects of us; it reaches deep into ev family's pocketbook; it is infini more crucial to the nation's fut than ever before. Education, Talleyrand once said of war, become too serious to leave to professionals.

Many of the less encrusted demics realize this. They know t the public is bound to have an creasing say in the managem of higher education—that the tomer has a right to demand better brand of teaching and t eventually he will get it. These welcome every pressure for mod ization. For in their hearts m of them believe that teaching high calling—at least as impor as research—and they will rej in any change in The System wh encourages them to devote t more of their time and talent.



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After Hours



Persia on the Hudson *by Russell Lynes*

It is beginning to be fashionable, architecturally speaking, to be between seventy-five and a hundred years old. Older than that is pushing the edges of historical respectability; younger than that is of interest only to a few architects of the older generation and a few scholars and dilettantes. The buildings built between 1860 and 1885, and especially houses of that vintage, have long been considered to be catastrophic in their vulgarity, their nonsensical ornamentation, and artistical pretentiousness. They were assumed to be products of the dark ages of taste variously called the Brown Decades, the Gilded Age, the Dreadful Decades, which harbored styles called popularly General Grant, and Gingerbread, and, in our own time, Chas Addams.

A private house of this era and general species has suddenly made news in a small way. It is in many respects one of the most spectacular houses in America, and I use the word advisedly. The house is a spectacle of commanding presence (if not of either commanding size or beauty), and it sits on a high piece of land that, as a friend with whom I saw it at the drab end of last autumn, said, "must be one of the great sites in all the world for a house." The house is called "Olana" and it sits on a hill looking down over three hundred landscaped acres to the Hudson River and the Rip Van Winkle Bridge, a romantic and (I say unblushingly) mystical panorama.

Olana was the home of the exceedingly successful landscape painter, Frederic E. Church, one of the ornaments of the Hudson River School. He painted the river and its valley with meticulous skill, leaf by leaf, so to speak, to the astonishment of his contemporaries and to the somewhat amused condescension of our contemporaries. He was not a stay-at-home, however, and his success made it possible for him to travel to South and Central America, to Mexico, the West Indies, Labrador (where he went in search of icebergs to paint), and to Greece and Palestine. His pictures brought as much as $12,500 apiece at the height of his reputation, and Mark Twain is said to have been so enchanted by their extraordinary detail that he examined one of Church's large canvases, *Heart of the Andes,* with an opera glass through which he counted the leaves.

Delight in detail, an enchantment with bright colors and the exotic, and a determined pursuit of the romantic are all built stone by stone and tile by tile into Olana. The *Art Journal* in its August 1876 number (it was running a series of articl on "The Homes of America") d scribed the house as ". . . built i the Persian style, so far as clima and the requirements of Weste civilization permitted." There is, be sure, a good deal about it th looks Persian in inspiration—it shallow arches over doors and wi dows that are bordered with mosa tiles, its minarets, the spindle-li columns painted originally in brig colors that hold up its porches—b its flavor is herbed and spiced wi the nineteenth-century architectu romanticism which seems to ha been almost universal. It takes lit stretch of the imagination for o who has seen the Bosporus to pe Olana on the high bluffs above strait, among the elaborately scr sawed villas that the Turks of Church's era so admired and bu with such delightful abandon.

The house was built in the ea 'seventies, and about fifteen ye later Church added a fanciful n wing to the west with more minar and an ample studio. Officially, architect was Calvert Vaux, with the great Frederick L Olmsted had designed Central P in New York. The *Art Journal* sisted, however, that "Mr. Chu designed the house in all its tails . . ." and that Vaux had ac only as a consultant. It does mention at all that Church carefu rearranged the landscape and gre enhanced the magic of its vistas. land falls away from the south fac of the house; from its wide wind and terrace and covered porch eye travels across meadows and tops of trees to an artificial lake still as a steel mirror tidily placed Church to provide precisely right accent in the middle gro in order to increase the dist majesty of the wide, misty Hud River.

Olana dominates the landsca one can, indeed, see it set proudly its crest miles before one reaches almost obscure entrance to the driveway that winds up thro carefully tended woods and shr Its massive square corner towe domesticated campanile, piles u ocher stone and orange and blue green tiles to a sort of mansard of colored and patterned sl among which there were origin

R ALEC GUINNESS COMMENTS
N HIS NEW RECORDING



"There may be rhyme in this choice of poems but there is very little reason"

The selection is purely eclectic. I have started with four poems by E. E. Cummings . . . the things he writes about with such delicacy and precision and wit — spring, birds, moonlight — are the very stuff of poetry to my mind. Although Dame Edith Sitwell's *Façade* poems have been done often I couldn't resist "I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside" and "Polka" for the sheer pleasure of trying to get my tongue around them at speed. Belloc's "Tarantella" seemed a sonorous way of closing the first mood.

From Belloc I have moved straight into the imaginative romanticism of Turner and Graves' tender advice on the stuff of dreams. "Strange Meeting" by Wilfred Owen is also a dream poem.

Shakespeare's *Henry VI* is seldom performed, but the King's soliloquy can stand up to the best. Shakespeare's kings, when put in a tight corner, usually come up with something simple and splendid.

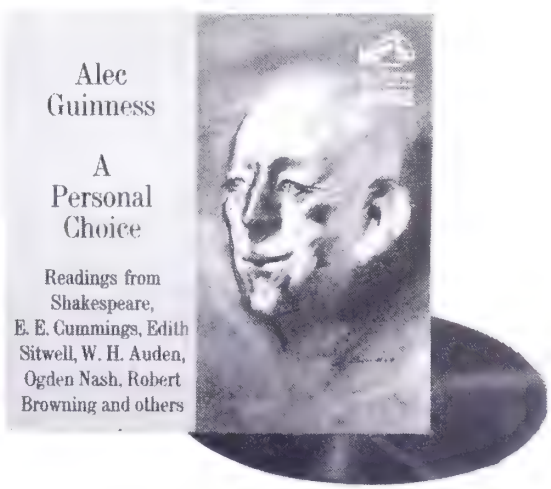
There is a tinkling sharpness of the clavichord in "A Toccata of Galuppi's" by Browning. I suppose it cannot be classed as "great" but then I haven't necessarily chosen what I consider "great" poems — you can't live day in and out on a mountaintop; you need to browse in the valleys.

Some months ago Mr. Ogden Nash gave me permission to read "Serviette in a Lovely Home" and, now, has allowed me to record it. I have added Arthur Hugh Clough's gay tribute to money as a footnote to Mr. Nash's brilliant indignation with Miss Nancy Mitford.

Blake's "Night" I've included to satisfy my nostalgia for childhood's dreams.

"The Leaden Echo and the Golden Echo" by Gerard Manley Hopkins is an old favorite of mine . . . written with a wild enthusiasm which I find infectious.

. . . Alec Guinness



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gilt ones to make it glisten. The house inside is flooded with light pouring through windows that are the progenitors of the modern picture window (but with something worth looking at) so that the living rooms and bedrooms are the antithesis of Victorian gloom. They are not, however, the antithesis of Victorian clutter. Church was part magpie, though old photographs of the rooms show them to be far less cluttered than they were when I saw them.

None of the rooms is large and none excessively formal. The dining room (Thonet bentwood chairs surrounding the table make a currently fashionable note) is hung with pictures against dark walls, and only there does gloom seem to settle. The stair hall, which is big for its era, provides a sitting room and pivot for the house, with massive metal cranes perched on thin legs, crossed spears and shields, stuffed tropical birds, and exotica from the Middle East as ornaments. On the stair landing a window of leaded, amber glass transmutes the cold north light into a warming glow. The banister rail is brass, a reminder that there was a time when there were servants to polish such things.

Olana has suddenly become news. The last member of the Church family, the painter's daughter-in-law, who has been living in the house, died last summer in her nineties, and the question of what should happen to it became acute. Something of a scramble has ensued.

The house has been well known for a long time to friends of American Victorian architecture as one of the great mansions in the nation—great in stature and spirit, that is. There were a few people, mostly historians, who had been permitted to get inside it, but as the last Mrs. Church grew old and ill, access to the interior of the house became difficult even for historians to achieve. David Huntington of the Smith College department of art, who is working on the definitive monograph on Church, was evidently the first man on the scene and has been in the forefront of those who are in the fight to preserve not only the house but the collections within it. The house contains not just paintings by Church (as he grew old he bought back some of his early works) but paintings which he had collected—a Magnasco, example, and a Desiderio, and cellaneous Spaniards and Itali along with some rather crude co The scramble has been to find a of preserving not just the shel the house but its ambience. T are few nineteenth-century inter of such unabashed authenticity in existence; there are prettier (usually reconstructions which cut to be idealizations), but t is probably none that looks r lived in or is the residue of a r characteristic and at the same eccentric taste.

The Sunday afternoon in autumn when I was there, Mr. H ington was on hand; so earlie the day had been the directo the Gallery of Modern Art in York, Carl Weinhardt; so was E Kaufmann, jr. (who gave his markable Frank Lloyd Wright h "Falling Water," to the stat Pennsylvania so that it woul preserved); so were a Volksw busload of Smith girls and an number of Vassar girls who been trooped over to have a Everything in the house had a tag on it—pictures, pieces of f ture, bits of bric-a-brac, case butterflies, caftans, rugs, mirr collection of sombreros. It s that we had got there just on th of doomsday. Everything that work of art was about to be sh to a New York auction house it would soon go on the block; a rest of the contents of the were to be disposed of on the ises by a local Hudson, New auctioneer. The trustees of the were determined to get the m settled, and at that moment it l as though there was nothing that could happen but the erasu this curious spoor of a minor who had walked through the H River landscape.

Minds, however, began to whi wheels began to spin within w Offers came from three New Yo —an architect, an impresario an historian who is also a collec to maintain the house and pa taxes until there should be ti investigate the possibilities of ing enough money to make a permanent museum. Teleg came from the Smithsonian In tion, from the director of Winte from the National Trust which



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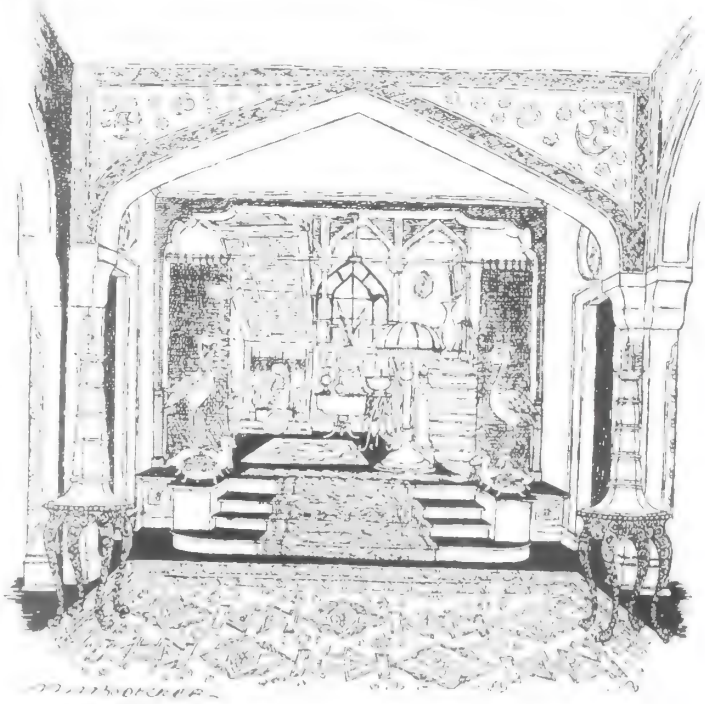
after national monuments, from any number of influential citizens, assuring the trustees of the historic and artistic importance of the house and its collections, and urging a delay in the sale.

The trustees were impressed, and have agreed to give the committee which has been formed time to attempt to raise the funds (two million is the current guess) necessary to purchase the house and the land and the collections (still far from completely catalogued) and endow the whole. The trustees had not been aware of the importance of what they had been handed to administer, true frequently of little-publicized landmarks everywhere in America. Now the preservation of Olana has become a matter of local concern in Columbia County, whose center is the city of Hudson. Mr. Lloyd Boice, the manager of the estate and a Hudson real-estate man; Mr. Gus Kramer, secretary of the Greater Hudson Chamber of Commerce, who also writes a column for the Hudson *Register-Star;* and the publisher of the paper, Ray Kennedy, have put their backs and their influence behind the drive to save Olana. Hudson is evidently proud to discover that it has such a rich historical lode on its doorstep. When I was a child and lived not far from Hudson, the city was famous for its cream ale; soon it may be more famous for Olana.

The pictures have been removed, not to be sold, but to be stored; i was too risky (and involved too muc insurance) to keep them in th house. The house has been thoroughl and meticulously photographed, s that there is an exact record o where every object belongs. Ther are, Mr. Huntington told me i December, trunks in the attic fille with correspondence of Church an his contemporaries, and when I wa there I saw stacks of sketche (Church made a record of almos everything his eyes fell upon) whic were still being sorted. Many of then were sketches for details of Olana

"We hope," said Mr. Huntington "that someday we may be able t give Olana to the state of New Yor or the National Trust. The Stat Council on the Arts is now supplying us with legal counsel and has agreed to make an appraisal for us."

It is a long way from a bundle o good will to a stack of checks as tal as two million dollars, but the Na tional Trust has taken Olana under its protective wing and is accepting tax-free contributions for its pres ervation. It appears as though the rush of the men of good will to the barricades may this time save a monument for the Republic. As a member of the New York City Land marks Preservation Commission said not long ago within my hearing, "It really begins to look as though we've got a bandwagon going. Preservation is definitely 'in.'"





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Harper's
magazine

American Directions: A Forecast

By Peter F. Drucker

Why we are about to enter a time of political upheaval—how it will be dominated by a new power center and a new set of issues—and why the Republicans may have a rare opportunity to mold a new majority.

President Johnson clearly hopes, and probably expects, that his Administration will become another "Era of Good Feeling." In his first major speech after the election he proclaimed that the country had reached a new "consensus on national purpose and policy," and forecast "a long age of constructiveness" in which all segments of the public would work together for the common good. What he hopes to get, obviously, is a modern counterpart of the original "Era of Good Feeling" that started in 1817 when President Monroe came into office (like LBJ) with overwhelming public support and a splintered, ineffectual opposition.

He is not likely to get it. On the contrary, the United States almost certainly is entering into a period of political turbulence unlike anything we have known for at least a generation. In the decades just ahead, our domestic politics will be dominated by unfamiliar issues—not only new, but different in kind from the things we have been arguing about since 1932. They will be concerned, not primarily with economic matters, but with basic values—moral, aesthetic, and philosophical. Moreover, the center of our political stage is now being taken over by a new power group: a professional, technical, and managerial middle class—very young, affluent, used to great job security, and highly educated. It will soon displace the old power centers—labor, the farm bloc, Big Business in the old-fashioned sense of that term. Around this new power center tomorrow's majority and tomorrow's consensus about the new issues will have to be built.

But the process will be accomplished only after eye-gouging struggles and bitter disagreement over the way to tackle our new set of national problems. For traditional power groups never give up their dominion gracefully; nor is it easy for any of us to turn our eyes away from the old, familiar issues which have preoccupied us for so long. Witness how the Goldwater people, during the last campaign, were obsessed almost

exclusively with their yearning to repeal history.

The old questions—mostly economic—of course will not go away. Debate over the role and limitations of the unions surely will be with us for a good long time. So will our worry about intractable poverty in the midst of affluence . . . about the impact of automation . . . about tax policy, conservation, and many another ancient staple.

Different in Quality

But the focus of domestic politics is likely to shift to two new areas: *the metropolis and the school.*

The major new issue of the last few years has been the Negro's integration into American society. It became a political issue precisely because economics alone could not solve the race problem. A good many civil-rights problems, of course, look as if they were primarily economic—access of the Negro to membership in craft unions, for instance. But at bottom we all know that it is our hearts, and not just our pocketbooks, that we are asked to open.

Similarly the central problem of the metropolis is not an economic one. It is concerned with political structure, indeed our political constitution. In the coming debate over the schools, educational policy and purpose will clearly be the focal points. In both cases, the ultimate issue is the quality of life in America.

That our big cities are hell-bent on committing suicide is hardly news. They are rapidly becoming unlivable. Attempts to assuage the disease seem to aggravate it. New freeways create more traffic jams and more air pollution; urban renewal dispossesses the poor or moves them from the jungle of the slum into the desert of the housing development;* zoning for "racial balance" ends up by creating another Black Belt or Bronzeville.

A real solution, if one can be found, will have to be primarily aesthetic (or if you prefer the word, moral). At stake is the environment of modern man, rather than administration. We need a city that enriches and ennobles rather than degrades the individual, and not one that most efficiently fits him into well-planned public services. But long before we can hope to come to grips with the city as a human environment we will have to come to grips with the city as a government.

*For a different view of urban renewal, see Joseph Epstein's article on page 55.

And the need is desperate. Within a few years three-quarters of the American people will live in a fairly small number of metropolitan areas, fewer than two hundred. Nearly two-fifths of the population will live in or close by the three monster supercities—one spreading from Boston to Norfolk, another from Milwaukee to Detroit (if not to Cleveland), and a third from San Francisco to San Diego. We will have to be able to supply people in the metropolis with water, sewers, and clean air. We will have to provide decent housing and schools for them, plus easy mobility for people, things, and ideas—which is the very reason for the existence of a city.

And for all this we shall need governmental institutions that will, of necessity, cut across or replace a whole host of local governments in existence today.

The Government We Lack

The metropolis is the decisive community today. But it does not exist as a government at all. Instead our system is built on the old preindustrial units of town, county, and state. No attack on the problems of the metropolis is possible without attacking at the same time these most deeply entrenched political bodies of our tradition and laws.

The tax issue alone will make sure of that. Within the next five years, local government expenses will double—from fifty billions to one hundred billions, very largely for education. But most of the big cities have already drained their tax reservoirs. We might tackle the financial problem of the big city by bringing the suburbs into the metropolitan tax system; by using the taxing powers of the states to finance the cities; or through large-scale grants from the federal government. My guess is that we will use all three methods. And each of them is sure to touch off a major political fight.

Similarly the "war on poverty" will raise the issue of metropolitan government For the hard core of present-day poverty consists of city people who dwell outside our affluent, high-education society. Compared to them, the unemployed coal miners in the hollows of West Virginia or the

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Peter F. Drucker is a management and government consultant whose many influential books include "The New Society," "Landmarks of Tomorrow," and "Managing for Results." He is a professor at the Graduate School of Business Administration of New York University.

submarginal farmers of Appalachia are a mopping-up operation.

The battle over the city's place in American government has already been joined. The Supreme Court decision last spring on reapportionment decreed that state legislatures must give equal representation to all voters regardless of their residence. It was fully as revolutionary as was that other Supreme Court decision, ten years ago, that decreed racial integration for the public schools. And like the school decision, reapportionment clearly was just the first skirmish in what will be a long and bitter fight. Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson of New York was not exaggerating when he warned (in a speech to the County Officers Association of New York last September 22) that reapportionment eventually might lead to the end of counties as units of government. Connecticut has already abolished them. And when New Jersey celebrated its Tercentenary in 1964, quite a few of its inhabitants must have wondered whether their state now serves any real purpose—with a population divided between residents of Metropolitan New York and residents of Metropolitan Philadelphia, separated rather than held together by Princeton Junction.

Of course, the issue will be fought out on specifics. It will be fought out as an issue of power balances within the nation, over tax sources and their division, and over the bypassing of states and counties by a federal government which increasingly works directly in cooperation with the cities.

Mass transportation in and out of our big cities is, for instance, likely to be entrusted to a new federal agency before very long. In our largest cities (New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago) it requires planning beyond the boundaries of one state, and money beyond the capacity of any local government.

But such specifics are only symptoms of a great constitutional crisis of our political institutions and structure.

The Schools Move into Politics

Education has been our chief "growth industry" in the last twenty years. If the economists considered schooling part of the national product (as they should), our economic growth rate would have looked pretty good all through the postwar period.

But an even greater expansion is just ahead. It will catapult the American school into national politics. The colleges during the next few years —as by now everybody must have heard—will be hit by the wave of youngsters born during the "baby boom" following World War II (and unlike most booms this one was not followed by a bust, and there is no reduction in the numbers of young people in sight). Five to eight years from now, around 50 per cent more students should be in American colleges than are there today. The greatest growth will be in an entirely new and largely untried institution, the two-year "community college," which, unlike any earlier college in American history, is usually run by the same local school board that administers the public schools. Meanwhile, the private college, at least as far as undergraduate education goes, will become quantitatively an almost negligible factor.

Before we can digest the abrupt jump in college enrollment, the next wave will hit the elementary schools—the children being born now to the "baby boom" generation of the 1950s. This will increase public-school enrollment, grade by grade, by another 40 to 50 per cent until, around 1980 or so, this wave finally washes over the colleges once more.

The first consequence will be a drastic increase in the costs of education. And to make this increase even more drastic, salaries will certainly go up again, since the supply of qualified teachers cannot possibly keep up with this sudden jump in demand. It is hard to see how we can avoid large-scale federal support for education on all levels. In the poorer areas in particular, the schools already cost more than the local population can afford. It is sheer hypocrisy to pretend that federal support of education is possible without some considerable measure of national control. Will we support, for instance, schools that practice racial segregation? Or schools with curricula and standards below a national minimum, or with a short school year?

At the same time a technological revolution will hit American education. "Programmed learning" is the first major technological change in teaching and learning since the printed book—and likely to have equal impact.*

The teacher shortage alone will hurry programmed learning, no matter how sturdily the teaching profession resists. However, only skills and knowledge can be transmitted through a program. Everything else—character, values, behavior, and above all the use of imagination and the discovery of the new and exciting—requires

* See Eric Bender, "The Other Kind of Teaching," in *Harper's* (January 1965).

a teacher. Programmed instruction, therefore, predictably will unleash a debate over the function and methods of the American school such as we have not seen for a very long time. Opponents will argue that it undermines the basic educational values and underfeeds the growing child. On the other side will be the fanatics who see in programmed instruction a panacea—which it surely will not be—and the doctrinaires who want to eliminate as "unscientific" whatever in the school curriculum cannot be programmed.

Altogether our society will be school-centered. At least one third of the American people will be in school a few years hence. (Only one fourth is there now.) Preschool children, ready for nursery school or kindergarten, will make up another tenth of the population. Teachers are already the largest single occupational group in the country. Total school expenditures, a few years from now, will exceed our present defense budget by a substantial amount. (Today they already run around thirty billions a year.) At the same time, the structure of American education, its purposes, values, content, and direction will all become hot issues.

Education is about to take over from the Welfare State as a basic commitment of the American people. One might call this new phenomenon the Knowledge State. Education is bound to become a focus of political life and political conflicts. So far, however, we have not even begun to think through national policies on education, let alone a national commitment to educational values and purposes. All we have so far—and it is a great deal—is a national commitment to education in quantity, and for everyone.

The Young Take Over

President Johnson may be tempted to maintain a little longer the cozy illusion of an "Era of Good Feeling." But it can't last—partly because the new issues already are exploding, partly because a new power center is about to emerge on the American scene. Whatever the President may want, the educated young people who make up the professional, technical, and managerial middle classes will force on us new political alignments.

In 1960, when Kennedy was elected, the average American was about thirty-three years old. By 1968 the mid-age will have dropped to twenty-five or lower. This age drop—eight years within the span of eight years—is the biggest ever recorded in American history. It must also be one of the biggest any country ever went through. The reason is, of course, that because of the lean birth years of the 'thirties, relatively few Americans are now reaching middle age; while those born in the bumper years right after the war are now coming to maturity. (The over-sixty-five group, which has grown so rapidly in these past decades, will definitely become a static proportion of the population after 1970.) For the next fifteen years, then, the most rapidly expanding age group will be young adults reaching voting age. By 1970 ours will be the youngest country in the Free World. And the center of political gravity will soon lie with a generation that will know the New Deal and even World War II only out of history books, and as events that happened mostly before it was born.

In "psychological age" we will be even younger, and the jump between generations will be greater still. One out of every three Americans alive in the early 1970s is likely to be in school—a bigger percentage than in any other country. In their outlook on life and politics, students are "young," even if they are in graduate school and twenty-five years old, for they still consider themselves outside of the labor force.

More important than the age shift itself is the shift in expectations, from the New Deal and World War II generations to that now coming of age. Fully one half of the young men now reaching adulthood have education beyond high school. Consequently, most of them join the professional, technical, and managerial class expecting high opportunities for themselves and even greater for their children. By contrast, work as a machine operator or as a salesgirl was the normal expectation for the last large wave of young people to become voters—the generation that reached adulthood in the late 'twenties and the 'thirties; in education they had gone no further, by and large, than a year or two in high school.

The initiative in American politics has already shifted to this new group. Boys still in college or just out of it discovered Barry Goldwater ("invented him" might be a more appropriate term), made him their hero, and furnished the fanatical following which bludgeoned a reluctant Republican party into accepting him as its candidate. It was the educated young Negro who overthrew his old "moderate" leadership and forced the pace of civil rights. Both the Civil Rights Act and the forcing of school integration even in rural Mississippi are due largely to the explosive response of white youths in college and high school to the cry for racial justice. And the one innovation in American political institutions

since President Truman has been the college students' very own Peace Corps.

The educated and affluent managerial, professional, and technical people are of course only one half—perhaps a little more—of the young adults. In the other half is a small but highly visible group: the "problems" (largely members of the minority groups in big cities) who become school dropouts, narcotics addicts, and unemployables. The more affluent our society becomes, the greater will be our concern with them—especially as we are unlikely to find a cure fast.

The Politics of Youth

But political and social power will not be where the "problems" are. It will lie increasingly with the successful, well-adjusted young people who are the beneficiaries of this high-pressure and high-education society of ours. Their buying will largely shape the economy. Economic policies will inevitably be tailored to their needs and aspirations. They are the community leaders of tomorrow. Above all they will have the voting power. They are not only the largest but the only homogeneous group among the new voters—and different from any earlier group. They already dominate the suburbs, which increasingly hold the decisive vote in the big states. Before long, no party and no major candidate will be able to win unless they carry at least a large minority of the affluent, young, educated middle class. And no national consensus will be possible which does not in large measure reflect their beliefs, attitudes, and values. *Here is the center around which the New Majority will have to be built, and which will determine the direction and the character of American politics for the next generation.*

Yet this group, so far, is politically faceless. It has not aligned itself. Indeed, it does not fit into the present structure of American politics. To ask, say, whether these educated young people are "conservatives" or "liberals" makes practically no sense.

By the traditional yardsticks of American politics, they would appear to be highly conservative. They are the first "haves" in a long time to become a major new power center. Their incomes are well above average. Their jobs are as secure as jobs can be—or at least look to them secure enough—and their opportunities are great. They do not identify themselves with the traditional liberal groups. They are certainly not pro-labor. A proposal to do away with restrictive practices [illegible] themselves at all, in terms of economic interests or social position, it is with management. Even the young teachers are likely to think and speak of themselves as professional people.

Yet they also do not answer the traditional definition of the conservative in American politics. They are hired hands. Most of them have never met a payroll and do not expect ever to have to meet one. They surely have little in common with the small businessman. And even among the young engineers or market researchers in the big companies, who clearly identify themselves with management—indeed, even among the young owner-managers and entrepreneurs who form the membership of the Young Presidents Organization—John F. Kennedy, despite his much-publicized "hostility to business," would (according to all reports) have polled a larger vote than did Lyndon Johnson, whose "understanding of business" had potent appeal to so many of the older big-business executives. A good many of the issues which traditionally marked the boundary line between "conservative" and "liberal" can hardly be explained to them.

I found this out last fall when I spent an evening with an extremely bright group of graduate students and young instructors at a large Midwestern university. Senator Goldwater had just proposed turning over the Tennessee Valley Authority to private enterprise. The proposal seemed quite reasonable to most of the young men, few of whom, otherwise, had much use for Goldwater. After all, they argued, why should the government do a better job than private enterprise as manager of power stations and fertilizer plants? "To plan and to build a TVA required government of course; but in running it is government likely to contribute much?" What puzzled them, however, was the reason for making an issue out of this. "Why not call in competent economists and management engineers and have them find out what would be most efficient?" Most of the men were political scientists or economists and had heard—if only vaguely—of yesterday's great private-versus-public-power controversy. But, in their own words, it seemed to them as irrelevant and as quaint as the debate over free silver.

A few years ago it was fashionable to explain this detachment from the burning issues of yesterday as "apathy." But the events of the last few years—the Goldwater movement, for instance, or the civil-rights explosion—have clearly shown

that the educated young people of the new power center are passionate in their politics to the point of violence.

The true explanation may well be that these young people will not define themselves politically in the terms in which American political alignments have been couched for seventy years—since Mark Hanna created the modern Republican party after 1896—that is, in terms of economic issues and interests. Feeling secure in their jobs, they are free from the driving fear of yesterday's "have-nots." Being employees, they lack any grim determination to defend property rights. But they care deeply for education—for themselves and their children—and for their community. They are passionate about those matters that directly touch them, and have a direct impact on their security, opportunities, and place in society. They will, therefore, be highly susceptible to such new issues as metropolitan structure and educational purpose.

Economics Becomes a Bore

For the last seventy years at least, economic issues have defined the political position of an individual or of a group in the American spectrum. Non-economic issues were largely treated as adjuncts; the position of a man on economic issues determined, by and large, where he stood on all others. Where a non-economic issue could not be folded into an economic framework—for example, a good many foreign-policy issues—we tried, on the whole with success, to treat it as "bipartisan."

But for the new power center, these non-economic issues may well become the core of political belief and action. Consequently, the attempt to build a new majority around this center—that is, the attempt to find a community of interests and viewpoints between the new group and the older national groups, such as labor and agriculture—must center on non-economic issues. It must focus on the quality of life, rather than on the division of the economic product.

Whenever a decisive new power center has appeared in our history—the New West of the 1820s, the skilled worker around 1890, or the machine operator in mass-production industry between 1910 and 1930—the political map of the country was overturned as if by an earthquake. Such changes are always dangerous. The general confusion over issues and alignments opens the door wide to the demagogue and the rabble-rouser. But such an earthquake change also makes possible the creative leadership of an Andrew Jackson, a Teddy Roosevelt, or a Franklin Roosevelt. Each of these managed to forge a new majority in which the needs of the new power center of his time became the foundation for effective national policy and constructive political achievements.

Lyndon Johnson's Dilemma

Lyndon Johnson made his way to the top as a superb tactician of the American political process, with a rare instinct for the timing needed to make effective an already formulated idea, and to push forward an already accepted policy. He has been field commander rather than strategist. Now he must demonstrate—if he has it—a different kind of talent: the art of political innovation, of leadership in formulating new issues and in designing new policies.

In years of political service, Lyndon Johnson (who first went to Washington as a Congressional assistant just before Hoover left the White House) is the most senior leader of the Free World. Yet his Presidency will see a generation-jump which will shift the center of political gravity to an age-group so young that it can barely remember World War II, let alone the Depression.

Johnson is the one original New Dealer still prominent in American political life, yet his success as President will largely depend on his attracting and inspiring a host of middle-class young people who have traditionally been somewhat right of center, and who barely understand the New Deal issues, emotions, and experiences. In this tension between what he has been and what he will have to be lies Lyndon Johnson's dilemma.

There is only one precedent in American history for the 1964 election, only one parallel to this President's situation. That is the 1896 election and the position of the victorious Republicans afterwards. There may be a powerful lesson for today in this parallel. In both elections the spotlight of the campaign was not on the winner—McKinley aroused as little popular enthusiasm as did Lyndon Johnson. The loser was the focal point.

There are striking similarities between Barry Goldwater and William Jennings Bryan, their respective campaigns and their defeats. Both men aimed at a coalition of the disaffected. Both embodied, in their righteous confusion, the frustration and bafflement of a great many Americans

t the speed and ruthlessness with which change ad plowed under all the landmarks of their ac- ustomed world. Both, while publicly disavowing igotry, exploited it. Both represented funda- ientalism—that is, the refusal to think—as a onsidered political philosophy. Both hinged their trategy on the rural South and its revolt. Both hereby alienated large numbers of the one group hey absolutely needed to win: the new power enter. In 1896 this was the skilled industrial vorkers—foundrymen, printers, crane operators n the steel mills; in 1964 it is the young techni- al, professional, and managerial middle class.

But the winners, too, found themselves in very similar positions. In choosing Lyndon Johnson as in choosing McKinley, the American people voted *against* irresponsibility, unreason, dissen- sion, and bigotry. They did not vote *for* a man and even less *for* issues, programs, and policies. In both elections the victor was the last of his line. As Mr. Johnson is the last New Dealer, so McKinley was the last Civil War veteran to at- tain political prominence. Like Mr. Johnson to- day, McKinley in 1896 found himself in a new and alien world—with a new power center, and with no fresh issues to take the place of the old slogans of Reconstruction.

The Opportunity

The comparison with 1896 also suggests that such an election creates a tremendous opportu- nity. It is a great emotional trauma, which tears people off their old political moorings and sets them adrift—ready to be caught by new currents. It forces people who normally react to politics in terms of simple clichés—the great majority for whom politics is only of peripheral importance—to reexamine their stand. Altogether the year from President Kennedy's assassination to Presi- dent Johnson's election was a year of shock, of self-questioning, of self-doubt such as must leave lasting effects. And it demonstrated that there is no going back to yesterday, even for the most nostalgic. As a result there is wide awareness of the need for something new, and receptivity to it.

The emotional shock of 1896 was used by Mark Hanna to forge a new and lasting majority, built around the skilled industrial worker in alliance with business and with the successful commercial farmer. By designing this alignment around the "full dinner pail," that is, around strictly eco- nomic issues, Mark Hanna determined the charac- ter of American politics for the next sixty-five years.* Shortly after Hanna, Teddy Roosevelt grasped the opportunity for political innovation. He came out with an altogether new political pro- gram—one which created a strong, positive Presi- dential government to tackle the new issues of the Welfare State and of the social control of eco- nomic activity.

In retrospect these achievements may seem easy if not inevitable. But, at the time, they were inconceivable to most Americans. And the world of 1896, which to us seems so simple, appeared to the men of that time (as any reader of *The Education of Henry Adams* may remember) complex beyond human understanding.

A similar opportunity awaits today. The man to seize it could well be Lyndon Johnson. In the year since he succeeded to the Presidency, Mr. Johnson has proven himself effective, shrewd, energetic, and self-confident. And in Hubert Humphrey he has a Vice President of rare sensi- tivity to the new issues and to the needs and values of the new generation.

Still, will the President have the courage, the vision—above all, the self-discipline—to tackle the new, the difficult, the controversial? Or will his very virtuosity at managing the old align- ments and the old issues keep him busy doing yesterday's jobs for yesterday's national con- sensus? If Lyndon Johnson misses his chance in that fashion, then the yet unknown men who will rebuild a second party from the shambles of the GOP will have a unique opportunity to forge a new majority to cope with the new issues. For no one—neither Johnson nor Goldwater nor any- one else—will be able to push this country back onto the old, pre-1964 slope of the political water- shed we crossed last fall.

* He is remembered (if at all) only as the villain in a political morality play and as the prototype of all the top-hatted, cigar-smoking, evil "capitalists" who ever attempted to dispossess a poor widow and seduce her daughter. But he was one of the most effective organizers of political power in our history, second perhaps only to Jefferson. He refashioned a Republican party that had become totally flabby and lifeless after living for thirty years off the memory of the Civil War and the spoils of Recon- struction, into the new majority party of an in- dustrialized America. He was probably the first politician to realize that America had become an industrial society, and certainly the first to under- stand the tremendous wealth-creating potential of an industrial economy. This led him into becoming founder of the National Association of Manufac- turers (NAM) but also godfather of the infant American Federation of Labor and sponsor of young Sam Gompers. Hanna (an honest and an honorable man, by the way) is probably the least known and most underrated figure in American political history.

Isak Dinesen Conquers Rome

by Eugene Walter

A memorable report on a genteel orgy of gothic revelry in the Eternal City.

During the second world war, I was in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands as a cryptographer. I met there my first caribou, enjoyed my first plane crash, my first volcanic eruption, and my first earthquake. This last I almost missed because I was completely engrossed in Isak Dinesen's *Seven Gothic Tales*.

The book was *exactly* what I wanted at the time. Under the terrible wind called Williwaw, amidst the blowing snows and the gray fogs of the Bering shores, the *Seven Gothic Tales* gave me a vision of a brightly colored world: I read of immortal ironies and coincidences rather than of such confusions as were around me. So when the island shuddered and threatened to cough itself into the sea, I really didn't notice until a companion seized my arm and hurried me out of the quonset hut where we lived. I had reached that moment in "The Deluge of Norderney" where the Cardinal says to the old lady,

"'But are you not a little—'

"'Mad?' asked the old lady. 'I thought you were aware of that, My Lord.'" My friend who led me out of the splintering quonset echoed this observation in a more explicit and soldierly fashion.

Years passed and I read and reread all the books. I never tired of seeking information about Isak Dinesen and was told that *he* was really a woman, that *she* was really a man, that it was a brother-and-sister collaboration, that the writer was French, that she was a nun, that—on it went. Finally, I discovered that the pseudonym "Isak Dinesen" concealed the Baroness Karen Christentze Blixen-Finecke, who lived near Copenhagen, by the sea, a creature as mysterious as Andersen's Snow Queen.

Eventually I went to Rome as editorial assistant for Princess Caetani's literary review *Botteghe Oscure*. One of the Princess's rules was to publish work by well-known older writers alongside that of young unknown ones. "Why," I thought on St. Valentine's Day, 1956, "don't I write to Isak Dinesen and see if she doesn't have something unpublished?" Not that I expected a reply, you understand.

But back came a neatly typed letter on blue notepaper. Terrestrial, after all! Toward the end it said, "I am planning to come to Rome . . ." and I jumped with excitement. That was the spark, the downbeat, the cornerstone. I wrote in great enthusiasm, offering amusements and junkets, and received a charming letter in which she accepted. Especially she wanted to meet younger artists and writers. She wrote: "The subject of the relations between the older generations and the young, and altogether of *continuity* in literature and art, has much occupied me during these last years. . . ." Completely after my own heart.

On the day she arrived I scanned the windows

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as the bus pulled up to the terminal. At one of them I saw, under a cloche hat and over a fur collar, two extraordinary black-rimmed, beautiful, unblinking eyes. I bowed and went to the door to help her out, but already she descended on the arm of an apple-cheeked young woman in a dark suit.

"How did you know me?" inquired a rich actress's voice.

"How could I not?" I said.

She indicated her companion and said, "This is my Sancho Panza. Her real name is Clara Svendsen."

Off we went to the Hotel Flora to sip champagne and make acquaintance and thus began a splendid parenthesis in my life. For the Baroness Blixen, known also as Tania, as Karen, was, quite simply, the most fascinating human being I have ever met. Her fascination was partly in her eyes—sometimes gray-green, sometimes golden, sometimes hazel, and seemingly darker at the bottom of the irises. Her face was very slim and there were laugh lines around the eyes and mouth which changed constantly. It was a mercurial face, an eager face, a timeless one. And she looked into the eyes of the person to whom she spoke. She smoked her cigarettes without any nervous gestures whatsoever and was oblivious of the many people who stopped in their tracks to stare at her. Her laugh was delightful: it was throaty and always ended in a little rococo cough if she happened to be smoking. She spoke English with only a slight foreign trace—a kind of Danish lilt rather than an accent.

Do I sound as if I fell in love? I did. Here was some eternal human mystery crystallized in a ninety-pound Danish lady, of any age you might care to guess. A sibyl.

Queen of the Northern Monkeys

By the last light of day in Piazza Navona, the obelisk which crowns Bernini's Fountain of the Four Rivers seems darkly solid against the pale chalk-blue of the sky. But as the sky turns to an iris color, the obelisk turns pale and weightless, and just for an instant seems made of paper against the twilight. On our first outing at a sidewalk restaurant, Tania, Clara, and I sat watching this before we dined and began to make plans.

"I ought not to undertake too much," said the Baroness. "I've been ill for over a year and in a nursing home. I really thought I should die. I planned to die—that is, I made preparations.



WIDE WORLD

Baroness Karen Blixen-Finecke

I expected to. I even planned a last radio talk . . . I have made a number of radio talks on all kinds of subjects, in Denmark. I planned a talk on how easy it is to die. Not a morbid message, I don't mean that, but a message of, well, cheer . . . that it is a great and lovely experience to die. But I was too ill, you know, to get it done. Now, after being so long in the nursing home and so ill, I don't feel I do really belong to this life. I'm hovering, like a seagull. I feel that the world is happy and splendid and goes on, but that I'm not part of it. I've come to Rome to try and get into the world again."

"Have you spent much time in Rome?" I asked. "How long since you've been here?"

"A few years ago, when I had an audience with the Pope. I first came in 1912 as a young girl. I stayed with a cousin who was married to our Danish Ambassador to Rome. We rode in the Borghese Gardens then, every day. There were carriages with all the great beauties of the day in them, and one stopped and chatted. Now look at these motors and motorbicycles and noise and rushing about."

The Baroness lit a cigarette and went on.

"It's what the young today want, though: speed is the greatest thing for them. But when I remember riding a horse, I think something very precious is lost to them today. They're not acquainted with the elements or in touch with

them. Everything is mechanical—children today are raised up without knowing live fire, living water, the earth and air. But they hate the past and want to break with it, not that one can blame them too much. The near past to them is nothing but a long history of wars, which to them is without interest. It may be the end of a kind of civilization."

"But [illegible] to live," I suggested. "They may be led to go back to a tradition, a sense of the continuity of human existence."

"The Baroness loves me," remarked the pink-clocked Cloth.

"Oh, I should like to love what they love. I do love jazz. I think it's the only new thing in music in my lifetime. I don't prefer it to the old music, but I enjoy it very much."

One of the most amusing events of those days was the meeting of Baroness Blixen with the Prince and Princess Caetani. When I took Tania to Palazzo Caetani for tea, she immediately fell into conversation with the Prince about old friends and old days in Rome, but the two ladies [illegible] extravagant in all things. Not that she didn't have [illegible] natural diametrical opposite, and, besides, both ladies, at heart, really liked to be surrounded [illegible]

One morning we went to a gallery where an exhibition of Virginia Campbell Becker's delightful pictures would open. When we arrived Princess Caetani took off down a flight of steps to the front door of the gallery. Tania waited for a little-used side door to be opened for her. Inside, the ladies made separate tours of the [illegible] The Princess [illegible] struck me very much. I remarked to Mrs. Becker, "The Queen of the Northern Monkeys and the Queen of the Southern Monkeys always take different routes."

[illegible]

that title. There was something monkeyish about her, too. Her tiny wrists and ankles, emaciated by long illness, her bright eyes rimmed with black, made me think of delicate monkeys from the rain forests.

"Do you think I look like a monkey?" she asked me once with disapproval, in a deep voice.

"Of course," I said, but added quickly, "you understand that I love monkeys above all creatures. And besides they are divided into twelve wildly diversified groups, one of which, the Hominoids, includes man. So everybody reminds me of some kind of monkey!"

She pretended to be mollified at this.

My Calendar Is Flexible

Princess Caetani gave a luncheon party for [illegible] Ninfa ("Nymph") . . . ruined medieval town south of Rome named for the icy mountain stream which flows through it. There are encircling walls with towers, five ruined churches with traces of old frescoes, a lovely double-arched Roman bridge. Hannibal once had a camp on the site (he stocked the stream with a particular kind of trout from Africa which is still there, idling amongst the waving green water weeds) and earlier it was a healing shrine (votive offerings of terra-cotta hands and feet are still dug up in the fields). The Caetani family restored the town hall for a country house, using the rest of the town as a garden. The Princess and her daughter had rare plants and roses from all over the world planted around the ruins. Streams run through the gardens, the sound of running water is everywhere, and the nightingales sing by day, especially from a huge thicket of oleander. If one remembers the tone of Isak Dinesen's tales, it is easy to see how Ninfa was a perfect site for her entertainment.

Two big round tables had been set under the magnolia tree on the lawn near the house. Princess Caetani presided over one, Tania over the other. Tania was wearing another cloche and her nose was covered with yellow pollen from sticking it into a lily. She was in high spirits and so was the sky; there were fine ragged clouds rushing about the bright blue heavens. The air was full of the scent of irises and fruit blossoms, as well as a rich odor of the black earth.

"How is it," asked a man near Tania, "that you never write about modern times in your stories?"

"I do," she replied, "if you consider that the

time of our grandfathers, that just out of reach time, is so much a part of *me*. Also I write about characters who together *are* the tale. I begin, you see, with a flavor of the tale. Then I find the characters, and they take over. They make the design. I simply permit them their liberty. Now in modern life and in modern fiction there is a kind of atmosphere and above all an interior movement – inside the characters – which is something else again. I feel that in life and in art, people have drawn a little apart in this century. Solitude is now the universal theme. But I write about characters within a design – how they act upon one another. Relations with others is important to me, you see. Friendship is precious to me, and I have been blessed with heroic friendships."

"But all your work takes place in the nineteenth century, doesn't it?"

"More or less. I may begin in the eighteenth and come right up to the first world war – my calendar is flexible. Those times have been sorted out; they are clearly visible. Besides, so many novels that we think are contemporary in subject with their date of publication – such as novels of Dickens or Faulkner or Tolstoy or Turgenev – are really set in an earlier period – a generation or so back. The present is always unsettled, no one has had time to contemplate it in tranquility. No painter wants the subject right under his nose; one wants to stand back and study a landscape with half-closed eyes."

While they talked I slipped away from the table. I had brought my wooden flute along. And after dessert I popped into a hack and played Rameau's *Le Rossignol en amour*. I didn't play very well but the idea was the thing and the bubbly sounds of the instrument were nothing if not bucolic. Besides it excited the nightingales and they all tuned up.

But then we heard a tremendous explosion of dynamite on the hillside beyond Tarquinia.

"I thought we'd done something about *those*," said the Princess, shutting her eyes to shut it all in that direction. "It's a new quarry."

Prince Raffredo Caetani, then on his visit, turned to Tania. "Are you acquainted with Buffalo Bill?" he inquired.

"I haven't had the pleasure," she answered, looking into a pocket mirror which Olga had produced. Olga had whispered something in Danish about the pollen on her nose and Tania was brushing it off.

* * *

One Sunday morning we went to see the Etruscan necropolis in the Villa Giulia. The Etruscans were dressed in a reddish wood and wore a conical straw hat that lighted her extraordinary eyes. As she strolled through the rooms of Etruscan pottery and bronze she seemed as remote as they from the ordinary gallery goer.

"How could they get that blue, do you suppose? Powdered lapis? Look at that pig! In the South we give a great mythological importance to the pig. He's a kind of minion of the sun. I suppose because his sweet fat helps to keep us warm in the darkest and coldest time. Very intelligent animal . . . Look at the lion on that sarcophagus. How could the Etruscans have known the lion? In Africa it was the animal I loved best."

"What made you decide to go to Africa?"

"Theodore Roosevelt, as much as anything. He discovered Africa for more Europeans when he first went big-game hunting. When I was a young girl it was very far from my thoughts to go to Africa, nor did I dream that an African farm should prove to be the place in which I would be perfectly happy. That goes to show that God has a greater and finer power of imagination than we have. But at the time when I was engaged to be married to my cousin Bror Blixen, an uncle of mine went out to Africa and came back all gifted with parts of the country for Bror and I made up our minds to try our luck there – and our reasons on both sides happened to be perhaps the same. From my first day in Africa I loved the country and felt at home. I was very keen on shooting in my young days, but my great interest all through the years in Africa was the African natives, and in particular the Somali and the Masai. They were beautiful, noble, fearless, and wise people."

"I suppose that you began to write seriously there."

"No, I began to *tell* stories seriously there. The Africans are great listeners. I never once started to write. I published a few short stories in Danish reviews in Denmark when I was twenty-one or so, and that encouraged me to go on, but I didn't. I don't know, I think I had an intuitive fear of being trapped. When I was quite young, I studied painting at the Danish Royal Academy, then I went to Paris to study in 1910 but I did little work. The impact of Paris was too great, I felt it was more important to go about and see pictures, to see Paris in fact. I painted a little in Africa and, yes, I did write there to entertain myself and I told stories constantly to the natives, all kinds of nonsense; they loved it. I'd say, 'Once there was a man who had an elephant with two heads,' and right away the natives would say, 'Oh? Yes, well, Mem Sahib,

how did he find it, and how did he manage to feed it?' and the tale would go on. I delighted my people by speaking in rhyme, they have no rhyme, you know, have never discovered it. I'd say things like '*Wakamba na kula mamba*,' which means, 'The people of the Wakamba tribe eat snakes,' and which would have infuriated them as a prose statement but amused them mightily in rhyme. Afterwards, they'd always say, 'Please, Mem-Sahib, talk like rain,' so then I knew how much they liked it, for rain was very precious to us there. And listening was a fine art. Nowadays people can't listen very long to something related, unless they're very simple or very worldly indeed. For me, all of fiction is divided into what can be told and what can only be written. One can tell 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' but one can't tell *Anna Karenina*. And a real storyteller's pleasure consists in rearranging details each time he tells the story."

When Clara came in breathless, Tania turned to her. "Clara, you must see the delightful lions, and a little pig; then we'll go get postcards and [illegible]."

We found a taxi and drove through a drizzle to a charming restaurant in a neo-classic pavilion. After a brief glimpse of the rain-grayed city from the flooded terrace we went in and found a table in a little brocaded room with brightly colored carpets and pictures. "This is very pleasant," Tania said. "I was here in 1912." Then she looked about, and suddenly uttered a little scream. "Oh, I shall go mad!"

"What is it?" I asked, alarmed.

"Look how crooked that picture is!" she said, pointing to a blackened portrait across the room.

"I'll straighten it!" I cried, and jumped up and went to it. "Like this?"

"No, more to the right," said Tania, eyes half-closed. Two bald Roman gentlemen whose table was below the picture looked hopelessly confused. "That's better."

"It's like that at home," said Clara softly. "So much traffic passes and I have to keep straightening the pictures."

"Aeroplanes," muttered Tania, lighting a cigarette. "Do you mind if we just stay here for a while? I hate to change once I'm installed in a décor I like. People are always telling me to hurry up, to come on for this or that. Once when I was sailing around the Cape of Good Hope and there were albatrosses, people kept saying, 'Come on in, it's time for lunch,' and I said, 'Damn lunch! I can eat lunch any day of my life, but I shan't see albatrosses again.' Such wingspread!"

Thus the days passed, and my ravenous curiosity about Isak Dinesen was satisfied a little. We talked of everything on earth, especially of books and theatre. And then her visit to Rome came to an end. One night we said our goodbyes in the lobby of the Flora, and next morning Tania and her Sancho Panza flew to Denmark. I was sad to see them go.

"It was amusing to meet such an original," said Princess Caetani. "But why must she wear all that black around her eyes?" But the Princess was very pleased with a group of manuscripts that Tania had consented to show for *Botteghe Oscure*, and she chose one of the longest, loveliest, and most evocatively Danish, "A Country Tale," which appeared amidst a flurry of excitement, since Tania had not published a new book in ten years.

Only One Tania

During the war Tania had written a wildly romantic novel called *The Angelic Avengers*, which she published under a pseudonym. After the reading public finally caught on to the fact that the mysterious "Pierre Andrézel" was really "Isak Dinesen," there were several odd affairs of books by other authors attributed to the Baroness. In November 1956, I mentioned one such attribution in a letter to Tania. She wrote right back: "I am not the author of *Madame Solario*. In fact I shall until further notice publish nothing anonymously without letting you know (so please keep for the time being the secret about the Arabian Nights). . . . You will be receiving the *faire-part* of my coming marriage, also of my conversion to the Orthodox Church someday of the new year. Yours ever, on earth, as in the treetops . . ."

But there was another book which was rather more of a problem. Tania was reluctant to discuss the matter, but I heard from Danish friends that it had saddened her, seeing herself stolen from and copied in a very inferior manner.

It seems that a certain writer, a kind of adventurer who had knocked about the world, went to great trouble to be introduced to Tania, who received him with the usual generosity she showed to writers and painters and musicians. After she had known him for a year or so, her bookseller called one day and asked her, "Is it true that you have a new book of tales coming out under a completely new pseudonym?" She insisted that she hadn't, but the bookseller said he had been very reliably informed. A radio

interviewer telephoned to ask the same question. The publishers recorded a large advance sale for the book, which was a series of tales of a plague year in Europe. Controversy raged. Indeed, the author had lifted bits and pieces from the *Seven Gothic Tales*, giving himself away in an amusing fashion.

Tania kept and smiled ruefully over a note the younger writer once sent her. "Dear Baroness," it purred, "every time I visit you, I take something away with me . . ." Shortly after Tania returned to Denmark, I heard that by chance the original manuscript of the book was in Rome, and I decided to get my hands on it. Since she shared my own sense of the magical properties of physical objects, I thought it would amuse her to make an incantation over this one and toss it into her grate. Later, as it happened, we had a ceremony.

The Festivities

On the fifteenth of September, 1957, I received a letter from the Queen of the Northern Monkeys. It began:

> Dear Monkey Prime Minister,
>
> . . . My book [*Last Tales*] is coming out on the fourth of November, and I want to be away from Denmark on that day. Otherwise people ring you up too much. I have considered flying to Rome—with Clara—just for three or four days. Do you think there would be people in Rome prepared to make those three or four days really sweet to me, so that I should think of them later on with tears of joy in my eyes? Would anybody ask me for dinner on the fourth in that pleasant place where the pictures all needed straightening, and tell me I look just seventeen years old? Or would anybody ask me for supper at the darkest den of Trastevere, haunt of thieves and murderers? Or could you possibly arrange a rendezvous with a Cardinal for me in moonlight in Piazza Navona? Do send me a word. . . . The swallows and nightingales are now leaving us to go to Africa. I have asked a swallow, in passing Rome, to drop a light Louis XVI kiss on you. . . .

I danced a jig! I couldn't sleep that night for thinking of what partyings and surprises should be arranged. I decided to make a Party Committee and chose three extraordinary creatures, each of whom could have been invented by Tania: the Contessa Mitty Risi d'Ambra and Mrs. Virginia Campbell Becker (both artists) and Princess Briama Carafa d'Andria, a writer. They each agreed to give a great party.

The third, fifth, and seventh of November were decided upon, so I hastily sent to Tania a proposed schedule of events, calling it "The Festival of the Two Monkeys" (Menotti had just announced "The Festival of Two Worlds," the first annual Spoleto summer festival). Mitty asked her maid Adriana's mother to bring from the Tuscan woods a kind of mushroom which is available only in the first week of November, and only then if the rains have been ample and at the right moment. Princess Carafa bought a new piano. Mrs. Becker and I began working on guest lists.

Now I have always liked a party, and consider fun worth any amount of preparation. I like a sense of fantasy, of the commonplace slain. So I went to work choosing music, painting a souvenir fan for each evening (with spaces for all the guests to write their names), and working on a marionette play to be performed in the Beckers' marionette theatre. It was all really like an unwritten Gothic tale called "The Festivities."

At the Spoleto Opera I had been impressed with a fine American soprano of Italian origin, Jeannette Pecorello. She agreed to sing Tania's favorite French songs. The pianist Alda Bellasich started learning some unknown Albinoni sonatas she had discovered in the British Museum. The Afro-Cuban singer Wanani, tall and elegant, known as "The Gazelle," agreed to sing some Carib songs. A cable went to America, asking the composer David Walker to write some music for the marionette spectacle. (It arrived too late, alas, but he wrote a wonderful kind of Dolly Sisters dance for Tania and Clara, called "Twirl Parasols and Kiss.")

I was beside myself when I picked up Tania and Clara at the airport. Seeing the Baroness in her mountainous bearskin coat reaching to the floor, with her black cloche poking impudently up out of it, I had the impression that I was living in a tale she was even at that moment writing. But I never doubted that she was a sorceress.

More Magic

On the evening of November 3, I fetched her in a taxi from her hotel to go to the first of our parties. As we set out I told her, "By dint of bribery, Latin skulduggery, and plain old-fashioned theft, I have right in my hand the original manuscript of the plagiary. I thought we might begin festivities by dumping it into the Tiber."

Her eyes lit up with sparkling mischief and she said throatily, "Yes! Yes, yes, yes!"

It was about 7:40 in the evening, when traffic is heaviest in Rome, but the taxi driver obviously knew, seeing Tania's bearskin, that no ordinary mortal was his passenger, so obediently he stopped smack in the middle of the narrow bridge that crosses the island, and we very ceremoniously got out. It's always a pleasure to hold up the business of the world, and the more impatient and irritated that world is, the greater the pleasure in making it stand still. We stopped traffic for two blocks, and they blew horns and shouted Roman insults, but our taxi driver just looked wide-eyed at us as we went to the side of the bridge and performed our ritual. Tania, Clara, and I each held a corner of the manuscript and recited together, very slowly and solemnly:

Rat shit,
Bat shit,
Three-toed sloth shit,
Tiber and Oblivion
Receive this book and its author!

And we dropped the manuscript and watched it sink. Since the author died shortly thereafter, I am now very careful with magic of this sort.

Countess Mitty Risi d'Ambra is a dynamic, tireless creature and a fine painter. Her apartment was one of the wonders of Rome. On the island in the Tiber is an old building constructed in the Middle Ages and attached to a tower from which the Caetani once dropped hot lead on their embattled cousins. For most of the last century and some of this one, the structure was a morgue for suicides fished out of the Tiber. Mitty found it empty, seized it, ripped out walls, tore up floors, and created a beautiful multi-level apartment looking onto water on both sides. Here, that evening, painters and writers and musicians came to honor Tania.

First was a dinner which included the famous Tuscan mushrooms, served raw in a salad. Then came the reception, and champagne flowed like ditchwater. The guests included a swarm of famous Europeans, along with young Americans—even the latest-arrived Fulbright scholars—and a cross section of Rome, from the *Almanach de Gotha* to the police register. A good party has to have worlds in collision and at least one confrontation.

On the night of the fourth we went out to dinner to celebrate the publication of *Last Tales* in five countries. Later that night I finished a manuscript of a cookery book with illustrations which I intended as a gift for Tania the following day. It was called *The Dainty Glutton's Handbook*. My thought was that she should have fresh bouquets and new gifts or surprises at least three times a day during her visit. Some of them were mighty far-fetched but amused her, like a housefly carved in mother-of-pearl which demimondaines once glued in their ears. One was a small box made like a mandarin orange, filled with odd fragments of sea-smoothed glass. Others were more prosaic such as books.

I Was Promised a Cardina

The fifth was the great day of the marionette spectacle. The Beckers lived then in Palazzo Caetani and had a room set aside for their marionette theatre. It was an elaborate structure with a very beautiful Palladian façade by the Dutch artist Koo Stroo, and green satin curtains. The room was illuminated by concealed lights and filled with red roses. Magical.

When the lights dimmed, the slow movement of a Handel oboe concerto was heard, and the curtains opened to show a drop with the title of the play worked out in jewels, feathers, and butterflies: *Tania-Tania and Clara, Too!* This drop rose to reveal a snowy landscape seen through a scrim, with snow falling, and a tiny figure of Tania (immediately recognizable) sitting on a snowbank. Virginia Becker had invented splendid costumes for all the characters but the one for the puppet of Tania was the *clou*: a cloche hat made of green parrot feathers, a miniature fox stole, and real diamonds. As the music died away, the figure stepped forward and said, "This is Denmark, it is winter, and I am Tania Blixen. Facts are seldom important. Now I shall speak in blank verse."

First, Tania speaks a long snow-tirade in blank verse. Then Clara enters skating on the frozen stream at back. Some excerpts will give you the feel of the play:

TANIA: Oh, hello, Clara, I was just thinking of serious things.

CLARA: Wouldn't it be nice to go to Rome . . . sun . . .

TANIA: I was trying to decide—does the Sun have a shadow? I mean, suppose one side burned brighter than the other?

CLARA: The other day you were mentioning Rome . . .

TANIA: And then I was thinking it might be delightful to go to Rome. Yes: the pasta, the pizza, the pazzi, the piazzi—oh, the joy of it all! Yes, we'll roam. To Rome. Call the sleigh.

Clara signals. Enter to music a huge baroque sleigh pulled by enormous butterflies.

TANIA: Did you soak their antennae in anti-freeze?

CLARA: And washed their wings with cognac. ll is ready. Hooray!

TANIA: Hooray? Away!

Music. They drive off laughing. Curtain.

SCENE TWO

Rome, Piazza Navona, the long perspective. nter Arlechino.

ARLECHINO: I am Chairman of the Committee Welcome Baroness Blixen, in view of the fact at she is so very much so.

A Montgolfier balloon, decorated with ban- rs and lanterns, crosses at back. Clara is eering. Karen throws out a rope ladder. Bal- on descends a little.

ARLECHINO: Welcome Baroness Blixen! Are ou Baroness Blixen?

TANIA: And—ho, ho—so much more besides. *She throws out ballast bag which hits him.)*

TANIA: Up, Clara! *(Balloon whooshes away.) Enter Pierrot.*

PIERROT: *(twangling mandolin):* I am Chair- an of the Committee to Serenade Isak Dinesen pon Her Arrival. I do hope that she has thrown ut her ballast, and that the prevailing winds are revailing.

Balloon descends coquettishly.

PIERROT *(playing mandolin):* Welcome, wel- ome dear Isak Dinesen. You are Isak Dinesen, ren't you?

TANIA: *(throwing ballast which hits Pier- t:* Could be, my boy! And I could just as well e the Poet Laureate of Latvia.

Balloon whooshes. Enter Isabella.

ISABELLA *(distraught):* Oh dear, oh damn, we on't know when he is coming or even if Pierre ndrézel is his real name. All we know is that e's a French novelist who's never been seen at he Deux Magots. I am Chairwoman of the Com- ittee to Welcome Odd Frenchmen, and in onor of the occasion I am wearing a beauty- ark on my left instep, in the name of Mystery.

Balloon descends slowly.

ISABELLA: Excuse me, Madame, your French erfume makes me bold to inquire if you are ome direct from Paris, and whether you might nform me of M. Pierre Andrézel? Do you know here he is?

TANIA: In his skin, I imagine, and if he umps out, I'll jump in! Up, up, up, Clara!

Balloon up and out. Enter fat blowzy soprano, ith furs, feathers, jewels, flowers. It is Miss ome.

MISS ROME *(giggly):* I've never been on a ommittee in my life and would bloody well die ooner, but I do like to welcome *everybody* and ow Tania-Tania is coming. There she looms!

Balloon descends a little, Karen throwing out andbags right and left.

ARLECHINO: Baroness!

PIERROT: Isak Dinesen!

MISS ROME: Sweetie darling!

TANIA: I won't get out unless there's a Car- inal. I was promised a Cardinal.

Enter a Cardinal on a motorbike, his train eld up by flying cherubs. He sees balloon and alls down. Cherubs are tangled in train.

TANIA *(examining) Is [illegible] Balloon comes about to ground.)* And champagne?

MISS ROME: Of course. *(Waves at fountain which begins to play.)*

ARLECHINO: And fireworks! *(Fireworks.)*

PIERROT: And Music! *(Waltz begins.)*

ISABELLA: And singing and dancing and carrying-on!

Cardinal and Tania begin to waltz around the piazza as others follow suit. They all dance as the curtain falls.

* * *

When the music and applause had finished, sparklers were lit, and by their light the Beckers' daughter Haidée appeared dressed in golden leaves. She took the Baroness by the hand, saying, "Come with me. Christmas has arrived a little early this year," and led her into a room where a table had been covered with rose-colored damask and piled with gifts. There were coffee cups painted with butterflies, a crystal pendant from George Sand's house, a buffalo cheese, French perfume, seashells from the seven seas, fans, books, my cookbook (my idea was that droolworthy recipes might jog Tania's failing appetite), a kerchief with a view of the Bay of Naples, etc., etc. Tania was like a child on Christmas morning as she tore at the wrappings. "I'm so happy that I could dance!" she said when she'd opened everything. Then she added, "I *will* dance!" So she plopped the Neapolitan kerchief on her head and jiggled about the room. "It's a monkey dance," she gaily explained.

It was one of those evenings which, an hour after they have passed, are already at home with eternity.

"We don't often have parties like this at home," Tania said. "In Denmark they're always trying to make an honest woman out of me. But perhaps I represent the sum of all the personal fantasy my countrymen have suppressed in themselves. It came out in Hans Andersen, perhaps it bubbles up again in me. Or perhaps one has to be a person of the Northern world who's lived in the Southern one, or vice versa, to understand what a fete can be. *Must* be!

The play, "Tania-Tania and Clara Too," is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the United States of America and elsewhere throughout the world. All rights are strictly reserved. Permission for readings must be secured in writing from the author's agent, William Morris Agency, Inc., 1740 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y. The full text of the play is included in "Isak Dinesen: A Memorial," edited by Clara Svendsen, published by Random House on January 27, 1965.

Perhaps one has to have kept something of childhood—or else be a philosopher of paradox —in order to be really merry in the modern world."

Fun in High Places

On November 7, the musical evening at Princess Carafa's. This time pink roses, and a pink Louisiana punch. It was a charming relaxed party, and the musical program was just the right length. Princess Carafa's rooftop apartment has a glass wall; it was delightful to watch the twinkling lights off in the Borghese Gardens while we listened to the music.

The next night Clara and Tania came to dine in my little house, which was not much larger than a refrigerator crate and was perched on a hillside in Trastevere. From ground level, in a dead-end alley filled with tin cans and broken glass, one climbed 157 steps through a garden to arrive. The terrace was covered by grapevines and honeysuckle, and from the front door one looked across far-off roofs to the mountains in the distance.

"I want to see your house," Tania had said. "I want to know exactly what your setting is like, when I return to Denmark and think of you."

She decided that it was veritably an owl's nest or an eyrie. As we dined, the lopsided moon rose and shone through the glass doorpanes, the yellowed leaves silhouetted on its face. We talked of a tremendously long book which Tania had conceived. She said that while she lay in the hospital she had invented a series of interwoven tales to keep her sane. *Albondocani* was the name, and Naples in the early nineteenth century was the setting. The heroine was a gypsy girl who'd been raised artfully for one purpose: to entice and destroy the young prince who had been raised in total ignorance of poverty or misery. Naturally they would fall in love, the opposites that make an entity. There were to be at least two hundred tales in all. "I should like this work to be one page longer than Proust," Tania told me. The title of the *Last Tales*, of course, was one of her jokes: she planned to publish afterwards a greater number of pages than she had until then.

When John Becker took us to the airport the next day, he made arrangements for her to go directly to the plane without the usual messing about. She murmured something about knowing she would never see Rome again. I remembered that when we went to throw coins into the Trevi Fountain, that old ritual which is supposed to ensure one's return to Rome, she had gone through all the motions, but had kept her coin in her hand.

John had ordered an enormous bouquet of the freshest and most beautiful celery, tied in ribbons and cellophane as though it were roses. There were violets and candied almonds as well. Sancho Panza was directing a bevy of porters laden with gifts and souvenirs, but insisted on carrying the most fragile herself.

As they went out onto the runway, Tania turned and smiled and raised her hand in one deliberate gesture, then turned smartly and went off, the wind fooling with her scarf. It was the last time I saw her. I never was able to accept her invitation to visit her in Denmark; I never had enough cash on hand for the trip.

News of her death in September 1962 reached me, curiously enough, by way of a friend in Persia. I read the letter on a beach near Rome, where a film in which I played was being shot. The news was appropriately acknowledged by the elements: a hailstorm in midsummer. I sat in a shack with water dripping down my neck, and the waves pounding the shore about ten yards away. I found an envelope in my pocket and wrote an apotheosis to the marionette play:

A chariot pulled by wild swans appears and Tania gets in.

ISABELLA: But where is she going now?

CARDINAL: To Africa, to run a finishing school for young lionesses.

ARLECHINO: To the Ganges, to teach the gavotte to the gnats.

PIERROT: She's so busy, so everywhere at once!

MISS ROME: Why it's true, she's going off in every direction!

EVERYBODY *(murmuring admiringly):* How clever of her! How simultaneous! Goodbye! Ciao! Au 'voir! So long! Ci vediamo! Ave!

TANIA: Think of me in thistles, roses will relay news, monkeys mention me, lions listen carefully, butterflies balance, never fear, you'll hear, from everywhere, news of me. Facts are foolish, strength is serious, love is lasting. 'Bye!

Jubilant chorus, with trumpets and tambourines.

* * *

Later, the American painter Clifford Wright, who lives near Copenhagen, said that at dawn on the night after she died, he happened to be passing Tania's house at Rungsted, and saw a most rare sight: Two wild swans rose suddenly and flew away.

The Row Over Urban Renewal

by Joseph Epstein

Many people are mad at a program which is changing the face of American cities—sometimes too hastily, but usually for the better.

For some time now, it's been open season on urban renewal. The St. Georges out to slay this dragon are an odd crew—Socialists and Birchers, civil rightists and segregationists, city planners and people who equate planning with mortal sin. They have all, at one time or another, heaved a spear into the monster's flanks.

Within the past year the heaviest attack has been coming from the Right. Early in 1964 in Indianapolis, for example, Edwin P. Neilan, then President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, in a speech entitled "Supermarket for Subsidies" denounced federal urban renewal as inequitable and corrupt. He has since replayed this diatribe around the country. In March, nine conservative Congressmen, speaking in Rockford, Illinois, before two hundred businessmen calling themselves the National Conference on Urban Renewal, charged the program with "taxing the needy to benefit the greedy." One of these orators was John Dowdy, a relatively obscure Texas Democrat who appeared in the March issue of *Reader's Digest* as author of an article called "The Mounting Scandal of Urban Renewal." In October, another *Digest* piece, called "The Sad Little Story of Wink" told how the injection of federal money through urban renewal laid low the town of Wink, Texas. The strident message of all these sallies from the Right is essentially the same: "Let private enterprise do it!"

The liberal executioners, in contrast, base their attack on less ideological grounds: chiefly, the human dislocations and the hardening of segregated housing patterns that urban-renewal programs have sometimes caused. Perhaps their doughtiest spokesman is Jane Jacobs, author of *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. A condensation of her widely read book, published in the indefatigable *Reader's Digest*, highlighted her preoccupation with crime in our cities and her horror of urban renewal. As readers of her book will recall, Mrs. Jacobs is a kind of Adam Smith among city planners. Like the Calvinist economist, she argues that if a city has sufficient dynamism, density, and diversity everything else will take care of itself. She sees no need to shift people around since she believes that a slum can "unslum" itself as its people advance economically and remain in the old neighborhood to help clean it up. Mrs. Jacobs recognizes but unfortunately does not enlarge upon the sad truth that not all slums have the same high powers of regeneration, especially Negro slums. Just how New York's Harlem can ever unslum itself without outside help remains a mystery.

Urban renewal, however, has unslummed a good many Negro slums. It has also produced much of the integrated housing to be found today in San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, New

York, and Philadelphia. In the Border South—if not the Deep South—it has brought some measure of integrated housing to Washington, Baltimore, and St. Louis as well as to Johnson City, Tennessee, and Nashville. And in all these cities, integration has occurred in neighborhoods of *new* housing.

Nor do the actual statistics on human dislocation justify the hysteria of Mrs. Jacobs and her followers. As of the summer of 1964, reports were at hand on the great majority of the people displaced by renewal. Less than 8 per cent of them were still living in what the government calls "substandard" housing and the whereabouts of only 5 per cent were unknown. In other words, roughly 87 per cent of those displaced have moved into standard—and hence substantially better—housing, and the record seems to be improving each year.

To be uprooted by urban renewal—or for that matter, by any other governmental action—cannot of course be altogether painless. But it is a mistake to assume, as many critics do, that renewers couldn't care less. Chicago maintains a ninety-two-man relocation staff to aid those forced to move in finding good housing. Philadelphia's Centralized Relocation Bureau conducts training programs to help make the process as unabrasive as possible. New York City's Department of Relocation has set up a Human Relations Advisory Committee, whose job is to prepare the way for Negro and Puerto Rican families in neighborhoods where they have hitherto been unwelcome.

Now there is surely nothing wrong about moving slum dwellers into better homes and apartments. But all too often none exist. This does not, however, mean that the renewal effort is unnecessary or hopeless. On the contrary, the lesson is that our cities are far sicker than anyone had imagined. And urban renewal alone cannot cure the whole malady.

This was not foreseen by the early champions of renewal. Underestimating the scope of their task, they vastly oversold their program as an all-out panacea. So inevitably it fell short of its original goal. Yet this hardly proves that—as Edwin Neilan urges—American cities should now "look inward to a responsible local solution of their own problems instead of outward for irresponsible and expensive federal aid." Nor does anything in the record call for the strange current anti-renewal alliance of Leftist idealists and nihilists from the Right—all bent on destroying what remains the best available tool for halting the blight and decay of our cities. For the fact is that urban renewal has already worked well in many areas and is destined to work still better, though often with quite different techniques than those envisioned by its original sponsors.

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Why the Dream Faded

The concept now so heavily under fire was first introduced in Title I of the 1949 Housing Act against a background now depressingly familiar. Slums were rapidly devouring the nation's cities, sending into the suburbs everyone who could afford to move. As downtown stores joined their customers in suburbia, the shrinking urban tax base hastened the central city's physical and economic decay. Those who escaped were, of course, almost all white. The city was left with blighted industrial areas, and people with dark skins and low incomes locked up in its slums.

Urban renewal, it was thought, would change this bleak picture through a unique partnership of private enterprise and government. Local communities would buy up land in slum areas, clear it, and sell it to private developers. The federal government would pay as much as two-thirds of the net cost of this operation if a renewal plan provided for proper housing and building codes and was part of a long-range slum-prevention program. Displaced people were to be relocated in as humane a manner as possible, and citizens' advisory committees were to help in planning.

Though the method was new, the idea of urban renewal has a long and honorable history. Pope Sixtus V took on the refurbishment of Rome in 1585-90; Leonardo da Vinci for a time was planning to redo Milan; Baron Haussmann actually did redo Paris; and in England at the turn of this century an ingenious court stenographer named Ebenezer Howard not merely renewed but built anew when he created his now famous English New Towns. But what distinguished the American plan was the idea of attracting private developers into slum clearance and thus putting private enterprise to work for the public good. It all seemed simple and plausible. When the Housing Act was passed optimists foresaw a slumless nation within a decade.

Not ten but fifteen years have now passed and the slums, cancerous and stinking as ever, are

still with us. There have, to be sure, been successes, but no spectacular metamorphosis of the urban scene. What went wrong?

For one thing, renewers discovered it was no great problem to take a bulldozer and of a sunny afternoon go out and demolish a slum. But finding better housing for the people who had lived there was quite another matter. It was easy, too, to build elegant, high-priced apartment buildings; the complication came in finding tenants able to pay the rents. Private developers, often at their own considerable expense, had to learn that successful renewal did not admit of their making a great killing every time out. In some early ventures—such as Boston's West End and St. Louis's Mill Creek*—private developers cleared a site, only to discover afterward that the market would not support rapid or extensive redevelopment. So the land stayed empty—a yawning, dusty symbol of renewal's failure.

Certainly in the great majority of cases every effort was made to help displaced people find decent housing. But good will and genuine concern could not create livable vacant apartments where none existed. Thus, as it did away with some slums, urban renewal sometimes added to the crowding in others. Chicago's much talked about Hyde Park–Kenwood project is an example. There a rundown, crime-ridden neighborhood—"apache territory" we used to call it when I was an undergraduate at the adjoining University of Chicago—was transformed into a handsome community of tidy town houses and comfortable apartment buildings. At the outset, the Hyde Park–Kenwood Community Conference, a model grass-roots citizens' participation group, wanted the neighborhood not only sightly and safe but racially integrated as well. They also wanted it economically homogeneous. So they turned down a two-hundred-unit public housing project, and all new housing was in the middle-income range—beyond the means of most Negroes who had been living in the area. Integrated the neighborhood was (and is), but along economic strata. Poor families—both Negro and white—had little choice but to crowd into other Chicago slums.

Elsewhere—as is said to have happened in Atlanta—"Negro removal" was the result of racist rather than class motives, a weapon to keep Negroes from encroaching on white neighborhoods. But, in general, urban renewal has displaced more Negroes than any other group for the simple reason that Negroes inhabit the very worst sections of our cities. The slums, our greatest technological failure, and racial discrimination, our greatest moral failure, are brutally enmeshed.

There were other problems. Slum landlords, particularly in large cities like New York, Chicago, and Boston, saw the renewers coming and practically salivated with greed. Urban renewal offered a way to get a respectable price for their worn-out buildings along with a final chance to wring them dry—at the expense, as usual, of their tenants. With renewal in prospect, dreary tenements that were already cut up into minute warrens were often redivided again, and even minimal upkeep ceased. But sometimes two or three years elapsed before a project actually got under way, and in the interval a slum landlord made a handsome buck.

Yet despite the accusations of the Neilans and the Dowdys, the administration of the urban-renewal program itself has been free of scandal. Indeed, there has been an almost frantic effort to close any loopholes which might precipitate charges of graft and corruption. In a country where the idea of planned, federally financed urban change is far from popular, one scandal could well have toppled the works. So the government men in charge set up an elaborate system of bureaucratic checks and records. Maddening

* Both are now on the way toward development. For Mill Creek, see "St. Louis Takes the Cure" by A. M. Watkins (*Harper's*, August 1964.)

The John F. Kennedy Memorial Award

The first John F. Kennedy Memorial Award for biography or history, including current history, will be made in 1965 by Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc. The Judges will be McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant to the President; Senator Robert F. Kennedy; and Allan Nevins, Senior Research Associate at the Huntington Library.

A candidate for this award should be a book of general interest which illuminates the influence of an individual or individuals on his or their times and which fosters an understanding of this country or its role in the world.

To the winner, as determined by the Judges, Harper & Row will pay the sum of $10,000, of which $2,000 is an outright grant and $8,000 is a minimum guarantee of royalties. The initial endowment of the award is from all profits accruing to the publisher from the sale of the Memorial Edition of *Profiles in Courage* by John F. Kennedy. For further information, write:

Harper & Row, Publishers, Inc.
49 East 33rd Street,
New York, N. Y. 10016

delays have often resulted. But there has been no misuse of public funds. Attesting to this rather remarkable record, Texas Congressman Albert Thomas, whose subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations has reviewed the operation of the program since its inception, not long ago said: "It has been fantastic to me, the amount of money and the amount of different pieces of property involved. Sixty to sixty-five thousand pieces of property have been bought. I have not heard of any public scandal."

Neighborhood Face-lifting

Apart from the virtue of honesty, renewers can point to substantial achievements in Philadelphia, Hartford, Baltimore, Chicago, Little Rock, Washington, Detroit, Pittsburgh, New Haven. Worthy of mention, too, is the Baylor Area Project in Waco, Texas, which has replaced sixty-three acres of miserable shacks and ramshackle buildings with neat open streets and over $4 million of new construction. Renewal-agency tabulations show that home ownership among the people there displaced has increased by 8 per cent and that only 5 per cent of them now live in substandard homes—compared to 85 per cent before relocation.

Successes of this kind are often forgotten or disdained by die-hard opponents of urban renewal, who, in the words of Federal Housing Administrator Robert Weaver, "like to picture it as a bureaucratic monster, armed with a bulldozer that ruthlessly uproots people and lays waste vital areas of the city to no good purpose. Their bill of indictment includes shoving poor people and small businesses out of their homes and established locations, making the hard life of non-whites harder, leaving valuable areas to stagnate while planners plan, doling out benefits that the federal government can't afford to local governments which don't need them."

The trouble with this caricature is not only that it is totally untrue but that it ignores much that has changed in urban renewal's aims and methods. These changes have been brought about through successive amendments of the original 1949 Housing Act. Among the most significant has been the attempt, as of 1954, to complement the clearance and total redevelopment of slums by rehabilitating those gray areas soon destined to slither over into the slum category. The process generally costs far less than tearing down and redeveloping an entire neighborhood and it also helps check the dismal cycle whereby one slum is cleared only to have another quickly take its place. To date, Philadelphia perhaps has employed this new tool of renewal with more intelligence and success than any other city.*

Rehabilitation, to be sure, brings frustrations of its own. For one thing, how is a poor man to pay the cost of fixing up his home to the standard of an urban-renewal plan? Such problems are not actually insurmountable though they are made to seem so in *The Federal Bulldozer*, a new book-length attack on urban renewal by Martin Anderson, an assistant professor of finance at Columbia University (published by the M.I.T. Press). He believes that our urban housing problems can be overcome through the efforts of private enterprise buttressed by more public housing. Robert Weaver disagrees. He points out that we simply cannot meet the country's housing needs unless we rehabilitate the buildings that are worth saving and replace the ones that are not. "Rehabilitation will work because it has to work," he says, "if we are to establish and maintain healthy cities."

On this premise, the 1964 housing bill authorized federal below-market interest loans for rehabilitation to owners of homes and businesses in urban-renewal areas. Other assistance programs are planned. By taking full advantage of federal assistance, a battery of large apartment buildings in Chicago has been rehabilitated successfully through low-interest loans with only nominal increases in rents. Renewers have come to place so high a value on rehabilitation that it is now standard practice before beginning a project to determine if the job can't be done by rehabilitation alone. And, in fact, the majority of urban-renewal projects in recent years have been a combination of rehabilitation and clearance. Thus the old image of the renewer as the man behind the bulldozer has been rendered obsolete.

"The Rich, the Poor, and the Peculiar"

The rehabilitation program is only one of several significant changes in urban-renewal activities. Perhaps more far-reaching in its effect has been the decision to permit the use of federal funds to improve commercial and industrial areas. The resulting program of downtown re-

* Philadelphia's remarkable housing and neighborhood-renewal program was described by Nathaniel Burt in "Race and Renaissance in Philadelphia" (*Harper's*, September 1964).

newal has had some exciting successes—among them Baltimore's Charles Center, Constitution Plaza in Hartford, the new sports arena with the movable roof in Pittsburgh, Norfolk's Gateway Project, and Capitol Mall in Sacramento. The federal government aided in such projects in the hope that they would help lure some of the city's affluent residents back from the suburbs. This has indeed come to pass. When the central city was refurbished, many middle-class families returned to live alongside former residents in mixed neighborhoods that include what one observer has called "the rich, the poor, and the peculiar." This has happened with no disturbance and little accompanying fanfare. Although it cannot be statistically proved, it appears that downtown renewal has brought about more integrated housing than President Kennedy's 1962 Executive Order on Equal Opportunity in Housing. (That order brought down the color bar on almost one million additional housing units, but not that many Negroes have chosen to "bust" white neighborhoods and put up with the agonies such a move often involves for their families.)

Downtown renewal has also fulfilled a second hope—that it would improve the city's tax base. In Washington's Southwest Project, for instance, a former slum area that yielded only $443,409 a year in taxes will, when the renewal project is completed, bring in $4.8 million a year. The site of the Gratiot Project in Detroit, which used to earn $71,700, now yields $375,000. Elsewhere, assessed values have been increased five-fold by redevelopment.

To be sure, the city's tax revenues from its downtown area shrink while a project is under construction. Martin Anderson, in *The Federal Bulldozer*, makes much of this fact. But he fails to note that in Boston, for instance, 14,000 jobs in the downtown area disappeared between 1950 and 1960, before renewal, and $78 million of taxable assessments vanished.

Downtown renewal may seem a far cry from slum clearance. But in fact it can play an important part in creating better job opportunities and improving housing conditions. This has been demonstrated, for example, in Atchison, Kansas, a city which had been sliding downhill, both financially and spiritually. As rail traffic dwindled, there seemed little reason (and less hope) for the city's survival. In 1960, almost as a last-ditch effort, downtown Atchison was scooped out and replaced with new buildings and a tree-lined shopping mall. The effect was dramatic. The new downtown inspired the people of Atchison to refurbish their own homes without any formal program. Many did the job themselves, obtaining free technical advice from the local urban-renewal agency and local architects. Meanwhile, sales-tax revenues in the downtown area have risen 30 per cent—as have, obviously, sales—and a number of new jobs have opened up. The city is undergoing something like a renascence, from the center outward. This same pattern will doubtless be repeated elsewhere.

Waiting for Utopia

Downtown renewal projects, of course, generally do not involve moving people out of their homes. But any direct attempt to eradicate the slums, whether through urban renewal or any other means, runs head-on into the stark fact that we are desperately short of decent low-rental housing throughout the nation. In 1960, the National Housing Conference, the AFL-CIO, and the National Association of Home Builders estimated that to reduce overcrowding, replace substandard housing, and accommodate the exploding population, at least two million new housing units should be built by 1965. But in the past fifteen years we have actually constructed just over one million annually, both privately and publicly. In short, something like a half-million to 700,000 much-needed housing units are *not* going up each year. In New York, that city planner's nightmare, there is even a shortage of substandard housing.

Nor will public housing presently scheduled fill the gap. Although the figure may soon be increased, only 37,500 new units annually are now authorized. One melancholy effect of the anti-renewal clamor has been to mute public—and Congressional—enthusiasm for the vast public housing program we still need. To argue, as do some of the more fanatic anti-renewal brigade, that private enterprise can do the job alone if left to its own resources is to ignore the plain historical evidence that our present urban mess is the result of that same private enterprise, untrammeled and unplanned.

A new approach to the low-cost housing problem has been made possible under Section 221 d3 of the 1961 Housing Act. Usually sponsored by colleges, churches, or unions on a nonprofit or limited dividend basis, these developments are given extremely low-cost financing and can obtain mortgages of up to 100 per cent. The National Association of Home Builders has endorsed the 221 d3 program—and little wonder,

since it enables the private builder to put up low-rental housing with a virtually guaranteed profit. These developments, which are called 221 d3s, are manna to mayors and urban-renewal directors seeking homes for displaced people.*

In North Little Rock, where I myself am involved in renewal, we hope that three hundred of these apartments can be built. To qualify we must first establish that the apartments are needed and that prospective tenants can afford the rents. In the fall of 1964, out of 391 families queried in a sample survey, 361 were seriously interested in the new housing. But 170 of them, including fourteen elderly couples, were not financially eligible because the FHA's rather middle-class standards hold that no more than 25 per cent of a family's income should go for housing costs. These people are not considered good rental risks, although most of them are already paying more than the 221 d3 rentals. Thus we have the sad situation in which nearly half the group are demonstrably too poor to afford the best buy yet produced by the partnership of government and private enterprise. In North Little Rock as elsewhere, the only answer for them is a vastly increased program of public housing.

"What the devil are we supposed to do in the meantime?" one urban-renewal director recently asked me. "Of course I'd like to have more first-rate housing to move our people into; it would make both their problems and my own job easier. I'd also like to provide the battery of social services so many of them need. But until we do have these things, we have to scratch and scramble to do what we can. The alternative is simple: do nothing!"

Moment for Miracles

Within the next decade in Boston, which has embarked on a particularly bold renewal program, half the city's two million inhabitants may be affected. For them—and millions of other people who will be uprooted elsewhere as we rebuild our cities—some hardships are inevitable. This has also been true, however, for the far greater numbers who have been displaced by highway construction and other public works. On the other hand, uprooting need not inevitably be a disruptive experience. Indeed when relocation experts have helped a family establish a new home, and have brought them into contact with the community's social agencies—this may be precisely the moment when miracles of human rehabilitation can be accomplished.

A promising effort to achieve such miracles is now under way in New York City's sprawling West Side Project. When completed, this project will include high-, medium-, and low-income housing and will be racially as well as economically integrated. The aim is no less than the social as well as the physical rebirth of the community. To this end, as few people as possible will be forced to leave the neighborhood during construction. As relocation becomes necessary, it will proceed in three stages. First to be moved will be stable households able to relocate readily. The second group will include low- or middle-income families who want to remain in the neighborhood but face some sort of obstacle. Finally, plans will be made for households with severe or complex difficulties.

Almost every urban renewal project has its share of the last category. Here in North Little Rock, for example, I not long ago called on Samuel McG., an illiterate Negro with a wife and ten children. For all practical purposes, the McG.s—like all too many other Americans—are a one-family underdeveloped nation. Sam McG. is at once a victim of automation, racial discrimination, and a gnawing inner rage which is able to express itself only in the self-defeating habit of producing more and more children. Somehow, over the years, he accumulated enough money to buy a small lot and a two-room shanty without plumbing in a Negro slum which is the site of the city's first major urban-renewal project. On my first visit, I was astonished by the children's good behavior. Ten kids were crowded into two dank rooms, yet there was no fighting, teasing, quarreling, or complaining. A Negro colleague of mine who knows the McG.s well explained that this was not unusual—when the rest of the world seems to be lined up against it, a family learns to stick together and not make trouble for one another.

In the McG.s' case, urban renewal is asked to undo what long years of ignorance and indifference have done. It cannot. But it can make a start. We found them a roomy if inelegant house, structurally safe, on a spacious lot adjoining woodlands. The McG.s bought it with the money received for the old place and they have a few

* These developments are also among the best rental bargains in the nation—centrally heated, capacious, equipped with modern kitchens, sometimes even with central air conditioning. A one-bedroom unit usually rents in the $55 to $75 range, with all utilities paid. So far, 18,000 such apartments in 120 projects have been built, another 10,300 in an additional 78 projects are committed, and applications for 40,000 more are anticipated in 1965.

In a Spring Still Not Written Of

by Robert Wallace

This morning
with a class of girls outdoors, I saw
how frail poems are
in a world burning up with flowers,
in which, overhead,
the great elms
—green, and tall—
stood carrying leaves in their arms.

The girls listened equally
to my drone, reading, and to the bees'
ricocheting
among them for the blossom on the bone,
or gazed off at a distant mower's
astronomies of green
and clover, flashing,
threshing in the new, untarnished sunlight.

And all the while, dwindling,
tinier, the voices—Yeats, Marvell, Donne—
sank drowning
in a spring still not written of,
as only the sky
clear above the brick bell-tower
—blue, and white—
was shifting toward the hour.

Calm, indifferent, cross-legged
or on elbows half-lying in the grass—
how should the great dead
tell them of dying?
They will have time for poems at last,
when they have found they are no more
the beautiful and young
all poems are for.

---

dollars left over. The McG.s' oldest child Jenny is very taken with the new house. She is fourteen, very bright, and now learning secretarial skills in high school. Here, in the person of Jenny, is a starting point.

In a sense, urban renewal itself can be said to be at a starting point. Thousands of new homes and apartments have been built and the face of a number of American cities has been changed. And 1,500 projects are either completed or under way in nearly 750 cities across the nation. These efforts have shown, above all, how much remains to be done. Originating as a simple real-estate venture with a simple humanitarian thrust—to tear down slums because they are unfit for human beings—urban renewal has brought into public view multitudes of people who, through years of economic deprivation and psychological hopelessness, are in themselves walking slums.

It has found an entrenched pattern of city ghettos and cold indifference, if not outright hostility, to the idea of integrated housing. It may well be, indeed, that much of the animus directed against urban renewal is an angry reaction to the sordid realities of American society which the program has exposed. For it is now evident that curing these social ills is essential to the rebuilding of our cities. Thus, for example, we need better and more comprehensive welfare services to ease the task of relocation; genuine civil rights would, among other things, open up more housing to minority groups; and a serious frontal attack on poverty is the essential social counterpart of physical renewal.

It would seem only common sense that those who approve these social goals should also endorse urban renewal. But, instead, too many avowed "liberals" have supplied carping criticism, mercurial enthusiasm, and inconstant political support. Much of this criticism has been accurate and useful. While Jane Jacobs' ideas on city planning seem to me altogether wrongheaded, her writing has certainly spurred the efforts of renewers to minimize the difficulties of relocation. But the critics of the Left have so far produced no plan of action. This is unfortunate, since the renewal program needs the support of liberal-minded Americans.

As it is, the renewers are blasted from the Right and sniped at from the Left. And since they are enormously sensitive to pressure and, for the most part, no braver than most, they have tended to grow cautious, to sell urban renewal not because it is morally imperative but because it is good, sound business.

It probably is good, sound business. But more importantly, renewal is necessary business. It can be slowed down but not stopped—not, that is, unless we intend to sit back and watch the weeds of congestion and decay quietly grow over our cities. With the support of those who genuinely want to save our cities and the people who live in them, urban renewal may one day help achieve the cities of order, spaciousness, and beauty envisioned by such sophisticated urbanists as Lewis Mumford. One day, who knows, urban renewal, so long made to seem a dragon in the public mind, may even come to be looked upon as a St. George.

The Face of the Enemy in Vietnam

by David Halberstam

He was tough, indoctrinated, and ready to die, and in this endless, relentless war of revolution the misery of the people was his constant source of strength.

By mid-1962 the American military assistance command in Vietnam was basking in its own optimism. It was a time when, in high levels of the American government, guerrilla warfare was becoming fashionable. In Saigon the first stage of our new and increased American commitment to South Vietnam had begun. Helicopters, new rifles, armored personnel carriers, and first-rate young American advisers had arrived. Top officials of our mission in Saigon, ordered by their superiors to be optimistic about the outcome of the war, remained excessively faithful.

The American high command had an exaggerated opinion of its own understanding of the type of war going on, and an insufficient awareness of the toughness and patience of the enemy. Yet for a reporter traveling regularly in the Mekong delta at that time, going on operations and talking with American field advisers, it was very hard to be optimistic about anything—particularly the enemy.

We never saw much of the enemy. We saw his handiwork—the ravaged outposts, the defenders with their heads blown off, their women lying dead beside them—but more often than not, the enemy only showed himself when he had superior strength. The first lesson that an American adviser in Vietnam learned was that the enemy was good; then if he stayed on a little longer, he learned that this was wrong; the enemy was *very* good. He learned that the Vietcong did very few things, but that they did them all well; they made few mistakes, and in sharp contrast to the government forces, they rarely repeated their mistakes. The American officers also learned that the enemy had a reason—political, psychological, or military—for almost everything he did. Even when he appeared to be doing nothing, we learned belatedly and bitterly that this did not mean that he was inactive, only that he was content to *appear* inactive.

If they paid attention, Americans also learned that the enemy was absolutely sincere; he was willing to pay the price for the difficult task he had set for himself, and he had a far better sense of these difficulties than the authorities in Saigon. If he was underrated in Saigon, this was certainly not the case in the field. There it was widely known that we were fighting the war on his terms.

The Vietcong had no illusions about the type of war in which they were engaged. It was a war of revolution, and they knew their own strengths and the weaknesses of the government. The Americans thought of them as men carrying weapons, but the fact was that they were most effective when they carried no weapons and wore no uniforms—at night when they indoctrinated the peasants. The misery of the people was their great ally, and they knew how to play on it.

Where Americans often parroted slogans about improving the world of the Vietnamese peasant, the Vietcong, who had risen from this misery themselves, knew that lip service was not enough. To them the war was entirely political; its military aspects were simply a means to permit them to practice their political techniques. They made every grievance theirs; long-standing historical grievances, whether against Asians or Caucasians, became *their* grievances,

© *1964, 1965, by David Halberstam*

as were economic inequities, the division of land, the whimsical system of tax collection, and even the ravages of disease.

Guerrilla Artists

As the Vietcong achieved military success through their political techniques, the government and the Americans responded with increased weaponry and more troops. But this did not mitigate the grievances; indeed, the increased number of troops often meant more bombings, more deaths, and more grievances.

The Vietcong's predecessors had developed their style of guerrilla fighting against the Chinese Nationalists, and a previous generation of their own countrymen had refined it in the war against the French. Guerrilla warfare is virtually an art form, and the Vietcong were more than craftsmen at their trade; they were artists. So knowledgeable and successful were the Vietcong that when American officers prepared for their tour in Vietnam, they read not the writings of the French or American tacticians, but the writings of the enemy. We were there because he had proven stronger than our allies; we were fighting a war on his soil, among his people, where he had been successful for twenty years.

The Vietcong, of course, were not the Vietminh;* it was not that simple. For one thing, the American role was not comparable to the French; we were, after all, fighting to get out, whereas the French had fought to stay on. Yet to the enemy the heritage and the legacy were very much the same. To much of the peasantry the Vietcong was the same as the Vietminh; it dressed the same way, and it used exactly the same tactics and techniques.

Just as the Vietcong looked like the Vietminh, the government troops too often acted like the troops in the same uniforms who had fought during the days of the French: around the hamlets during the day, village chickens for lunch, and gone after 6:00 P.M., so that if some villager might be inclined to help the government, he would have no protection at night when the Vietcong arrived.

Inevitably, the government troops frequently played into the Communists' hands. The Vietcong would prophesy that the government troops would come, that they would be led by Americans, that this would mean bombings from planes piloted by Americans, and that this would mean the deaths of villagers. Sooner or later there would be a battle, there would be strafings of the village, and of course there would be troops with American advisers. That night or the next the Vietcong cadre in the area would arrive in the village and give out medical aid, and of course they would gain more recruits.

The Vietcong had prepared for this war long in advance. At the end of the Indochina war they had carefully set to work developing cadres, gathering ammunition and preparing weapon-storage points, digging secret cave-like hideaways and tunnels, and training cadres to take over the schools. They had had another advantage, for in the embryo years of a new nation they were the dissenters. It was the government's job to deliver; their job was only to sit by and criticize. In underdeveloped countries a new government starts out with a tiny number of trained people and must somehow develop a competent administrative staff. It cannot meet (at least no new government has met) the vast hopes of a newly independent people—expectations in education, standard of living, reforms, agriculture, or health.

Such new governments are inevitably clumsy; the Diem government was no worse than most. But in South Vietnam the problems were greater than in most other newly independent states. The French had left behind a civil-service system based on corruption; Diem himself was a poor administrator; what little talent there was in the country was quickly siphoned off to the military—where if it was really outstanding it was ignored. Too often, all that the villagers saw were corrupt local officials who showed up often enough to collect taxes, but never long enough to provide services.

In addition, the Vietcong had years of experience behind them. As one American intelligence officer told me, "The trouble with this war is that everywhere in the countryside they have some political commissar who's been fighting

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* The Vietminh were the group which fought the French during the Indochina war. They were a broad-based communist-nationalist force dedicated to kicking out the white colonialist.

David Halberstam won a Pulitzer Prize last year for his reports from South Vietnam in the "New York Times"; in 1961 he received a Newspaper Guild award for his coverage of the Congo. The "Times" recently reassigned him to Warsaw and Eastern Europe. This article is adapted from his new book, "The Making of a Quagmire," to be published soon by Random House. He is also the author of a novel, "The Noblest Roman."

revolutionary warfare on the winning side for twenty years, with all the training and professionalism that means, and up against him we've got someone who, if he's trained at all, was trained by the Americans or the French, and who has been on the losing side." Because competent officials who were a threat to the Vietcong soon were murdered, there was a tendency toward fence-straddling on the part of local officials. While sending in enthusiastic progress reports, they tried not to see what the enemy was doing; in effect they had come to a gentleman's agreement, and thus provided a vacuum in which the Vietcong could work.

The Call of Grievance

The Vietcong started with their people when they were very young—the younger the better. They offered them adventure and excitement. They advertised themselves as the enemies of oppression, as the heralders of a better world, but they always did it at the most basic level. If land were the problem in one community, their appeal was based on land reform; if bad local government was the source of unhappiness, the Vietcong would murder the government leader publicly while the peasants watched. To a young boy growing up in the total deprivation of an Asian backland, dimly aware of the discrepancy between his life and that of other wealthier Asians, the enemy's call had great appeal—particularly when a member of the Vietcong ran the local school. Soon the youngsters would be involved as bearers for the troops or as messengers, earning advancement only on merit, and fully committed every step of the way. There was a thoroughness in their political indoctrination which was completely missing on the government side. Before a youth could hold a Vietcong rifle he would have first undergone long political and psychological training. He *believed;* his, he was sure, was a righteous cause. He was liberating his people, the government was cruel and was owned by the Americans, his war was to liberate his countrymen from the Americans, just as his father had liberated half of the country from the French. Even the capturing of weapons had a twofold purpose; it was part of the mystique that they were the poor robbing the rich. For this reason the Vietcong often went to great lengths to capture weapons when they could more easily have smuggled them into the country; it gave them practical sense of self reliance.

This, then, was the human raw material: tough, indoctrinated, willing, and ready to die; men of great physical endurance who had known few softening distractions in a lifetime of hardship. The leadership was equally good. The battalion commanders were usually men who had fought in the Indochina war. Though they were Southerners, and usually from the specific area in which they would serve, they had been given additional training in the North. The best of a good army, they had fought for twenty years and had risen on ability alone—and they knew that they would lose their jobs if they made mistakes. They also had a sense of military cunning that few Americans took into account. During these twenty years they had fought constantly against an enemy which had superior weaponry, machinery, and air power. To survive was to be wily; to be careless, sloppy, or indifferent meant sure death. They could never rely on an air strike or on armored personnel carriers to bail them out of trouble; rather, there would be air strikes to wipe them out and amphibious armored carriers to crush them. They had to be elusive; "Their commanders," an American captain once told me, "have a sixth sense about their flanks. It is almost impossible to surround them."

In this war where commanders exercised their resources carefully, the ambush was a vital ingredient; it risked relatively little in manpower and it often gained much. Always there were preordained escape routes. In addition to killing government troops and capturing weapons, the ambush had a psychological advantage. It scared government troops, made them less anxious to leave their bases, and it slowly helped to dry up government access to the countryside, thus allowing the Vietcong to move around that much more freely. Frequently an attack was made only to set up an ambush; thus, the attack might be a minor part of the operation, the major Vietcong objective being to ambush the relief columns. For this reason there was little enthusiasm on the part of government troops to come to the aid of their less fortunate colleagues under attack.

By nature the Vietnamese are afraid of the night and of the jungle. Very early in a young man's career the Vietcong broke his fear of the night. Instead, the guerrillas were taught that the night was their friend, the enemy of the white man and his airplanes. The dark became a way of life with the Vietcong: they lived, taught, traveled, and fought at night. The same was true with the jungle. The Vietcong came to



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"When a man is tired of London he is tired of life"—*Samuel Johnson*

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY. England's kings and ... lie here. Built in the Middle Ages, ... Milton, Handel and Dickens are buried here. Our photograph shows the exquisite Cloisters.



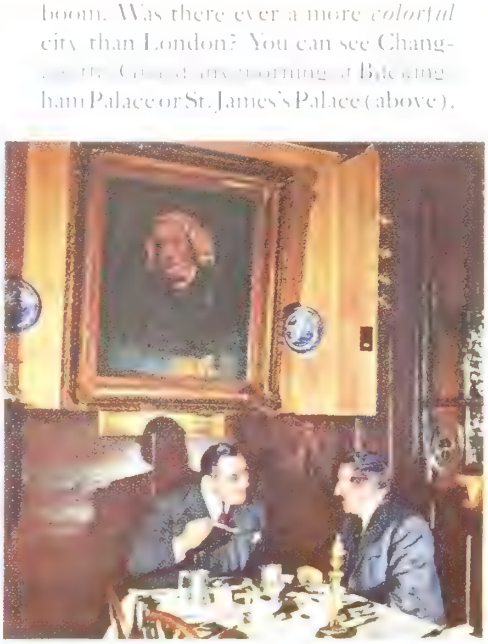
DAILY PAGEANTRY. Tan-tan-ta-ra-zing-boom. Was there ever a more *colorful* city than London? You can see Changing the Guard every morning at Buckingham Palace or St. James's Palace (above).



STATELY HOMES. There are at least ... within a dozen miles of Piccadilly. ... wood House (above) has superb ... ings, chamber concerts in the ora... symphony concerts by the lake.



SHOPPING. Wives tend to think of London as one vast, enchanted department store. You'll find some of London's best buys tucked down little side streets like Bermondsey Place (above).



4000 PUBS. This is the Cheshire Cheese, one of Dr. Johnson's haunts. His portrait hangs above his favorite bench. Try a pub lunch of ale, country cheese and bread. It costs less than $1.



SPEAKERS' CORNER. Rapscallions ... be hanged on the public scaffold ... yards from here. Now Lond... gather here on weekends to ha... and heckle, or just sit and listen.



KS. This one is St. James's Park. d's parks are wonderful. To ey offer you boating, sailing, fun fairs, auto races, band and peace and quiet.



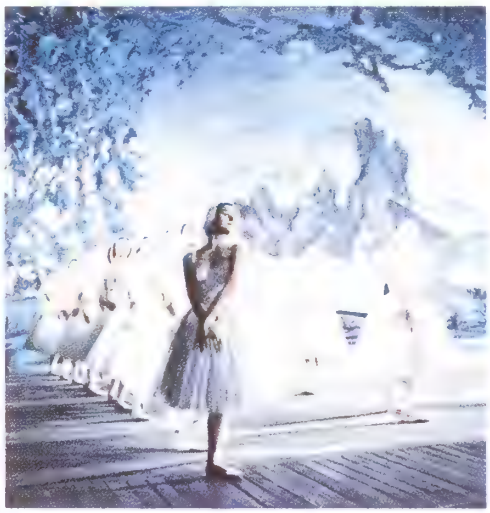
70 MUSEUMS. Londoners are inveterate collectors. Their British Museum is the world's largest. But don't forget the *tiny* museums—like Long John Silver's figureheads in Greenwich (above).



LONDON'S VILLAGES. London is really a congregation of little villages. This riverside oasis is Strand-on-the-Green. Quietest times to visit London's villages are Spring and Fall.



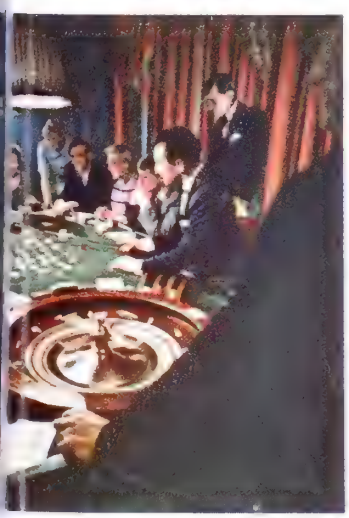
S AND DINING. Gourmets dis- delicious surprises in London. oup above is tucking into boar's eacock, salmagundy and mead. to make Falstaff smack his lips.



45 THEATRES. No other city in Europe offers you so much theatre. There's no language problem, and ticket prices start at only 58 cents. Our photograph shows the Royal Ballet.



NIGHT LIFE. Splurge at least one evening in a London night spot. Here you see the floor show at "Talk of the Town." Look closely at dancers. Easy to see why the best dancers in Europe are English.



MBLING CLUBS. Americans are wel- You can have a whirl at roulette, rat, chemin-de-fer or poker. t at least $50—and pray you're ky as James Bond.



BUS TRIPS. Best way to see London is from the top of a double-decker bus. Ask your travel agent about Red Rover tickets. They give you a full day of unlimited double-decking for 84 cents.



THE THAMES. For a completely fresh view of London, take a boat trip on its royal river. You can sail upstream to Hampton Court. Or down the Thames to the Tower (above) and Greenwich Palace.



If you can sell her on this, you can sell her on anything

When you take your wife to see the Volkswagen Station Wagon don't be surprised if you have to drag her.

"But it looks silly."

That's your first problem: you have to explain the flat face and square shape.

The front is flat because the engine is in the back. This eliminates a long hood and makes our wagon almost as easy to park as our sedan.

(There's only 9 inches difference.)

And the square shape holds almost twice as much as an everyday station wagon: 170 cubic feet.

Once you coax her behind the wheel, be ready for something like this:

"But it's like sitting in a fishbowl."

She's right, it is. There are 21 windows all around.

And if she handles the fami checkbook, you might show her few numbers:

24 mpg on regular. 35,000 mil on tires. 4 pints of oil, not 4 quar

If you can sell your wife on th VW Station Wago consider yourself a st salesman.

We certainly will.

w and use the tropical forests as their coun-
men under the government flag never would.
he Vietcong's military commanders were
npletely under the control of their political
missars. Every decision was based first on
itical needs, only secondarily on military
s. "If we give them a licking in a certain
a," said one American officer, "we can expect
ost certainly within ten days or so that
y'll knock off a pretty good-sized outpost in
same neighborhood, just to show the flag
l let the peasants know they're still in busi-
s."

War from a Helicopter

he first time one sees a member of the Viet-
g there is a sharp sense of disappointment.
is not, it turns out, very different; he is
nply another Vietnamese. Generally when you
him he is either kneeling and firing at you,
he has just been captured, or, more often
an not, he is dead. The bodies of enemy dead
e always lined up, feet all in an orderly row.
e guerrilla wears little, perhaps a simple
asant pajama suit, perhaps only shorts. He
slim and wiry, and his face could be that of
ur interpreter or of the taxi driver who drove
u to My Tho. Only the haircut is different,
ry thin along the sides and very long on top
d in front. It is a bad haircut and, like the
ailness of the uniform and the thin wallet
ith only a few pictures of some peasant
oman, it makes the enemy human. But one's
mpathy does not last long; this is the same
ce which has been seen by the outnumbered
fenders of some small outpost before it was
errun.

There were not many operations in which
ietcong were caught; there were few prisoners
this war. One of the rare exceptions to this
at I ever observed took place in April 1963,
hen I accompanied the new armed-helicopter
nits in the upper Camau peninsula on what
ere known as Eagle flights. An Eagle flight is
isky business; it means that a small number of
lite troops circle above the paddies in the
hoppers looking for likely targets. When an
bjective is sighted the helicopters drop out
f the sky, virtually on top of hamlets, and the
roops make a quick search, probing and scout-
ng. If the enemy is there, other regular units,
aiting in the rear with other helicopters, will
e thrown in quickly. But dropping swiftly out
f the sky and exploring the unknown with a handful of troops is sometimes terrifying. The helicopters have the visibility of a press box, but one is watching a war instead of a football game. When you drop out of the sky, little men rush to different positions, kneel, and start firing at the press box while your own tracers seek them out.

On that day in April 1963, the 21st Recon company, a particularly good company made up largely of troops who had fought with the Vietminh during the Indochina war, was with us. We were scouting a hard-core Vietcong battalion, moving along a line of villages which we thought the battalion had been using as its main line of communication in that region—the upper Camau peninsula was a notorious enemy stronghold.

At about 8:30 A.M. we saw some movement in a village below, followed by a few light crackles around us. It was ground fire; the bait had been taken. We came in low once over the village and saw some men scurrying to positions. Three of the helicopters, including our own, dropped their troops while the others circled and strafed some of the positions. We were making our advance on the tree line under fire when we saw one man in a black suit desperately running across the open field. It was the dry season and the fields were of sun-caked mud. Suddenly a helicopter descended almost on top of the man, and he stopped and held up his hands. The Vietnamese commander ran over to him. There was no weapon on this Vietcong; neither was there any of the bowing or scraping that local guerrillas who posed as farmers sometimes employed.

This enemy was angry and defiant, and at first a little scared as well—until he saw me and spit at me. The commander slapped his face very hard and said something in Vietnamese. Later I was told that the captain had said to the prisoner, "The Americans are very kind. They do not kill, and they are always telling us not to kill you, but I am not so kind and I will kill you. You will see." The interpreter thought this was very funny. "You know, the enemy takes these young boys and they tell them how fierce you Americans are, and so they are all convinced that the Americans will eat their hearts for breakfast as soon as they are captured. The captain is right; you have no real taste for this war." The Vietnamese commander said that the captured guerrilla was well indoctrinated. 'They are taught well to hate," he said, a little apologetically.

The captain said that the guerrilla was prob-

ably a squad leader from an elite battalion operating in the area. Then the officer turned and spoke briefly and intensely to the guerrilla. He was telling the prisoner that they would kill him unless he talked—and perhaps they would kill him by throwing him out of the helicopter. "The captain is very smart," the interpreter said. "It will be the guerrilla's first helicopter ride and he will be very scared." They tied up the guerrilla and placed him in the helicopter, and the captain and I walked back across the open field to the village. We could hear a good deal of firing, and as always I hunched over as much as I could, but the Vietnamese officer strolled casually. He carried a small swagger stick, and he looked as if he were a large landowner making an inspection of the plantation. I was impressed.

By the time we reached the village the troops had rounded up two more guerrillas. There was no pretense on their part that they were farmers; they had fought until they began to take fire not only from the ground but from some of the nine other helicopters in the area. Then they had surrendered. One, about nineteen years old, gave the captain a look of defiance and turned away from him. But the other, who might have been twenty-five, gave him a curious look. "Maybe," the captain said later, "he is a little more tired of the war and propaganda. We shall see. The other will not talk." He was right; the next morning the older one confessed that they were members of a battalion which had hit two outposts in the Camau the week before and had come here to rest. This guerrilla was tired; he had been fighting too long, for seven years, and he wanted to leave the army.

At the appointed minute, the troops were back. They had found an American carbine, and the captain was surprised because it was more than he had expected. The weapon had been found in a false thatch in a roof. The captain was pleased. "Good troops," he told me. "When they search they want to find something, and when they fight they want to kill." Then the helicopters returned and we all jumped in and prepared for the next assault.

The next two villages produced only some homemade grenades made by an old farmer. "The local guerrilla," said the Vietnamese captain. These were the lowest of the three types of Vietcong. They farmed in the day and fought at night, and they had the worst weapons. When I first came to Vietnam their arms were all homemade, but by the time I left they were using French equipment and even some American M-1s. But even in April 1963, in a vill where there were no other weapons, a ho made grenade or rifle has great power.

Death in the Pad

The local guerrillas were a vital part of communist apparatus. They gave a village sense of communist continuity, they could p vide intelligence on government activities, se as a local security force for a traveling c missar, or they could guide the hard-c Vietcong troops. This last was particularly i portant to the success and mobility of guerrillas; everywhere they went they h trained local guides to steer them throu seemingly impenetrable areas. Because of th local men, the enemy's elite could often m twenty-five miles in five hours, which mea that a raiding force attacking at night was most impossible to find by daylight. These lo guerrillas were also part of the propagan network, for in a village they might be the o ones with a radio. Sometimes it was only t shell of a radio, but the local man would p tend he could hear news and would give out formation of Vietcong victories.

We flew back to the base to refuel, and th returned to the area. Suddenly out of one v lage came a flock of Vietcong, running acr the paddy, and intense fire came from the t line. While five of our ships emptied th troops, the rest of the choppers strafed the ar We bore down on one fleeing Vietcong. The pa dy's surface was rough and his run was staggered one, like that of a good but drunk broken-field runner against imaginary tackle We came closer and closer; inside the helicopt I could almost hear him gasping for breath, a as we bore down I could see the heaving of h body. It was like watching a film of one of yo own nightmares, but in this case we were t pursuers rather than the pursued. The pil fired his machine guns, but he missed and t man kept going. Then came a flash of oran and a blast of heat inside the ship, and the he copter rocked with the recoil of its rockets. A they exploded the man fell, and he lay still we went over him. But as we turned he scra bled to his feet, still making for the canal, no only about fifty yards away. As we circled a swept toward him again, he was straining f the bank, like a runner nearing the finish lin We had one last shot at him. The guerrilla ma a desperate surge and our copilot fired one la

urst of the machine gun. The bullets cut him own as he reached the canal, and his body kidded on the hard bank as he collapsed.

We turned and circled again. All over the addy field, helicopters were rounding up Viet ong soldiers. It was like a rodeo. We landed ear the village which members of the Recon ompany were searching. The troops were entler with the population than most of the overnment soldiers I had seen. In front of one ut a medic was treating a wounded guerrilla.

"I have never taken this many prisoners be ore," the captain said. There were sixteen of hem. He turned to one of his men. "Show the American the poor little farmer," he said. They brought in a wiry young man. "This one says he is a farmer," the officer said. He pushed the oung man in front of me and flipped the pris ner's palms over. "He has very soft hands for a farmer," the captain said. "He has the hands of a bar girl in Saigon. He is not a very good soldier yet. In a few months, though, he might have been very good."

The prisoner was beginning to tremble. The conversation in a foreign language obviously frightened him, and I was sure that this was why the captain was using English. I asked the captain what kind of enemy we had surprised. "Territorial," he said. This was the middle rank of Vietcong guerrillas; we called them provincial guerrillas. They operated in groups of up to one hundred and were often attached to the hard-core units to beef up their strength for a major attack; they also hit smaller out posts. "The leadership was not very good," the captain said. "There were many prisoners. If it had been a hard-core unit I think there would have been more fighting and more dying. I think we surprised them."

Endless and Without Rule

We hit one more village and drew minimal resistance. But as I was walking toward the tree line I suddenly heard shouts and cries all around me. I was terrified, for I was about fifty yards from the nearest soldier and I had no weapon. Suddenly from deep bomb shelters all around me about thirty women and children stood up; they were crying and pointing at me and wailing. Clearly they were scared. Judging from its defensive preparations this was a Vietcong village and for years these people had heard propaganda about vicious Americans like me. As far as I was concerned they were dangerous too, and we stood looking at each other in mutual fear.

I yelled out to Major James Butler and asked him what to do. Butler suggested that I try to give a good impression of Americans. "Protect our image," he said. Later he congratulated me on being the first *New York Times* correspondent ever to capture twenty-five Vietcong women and children. I gladly turned them over to the Vietnamese captain.

The troops were remarkably restrained in what was obviously a Vietcong village. At times the quick change in Vietnamese behavior was amazing. At one moment they could be absolutely ruthless; in the next they might be talking to some prisoner as if he were an old friend. It was different with the enemy; I was told by those who had been captured by them during the Indochina war that they were not so tolerant. This was hardly surprising. Much emphasis was placed on teaching them how to hate. They were the have-nots fighting the haves, and even after capture their feelings rarely changed.

We flew back to Baclieu. It had been a good day. There had been few government losses, and there was a chance that from all those prisoners we might learn something important. Everyone was tired and relaxed and happy. If nothing else the day seemed to prove the value of the Huey Eagle helicopter flight. Only Mert Perry of *Time*, who had also come along to observe the new strategy, seemed a bit depressed. It had been a good day, he agreed, and in one way the government had done very well. But after all, he pointed out, it was a pretty limited business and in the long run it might backfire. There was no follow-up, no one in the villages that night working with the people. These peasants had seen helicopters, and they knew that Americans flew the helicopters; they had seen killing, and they had seen their men disappear. The conclusions that the villagers would draw were obvious—particularly if the Vietcong were in those very villages at this moment. Every man taken today, Mert said, must have a brother or a son or a brother-in-law who would take his place after today.

We listened to Perry in silence, for we knew that he was right. The government had scored a quick victory, but in Vietnam victories were not always what they seemed. It was an endless, relentless war to which ordinary military rules did not apply. We went to bed that night a little less confident, knowing that though for the moment the enemy was paying a higher price, he was still out there somewhere in the darkness, living close to the peasants.

Harper's Magazine, February 1965



A New Yorker's Report on New Mexico

by David Boroff

His wily and impassive students took him for an urban barefoot boy, and in the warm bath of life in Albuquerque reality constantly eluded him.

Twelve years ago, I drove through New Mexico and was fascinated by the state—all that untrammeled space, the bright mountain air, the stunning thrust of butte and mesa, the sun like an omnipresent deity. And the Indians! For me it was a revival of schoolboy fantasies: Indians on horseback, in wagons, in pickup trucks, on street corners in every town.

In a remote corner of the state, we rented horses from Navahos to explore a canyon. (It hardly mattered that they were tired drudges who barely limped across the canyon floor while their owners looked on with amusement.) Elsewhere we stumbled on a trading post, a few blanket Indians waiting outside. We knocked on the door, and an angry voice bellowed at us, only to modulate into friendliness when the trader discovered we were white. In Taos, we saw a Western movie in a tiny theatre and uneasily watched the local Indians watch their forebears take a beating on the screen. Lost in the desert, we asked directions of a Navaho woman, who stared at us uncomprehendingly—she spoke no English. Within the mud-and-log hogan from which she had emerged, the men chanted their evening prayers like Orthodox Jews performing their thrice-daily religious chores. And in Albuquerque, we sat around Magidson's, a downtown restaurant where nostalgic Easterners convene for real pastrami, and listened to the chant of the West—how much opportunity there is in Albuquerque and how

much pleasanter life is than in the murderous East.

Last summer I was back in New Mexico with wife and child—not as a tourist this time but as a visiting professor for the summer at the University of New Mexico. We flew into Albuquerque in late June, and there was the bright, healing sun just as I had remembered it, the adobe buildings of the airport, and the limitless desert. For a New Yorker insulated against nature (you go under the rivers, you rarely see the ocean, and the Palisades across the Hudson are where the Spry sign is), Albuquerque is sheer drama. At the east end of town are the Sandia Mountains—rising over 11,000 feet—glowing red at sunset but generally bleak, rocky, and inhospitable. At the west end are three extinct volcanoes. (Occasionally, wiseguy fraternity boys climb down into the cones and set old tires aflame to make the weary old volcanoes smoke like Vesuvius.) One orients oneself by these landmarks—almost always in sight—but one feels hemmed in too. This is exacerbated by the absence of any body of water in the area. (Albuquerqueans, not to be denied the new national pastime, haul boats around like everyone else, but they have to travel hundreds of miles to find a lake, which by Eastern standards is likely to be a puddle, a mere crater on a lunar landscape.) It took weeks before I could get out of town. Those mountains locked me in.

In Albuquerque, a nice, tame suburban reservation, one lives with elementals in a way startling to the Easterner. The city encroaches on the desert, but the desert is always there ready to reclaim its own. Though greenery is everywhere, it seems almost an act of aggression perpetrated by sprinklers and underground water. Day after day, the sun blazes relentlessly so that it comes to seem less beneficent than brutish. And New Mexicans yearn for rain the way one pines for sunshine in the dour, gray cities of the North. When you mention the heat, the natives protest, "But it's dry." Indeed, it is—so dry it bleaches the spirit. By noon, the streets are denuded like a pestilence-stricken city.

Albuquerque unites the polarities of American life. It is Suburbia U. S. A.—Nassau County with mountains—and Route 66, the settled and transient in tight juxtaposition. Neat, trim ranch houses are everywhere, and in the morning, on my way to class, I would pass housewives on their haunches patiently hunting down crabgrass. But over on Central Avenue—the main drag—there is the eyesore of the motel strip: neon lights winking at the traveler, hash joints, crude blandishments ("Tourists wanted. No experience necessary"). At the east end of Central, the motels are newer, glossier, with free-form swimming pools. But the west end has the worn-out pioneers of the motor age—flaking, stucco "motor courts," where a tired family can flop overnight for four dollars.

With a population of over 200,000—the largest city in the state—Albuquerque is neither small town nor big city. It has no real industry except for the Sandia Corporation, which does atomic-energy research and production. Albuquerque services the area (insurance, banking, commerce) and is also a retirement center for many Army officers, some of whom turned up in my classes at the university. It is easygoing and spread out; its core is in the big new shopping centers, not downtown. And the downtown section is quietly decaying—curio shops and cheap restaurants, the haunt of glum-looking Indians and drifters on their way to First Street, the city's Skid Row.

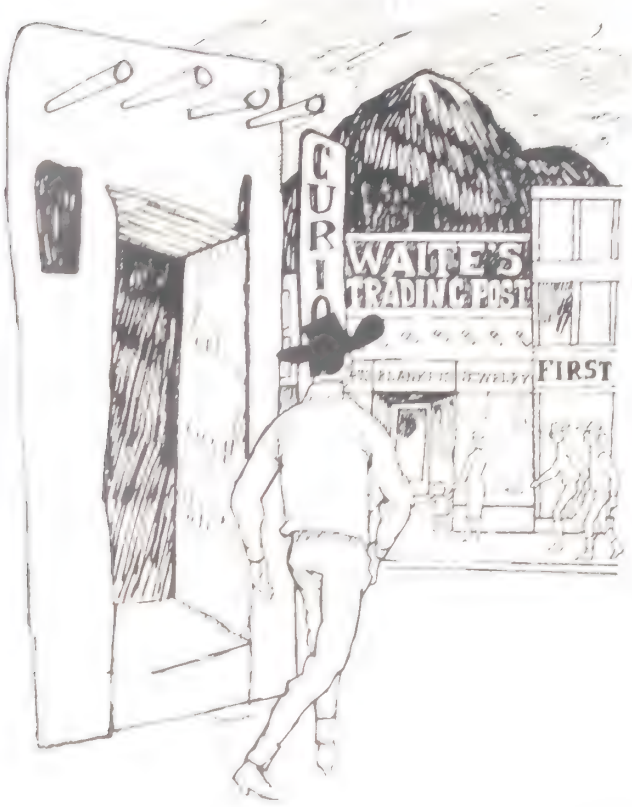
Friends Without Asking

Not all of Albuquerque is ranch-house tundra. It has other faces. There are the mean, cramped little stucco houses and dusty bungalows with dead lawns—the homes of the lower middle class. But the suburban mystique dies hard. One sees these hard-pressed householders on their hands and knees hovering over a thin fringe of flowers. Then there is The Valley, where the Spanish live—never call them Mexicans!—and those Anglos who want to disaffiliate from patio and barbecue pit. Finally, there is a new sub-community of jerry-built, motel-type apartment houses clustered convivially around a swimming pool with an aggressive open-door policy for the casual drink and the Saturday night blast. It's the world of salesmen and *Luftmenschen*, the divorced and the transient and occasional college girls virtuously titillated by overtures from married men in the building.

To the Easterner, the friendliness is at first discomfiting. When we arrived in The Heights,

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children from the street trooped into the house "to see the fun." The neighbors stopped to offer [illegible]—plums. Instead [illegible] reception the New Yorker expects, one gets the [illegible]. The merchants are all too agreeable—Southern in their politeness ("come back soon") – the supermarkets dispatching tow-headed adolescents to load the groceries in the car (and never a move to shake loose a tip). But the merchants are so agonizingly slow, so bewildered by the not entirely familiar request, so flat-footed in their computations. Still, to a man, they looked as if they stepped out of a Norman Rockwell portrait of small-town America. And in the banks, a stranger can walk up to a counter, flash some credentials, and quickly cash a check. It used to be even easier—nobody bothered with credentials—but some of the Route 66 con men spoiled it for the others.

A student of mine explained Albuquerque's all-enveloping friendliness in terms of the Luke Short syndrome. Typically in a Luke Short novel, a cowboy, footsore and weary, comes into town carrying a saddle over his shoulders. Nobody asks any questions. Friendliness is simply his for the asking, an unearned increment. We joined a tennis club and found ourselves smiling back at people we had never seen. (A pretty girl asked me if it was true that in New York it wouldn't [illegible] go to smile at strange men.) It was very pleasant but slightly bewildering. It was all so undiscriminating. We had not earned their friendship, and their easy smiles and friendly greetings assimilated us into their group without anyone bothering to explore whether or not we wanted *in*.

I discovered that there was virtually no anti-Semitism in Albuquerque. In fact, ethnic differences within the all-encompassing Anglo grouping seem almost irrelevant. Nobody asks and nobody cares. An Armenian boy who visited his relatives in New York was disconcerted by the ethnic tags constantly in use— "There was this Italian fellow" or "I know this Jewish girl . . ."

Real and Synthetic West

Give it its due. Life is gentle in Albuquerque. My big dilemma was whether or not I needed a lock for my bicycle. I decided against it and left the vehicle unsuperintended at the curb. Against this bland background we heard with dismay the news of the riots in New York. A transplanted Easterner asked how we felt about what was going on back home—*his* revenge for being out here where it's safe but dull.

To be sure, Albuquerque is no more New Mexico than New York is the United States. But here the inverse equation breaks down, for while New Yorkers are often psychically sealed off from the rest of the country, Albuquerqueans are fervid about the state. (What New York City resident pays any attention—except for casual contempt—to upstate New York?)

The fervor is justified. New Mexico is an extraordinary state—hardly a million people in an enormous stretch of desert and mountain. On the map, there are huge white spaces without a single town, and natives make jokes about the towns that *are* indicated—three shacks and a filling station. The landscape is vast, harsh, and unredeemed. I drove sixty-four miles one evening on a major highway from Carrizozo to San Antonio (N.M.)—my gas supply shrinking fast—without passing a single service station; just two or three desolate ranches to break the encirclement of silent desert, congealed lava flow, and bristling mountain. It was not hard to imagine Geronimo and his men in that terrain.

But there is great variety in the landscape if one travels enough—bright green irrigated valleys, brown grazing land, and verdant highlands. And everywhere are hardscrabble Spanish

illages now dying, alas—unutterably poor and rangely cluttered, the children speaking their ively musical English, a lone boy sitting on a oorstep playing a guitar with only the ountains to listen. The abundant space makes ll the more poignant the story I heard about an ging prospector, obsessed with the idea of over-opulation, who went berserk and started to shoot own children in a small village with his 30.08 ntil a posse wounded and disarmed him.

This is the Real West, and it makes all he more outrageous the cheap imitations of the Vest in and around New Mexico's towns—he curio shops hawking kachina dolls at a ollar, the fake Indian villages with plastic epees, and the phony trading posts only miles way from the real thing. This is a case of life mitating art, the real becoming synthetic. Some f the ghost towns—there are hundreds of aban-oned mining and ranch communities—are re-reating themselves as TV-style Western towns ith saloons, clapboard fronts, and arcaded walks. et all around the state, one can still pick up ot herd from prehistoric pueblos, and there are emains of old Spanish villages and frontier orts everywhere, the adobe walls dissolving oetically into the dust from which they came.

It is a decent state and a humane one. The state arole board *not* about getting their man but bout getting him without killing, no matter ow heinous his offense. There are those who iew New Mexico as an island of liberalism emmed in by Goldwater country, Texas (a curse vord), and conflict-ridden Colorado. And the graceful coexistence of the three cultures—Spanish, Indian, and Anglo—is an article of aith.

The *Kulturkampf* with Texas is revealing. The erm *Tejano* is pejorative in New Mexico, in-ended to conjure up an image of an ignorant and icious cowhand. New Mexicans see themselves s less self-aggrandizing and more humane, and hey point to the inferior status of the Spanish—he Mexicans—in the adjoining state. It is fair to ay that Texas pretends to be easygoing; New Mexico genuinely is.

But it's not quite that simple. New Mexico has its peculiar strains. There is the eastern strip—in effect, a spillover of fundamentalists and reactionaries from Texas. Then too, though discrimination is rarely virulent, it exists. The Indians are the Negroes of the West even though their ethnicity is fashionably exploited. The Spanish are generally regarded as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Some of the old Spanish families resent this, and there have been "incidents." Even the sense of well-being is misleading. Any number of vigorous, sun-tanned people whom I met had originally come to New Mexico for their health. It is a haven for the tubercular and the asthmatic.

There are other strains—some having to do with the undynamic character of the state's economy (if federal funds were pulled out, there would be disaster), others growing out of a sense of marginality vis à vis the East. People kept telling me, with a kind of masochistic pride, that back East, New Mexico is commonly believed to be a part of Mexico inhabited only by lizards and Indians. Indeed, the *New Mexico Quarterly* sees fit to add U. S. A. to its official Albuquerque address.

Though there isn't a pronounced rural-urban split, there is an edgy emulousness among the towns. Santa Fe likes to view itself as highly sophisticated and urbane while Albuquerque is merely a businessman's town. Indeed, Santa Fe has vigorously resisted its despoliation, while Albuquerque, which could have been a beautiful city, has submitted to wholesale vulgarization. There are amusing legends of Sante Fe vigilantes, mounted on motor scooters, who cut down billboards that desecrate the area. As for being arty, Santa Fe points a malicious finger at Taos, where people [illegible] D. H. Lawrence [illegible] and Frieda Lawrence lingered on.

Let the Indians Alone?

I returned to New Mexico, in part, because of the fascination that Indians exerted.* However, I soon learned that many of the dirt roads through the vast Navaho reservation had been paved.

* According to the 1960 U. S. Census, there were 56,255 Indians in New Mexico, representing a population increase of 3.1 per cent since 1950. (Only Oklahoma and Arizona have more.) All but a few thousand live on reservations or pueblo land. Precisely how many statistics are unavailable. marry non-Indians.

Indian children principally attend local public schools or special Indian schools. Their educational achievement is below national norms but going up steadily. Of all New Mexico Indians over the age of twenty-five only 10 per cent have completed high school, one per cent four years of college, and 40 per cent have not had even one year of schooling. However, illiteracy is being sharply reduced in the younger generation with an 89.9 per cent school enrollment of those six to eighteen. In addition, special programs and scholarships are designed to increase the number of high-school and college graduates.

"They did it for the tourist dollar," a local man snarled. But an Indian Service teacher protested, "I don't care what people say, but those of us in the Indian Service like it this way." There were other ominous reports: that the Navahos were now motorized (I had warm memories of Navaho horsemen and of slow, contemplative wagonloads of Indians) and that when a fake Indian village wanted a hogan built, none of the young Navahos they solicited could put one up.

Actually, Indian life is in little danger of disappearing. True, there were far more pickup trucks ("Navaho Cadillacs") than wagons on the Navaho reservation, but many families still have wagons, and most own horses. And the hogans are intact, though some of them now have red tin roofs. Nor have the timeless rhythms of their nomadic existence changed very much, even if their tribal councils meet in handsome ranch houses owned by the tribe.

The Cochiti Corn Dance, which I had witnessed twelve years ago, had not changed significantly, except that you could now buy frozen custard and hamburgers. The old men still wore their hair in a braid, but the adolescent girls preened in capris (displaying a marvelously vivid sense of color). The children danced—the whole community did—their upper bodies daubed with fierce green paint. But one little warrior wore glasses and chewed ferociously on bubble gum.

A student of mine, an Isleta Indian, revealed that his pueblo's traditional rabbit hunt had virtually disappeared. The old men who managed the rituals had not transmitted them to the young, or the young simply couldn't be bothered. Television, he felt, had corrupted his people by generating materialism and destroying the communal spirit. "One family gets a station wagon, and soon you see twenty of them," he explained. Moreover, the potency of gossip has declined—and it is the power of gossip that kept people in line. At the Isleta Pueblo, too, there was some distress when the priest paved the area in front of the church to serve as a parking lot. How, his parishioners asked, can you do a rain dance when your feet are not in contact with the earth? Still, in comparison with that of other Indian tribes, Pueblo culture is holding up well.

For many Anglos, the Indian has a double image. On the one hand, Indians represent "ethnic" glamour. The homes of many University of New Mexico professors are laden with erudite tomes about Pueblo ceremonial dances and Navaho sand-painting. On the other hand, the Indians are the dispossessed, the day laborers, the poor. When I inquired about a particular Indian dance, a professor said offhandedly, "Ask around if any people you know have maids from the —— Pueblo. They would know when the dance is scheduled."

To some New Mexicans, the old frontier stereotypes persist. Indians are immoral, you are told, thieving, drunk, and unreliable. Even their Catholicism is suspect ("When they're in trouble, they go right back to their medicine men"). But chiefly, they are invisible. They are all over the state, but nobody knows their name. The Anglos counter by saying that the Indians segregate themselves. And one Anglo boy with decent intentions argued, "We have done enough to them; we should just let them alone."

With unwitting irony, they are generally dressed like their persecutors of the last century in Western hat and levis—an implacable part of the New Mexican landscape. In particular, the Mescalero Apaches seemed sternly unforgiving, and an announcement on the tribal bulletin board—like a dean's ukase—forbids the throwing of rocks at cars on their way to Ruidoso, an Anglo resort. To me, the symbol of the Indians was a young Navaho who worked as a groundsman at the university. Tall, lean, and blue-jeaned—his face impenetrably dark—he looked fierce and untamed against the backdrop of mountains as he worked on the football practice field. And one had to remind oneself that he was only a maintenance man with a lawn mower, not a communicant of ancient mysteries.

Is It the Hinterland?

A part of New Mexico is California-bland, the unbrave new world of suburban barbecue pits and PTAs. But, unlike California, whose history has largely been erased by developers, New Mexico cannot escape its past. It is all around one. This built-in cultural pluralism provides a ready outlet for would-be bohemians. "Ethnic" is something of a cult word in New Mexico. It bespeaks respect—even reverence—for other cultures in the area. It means liberalism, sophistication, the charms of the primitive. Professors and businessmen wear silver Navaho buckles, the women turquoise bracelets and rings. There is little desert mysticism—no peyote cults, no assaults on the gates of perception. What the ethnic-seekers want is a little respite from Anglo constrictions, some saving sloppiness and ease, even a little dirt.

So they move to The Valley or to Corrales or Placitas, where they can keep horses (or goats, in

s e cases), live in adobe houses, tell stories a ut the Penitente church across the road, and s e suburban wear and tear by having their y ngsters go to dancing school or dentist on h seback. One university professor offered a s sible rationale: "What's the point in living in T e Heights? It's like living in any other s urban area. I try to take advantage of what's d tinctive in the area."

There are those who call Albuquerque "a c tural void" and sigh for New York. A woman c nplained: "You mention *Blues for Mr. Charlie* a l people say, 'Oh yes, I adore everything John S inbeck writes.'" On the other side of the b ricades are the neo-Western chauvinists like J rris Freedman, who, in a much-anthologized e ay ("Wonderful Town?") assailed New York a d extolled New Mexico's cultural vitality, or J rnalism professor Keen Rafferty, who deplores t e country's "Eastern provinces."

Albuquerque, of course, *is* the hinterland. There a e few decent restaurants, no professional thea- e, and local TV newscasters have trouble with w rds like "blatant" or place names like "Cra- w." I couldn't even locate a good bookstore, a ough people kept assuring me there was one s mewhere in town. There is one art movie, which w bbles uncertainly between the real thing and a die trash and has the *New York Times* on sale a a mark of sophistication. My wife, who is of C echoslovakian origin, remarked with just a t ace of malice, "Do you know when I knew I was b ck in the provinces? When people gushed 'how w onderful' or 'how interesting' when they learned I was from Europe." There are some gifted w riters in New Mexico—Conrad Richter is a n ative and still around, and Robert Creeley and W illiam Eastlake are imports and good—but s mehow all of this does not add up to a cultural c mmunity.

Then, there is the University of New Mexico. B ut it is an institution in transition just begin- n ing to rouse itself from desert lethargy. In all f airness, it has a nice tone—one says what one p leases; the faculty is agreeably bright and un- s tuffy; and the disease of bureaucracy has gained l ittle ground here. But the university hasn't y et made it, although it may well be on its way. S ometimes, with a sense of their own remoteness f rom the cultural capitals, the professors try too h ard. One very able man has a penchant for t eaching Genet and Ionesco to ingenuous s ophomores who have hardly heard of Ibsen or S trindberg. "Is this a publish-or-perish place?" I asked a professor. "It isn't really," he answered, "but they like to maintain the illusion that it is."

The local people use the university like a cultural supermarket, taking evening courses and turning up for free movies and summer lectures ("under the stars"). It's all very agreeable but not yet impressive.

But the Delights . . .

To a paleface from the East, however, teaching there was a genuine delight. My students opened up new avenues of perception for me, coming, as so many did, from small towns and farms. (To them, Albuquerque was a big city but not big enough to intimidate.) Among them was a full colonel (retired), a Roman Catholic priest who had served in some of the small Spanish villages in the mountains, an ex-fundamentalist missionary in Africa, a Pueblo Indian, a Venezuelan, and a Jewish boy whose salesman father had wearily dragged his family from one small Texas town to another. With them—and *for* them—I was an urban barefoot boy deprived of country lore and pleasures.

My students luxuriated in their role of wily country cousins explicating the alien world of farm and ranch to me. I learned a new vocabulary from them, and the abstraction of the hard-pressed rancher or the fading small-town tradesman became flesh. Among other things, I learned how accidental and improbable it is for small-town kids to experience a genuine cultural encounter. At one point, there was even a recrudescence of the range war in one of my classes. In a short story, a student made an insulting reference to the bad smell of sheepherders. From across the room, there was the angry protest of a sheepherder's daughter, and in a moment the lines were drawn.

My students were intelligent rather than intellectual, hardworking, well-mannered, and alert. At first they all seemed to have an unblinking impassivity. But it was deceptive ("They're sizing you up," a colleague explained), and underneath more went on than one would think. Without jingling the intellectual currency of the New York highbrow, they were tough-minded and shrewd. They were also remarkably generous. One boy made his family swimming pool available at any time; a girl offered her family's "cabin," a nicely appointed house at the edge of the Apache reservation, for our weekend use. But their friendliness could be disconcerting too. Without warning, a student would turn up at our house with a late paper or a request for help with his next paper.

The "style" of my New Mexico creative-writing students was very different from that of New York students. Where the latter are highly "literary," ransacking the tradition and consciously imitating the giants, my New Mexico students were spare, straight, absolutely authentic. While student-writers in New York tend to be almost flamboyantly anguished, the New Mexico writers are tight-lipped and stoical. At its worst, this verged on tonelessness, just as New York self-indulgence tends toward hysteria. There was, indeed, one beatnik in my class who turned in energetic stories about listlessness, his hero constantly rejecting avid sexual overtures because it's a drag, isn't it? But he wore carefully pressed chinos and addressed me as "Sir." And it was sheer relief that no one ever made a fuss about grades. In fact, students would apologize for their ineptitude if they received bad grades.

In the end, I loved New Mexico, but Albuquerque defeated me. It was like living under water or being permanently anesthetized. Reality constantly eluded me. What I wanted was a certain Western astringency. What I encountered was suburban lassitude, an insulation from the world's traumas. Europe is too far away to worry about, there aren't enough Negroes to make a civil-rights fuss, and the Indians and their problems have been around a long, long time. New Mexico was where the first atomic bomb was exploded, but even that doesn't matter. The caves of the nearby Manzano Range, in whose deep recesses nuclear weapons allegedly are stored, seem to the locals like specks on the moon, re mote and impalpable.

The swimming pool at the tennis club becam the symbol of our discontent. It was heated, eve in 95-degree weather, so that you emerged fror a swim limp and enervated. Everyone smile blandly, maddeningly when I suggested that th heater be turned down. Nothing was done. Indeed all of Albuquerque was like a warm bath.

Still, the local people pursue urban reality There is a regular helicopter report on the radi about traffic conditions. (In Albuquerque, six car waiting for a light to change on Lomas constitut a full-scale traffic jam.) And they still talk abou the crash of an airliner into the Sandia Moun tains a few years ago. In a pleasant ranch house I was startled to see a macabre souvenir abov the fireplace—a jagged chunk of the ill-fate plane's propeller, which my host had laboriously carried down from the mountainside.

Denied a full measure of reality, New Mexican get even by talking with a kind of triumphan horror about life in New York—the subways an summer heat, the frantic pell-mell traffic, "an if you miss a turn you find yourself going ove the George Washington Bridge." And the vio lence: how did we feel about going back to New York with its crime and everything? W patiently pooh-poohed the dangers, explaine how comfortable life could be there if you lear to outwit the city.

We got back to New York on a lovely Augus day, and discovered that our apartment had bee burglarized.



The Annual Rites at Cannes

by Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

They are labeled unfriendly by Hollywood and prize-crazy by the cinema buffs—but to a cool outsider's eye they look both zany and glamorous.

The conference (congress, colloquium, seminar, festival) has become the characteristic art form of the second half of the twentieth century; and, of its innumerable varieties, none has had more rapid recent growth than the film festival. The first appears to have been held in Venice in 1932; during 1964 more than 130 such festivals took place around the world from Cartagena to Djakarta and from Acapulco to Melbourne. Any community, especially any resort town, seeking cultural notoriety and fearing the fanatics attracted by jazz or folk singing, is likely these days to convene an international gala of films.

Some of these are specialized occasions, concentrating on subjects ranging from science fiction to religion and from folklore to (at least in the eyes of hostile critics) pornography. Of the general festivals, four matter most: the Venice festival, which American film people now regard as a little intellectual and left-wing; West Berlin, reputedly the most exhaustive and exhausting, with the additional reputation of showing the least-censored films; an Iron Curtain festival, rather didactic and earnest, alternating between Moscow one year and Karlovy Vary (or, as old-fashioned people prefer, Carlsbad) the next; and the one at Cannes, which sees itself as the most commercial, the most experimental, and the most influential.

The Cannes Festival got its start just a quarter of a century ago when Dr. Goebbels and his disciples succeeded in capturing the festival at Venice. A group of indignant Frenchmen walked out and scheduled one of their own for 1939. Though the second world war suspended the project, it did not cancel it, and the first Festival International du Film came off at Cannes after seven years' delay in 1946.

Today, the Cannes Festival is a formidable undertaking, sponsored every May by three ministries of the French government—Foreign Affairs, Culture, and Tourism—as well as by the municipality of Cannes. The public budget is about $350,000 annually, and at least that much m re is spent (or lost at the local casinos) by the twenty-four national delegations and by the miscellany of visitors. The official center is the Palais du Festival, a nondescript modern building facing the Mediterranean, abundantly equipped with projection rooms and offices.

Two films are shown in competition each day. In addition, a number are shown outside the competition in the hope of arousing the interest of critics and/or distributors. These may be films considered too "far out," like the experimental movies put on each year by the Critics' Circle of Paris; or they may be considered too conven-

tional, in which case they are hopefully shown by their producers in local movie houses rented for the occasion.

The Festival really exists for the producers and distributors doing business in hotel lobbies. Even the Russians have tried a little primly to enter into the spirit of the thing, with Sovexport-Film advertising *Batmanova*, "*une somptueuse comédie musicale*" and *La Tragédie Optimiste*, "*avec un départ. Palpitant!*" and *Karl Marx* "*en couleurs*." But the commercial people are nevertheless convinced that festivals pay too much attention to the esoteric film. Seymour Poe of Twentieth Century-Fox recently denounced festivals for failing to recognize that the film "at its healthiest . . . is the epitome of mass culture."

The French Delegate-General, Robert Favre Le Bret (who is manager of the French Opera the rest of the year), replies that the trouble with commercial film producers is that they think they can "continue to serve up to the public the same tired salad of old tricks newly garnished." The public, Favre Le Bret insists, "is continually educating itself, in spite of any and all efforts to embalm it," and the Festival becomes a means of detecting the public's *new* demands and tastes.

There is no question that festivals have given "art" movies opportunities, both critical and commercial, which they otherwise would not have had. The vogue of the Japanese film in the West, for example, started at Venice and Cannes. Joseph Strick, who made the American film version of Genet's *The Balcony*, recently praised the festivals for giving "a free forum to the film-maker whose work is not understood by the money changers." Nor is there any question that commercial producers, whose films represent a large investment and have an assured outlet, look on festivals with mistrust. Such films do not ordinarily need the publicity conferred by festival prizes, and their prospects may even be damaged if, after preliminary hoopla, they fail to make it at a festival. Two years ago at Venice, Stanley Kubrick's film of Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*, which everyone supposed in advance to be a natural for a festival, did badly before the Venice audience, won no awards, and in consequence lost an impressive number of European bookings. At Cannes in 1964 Samuel Bronston prudently preferred to show his CinemaScope spectacular, *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, outside the competition rather than invite a snub from the jury.

Moreover, the rhythm of Continental release works against sending American films to Cannes. No movie can enter the competition which has already been shown outside of its country of origin; so American entries must be withheld from European release till the middle of May which is perilously close to the dead summer season (in Europe the movie season is nine months rather than the whole year). Autumn release is ordinarily preempted by European films completed during the summer, because these films, often precariously financed, have to earn their money back as fast as possible. To enter an American film at Cannes risks several months' delay in getting the film into European movie houses. It is therefore the commercially marginal American film that stands to gain at Cannes. *Marty*, which won the Grand Prix in 1955, received an impetus which helped make it a financial success everywhere. In 1964, *One Potato, Two Potato*, an unknown American movie about a Negro-white marriage, produced in Ohio by a couple of young television people for less than $200,000, not only impressed the critics and won for its star, Barbara Barrie, a prize for Best Actress, but was quickly bought by British Lion for worldwide release.

The Inner Sanctums

In many countries, the government selects the films for the competition. In the case of the United States, the Motion Picture Association chose the entries until two years ago. Then George Stevens, Jr., of the United States Information Agency, persuaded the film industry to set up a selection committee with representatives from the directors' and writers' and actors' guilds and the MPA. In 1964, the committee, under the chairmanship of the director Fred Zinneman, nominated two films—*The World of Henry Orient*, an agreeable commercial comedy which everyone at Cannes immediately dismissed as "not a Festival film," and *The Best Man*, Gore Vidal's political melodrama. But the Critics' Circle viewed *One Potato, Two Potato* in Paris and called it to the attention of the officials of the Festival, who promptly substituted it for *The Best Man* as the second American entry. One of

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Since resigning last February as Special Assistant to the President, Mr. Schlesinger has been living in Washington and working on a book on the Kennedy Presidency. He was a member of the Cannes jury and writes film criticism for . . . magazine. Among his books are "The Age of Jackson" and "The Age of Roosevelt."

ıe makers of *One Potato, Two Potato,* on his rrival at Cannes, attacked the American selec-on committee for not having seen his film all ıe way through before rejecting it; he even inted that the committee had stopped the screen-ıg at the moment when the Negro man kissed ıe white girl. But Mr. Stevens of USIA and 'red Gronich of the MPA both suavely adopted he film as their own, and the matter was quickly orgotten (except by a small minority which ontinued to insist that if *The Best Man* had een shown within rather than outside the ompetition it would have won the Grand Prix).

The recent spate of international films creates nother set of problems. If financing were the est, the United States really had at least five ntries in Cannes—not only its official entries, ut *The Pumpkin Eater* (British), *One Hundred Thousand Dollars in the Sun* (French), and *The Visit* (German), all of which were made with American backing. *The Visit* posed a special question: Which country could lay best claim to a film made in Italy in the English language from a Swiss play by a German director with Swedish and Mexican stars and American financing? After due meditation, it was classified as a German film, apparently on the ground that Germany needed a strong entry (which *The Visit* did not, in the end, turn out to be).

All this means that the Cannes jury in making its awards is not free to choose among all the films made in the year since the last Festival. It can choose only among those formally entered in the competition—and the formal entries, for these various reasons, are not necessarily the best films available. Nonetheless, the system of awards is the heart of the Festival; the jury is the center of the process; and speculation is incessant in the bars and along the beach until the prizes are announced on the last night (or rather until the jury completes its work on the last afternoon, for in the past the news has usually been leaked several hours in advance of the final ceremony).

In earlier years, awards were distributed with a generous desire to make everyone happy. Jean Cocteau, who was president of the jury several times in the 'fifties, had a theory that the function of the prize was encouragement as much as recognition; and, at times, the Festival had rather the aspect of a children's party in which no boy or girl could go home without a present. The need to find something for everybody often led to strain in the definition of categories. In 1953, in addition to the Grand Prize, awards were made for the best adventure film (with special mention for music), the best legendary film, the best exploration story, the film best told by its images, the best humorous film (with special mention for scenario), the best entertainment film (with special mention for charm of interpretation), and the best dramatic film (with special mention for Shirley Booth); beyond this, the jury "rendered unanimous homage" to Walt Disney for the ensemble of his works and rendered homage, apparently not unanimous, to a film "illustrating the beauties of the Spanish dance." In 1954 the jury, after giving out eleven awards, rendered homage to the United States "in declaring *From Here to Eternity* out of competition" on the ground that it had already received enough awards elsewhere. In 1960, the jury solemnly said that "not wishing to diminish the importance of major awards by having too many other prizes, it unanimously renounced making awards to such masterworks as . . ." —mentioning a Swedish and a Spanish film. The thing reached its absurd climax in 1963 when, after making the usual awards, the jury, in order to keep the Russians happy, gave a Soviet film an award for the "best evocation of a revolutionary epic" and then, to comfort the Americans, invented a "Gary Cooper Award" for *To Kill a Mockingbird*. This experience induced a mood of austerity for 1964 and a determination to hold the awards down to the Grand Prix awarded to the best feature-length film, a Special Jury Award "for the film that shows the most originality and spirit of research" (or at least such is the official translation of "*esprit de recherche*"), and awards for the best actor and actress.

The jury is chosen by the French government and is customarily denounced for a wide variety of reasons, particularly for having (a) too many Frenchmen and (b) too few people sympathetic to the problems of the commercial producer. In other years, the government has gone far beyond the industry in recruiting its jurors. In 1949 Mme. Georges Bidault, whose husband is now a fugitive from French justice, Etienne Gilson, the philosopher, and Jules Romains, the novelist, were all members. Not only Cocteau but André Maurois, Romain Gary, Bernard Buffet (who irritated the industry by announcing in the lobby of the Carlton that he had not seen a movie for years), Georges Simenon, Henry Miller (invited, according to Cannes legend, under the impression that he was the author of *Death of a Salesman*), Claude Mauriac, Mario Soldati, and other literary and artistic types have had their tour of jury duty.

Lang, the film director, and the vice-president was Charles Boyer, the actor. Though Lang was Austrian by birth and Boyer French, both are American citizens and therefore counted as Americans. Of the jury of eleven, the French had one less than the majority—a concession to the rising protest through the years and almost as remarkable as if the College of Cardinals permitted a non-Italian majority. The French group consisted of two critics, a producer, the director René Clement, and Geneviève Page, a distractingly beautiful actress. In addition, the jury included a Swedish producer, a Spanish critic, a vice-president of the Soviet Union of Cinema Workers, and a third American, a writer.

Middle-Aged Spread

The atmosphere in which the jury confronted its responsibilities last May was less gaudy than it had been in years past. There were fewer [illegible] longer disrobed on the beach in the hope of catching a producer's eye. Sam Spiegel no longer sailed his yacht into Cannes harbor (though Mr. Spiegel himself was still to be found in the Palm [illegible] invited the Festival crowd to her glittering luncheons. The lobby of the Carlton was often empty and silent before midnight. When Sophia Loren disembarked from her plane at the Nice airport, she huffily declined the horse-drawn Roman chariot provided by the publicity man for her movie *The Fall of the Roman Empire* and instead drove over to Cannes in a limousine. The Cannes audience had once been the terror of the Continent; two years before, it administered the slow handclap to Antonioni's *Eclipse;* but this time it greeted nearly everything with mellow approval, breaking into applause like children at a Saturday matinee during the chariot race in *The Fall*, and enthusiastically cheering what may well be one of the worst films ever made, a Greek attempt to improve on *Never on Sunday* by offering a whole house of golden-hearted prostitutes in a film called *Red Lights*. In general, observers had the impression that the Cannes Festival, having survived an uninhibited adolescence, was now settling down into sedate middle age. Once an occasion where producers brought their girls, it seemed now an occasion where they brought their wives.

There were traces of more glamorous times. The evening showings at the Palais du Festival still required a black tie. (When Henry Miller, the last Bohemian, explained in 1960 that he had no dinner jacket and that it would violate his life principle to put one on, he was obliged to judge his films at the daytime performances, where he could dress as he might at the Big Sur.) Last May, the Indian delegation gave a big party one night; so did the Americans, who oddly served Chinese food, presumably a tribute to *The World of Henry Orient* by someone who had never seen the film, which had nothing to do with the Orient. Jayne Mansfield, making daily descents to the beach, a small dog solemnly clasped to her bosom, her hairdo more grotesque each day, gave the photographers a few moments of activity and revived memories of earlier years.

Dogs, indeed, provided a kind of link to the racier past. A Swedish study of juvenile delinquency called *491* (a reference to Christ's statement on sinning: "I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but, Until seventy times seven") was shown during the Festival though not at it; it was reported to culminate in an erotic encounter between a blonde and a dog. And still another dog died so realistically in an impressive Brazilian film called *Secheresse (Drought)* that cynics passed the word the director could have produced this effect only by actually killing the dog. The Brazilians hastily flew the dog over to Cannes to prove that he had not been shot, only drugged. The screening of *Secheresse* was also marked by periodic high twanging notes in the musical background, apparently intended to intensify the atmosphere of shimmering intolerable heat. When the showing was over, an announcement was made that radar beeps from the American aircraft carrier *Enterprise*, then at anchor off Cannes, had interfered with the film's sound. (A British critic, who evidently did not hear the announcement, later wrote in *Films and Filming*, "Commendably the film tells its story without the need of a music score, replaced with a continual mesmerizing buzz at intervals of ten seconds.")

Such moments recalled zanier days. But in the main the mood of the Festival was earnest and professional. The jury worked hard, seeing twenty-five films in two weeks. Fritz Lang and Charles Boyer, who had been friends for over thirty years, first in Berlin and in France, later in Hollywood, brought to bear on the Festival their experience from the days of silent pictures.

Lang, now seventy-three years old, is a broad-shouldered, sardonic man, with gray hair, a piratical black patch over one eye, and, on festive occasions, a monocle in the other. He goes back

almost the earliest days of the German film, the author of *Caligari* and director of a mber of the memorable German films of the enties—among them, *Metropolis*, *Die Nibelgen*, and *The Testament of Dr. Mabuse*. His st famous film is probably *M*, the story inred by the child murderer of Düsseldorf, ich he made in 1931 and which gave Peter rre his first big role.

"A director," Lang said one day while leaving e Palais at Cannes, "should lead a full life. e trouble with some directors today"—here he stured back at the film he had just seen—"is at their experience is too narrow. All they seem know is other movies." As a one-time architect, inter, soldier, writer, traveler, Lang has found as everywhere. His first view of New York's yscrapers in the mid-'twenties stimulated him muse about the city of the future and to make *etropolis*. In 1935, soon after he arrived in ollywood to work for MGM, a lynching which ok place in San Jose, California, suggested to m a theme for his film, *Fury*. "Newspapers are dispensable. I read everything I could about e San Jose lynching. I sent for papers from all er the state. It wasn't easy, because at that me I could barely read English." When I asked w, then, one could account for the easy and act knowledge of the American idiom and folkays eventually displayed in *Fury*, Lang replied Well, you might say talent." Then he laughed r a moment and added, "I immersed myself in e papers, even the comics. I have always learned great deal from the comics."

Lang has not directed a film since *Die Tausend ugen des Dr. Mabuse* in 1960; but he has rently begun a new career as an actor, playing e German director in *Mépris*, Jean-Luc Godrd's film version of Moravia's *Ghost at Noon*.

As Lang and Boyer patiently watched the long arade of films at the Festival, they measured iem against their memories. A strong but ather old-fashioned Swedish film had a scene of funeral in the rain which caused Lang to reark, "I cannot stand films in which a funeral kes place in the rain. I forget who did it first—think von Sternberg. Since then, every funeral lways takes place in the rain. It is intolerable. ometime I would like to do a film in which a uneral takes place in the hot sun and people dget and sweat and mop their brows." He added, ecalling Hungarian and Russian films he had ecently seen, "Also I cannot stand films in which eople sit in restaurants and eat and are happy. And I can't stand films in which someone plays n accordion or a violin in a café and all the customers sway back and forth in rhythm with the song."

Boyer at sixty-four years is trim, alert, and handsome, with close-cut, receding gray hair; the voice which has given so much joy to night-club mimics for the last quarter-century is as thrilling as ever. At Cannes he watched the clichés of directing and acting with weary tolerance. "It is all too easy," he said one night of a certain brand of modern film acting. "The greatest actor I ever saw was Lucien Guitry. When I was a young actor in Paris, I used to go and see him every night. Finally he sent a note inviting me to come backstage. We talked then and later, and he told me many things. He used to say, 'Remember always that the audience is asleep. Your job is to wake them up. You cannot do this if you say and do things exactly as they expect you to say and do them. You must express the color, the nuance, the reality of each separate moment. Any actor who says good morning twice in the same way in the same play is a failure. You must learn to *speak against the lines*.'"

Boyer thought for a moment. "I came to the movies through the stage. For me, naturalness is achieved at the price of long, concerted effort. It is when I know my dialogue thoroughly that I can give attention to characterization and, perhaps, give the illusion that I improvise. Acting is difficult, great acting is rare, one must not see the 'workings.' I once saw Lucien Guitry play Molière's *Le Misanthrope*. I knew the play by heart, having worked on the part—Alceste—for five years at dramatic school. Through the magic of Guitry's readings, every familiar verse was new, fresh, re-created. In movies, however, certain actors arrive at the same result by different means. Gary Cooper was one of those rare personalities whose speech rang always true."

Boyer Recalls an Awful Play

A rather mediocre film at the Festival reminded Boyer of his own early acting trials. "I appeared once in an awful play in support of a very fine actress and a most intelligent woman, but much older. Every night I had to powder my hair with gray so that I wouldn't seem so hopelessly young. I will never forget the opening. One of the big scenes was our wedding night. As we prepared for the first entry into the conjugal bed, she was required to say in a strangled voice, *'Je ne suis pas une jeune fille'*—'I am not a virgin.' The script required her to say this several times, in varying tones of guilt and hysteria; but

she was so ripe and I was so obviously callow that I feared for the worst. So she said, '*Je ne suis pas une jeune fille*,' and again, '*Je ne suis pas une jeune fille*.' The actress, as I said, had a great and well-deserved reputation. The audience restrained itself from laughing. There was, instead, a hardly audible gasp. Finally, after she said, '*Je ne suis pas une jeune fille*,' five or six times, I had to say in a stentorian voice, 'Who was the man?' At this point, the sound-effect man backstage would shake a drum filled with stones in order to simulate the noise of a storm at sea. The actress, then, with a tired gesture, pointed guiltily to the window with her arm. At this, I asked unexpectedly, 'A sailor?' She nodded with shame. The audience began to laugh. Then I had to add with increased contempt, 'Was he an officer?' That was too much, and the audience exploded. . . . It was a dreadful evening.

"A great French actress, Madame Simone, used to tell me that there were two kinds of actors. One kind can say, 'Let us go into the other room—the mashed potatoes are ready,' and a thrill will sweep through the audience. The other, however skilled or impressive or handsome, can open a telegram and say, 'I have just received word that my wife and five children have died in an earthquake,' and no one will care."

Lang had the director's skepticism about acting. When someone praised the performances in a Japanese film, he said, "What nonsense! What fakery! When a man barks out a speech in Japanese, how can anyone who does not understand Japanese know whether he is underacting, overacting, or reciting the multiplication table!" He did not want to be misunderstood, however; he loves actors and actresses personally. "Nothing is more intimate—or more transient—than the relations between a director and his actors. You call an actress to the studio. You give her a test. You sign her for the film. You tell her when she must appear on the set. Then you ask her, 'What are your days?' She thinks and says, 'I guess March twenty-first to March twenty-fourth.' You thank her and make sure that she will not have to run a mile or leap over a hedge on her days. You get to know her better and better. She tells you everything. Then the film is completed. You have a final party, very gay, very nostalgic, very loving. You embrace and promise never to lose touch. Then you do not see each other for the next five years."

For fourteen days the jury made its twice-daily visit to the Palais du Festival, departed in varying states of dissatisfaction, and scrutinized the list of films to come in the hope that a convincing candidate for the Grand Prix might still appear. On the fifteenth day they were whisked off to the village of La Napoule to decide on the awards. The meeting took place in a chateau built early in the century by an eccentric American and covered with doggerel verses. Favre le Bret reminded the jury that it had only four awards to make, and that its decisions must be kept secret until the ceremony of presentation at nine o'clock that night. Fritz Lang, with a heavy sigh, called the meeting to order.

International Sulks

An Italian film, *Seduced and Abandoned*, led in the early balloting for the Grand Prix; but, as other films were eliminated, it was overtaken and eventually beaten by *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, a French film which, contrary to the rules, had already been shown in Belgium and Spain. Then the Special Jury Award went to a film from Japan. By lunchtime the four designated awards had been made. The jury voted, however, to divide both the best actor and best actress prizes; this meant that there were now six prize-winners. Next it voted to render homage to a Polish director who had been killed in an accident earlier in the year and to his unfinished picture about Auschwitz. But not all the children had their presents yet; and the delegates from dictatorships clearly felt a distinct reluctance about confronting their bosses at home with empty hands. Consequently an odd alliance within the jury produced additional special mention for films from Spain, the Soviet Union, and Czechoslovakia. (Despite this, the Soviet delegate on his return to Moscow denounced the whole proceedings in *Izvestia* and claimed that "the Cannes ideologists were afraid of losing in an honest competition to progressive cinematography.") Brazil, whose films *Secheresse* and *The Black God and the White Devil* had made a deep impression on the Cannes audience, lacked a delegate and therefore an award. Having enlarged the list of four awards to ten, the jury renewed its pledge of secrecy and adjourned.

Fritz Lang returned to his hotel in Cannes and hastily wrote a letter declining an invitation to be a judge at a film festival in Montreal. No sooner had Geneviève Page got back to her room when the phone rang. It was a newspaperman calling from Paris, a list of the prizes in his hand. He asked what the reaction was to the Grand Prix and why it had gone to the French film rather than to the Italian.

The Brief Rebellion of the American Male

by Arnold M. Auerbach



The American Male awoke feeling troubled. Another bright, brisk young magazine writer was to interview him this morning. "The American Male in Close-up," the piece was to be called, inevitably. Subtitle: "A Long Hard Look at All Previous Long Hard Looks."

He got out of bed slowly. Already he could see the article in print and feel the old familiar brickbats bouncing off his head.

He shuffled into the bathroom and looked at his aging English-French-Scandinavian-Irish features in the mirror. Hair a bit thinner; neck muscles seemed somewhat saggier, too. He brushed his teeth with his electric toothbrush, cheered by the reflection that he had 45 per cent fewer cavities and 8 per cent more teeth than last century.

He shaved, showered, wrapped a towel around his middle, and went back to the bedroom. He looked down at his sleeping wife, the American Female. She was frowning a bit—not, he had to admit, her most becoming expression. He wondered uneasily if she *did* dominate him. He'd seen enough TV situation comedies to know his image: a bumbling oaf, ruled by a Wise Better Half and their Adorable Nippers.

Still, if the Female *did* dominate him, he hadn't noticed. After all, when he sounded off, she still listened, or *seemed* to. But that might be one of her Female tricks. And now that she owned more common stock than he did, she might have moved in on him, hard-headed-wise.

He sat on the edge of the bed, pondering. Seemed as if someone was *always* dominating him. Not long ago it had been his American Mom. But he'd snipped the silver cord, by God, and put Mom in her place. Nobody even wrote songs about her anymore. Mom was a Senior Citizen now, with bright-gold hair and a low cholesterol count. He sighed. Not much point escaping from one tyrant merely to fall into the clutches of another, was there? He put on his underwear and stared

in frustration at the Female. She opened her eyes.

"Something's bothering you," she said.

"Nothing's bothering me at all," he said crossly.

The Female sat up and smiled. "It's that interview, isn't it? Stop feeling sorry for yourself. They pick on me, too," she said, and went downstairs to make breakfast.

He felt a twinge of guilt. She was right. Critics had given *her* the treatment, too. Predatory, they'd called her, and Frigid and even, of late (he hitched up his shorts defensively), a Castrator. It was a wonder she had any Feminine Mystique left. He looked at his watch. Time for the morning news. He turned on the little bedside radio. As usual, the bulletins spoke of tension in far-off lands with unfamiliar names, and he wondered what had happened to the places he'd known so well during those world wars. Seemed as if the minute you learned one set of trouble spots, another sprang up. One consolation, though: he'd outgrown that isolationist stuff. This was One World now—and he owned a Volkswagen and a Japanese camera to prove it.

But he knew he was still politically naïve. He remained Uncle Sugar and Uncle Shylock; he was Yankee (and Yanqui) Go Home; he was a Saber Rattler and a Rocket Rattler, with a Gangster Mentality; he was a Dollar Diplomat and a Well-meaning Blunderer; he was the Ugly American, the Loud-mouthed American, and the Offensive Tourist. The American Male shook his head glumly. He was 38 per cent better educated this century, and getting more schooling every year; 'ime to profit by his added knowledge. Guiltily he recalled that a Frenchman had recently estimated his mental age as thirteen. Well, at that, thirteen was an improvement; it used to be twelve.



He snapped off the radio and put on his other-directed, conformist suit. Then, about to tie his tie, he eyed his wallet—symbol of loathsome affluence. In it were the things he was always chasing—Fast Bucks! And Fast Bucks (as distinguished from quaint, old-fashioned Slow Bucks) were his sordid reward for hooking his knee into the groin of other American Males. To do otherwise made you an *Un*-American Male.

But the wallet contained further proof of his shifty, expense-account morality—a Diners' Club card. Lurking in it were yet other mortifying data: Social Security and Blue Cross cards, driver's license, office pass. Were some cards counter-punched? Did they bear complex serial numbers and code letters? Crushing evidence of his lack of identity in an Orwellian, automated society.

The American Male cringed. He was a Man in a Gray Flannel Suit in a Split-level Trap; he was a Fat Cat and a Dog-eating Dog; he was faceless, graceless, and Big Brother-watched; he was a rat-racing, buck-chasing Babbitt. He was a Lousy Lover. (Nope; that was the Latins, thank God.) He picked up his car keys and dropped them in disgust. They bespoke his vulgar relaxations—Sundays when he and his family, scorning the Volkswagen, climbed into their chrome-laden Detroit status symbol, to clog the highways and spread fumes, smog, and litter.

He sank despondently into an Eames chair, seeking a return to the womb. He sat a moment in numb silence. Then as he heard loud voices down the hall, he groaned. His children, the American Teen-ager and the American Pre-adolescent, were quarreling again. Here was final proof of his inadequacy. He pondered the American Teen-ager—delinquent, neurotic, rebellious without a cause, increasingly prone to get pregnant (or to impregnate), more and more susceptible to the hasty marriage and the ghastly divorce. And the American Pre-adolescent—insecure, coddled, compulsively competing in Little Leagues and ballet classes, hopelessly vacillating between schools overstructured and overprogressive. His mind reeled.

Perhaps, as psychologists charged, he and the Female had worshiped the children too much, using them as mere ego-gratification symbols.

Arnold M. Auerbach has written comedy for radio, Broadway ("Call Me Mister," for example), and television. Later this year Doubleday will publish his book about his early days as a radio gagman: "The Man Who Wrote the Jokes."

But in ancient Rome, some Mom (Cordelia? Cornelia, that was it) had been immortalized for saying of her offspring, "These are my jewels." In olden times, apparently, showing off the brats was heroic. Today it gave them traumas.

Down the hall, the voices rose jarringly. The topic seemed to be possession of the bathroom. "I got here *first*," shrieked the American Pre-adolescent (Female). "But I have to shave!" whined her brother, the American Teen-ager. He shuddered. With two such monsters around the house, he was lucky that the oldest, the American College Student, was away at college. Lucky? No, negligent! For the College Student, as everyone knew, was the most rudderless ship of all: pot-smoking, drop-outing, simultaneously a wastrel and a crass materialist, with morals so loose that they'd soon slip to the floor entirely.

The American Male writhed in his chair. He saw that he and the Female, zeros as mates, had been minuses as parents. They weren't even up on the latest theories; they hadn't read that new best-seller, *Sex and the Unmarried Infant*. And if they had? He recalled that in covered wagons, hammocks, rumble seats, or jets, his children had never stopped spooning, necking, petting, or making out. No matter how parents played it, Youth was eternally Lost, Disillusioned, Beat, Angry, Flaming, or Cool. Had he and the Female been too permissive? But only yesterday they'd been Repressed Victorians.

Down the hall, the quarrel grew more heated. "Beat it, slob!" "Quit pushing, stupid!" The American Male rose and poked his head out. "Keep those voices down," he called irritably. No letup. As usual, the generations had failed to communicate. He slammed the bedroom door. Abruptly, awareness of his many past misdeeds overwhelmed him. He sank back into his chair.

He'd been no good from the beginning. He'd grabbed his land from the Indians, giving them whiskey and venereal disease in return; he'd drained its resources and despoiled its beauty; he'd fought foolish, bloody wars and botched the peace settlements. Lately, inept as ever, he'd flubbed slum clearance, old-age care, civil rights. Yes, through the years, he'd drifted from one excess to another. He'd been slave trader, fratricide, robber baron, imperialist, speculator, and swiller of bathtub gin. And today, instead of maturing after nearly two centuries, he'd become a foolish, softheaded stereotype. Come to think of it, aside from inventing apple pie and air conditioning, what had he ever done *right?*

And all at once his course was plain. Why go to the office and face another pummeling from



the bright, brisk young man? He'd knock off—lie around, putter in the garage, maybe do-it-himself a bit, and let the Female dominate him. Hell, he might even absorb a little packaged culture—a Luce publication or a Book of the Month.

He got up slowly and made his way downstairs. And there, in the kitchen doorway, he paused. The scene before him was bright. The American Female, in her immemorial fashion, was at the stove, frying bacon; coffee was perking; his children, in *their* immemorial fashion, had made peace and beaten him downstairs. Indeed the American Teen-ager had already kidnaped the morning paper and was spreading jam over the sports page; the American Pre-adolescent was hacking with a fork at the dotted lines of a breakfast-food carton. In a corner, their American Dog dozed smugly.

The American Male stood in the doorway. Perhaps he'd taken too grim a view of things. True, he'd goofed and would goof again. But the kitchen was sunny, the children had combed their hair, and the bacon looked crisp. Maybe he could get through the interview after all. He entered the kitchen. The American Teen-ager looked up casually from the newspaper. "How you doing, Dad?" he asked.

"I'll live," said the American Male.

Harper's Magazine, February 1965

The Dangerous Ones

Help for Children with Twisted Minds

by Senator Abraham Ribicoff

A practical proposal for helping mentally ill children when they most need it and when the chances of cure are highest.

He has suffered serious personality damage but if he can receive help quickly this might be repaired to some extent." So wrote a social worker who interviewed thirteen-year-old Lee Harvey Oswald in 1953.

"Oswald never received that help," the Warren Commission tersely reported in 1964.

Oswald is dead and so is the beloved President he murdered. But there are—according to expert estimates—close to a half-million American children as desperately sick as young Oswald was, who, like him, are not getting the help they need today. Nor will their plight be eased greatly by the $150 million Congress appropriated last year for the construction of new community mental-health centers. Indeed, the Joint Commission on Mental Health and Illness—whose studies laid the groundwork for that legislation—lacked the funds even to study the problem of emotionally disturbed children.

Yet this is a problem of peculiar urgency—as a matter both of humanity and of public safety. Week after week, our newspapers report senseless killings, rapes, and acts of sadism. For those who read beyond the headlines there emerges a repetitive chronicle of neglect and inaction by a society that turned its back on deeply troubled children until it was too late to save them or to protect the community.

Such, for example, was the story of Anthony, a seventeen-year-old New York boy who confessed last September that he had raped and strangled several elderly women. Anthony had an IQ of 62 and was always a strange and violent child. When he was thirteen his mother took him to Bellevue Hospital. The doctors there sent him to a state school for mental defectives where he became one of 4,100 patients in the care of twenty psychiatrists. Two years later he was released and told to report to another sadly understaffed institution—a mental-health clinic in the Bronx. They discharged him last April, and in June he was arrested for rape. The judge, who knew nothing of his past psychiatric record, released him on $500 bond. Three months later he was in a Brooklyn police station confessing to a horrendous catalogue of sex crimes.

"You wonder who let him go," Lieutenant Harold Norton, one of the interrogating officers, said afterward to reporter Jimmy Breslin. "His background alone—arson, raping a five-year-old child—that should have been enough to hold him. Talk to the boy for a couple of hours and you'd know he never should be on the streets. The psychiatrists—they get busy, too many patients, no room in the hospital."

Too few psychiatrists, too many patients—this is a familiar refrain as one studies the records of potentially dangerous children who later turn up in criminal court. And there is still another recurring theme: no one is in charge. The troubled child seems to drift haphazardly, with little if any communication among courts, mental-health clinics, social workers, with no one responsible for getting at the root of the trouble and following through on treatment.

Consider, for instance, Michael who was born to a fifteen-year-old mother who had a record of sexual delinquency. Michael was admitted to his first institution—a county hospital—when he was six months old because of malnutrition and neglect. For the next three years he was shunted from foster homes to his mother, to a great-aunt, and then back to his mother and a new stepfather. By the age of nine he was a very disturbed child, and social agencies made plans to

have him placed in an adoptive home. But they were never carried out.

In the next three years Michael lived in nine different foster homes, became sick with rheumatic fever and then ileitis, and finally was placed in a children's home where he stayed for three troubled years. In his teens, a record of crime begins, and he comes before the Juvenile Court because of his dangerous cruelty to younger children. He is accepted by a home for boys and, six months later, runs away. Shortly afterward he is picked up for stealing, confesses that he had attacked and almost killed a small boy, and is sent off to a school for delinquents.

There an examining psychiatrist finds in Michael "a spine-chilling coolness as he describes his misadventures and I feel he is quite capable of a repeat performance. The boy seems to be guarding against forming a relationship with anyone. . . . The origin of this, of course, seems to lie in the disturbed relationship with his mother."

But Michael is paroled after six months to one of his stepfathers; within a few months he kills a woman customer in a holdup attempt. Now he is under life sentence in the state penitentiary.

Such cases could be multiplied by the thousands out of court records. None probably illustrates the problem more vividly than that of Lee Oswald. And we can find some clues to what should be done if we reexamine his now-familiar story. Here are the salient facts which are, I think, worth restating and pondering:

An unhappy, bitter child in a badly deranged home, Oswald found it almost impossible to establish the most elemental give-and-take with other people. Sometimes his inner anguish poured out, and gave foreboding signs. This was especially true during his brief stay in New York—a city with many "helping" agencies. Taunted while he was at junior high school, the thirteen-year-old preferred to sit in the apartment he shared with his mother and watch television. His persistent truancy finally brought him to Youth House—an institution in which children are kept for psychiatric observation or for detention pending court appearance or commitment to a child-caring or custodial institution like a training school.

Here he stayed for a month in 1953 and was examined by experts. The diagnosis: "Personality pattern disturbance with schizoid features and passive-aggressive tendencies." At thirteen, Lee Oswald was found to be a child of more than average intelligence, detached and withdrawn, with serious "environmental problems." The experts recommended that Oswald be placed on probation on condition that he attend a child-guidance clinic. They also suggested psychotherapy for his mother. But this probation plan did not work out.

"Few social agencies even in New York were equipped to provide the kind of intensive treatment that he needed," the Warren Commission observes, "and when one of the city's clinics did find room to handle him, for some reason the record does not show, advantage was never taken of the chance afforded to Oswald."

Who's in Charge?

How many other potential Oswalds fail to "take advantage of the chance afforded"? Recent studies conducted by the National Institute of Mental Health suggest an appalling answer. Of sixty children studied in the District of Columbia, fifty-eight had persistent emotional problems which were first noted when they were in preschool, kindergarten, or first grade. Nationwide, 208,000 children under eighteen years of age were seen in psychiatric out-patient clinics in 1959; of these 86,000 were under nine years of age. This is the picture we get from reporting clinics alone. Yet, two-thirds of the children diagnosed as needing help left the clinics before treatment was started, and less than half of their parents went to the guidance clinics to which they were referred. Only about one third of those who went to the clinic returned for help after the first contact.

So the statistics accumulate and the tragedies mount. What is needed, it seems to me, is an all-out effort to make sure that potentially dangerous youngsters are identified early, effectively brought into treatment, and continuously treated as long as necessary to assure decent lives for themselves and safety for society.

Professional people have indeed told us this time and time again in recent years. Last year, for example, a conference of all the leading child psychiatrists in the country, held by the American Academy of Child Psychiatry and the American Psychiatric Association, urged that a national survey be conducted under the leadership of representatives of the entire spectrum of child-

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As Governor of Connecticut; Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare; and now a United States Senator, Abraham Ribicoff has been able to translate into action new ideas in the field of mental health and mental retardation.

care professions in the field of mental illness and health "looking to the formulation of a national program to combat childhood mental illness and to secure the wherewithal to carry out such a plan."

To Make Someone Responsible

I have offered a bill in the United States Senate to take the first step in this direction. Briefly, this bill would set up a program of federal grants, administered by the government agency most concerned—the Children's Bureau in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. These grants would make it possible for qualified local agencies—be they social agencies or universities—to develop community therapeutic centers for emotionally disturbed children, or children in danger of becoming disturbed. Up to 75 per cent of the cost would be borne by the federal government.

These centers, cooperating with the schools and courts, would offer a variety of services to children, all aimed at giving them accessible, comprehensive, and continuing care. A child might come to a center via a school, or a court, or a social agency, or a parent, or even a concerned neighbor. It would then be up to the center to use all the means at its disposal to *make sure* that the child does not slip haphazardly through its fingers into the never-never land of neglect and remorse. The child would not be referred from one office to another—guided only by a slip of paper bearing the address of an agency in a distant part of the city. The center would provide one-stop service, with a counselor taking responsibility for the case, even though different therapists would be involved at different times. With grant funds, the center itself could treat the child, or counsel his parents, or refer him to a foster family or a residential treatment center, as it saw best. But it would retain responsibility for that child, for making a comprehensive plan for him and seeing that it is carried out.

My bill is designed to help communities find and treat children with severe emotional problems. It is, of course, only the beginning of an attack on this problem. The cost in federal funds will be $1 million for the first year, $3 million in 1966 and 1967, and $5 million annually thereafter. These are modest sums compared not only to the need, but to amounts appropriated for other major health and welfare problems. But they will permit us to make a start in some communities toward providing the full range of services to children who desperately need them. Once the projects have proved their worth, and as we train adequate professionals to staff them, I predict that they will—like similar good beginnings—gradually multiply.

At the outset, the bill would set up an expert panel of advisers to the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, to make recommendations and advise him on a nationwide plan to provide preventive, diagnostic treatment and protective services for children who are, or are in danger of becoming, emotionally disturbed. This would be done from the standpoint of the best interests of the child, the parents, and the community.

I know many people are tired of panels and reports and proliferating committees and studies. And there are those, too, who doubt that we can do much to cure the ills of the mind and emotions. Certainly it is true that psychiatry is still an infant discipline. And although Freudian jargon has filtered down into country-club conversation, we still have much to learn about the workings of the human mind. But certain things we do know—for instance, that the signs of emotional instability manifest themselves when children are very young and that cure is more likely if treatment is begun at an early age and is carried through without interruption. Though we do not often read about them in the papers, many children can be—and have been—helped. To cite just two examples, there was Paul who first came to the attention of a social agency at six. Now at nineteen, after many years of continuous treatment, he is a self-supporting university student. In the case of James, tuberculosis proved to be his salvation, because his physical ills put him under the wing of doctors, who observed and treated his emotional ills also.

In contrast, the tragedies of Anthony and Michael which I have cited earlier, and the grim record of Lee Oswald, are not stories of treatment failures but of society's failure to treat those who needed it. Today, out of an estimated half-million emotionally disturbed children, only 10,000 are known to be getting any sort of treatment. In other words, we are letting 98 per cent of this group slip through our fingers, condemning them to lives of futility and anguish, and society to nameless perils. The risk is, I submit, one we cannot afford to take. No one can guarantee that they can all be helped or cured. But so far, we have scarcely even begun to try.

Harper's Magazine, February 1965



Anomaly's Eyes

A story by Martha MacNeal

She walks, now, down an indistinct street in spring twilight, curling bare toes against the cooling pavement sometimes, whistling in airy little breaths. The street lights have just gone on and give no brightness beyond their own globed outlines. She turns left at the corner and crosses the street, walking down the middle of the road, which, because it is new, glistens smoothly black. In spite of her mother, who sides with schoolwork, she has simply walked out slamming the door, leaving the interior will of the house splintered from its assault on her impenetrable secrecy.

Here the road comes to her domain, the vast acres of houses; many, the best ones, unfinished; most utterly dark; a few, to be avoided, with light and sound behind their windows and sprinklers hissing limply on frail lawns. For months she and he have come here, to the half-houses, the ones without windows, the ones with vacant, unnecessary doors and fresh, white beams.

These houses are not houses yet, for they keep nothing in or out. Night and morning settle through them without barrier or opposition; the air moves through, and weather; shadows extend from room to room and sometimes fall over the edges and complete themselves outside. There are no arrangements whereby you are obliged to sit, just so, there, because there is a chair; even cats come in sometimes, and insects, even children. These are half-houses, where children walk through walls.

She and he for months have known them all, one by one, she leading as they come, turning on him when he speaks or is silent, runs or stops at the wrong time, and one by one they have

taken possession like little quick rats sliding through the walls. When it has happened that the walls have begun on a house which has been theirs, closing outside from inside, she has spat on the floor, turned, and led him running around the roads and up and down them, until she has decided where to move among those that still allow moving, and they have crept in softly and she has sat cross-legged, ritualistically frowning, for a while, and then she has laughed (meanwhile he must be silent) and then they slip over and through, in and under the shadows and the beams, through the walls that are not walls of a house that is not a house, inhabited now, but only as the air itself might inhabit it, or the night.

They have brought two other creatures with them, to live. Hers is Anomaly, who has only two dimensions, such that his four legs, if you presuppose four legs, seen in eternal profile are only three, one being extended. Anomaly has no ears or tail, and is magnificently colored in brilliant orange swirls of paisley print, and has large button eyes, which, because they never blink, see everything. Her friend's animal is a gray and lumpish sort of bear called Fred, who, for all his third dimension, sees very little, and is silent, as, seeing little, he should be.

Anomaly, on the other hand, is silent because he is wise.

Yesterday, Saturday, they left the animals to guard the half-house, because it is to be the last half-house. Now, evening, she comes slowly, early; she climbs through the walls in shadows that stripe her with moving stripes, breathing lightly and rapidly, and goes to where Anomaly and Fred are only shapes that you would not see in the dusk if you did not know already that they were there. She touches Anomaly and ignores Fred, who only sits, and she waits for her friend to come to the half-house at an appointed time for the last time.

Once he asked her, "What kind of a name is Anomaly anyway?"

She regarded him with stern tolerance. "I am an anomaly. Do you know why?"

"No."

"Because I am precocious. Anomaly is an anomaly because he has three legs."

"Oh," said her friend, and was quiet.

Minutes go by, passing noiselessly through the house and slipping out the other side, having come down the road from faraway places to go away to other places without lingering. She watches, following a single minute as it goes, always in a straight line; when it comes to an obstacle the minute passes right through, and so she loses it and must look for another minute that is coming her way. It is almost completely dark now.

In the silence she hears an interruption which can only be the arrival of her friend; running footsteps on the road, louder and louder, a sudden pause and deep, gulping breaths gradually decreasing in violence, and then rather a crude scrambling up over the edge of the floor. She only sits where she is, quietly, and he does not see her. He stands there rubbing one hip with the heel of his hand and rocking up and down on the balls of his feet, small and baggy in tee shirt and jeans.

"You are *very* noisy," she announces, and smiles to see him start. She gets up slowly, uncurling one leg and moving her weight forward onto the other knee, and then arching herself delicately upward until she is standing.

"Hi," he says. After a pause, quickly, "Listen, I can't stay, I have to go home and get to bed because we're leaving early in the morning and they're all mad at me anyway for even coming."

She seems to be in the process of rendering judgment on this statement. He waits for her decision but as it does not appear to be soon forthcoming he looks away from her and goes to pick up Fred. "I really just came to get Fred and I have to go home," he adds, but more weakly.

"Where are you going?" she asks, dangerously, for the eleventh time in a week.

"Washington." He has begun to feel a little nervous and so grasps Fred tightly about the left ear and twists.

"Do you know how to go to Washington?"

"No, but . . ."

"You take *that* road," she pronounces, pointing, but he does not look anywhere except vaguely down. Earlier this afternoon she has gone through maps, but he does not know that. She stoops down and gathers Anomaly who has been staring up through the second floor and the beams of the roof at the glittering of emerging stars, and she dangles him thoughtfully, back and forth, and then stands leaning back against a beam.

Martha MacNeal, who has just graduated from the University of Michigan, has done some newspaper work and had stories and poems in "Generation," a campus magazine. "Anomaly's Eyes" received a special award in the Avery Hopwood and Jule Hopwood contest for 1964.

"Why are you going to Washington?" She turns her head to look at him sideways.

"I told you, my father has to work there, and . . ."

"No. I said why are *you* going?" Her voice is hardening now.

But he only stares.

She wraps her fingers around the beam and leans away, and swings around it, passing through the wall into the next room and then through the wall again and back to where she began, very slowly, holding Anomaly softly against her thigh. When she is still again, she says in a much lower tone, "When you get to Washington you must immediately go to see your Senator."

He is surprised. "Why?"

"To complain, of course."

"What about?" He dares to be faintly annoyed.

"Anything you like." She smiles. "About the world situation." And then she laughs.

Now he is confused. "You're silly. You can't talk to Senators. They're busy."

She is pleased because she has hoped he would say that. "Oh, yes you can," very deliberately. "You just go to their office and you say you want to see them and they have to come and talk with you, no matter where they are."

"Why?" he asks unhappily, not believing her and yet painfully aware that he cannot refute her.

"Because," she announces, "you are an *American!*" She swings herself around the beam again as this information penetrates, and then qualifies her words, very slowly and softly. "Of course it is absolutely necessary that one be sophisticated and able to carry on an intelligent discussion. You, unfortunately, are not, and therefore I am afraid you will have to abandon the entire project. And besides you won't even *have* any Senators because you will be in the District of Columbia."

He is left with the confused impression that it has been his idea, something he wanted very much to do, and that she has somehow demonstrated his foolishness, but that does not seem quite correct either, and so he says nothing, but begins to nudge his foot carefully toward the edge of a board lying in front of him, to see how close he can come to it without touching.

"What kind of a house are you going to have?" she asks, bringing Anomaly up under her chin and peering at him over the animal's head.

"Dunno," he murmurs, distractedly. His foot is very close to the edge of the board now and he is concentrating intensely.

"If you are moving you ought at least to know what kind of a house you are going to have. Especially in *Washington,*" she intones ominously.

He does not challenge her.

There is a silence during which both become aware of the pervading texture of darkness, and of the weird pallor of moonlight. Her friend finds it difficult to breathe, and suddenly his foot strikes the board and moves it with shocking noise, and he starts back, aware that she is watching him in a kind of triumph. Fred drops from his hand with a very soft pathetic plop.

He stoops absurdly and retrieves the animal and stands up to find her now very close to him, so that he can see her teeth gleaming white, and her eyes.

"Do you know," she observes, "that you will never see me again? You will get old and *die* without ever seeing me again?"

He is frightened, and only shifts uncomfortably, trying to rearrange himself after the inconvenience of having had to stoop, and he moves his mouth vaguely and wants very much to go home.

"You will never see me again," she repeats, watching him.

He looks down at the abominable board.

She begins to move, walking around the room, weaving in and out of the beams between the rooms with a noiseless step, her arms white in the moonlight, and she hums gently to herself, and sometimes pauses for a moment to toss Anomaly up and catch him again. After a time she approaches her friend, waits for a hush to gather itself around them and then asks softly, "So? Do you love me?"

He stares at her, astounded and terrified. She waits. Finally, "I . . . s'pose so," he whispers.

She straightens up to her full height. "Well, then, what are you going to give me?"

He searches wildly about the room with his eyes. "I haven't anything left . . . it's all packed . . . we're moving *away!*"

"What about Fred?" Very softly now.

"Oh no." He is horrified, and pleads. "Oh no. He's mine, I came to get him, he's going to go with me, he's mine . . ."

But she only watches him very coldly, as if in possession of an absolute logic, and at last he shivers and lowers his head and delivers the sad, limp creature into her hand.

She holds the two animals, Anomaly and Fred

together, observing her friend analytically, and they stand so for a long time and the beams of the half-house gleam. Then, suddenly, in a last desperate assault, he demands, "So? Do I get Anomaly?"

"No," she says reasonably. He stares at her and then she smiles and says very gently and affectionately, "Goodbye."

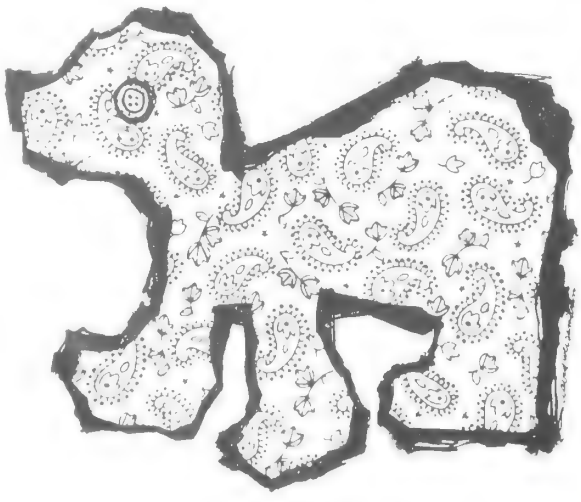
He walks over to the edge of the floor, glances back at her once, and then scrambles down furiously and is gone.

It is not long before the last sound of his running steps fades into interminable dark distances. No breeze stirs. It is as if all children have vanished from the earth forever.

She sits quietly in the center of the floor. Anomaly and Fred in her arms bulge softly and say nothing. If she breathes at all it is without sound or movement.

After a long time, she lays the animals down, gets up slowly, and moves around through the dark half-house, collecting scraps of cardboard, rags, shavings, empty paper cement-bags, scraps of burlap, small boards. From her pocket she extricates an indispensable knife and tests the blade thoughtfully against her thumb, and then strips from the edges of each beam long splinters of pale, dry wood. Nothing protests; the half-house only waits as she cuts into it, and through the beams of the roof the night and the stars only wait and the road outside stops still and does not go anywhere.

By the time her work is finished, she has gathered a fine large pile of materials, and carefully sets to arranging them, the light paper crumpled on the bottom, then the heavier paper, the cardboard, and the rags, then a mound of the fresh splinters covering that, and finally, on top, the heavier bits of board. Then from her pocket she draws out matches, strikes them one by one with sudden sharp rasps and flares, and sets them to the bottom edges of the pile, where the little flames gutter faintly in smoke, catch, and begin to crackle. As the smoke begins to rise uniformly and the subdued glow to distinguish itself into surer flames, she takes up Anomaly and Fred from where she has left them and carefully lays them on top of the pyre, their eyes staring open and expressionless up through the roof. Now smoke obscures them, the fire grows strong and yellow and they disappear within it, and the shadows of the beams of the half-house break out suddenly across the lit floor away from her, starting and shifting in different directions as the shapes of the fire change. The smoke curls upwards, around and through the beams of the second floor in long, twisting spirals, and up through the rooms above and out through the roof into the night, and the light of the fire as she watches glows and shudders over her face and shines, reflected twice, deep in the black centers of her eyes.



She sits and tends the fire with care, waiting and watching as it grows, struggles with itself, gradually declines, sighing; the shadows and darkness move tentatively back, as into an area abandoned because of danger, gathering again softly and more surely. At last there is only a deep, red glow, but still she does not move, only sits with her arms over her knees, bending her face closer and closer as the heat decreases, waiting for the last light to extinguish itself in the exhaustion of ashes.

When this has been accomplished, she takes a stick which she had saved from the fire makings, and pokes about in the soft black center of debris until she finds, one by one, thick clots of cotton stuffing not completely burned. These she draws out of the heap and examines closely, probing with her fingers in little sensitive thrusts, until at last she has found what she wants.

With her knife she carefully separates from the clinging threads of cotton the two blackened, bubbly, hardened lumps of burnt plastic that are Anomaly's eyes. She takes them in her hand and turns from the deep, black scar in the middle of the room of the half-house, and she walks very softly to the edge of the floor where the moonlight shines between the beams. She kneels, and precisely places on the palely lighted boards the hardened intelligence of Anomaly's eyes, bends forward and down, and stares into them with her own.

Harper's Magazine, February 1965

A Few Kind Words for Uncle Tom

by Irving Kristol

When the Negro has achieved equality, he will still have to establish a satisfactory sense of his own identity . . .

Poor Uncle Tom: his posthumous destiny has been even more cruel and unjust than his fictional one. Over the years his very name has become a synonym for servility and cowardice, so that for any Negro now to be branded "an Uncle Tom" is to suffer a public humiliation of the most devastating kind. In fact, this process has gone so far—and the new orthodoxy is now so firmly established—that no one any longer seems aware of the enormous irony of it all.

For ironic it most certainly is. In his own fictional lifetime, when people really read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and responded to it as to no other novel in our history, Uncle Tom was regarded (one might even say worshiped) as a symbol of human nobility. He was meant, of course, to be such a symbol by his creator, and was celebrated as such by the antislavery movement. Conceded, Uncle Tom was no abolitionist rebel. But he was, for his contemporaries, something a little more important than that: he was a Christian. He was, indeed—and still remains—the only true and most perfect Christian in all American literature.

If none reproached him for not demanding his freedom, it was because he evidently already possessed it—that inner transcendent freedom which all noble souls possess, and which the human race will never cease to venerate so long as it venerates anything beyond its material self. *Uncle Tom*—like the Negro spiritual—testifies to the fact that, even while they were in slavery, *the Negroes never really were slaves*. That is why the proslavery apologists insisted that Uncle Tom was a phantasm of Harriet Beecher Stowe's fevered imagination; and that is why Mrs. Stowe was triumphant to be able to report, as she did, that more correspondents verified the authenticity of Uncle Tom than of any other character in the novel.

But that was yesterday—and, as it were, in another country. Though sociologists inform us that Americans still go to church as regularly as ever they did, it is obvious that we are today far less a Christian nation than ever we were. Turning the other cheek is so far out of fashion as to be utterly out of mind. We are all activists now, and cannot imagine any other appropriate response to oppression and injustice than militant protest. Witness the agonizing discussion among Jews of Hitler's slaughter of the innocents—so many people seem to think it less than human, rather than more, for a man to go to his death calmly praying rather than kicking and cursing.

There is no better testimony to the strength and depth of this feeling than the fact that most American history textbooks are now being frantically revised—and, if necessary, the truth a little stretched—in the perspective of the Negro's current struggle for equality and equal rights. From having been a passive element in American history, the Negro is being transformed into an active agent in the struggle for democracy, liberty, and—most important—his own emancipation. The handful of Negro slave revolts is now receiving solicitous and emphatic attention; the role of Negroes in the Reconstruction era is given every possible positive emphasis. That practically all previous historians did not see American Negro history in this light is blandly attributed to racist prejudice. At the same time, much of what was traditionally thought to be Negro history is now being ruthlessly slighted—witness the fate not only of the fictional Uncle Tom, but of the very real Booker T. Washington.

Only a little while ago, Booker T. Washington was generally recognized as a great leader of his people. Now he is dismissed as a marginal and rather contemptible figure in American Negro history—that is, when he is not derided as a kind of Quisling. Much of this animus derives—as Professor Howard Brotz has recently shown—from a highly imperfect appreciation of both the historical situation in which he worked (not anticipating the Jim Crow legislation of the 1890s, he had no reason to doubt that the doors to equality were open, once the Negroes were ready and able to pass through them) and his own intentions vis-à-vis this situation (his emphasis on vocational training was aimed at preparing the Southern rural Negroes, who constituted an overwhelming majority, to move up the socioeconomic ladder toward equality). But there can be no doubt that much of our current disrespect for Booker T. Washington flows from the simple and incontrovertible fact that he was not, by today's standards, a "militant."

But is "militancy" everything? Once upon a time, Booker T. Washington was being visited by a white lady philanthropist. When she left, he accompanied her to the railroad station. As they made to enter, she suddenly stopped in horrified embarrassment. There, before them, were two doors: "Whites Only" and "Colored Only." Washington glanced at them, laughed contemptuously, picked up the lady's luggage and accompanied her, as her porter, into the white section. There, he continued their conversation as if nothing had happened.

A servile action or a noble one? We hear it said that racial discrimination is a white, not a Negro problem—Booker T. Washington really believed it. He thought it prudent to accommodate himself, temporarily, to white idiocy. But in his very act of accommodation, he spiritually transcended all the barriers that hemmed him, and his people, in. One wonders: does he really merit the fate of being, along with Uncle Tom, retrospectively lynched in effigy?

Not Equal, but Superior

Something tells me that I had better make it clear, at this point, that I believe the Negro's struggle for civic equality to be absolutely just, and the use of militant methods in this struggle to be perfectly legitimate. What does worry me is the kind of self-defeating fanaticism that this kind of struggle almost inevitably generates. It is right that the Negro should wish to be equal, in all respects, to the white man. But something has gone wrong if Negroes—and their white liberal allies—seem unable to realize that the Uncle Toms and Booker T. Washingtons were not equal to their white contemporaries only because they were superior to them.

No man can achieve an authentic equality—no man can even achieve an authentic identity—if, in the effort to do so, he denies his forefathers. That there were Negroes who, in some degree or another, approximated Uncle Tom, strikes me as something that could be a source of immense pride to Negroes—and of continual envy to whites. That today's "Negro liberation movement," in its single-minded emphasis on militant action, fails to perceive this, represents a grave weakness of that movement. It is denying to itself a historical and psychological dimension that is essential for Negro self-understanding—and for Negro self-respect.

To be sure, this aberration is probably only temporary. One is reminded, in this respect, of the characteristics of Jewish nationalism as it arose in nineteenth-century Europe (and as it endures, in a muted and diminishing way, in Israel today). Here, too, a new nationalism gave way to a new historiography. The traditional view of the Jews as the innocent and suffering

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victims of European society was rejected as inconsistent with Jewish dignity. Bar-Kochba, who led the revolt against Rome that resulted in the destruction of the Temple, emerged from the shadows to become a heroic and significant figure (one might say he is the Jewish equivalent of Nat Turner); the saintly Rabbi Akiba, who negotiated with the Romans in order to preserve a "saving remnant," fell sharply out of favor, after having been canonized for generations (one might say he is the Jewish equivalent of Uncle Tom). There was even a movement to replace "Gentile" surnames with invented Hebrew ones —for just as the family names of American Negroes are taken over from their former masters, so the Jews received their family names from the Gentile authorities, who wished to keep the census and police register accurate.

This militant, nationalist spirit has considerably mellowed in our time (though plenty of Jewish history texts still bear large traces of it). As the issue of anti-Semitism has declined in significance, so the tendency to interpret Jewish history as nothing but one long, valiant struggle against anti-Semitism has diminished. For, it has been realized, this interpretation simply left out too much of Jewish history—and the most important parts, at that. In retrospect, and as passions slowly cool, one can see what is most valuable and memorable in this history—Jewish piety, Jewish humanism, Jewish survival itself—derives relatively little from a series of acts of rebellion, and very much from a series of acts of accommodation which transcended all daily indignities while achieving a serenity of spirit that is a permanent legacy of the human race.

Is there not some kind of lesson here that is relevant to the "Negro liberation movement" in the United States today? Not immediately relevant, perhaps—the struggle for equality has its own justification, and its own historic momentum. It is presumptuous to ask people to be more farsighted than circumstances permit them to be. But it is not presumptuous to ask *some* people—notably the white liberal and Negro leaders of the civil-rights movement—to raise their sights a little. For once equality is gained, as it surely will be, and once the quite legitimate appetite for militant (and even retributive) action is appeased, there will still be important work to be done. The Negro, having achieved equality, will still have to establish a satisfactory sense of his own identity. And on this question, there appears to be at present more confusion than is desirable.

The root confusion, it seems to me, is between the concept of *"integration"* and the concept of *"assimilation."* These are not identical terms. Integration is a group experience, assimilation an individual one. The failure to distinguish between the two can constitute a nuisance, or worse.

Equality for American Negroes, when it comes, will almost certainly mean equality as an "ethnic group"—just as it has meant this for the Irish and the Jews and the Italians. The "melting pot" imposes a high measure of uniformity on all Americans, but it stops considerably short of dissolving all racial, religious, and ethnic collectivities. Which is to say, when Negroes are equal they will nevertheless remain—Negroes. Of course, individual Negroes may assimilate into some part of the white community, just as individual Jews now assimilate into some part of the Gentile community. But most of them will not—in part because it will not be so easy to do, but largely because they will not want to, finding sufficient satisfaction in being themselves rather than in becoming someone else.

Slandering the Middle Class

It is understandable that the logic of the struggle for racial equality should cause its adherents to obscure and oversimplify this situation. Thus, Negro leaders talk glibly about "the white power structure," and the term is now a commonplace—even though most of us are aware that there is, in fact, a plurality of power structures. There is the financial power structure, the trade-union power structure, the political power structure, the educational power structure, etc. The struggle for equality will not mean, as is often suggested, the dissolution of these power structures—any more than it will mean the dissolution of the Negro community and its absorption into some abstract and monolithic "white community." What it will mean is that the Negro community will receive fair representation within those particular power structures that most concern it. This has been the American way with all minority groups and there is no reason to think the Negro experience will be different.

But for the Negro community to reach its fair and equal place in American life, it will have to be more of a community than it is at present. And what is particularly disturbing about the civil-rights movement is the way in which, in its fight for equality, it is being so needlessly destructive of community.

For instance, there is the general tendency of

Negro intellectuals (and of many white intellectuals, too, for that matter) to slander the Negro middle class as, collectively, a group of "Uncle Toms," because it tends to preoccupy itself with making money, owning homes and autos, sending its children to private schools, and, in general, "being respectable" to an extreme. In fact, this small and relatively weak middle class has a quite decent (if nonmilitant) record in seeking civil rights and civic equality for all. But apart from that, the personal ambitions of this class are of crucial importance for the establishment of firm economic, social, and moral foundations for an eventually prosperous Negro community. Without such foundations, militancy itself can win only transient and therefore empty victories. To demand that *all* Negroes must *always* be *totally* committed to the militant fight against racial discrimination is to ask not only the humanly impossible, but also the socially undesirable. It is all well and good to persuade (or coerce) white employers into hiring Negroes. It is even better to have a class of Negro employers who would automatically—as do businessmen of other ethnic groups—extend job preference to "their own kinds of people." And success in business is only arrived at by a single-minded devotion to—success in business.

Similarly, one of the problems inherent in "militancy" is that, by concentrating exclusive attention on the proposition that all the ills of the Negro condition derive from white wickedness (a proposition that is, historically, defensible enough), it weakens the instinct for self-help and mutual aid *within* the Negro community. As Nathan Glazer has written:

> . . . The logic of "protest" led Negroes to construe their condition as solely the product of white activity, and they denied passionately that any action on their part could in any way effect an improvement in their situation unless it led the *whites* into doing something—first changing the law, then changing the conditions that were defined in subtler and ever subtler fashion as the author of the Negro fate.

It is perfectly understandable and appropriate that the young people of CORE should scatter garbage over the Triborough Bridge, as a means of inciting the white conscience to a concern over the filthy streets and alleys of Harlem. But would it not be better if, at the same time, they turned some of their energy to collecting Harlem's garbage and cleaning up Harlem's streets? It is also perfectly understandable and appropriate that the civil-rights movement demand of local authorities that they do what can be done to abolish —or at least mitigate—*de facto* segregation in education. But would it not be better if, at the same time, it turned some of its energy to improving the equality of this education, by voluntary counseling, extra-hours tutoring, the establishment of neighborhood nursery schools, and the like?

Oddly enough, self-help and mutual aid *are* stressed by the two Negro groups who are least interested in integration—the extreme nationalists (*e.g.*, the Black Muslims) and the Negro religious sects (*e.g.*, Father Divine's congregation). Such a division of labor does not strike one as a particularly healthy social symptom.

"That Feverish Industry"

Most important of all, there is at the heart of civil-rights "militancy" a tragic paradox: though militancy is supposed to assert and redeem Negro self-respect, it can and does work to precisely the opposite purpose. Too often the civil-rights movement seems to regard the American Negro as *nothing but* a negative sociological phenomenon, as *merely* the creature of white prejudice and discrimination—in short, as one who lives a life that can be defined *solely* in terms of deprivation, and whose message to America and the world is a monotonous scream of outrage.

One is reminded, once again, of a parallel with the situation of the Jews. Many thinkers—notably Jean-Paul Sartre—have seen the "essence" of Jewishness as something that can be fully explained in terms of the existence of anti-Semitism. The motives behind this point of view are laudable enough: they aim at the extinction of anti-Semitism. But this perspective has never commended itself to most Jews, who prefer to think of themselves as something more than the sum of their disabilities, and who insist that "being Jewish" (whatever that may mean—and it can mean many things) is also something positive and meritorious and gratifying.

Do not American Negroes have a similar feeling and conception of themselves? Do they not preserve an inner distance from what Ralph Ellison refers to as ". . . that feverish industry dedicated to telling Negroes who and what they are, and which can usually be counted upon to deprive both humanity and culture of their complexity"? I am sure they do. At the moment it is the fashion to "Baldwinize" the Negro experience in America—to present it as something utterly and irretrievably hateful and degrading and sordid, an experience that can find salve and

salvation in nothing but indignation, even hate. But Baldwin himself has not always thought this way—his earlier writings are markedly different, in this respect, from his most recent ones. (It is noteworthy that, in his later autobiographical excursions, Baldwin can never find room to mention such little facts as that he was elected to succeed Paddy Chayefsky as editor of his high-school literary magazine—such facts would so interfere with the larger picture he is trying to draw that it is even possible he has by now forgotten them.) And in the American Negro's involvement with religion, with music, with folk humor, with sports, with the arts and the popular arts, etc., it is not so difficult to perceive—to quote Mr. Ellison again—"the attitudes and values which give Negro-American life its sense of wholeness and which render it bearable and human and, when measured by our own terms, desirable."

The American Negro's *raison d'être* cannot be exhaustively defined in terms of the image that white America—even white liberal America—has of him at any particular time. If there is a "crisis of Negro identity," it is as complex, as ambiguous, as profound—and can be as creative—as that "crisis of American identity" which has played so prominent a role in our literature. The great enemy here is oversimplification—because oversimplification means dehumanization. So long as the Negro is denied his equal rights as a man and as a citizen, this tendency toward oversimplification is terribly difficult to resist. But with every step toward equality, the importance of the American Negroes' achieving a proud and meaningful collective definition of their past, their present, their future becomes more obvious and more urgent. Is it necessary that the struggle for civil rights today be conducted in such a way as to frustrate the possibility of such an authentic collective definition? Must the American Negro deny his past and debase his present to seize his future? Is it really premature to raise such a question?

Back

by Robert Mezey

Tonight I looked at the pale northern sky
Above the city lights, and both the stars
And the lamps of men faded and burned by turns,
Breathed in and out. You would have liked it here,
The emptiness, the wind across the fields,
And the spring coming on—especially
The strange white almond blossoms, their unfolding
When a car swings down the lane towards the orchard
And turns its headlights on them. Hard as it was,
I forced myself to think of everything
You liked best, the years before you died,
In a locked room in an Army hospital.
Or was it after that, in a southern city,
Watching the traffic lights go on and off
And the big-finned cars swim past in a blur of rain?
I know your heart stopped once when, slightly drunk,
Holding your daughter's hand, you stood before
The cage of a small, shuddering European bear.
That spring in Half Moon Bay, where the sad surf
Felt up and down the beach with endless sighs,
And in the morning the brown seaweed lay
Like old surgical tubing. It could have been
Any one of a hundred times and places.
But last night, opening my eyes from sleep
To the steady courtyard light, I heard your breath
Coming and going like a wounded thing
That would not die. It could have been
Nothing but mine, persisting one more night.

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The Splendid Old

by Gabriel Fielding

On the morning of my last birthday I went to a funeral. The friend who had died was fifty-two and I was never very involved with him while he was alive. He was good-looking in the high Italian fashion, very evasive, with a habit of sliding out of situations like some shy marine animal. I used to think of him as a very beautiful limpet on a shelf of rock below the surface, moving imperceptibly along its face whenever the tide was high and clamped there immovable when it was low.

I don't know how it happened but somehow I became intensely involved in his dying. The solitude he had always sought seemed to have caught up with him and the thought of him made me feel lonely. I kept on going to see him in the local hospital where he had a private room, filled like an undergraduate's with the small objects that had always pleased him: an oil painting of a boat putting out on a lake, a Chinese vase, a little statue. I expected always on these occasions that he'd suddenly start talking to me—really talking, because I thought we both knew that he was dying.

I knew it for certain but now I don't think he had an idea of it; in the midst of death he was in life. He couldn't understand why the doctors were being so slow about putting him right. He had a great deal more life inside him and a dozen unfinished projects. He wanted to go to America, for instance, and we were always planning to meet there. We could never decide whether to go by sea or to fly. We had adolescent fantasies about both kinds of travel. If we didn't go this year then it would be next. Though we mightn't be able to go together, quite certainly we would meet in Manhattan at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which was nice and old-fashioned and not too expensive. I was sure that in one of those upper rooms with the air conditioner buzzing in the window, we'd at last have the real conversation we'd always awaited—the kind that adolescents do have about sex, death, God, and the stars.

Looking just this little way back to my birthday and his death I see that this "real conversation" I was always expecting had to be preceded by a journey or the prospect of one —a journey to New York or a journey to death. The journey would make us young enough to be incautious, incautious enough to talk. It occurred to me that caution grows with age and is as hard to defeat as the tremulous footstep, the fear of telegrams and unexpected staircases. I don't think the young realize how frightened the old may be. A poet I know wrote that Blake's tiger, "burning bright in the forests of the night" was really "tremulous with fright." It must have been an old tiger. On the other hand Thomas Traherne wrote: "O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims!"

What Children See

But how few people, after loud, didactic middle age, feel themselves as wise and sure as angels. How nervous they are of the deposit that has accumulated deep inside them; the experience of dangerous chance, the knowledge that accidents do happen and that in other, younger people malice and pride may swarm like bees in a hive. This is why the old are surprised to be still alive and acceptable, why they may bore us with references to their years as if longevity were a medal pinned on their thin chests entitling them to our praise. They seem to say, "If you can admire me for nothing else, then you must do homage to my years." We fall into the trap that their humility has laid. With them we avoid the issues. We put them under glass in the museum they've claimed for themselves. Only when it's forced on us do we stumble on old age in a particular per all the surprise and delight ally feel for a child.

Children relish the aged a stage in their lives where far more interested in then other children. I remembe ing my grandmother whe twelve. I was up a sycamore sister when the telegram my father stood at the bott tree and told us that, three miles away, back in our she had died. In a void o fulness of most of that sta life, I can remember our about it up amongst the le had no age for us at all. S lay figure, an authority, pa the stairs, seen in the g face with bright eyes an brooch beneath. We mour like this, by interest and tion. We both certainly kne sycamore that something g happened to us. When we ca we had seen death as clos clouds above the tree.

My grandfather kept go after her death because he w years younger and, in a rob wicked. He set fire to his b smoking Hignett's Cavalier in a Welsh boardinghouse. cepted the drama such a d vited and died with ceremo Christian or a Jew, as a man should. As his burn weakened and he found it h get Invalid Stout to his lips came ever more wry and po To my brothers and me h recite nineteenth-century l of a cautionary kind. To my he would talk differently—wi ing eyes and every appear brave remorse, he would tell glad he was that God had him to burn a little in this shorten his incineration in t

I never got to know either of course, neither my gran nor my grandmother. (There enough time for a proper They are left as stone figure

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Gabriel Fielding's "brilliant a cise genius" as a novelist (words of Richard Hughes) w recently seen in "The B King." Living in Maidstone Fielding has shared his writ with his work as a prison doc is still not fifty years old.

ike Henry Moore's King and gazing out over the landscape outh.) But it is through the of them that I reach other ple, that perhaps I shall reach n self in age if it comes.

people do not wear out evenly. something goes first in the he arteries, the sight, or the —so do things lapse and in the character. Other qualmain, may even be strengthy time like the natural but- on a cliff face. Jung said hould be education in middle the second half of life. Its ments, he suggested, are so nt from those of the first half. niddle age people can get lost. on't know what to do with the ess that remains in them nor hey want. I've seen whitemaniacs in expensive sports ld men talking of yachts and fe in the Mediterranean, the te sixties rushing off in of an adolescent playground hey no longer really want. ely, I've heard other aging n pubs talking longingly of nd hormones and virility re-

The Libido Whispers

w a chemist once who dosed f with pills and married again, y-five, a bride of twenty-five. as a very obliging man and I was with him talking in the after hours and people came ng on the glass doors he would 'Knock! Knock! Knock! It's the same. When I'm dead come knocking on my grave." hormones wore him out. Inof peaceful evenings over the r a game of bowls up the road, him springing about in roadand seaside resorts with his wife petulantly at his side. oved to the South Coast and f a heart attack while reachr a bottle of gargle.

Uncle Doggo was different. He slow cancer of the tongue and to stay with us and die when s over eighty. Poverty had kept live, the excitement of outwit-t—stealing a free ride on the ground, finding an unexpected it in the post or a long cigaend in an ashtray. Because he Victorian faith in eternity and his own place in it, he was happy to go on living as long as possible in the real, eighty-year-old present.

When he first arrived he was dimmed with a headful of hospital tranquilizers. There was no definition in his day and, until we took him off the drugs, no seemly senile confusion at night. We locked the gate at the top of the stairs and left on the landing light. He pattered about in his dressing gown, revisiting the past as an old man should when his brain oxygen runs low in the small hours. His fantasies did him no harm and he was all the brisker for them in the mornings. Sometimes if he disturbed us too often in the night, we took a few of his tranquilizers ourselves.

Jung said that in the first half of life all one's energy is directed toward growth. In the second, he said, the libido whispers ever more audibly of death. I don't see why one should not listen to this voice. With the death of every friend and enemy, every contemporary, the bell tolls. The aged live in a landscape loud with bells. They are reminded. If they turn away back to the active pursuit of youth as opposed to the placid contemplation of it, they may be driven mad. But if the music of death is listened to, the slow tocsins become a carillon. There are possibilities of sweetness and we do not have to say each summer, "Another May and June gone forever."

The purely physiological attack on senility is not enough. I'm all for the props: a little digitalis to make steady the fluttering heart, anything that will safely relieve pain, and antibiotics to control chronic infection. But I don't want pills to control my moods and I don't want grafts. I don't want to borrow a young motorcyclist's liver or testicles. I want if possible to grow old evenly, as comfortably as may be with a good pair of glasses, snug false teeth, and my rupture, if I have one, repaired or controlled. Far from regretting the decline of some appetites I would like to have them sped on their way so that having done with them, others, neglected until now, might take their place. I'm not averse to climbing trees because I have that kind of feet and legs, but I can see that other people mightn't wish at fifty to climb and hang and feel their muscles stretching and cracking. Only Charlie Chaplin was meant to be Charlie Chaplin. Some other old man might take his pleasure in fine bindings and silence.

Staggering Promises

In the second half of my life I'd love to be able to be in the presence of beautiful women without hunger and pain. I'd like to become less acquisitive altogether, to be able to see some exquisite piece of porcelain in some other man's house and be wholly glad that it was there and not mine. I dream sometimes about something I read about a Mexican household with each generation fulfilling its function in a house large enough to contain all. In such a house my wife and I share our section of the roof and courtyard. Our children have married sympathetically. There's enough tension for a little anger but not so much as will keep us smarting all night with the reproaches and comparisons we made when we were first married. Our grandchildren are happily or foolishly living their lives about us, making us nostalgic at one moment and sad at the next. It's not a question of our being wanted, it's a question of our being there, like trees, like wisdom, and like death within whose shadow the children play.

I want, as Bergson did, the second half of my life to be rich in the supernatural. I would like to search out the possibility of God and take to myself, if I could, the hopeless, the staggering promises of religion. Nobody, when I was young, needed to convince me of the promises and joys of money or sex. When I was even younger, the things I was told about heaven and angels fell with equal simplicity into my mind. They dropped like smooth pebbles into a pool and I accepted them so readily that before I was five I'd forgotten them. But now I would like to unearth them, to clean them as precisely as an archaeologist finding jewels in the conduits of an ancient city.

Above all, I'd like to become braver, what the boring psychiatrists call more "integrated." Out of integration comes courage. If age has made a man whole there should be few areas in himself that he's afraid to enter. He becomes more

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. . . and in April

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THE SPLENDID O

truthful. He knows that h
give offense because his opi
unequivocally held, their r
in the clean secrets of him
ready I'm tired of dodging
socially and morally. I'm
the compromises I'm always
with my desires. In old age
to be so sure of myself, of th
ture I'm standing on, that I
ford to forget it forever
wrote:

What shall I do with this abs
O heart, O troubled heart—th
caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tie
As to a dog's tail?

He was thinking and see
Shakespeare thought and saw
still mistakenly do, he was
upon old age as a progressi
traction from life—sans teet
eyes, sans everything.

We shall have to change
proach. Without senility or
itude, with unimpaired fa
more and more of us are g
live longer. Medicine will give
old age without hardened a
or softened brains. As resear
genetics and the stress and
diseases progresses, there
fewer easy ways out for ou
or for the society which has t
for our healthy dotage.

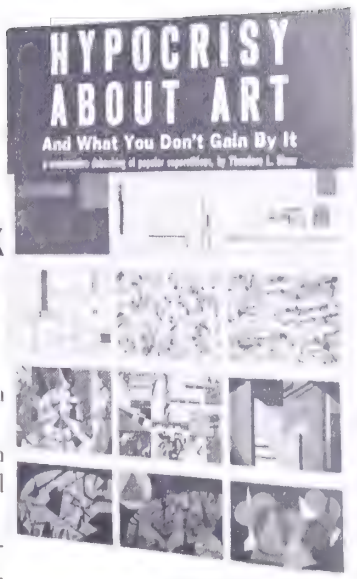
But there are some things
medicine can't provide: detac
ardor, and goodness. There'
the risk of appalling boredom,
endless impatience with the
tiveness of life as it unwinds
out-of-date film—all the wor
being seen without a cataract
these reasons I think that
minority of old people may b
to be graduates in old age,
delightful to know, to have
an addition out of life instead
subtraction. The secret they p
is that in middle age they p
youth in. They went back beyo
to their childhood, interested
much in the answers to life as i
questions they had once asked
then forgotten.

I believe that it is in these
tions—the kind I so longed to di
with my dying friend—that th
may be splendid. It is when
have long spoken to themselve
love, God, death, and the stars,
they are ageless and that socie
the richer for them.

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ve and prettified picture of art which the world has regrettably inherited
ncient days.

the most sophisticated man will be shaken out of some of his favorite dogmas—
his benefit, we believe—by the book's relentless search for facts. Where else,
mple, would he encounter a candid statement such as that expressed in the famous
artoon" (apologies to Van Gogh) shown below? In our opinion, the answer is NOWHERE. Traditionalists would reject it as *Blasphemy*. For it plainly deprives them of two of their most "sacred" rights—the right to call certain ks *immortal* and the right to deliver *positive and enduring verdicts of betterness*, on which their entire authority

yet the statement is obviously truthful.

all, how can you appraise art works as permanently "great" or "beautiful" when a dozen men could conceivably
into your own home-town, say, with the capacity to turn them out in wholesale quantity.

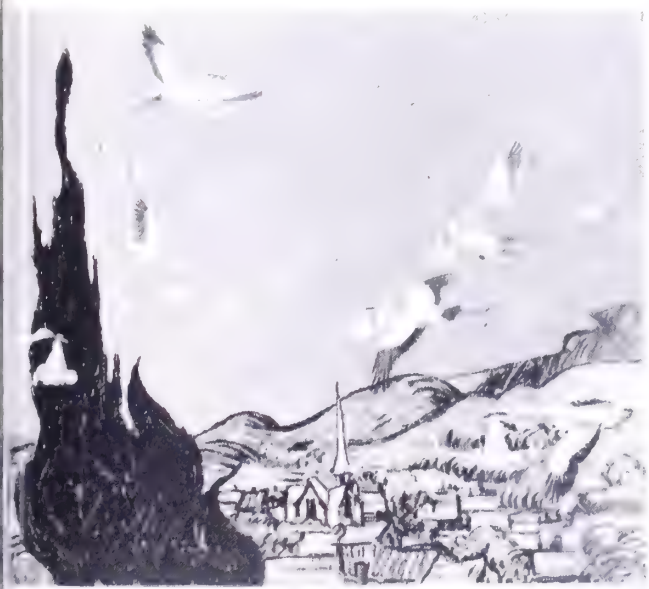
before you can judge an art work's "greatness" you must make an estimate of the human probabilities of its being both now and for the future—the doing of which is manifestly a ticklish job.

it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary—being widely adopted. CONJECTURISM.

he cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution t Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative ture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would teorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

book, HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conm. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical applicait to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's conjectures can gradually be improved. er your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand* and *enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly ng.

a mere verbal description is inadequate. The book is its own best advocate. And it is for this reason we suggest that you give us permission to mail it to you on ten-days free trial, without obligation. Along with it will go the famous pamphlet (usual price 50¢) THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL. It's yours as a gift, whether you decide to keep the large book or not. Or, if you prefer, you can remit 50¢ (check, stamps or coins) for the pamphlet alone. The 50¢ will count as a credit towards HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, if later, after sending for it on ten-days trial, you decide to keep it. Merely indicate your wishes on the coupon, or send a postcard or letter.



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The King's Men: A British View of the White House

by Louis Heren

For foreigners, and I dare say for many Americans, Washington can be a confusing place, despite the constitutional blueprint for the division of powers. Why, for instance, does the President require so many [illegible] and advise him when other heads of government do nicely with only [illegible]? What, indeed, are those mysterious men in the back rooms of the White House [illegible]? I regard them as King's Men, and believe that understanding their role is essential to comprehending the American system. Let me explain.

The American Presidency makes sense to the alien observer only when it is seen as a latter-day version of a medieval monarchy, and I commend this approach to its loyal subjects. In saying this, I am not denigrating the United States Constitution; as a foreign correspondent who has worked in too many countries, I am immensely respectful of it. Nevertheless, as a guide to the modern Presidency, it is considerably less relevant than the English monarchical past.

Then in London, as now in Washington, there existed a separation of powers. The triumvirate of monarch, barons, and church was no less real than President, Congress, and the Supreme Court.

There was, of course, the assertion of the divine right of kings. The modern President, too, seems to be haloed by a light of almost mystical quality, the like of which has not illuminated an English king since Charles lost his head in Whitehall. The divine right did not much help weak kings. Similarly, though the President's authority is strong, his writ runs only when he can dominate or hold the balance between the modern magnates—political, industrial, and labor. The late President Kennedy showed his displeasure with a steel magnate, but established a *modus vivendi* with him within a year. The conflict between monarch and magnate, or President and industrialist, was briefly revealed and then decently covered, if not forgotten. Apart from any public humiliation he may have suffered, Mr. Blough had his way and raised the price of steel after being reminded that the throne must seem to be respected.

The Presidential establishment and trappings are no less royally medieval. His person is afforded protection by Secret Servicemen who are Beefeaters in button-down shirts. The White House also moves with the incumbent as the court moved with the king. The Cabinet, unelected and with no authority other than the Presidential pleasure, are the royal secretaries. Occasionally, they generate power of their own, and cannot be replaced without disturbing the essential balance. And the President can be as lonely as a king. For this and other reasons he must have intimates upon whom he can depend. These are the White House staffers—the King's Men.

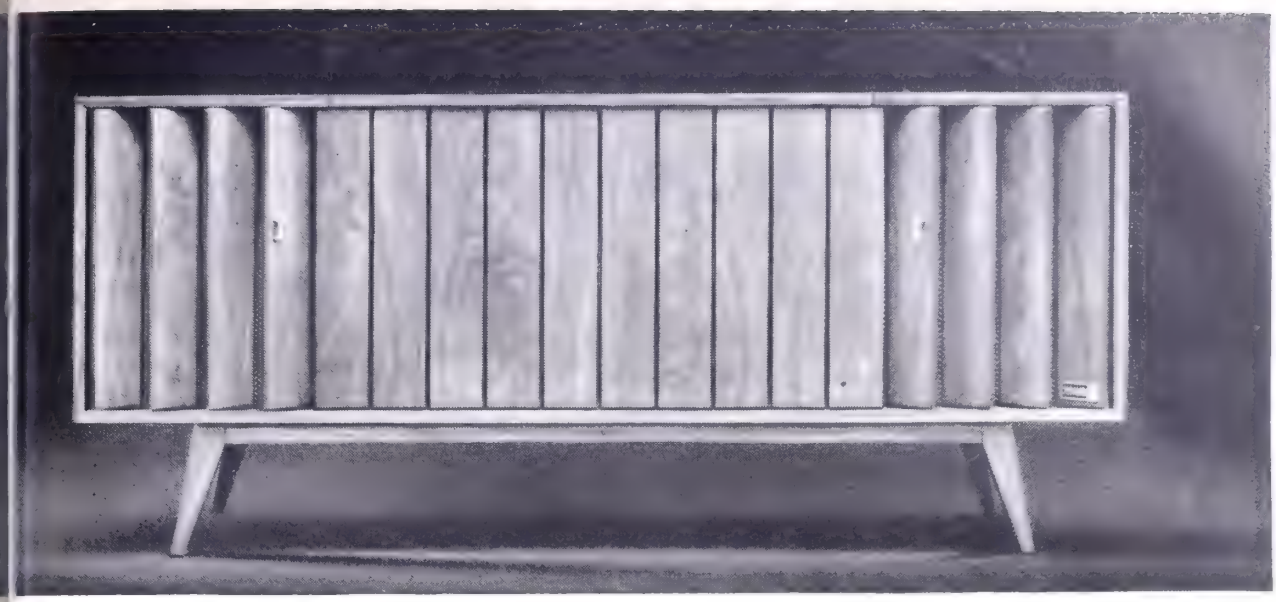
Only in Washington, and perhaps in such equally exotic places as Amman and Pnom Penh, do men of this ilk still wield so much power. The imperious Adenauer got by with a state secretary and some office help. De Gaulle needs only de Gaulle. In Britain their equivalents are mere palace ciphers, dancing a minuet to a convenient political inst[illegible] known as the constitutional [illegible] chy. The Prime Minister re[illegible] and gets only four private s[illegible] taries, career civil servants al[illegible] serve masters of any politica[illegible] with equal diligence and loy[illegible] not affection. For instance, th[illegible] vate secretaries of Sir Alec Do[illegible] Home, the Scottish unbelted [illegible] are now serving Mr. Harold W[illegible] the economist from lower-m[illegible] class Yorkshire.

A Truly Modern Re[illegible]

Why can Downing Street b[illegible] by a few civil servants, and [illegible] time when some political scie[illegible] see in Britain the beginnings [illegible] system similar to the Am[illegible] Presidency?

Again I would suggest tha[illegible] usual constitutional reference [illegible] treated with suspicion. The [illegible] rather than the theory of the m[illegible] is that the United Kingdom is a [illegible] ern republic with no place for [illegible] tiers such as the King's Men. [illegible] is of course the monarchy but, [illegible] from the very real public affe[illegible] for the incumbent, which partl[illegible] plains the monumental stabilit[illegible] the country, Britain might well [illegible] become a republic long ago in [illegible] as well as in fact except that [illegible] had been one civil war and no[illegible] wanted another.

Chief correspondent in Washin[illegible] for "The Times" of London, [illegible] Heren has been covering event[illegible] the capital since 1960. His ea[illegible] assignments were in India, the [illegible] east, Southeast Asia, and Germ[illegible]



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The quality goes in before the name goes on

The British wisely chose to retain the trappings of monarchy when they accepted the republican form of government, as Americans still fiercely announce their equality and call each other by first names although their system has become monarchical. It is useless for simpler Americans to complain, and refer to the Founding Fathers. Those eighteenth-century English gentlemen were captives of their past, and failed to realize that a government did not become republican merely because the reign of the head of government is limited to four-year periods.

A newsmagazine published some months ago a ground plan of the west wing of the White House, showing the offices of some of the King's Men and measuring their influence by their proximity to the Oval Room. Mr. George Reedy, the press secretary, was next door as befitted the royal herald. Mr. Goodwin, a speech writer, was across the hall, and Mr. Valenti, a Texan and confidant, was in between. It was, however, a misleading picture, partly because it proffered only a glimpse of the scanty royal battalions which actually deal with the modern American magnates, and with Cousins England, France, and West Germany, not to mention Rival Russia.

Powers in the Wings

The architecture of the 1600 block of Pennsylvania Avenue N.W. explains much. At one time, the White House was not unlike the residence of a minor British colonial governor, a more or less modest house of classical pretensions in which the occupant lived, worked, and entertained. Gradually this changed. The east and west wings, discreetly subdued by landscaping, were added to billet the early reinforcements of the King's Men. But as their master's dominion spread, they took over the nearby old State, Army, and Navy Building, a superb example of Victorian wedding cake, now known as the Old Executive Building.

Some keenly felt the shame of being separated from the Presence by West Executive Avenue, and were hardly consoled by the high-ceilinged offices decorated by cast-iron moldings and engraved doorknobs. Others clung in discomfort to poky hideyholes up under the eaves of the White House wings, rather than move across the road with the Bureau of the Budget. Mr. McGeorge Bundy, the special assistant for national security affairs, is clearly beyond most human pretensions but is content to work in a half-basement in the White House near his emergency control center.

It was he, however, who saved the delightful old monstrosity next door from the wreckers. He saw to it that so much was spent sandblasting decades of soot from its florid ornamentation that not even the ruler of the richest land the world ever envied felt he could approach the court chamberlain for monies for a new building. Such is the oblique power wielded by a man with the disarming title of special assistant.

Institutional as well as architectural changes were also required. To the military ADCs and the staffs treating with Congress, the government Departments, the press, and the Bureau of the Budget, were added in recent years the Council of Economic Advisers, the National Security Council, the National Aeronautics and Space Council, the Office of Emergency Planning, and the Office of Science and Technology. (The Central Intelligence Agency should also be included, although it occupies an impressive palace of its own across the Potomac, and occasionally, like the upstart courtiers of old, behaves as though it were a power unto itself.)

This astonishing host, larger than the governmental apparatus of many countries, is a recent phenomenon. In good President Grant's day, the White House cost $13,800 a year. President Hoover had a staff of only forty-two. President Eisenhower, who thought he could abdicate the powers of his office, finished up with a staff of 1,200. Today, the White House costs some $100 million a year. Such a sum is hardly credible to Europeans, except as an example of the built-in inefficiency of American methods.

It is idle to ask if this enormous expense is necessary. President Eisenhower discovered that it is. What does need to be questioned, however, is the utility of a medieval system in the second half of the twentieth century. Take the Kennedy re for instance. The day after th auguration, when the new Pres and his embryonic staff arriv the White House, fresh and eag establish the New Frontier, found to their consternation th cupboard was bare. All the file been emptied; not a state pape mained to suggest what had pened while they were campai or when they were still in di university common rooms or t the Hill. All the papers had to stock Eisenhower, Truman Roosevelt libraries, on the mon cal principle that state paper the personal property of the r family.

How to Move a

One can argue of course that nice to start afresh; at least will be more room for the new dent's papers. It is a charming but it presents some obstacl continuity of government. On ample of 1961 vintage should s President Kennedy, concerned Latin America, was ignorant predecessor's intentions and rel ships with various hemispheric ers. The State Department's were of no help, and an urgen quest had to be sent to Kansa the loan of the appropriate p (Happily the new Secretary o Treasury, Mr. Douglas Dillon been a member of the previou ministration, and had attende or two Hemispheric conference recalled some of the things tha been said.)

Not only papers were lacking White House offices were also of people. Apart from the exe clerk, Mr. William Hopkins, wh apparently served all Presi since the late Mr. Herbert H hardly anybody but the cooks cops had stayed on. Anticipatin dilemma, Mr. Kennedy befor election had asked a Columbia versity Professor, Richard Neu author of the book *Presid Power*, to discuss staffing with

* Professor Neustadt is to be di of the projected Kennedy Institu Advanced Political Studies con with the John F. Kennedy Me Library at Harvard.



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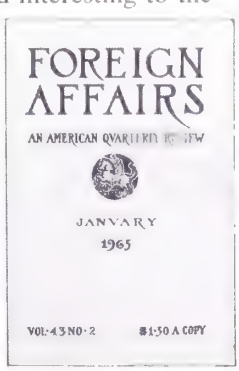
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On October 30, 1960, a few days before the election, the Neustadt memoranda were presented to him aboard the aircraft *Caroline*.

It was a historic flight. These notes were not for university students, but for a man about to assume the leadership of the Free World and the awful responsibility of the nuclear armory who had no clear idea, from no fault of his own, of how to run his office. Let us ponder the dreadfulness of the system.

At a time when the world was agog with the vision of America moving again, neither the Presidential candidate nor his intimates knew how to move an interdepartmental memorandum. While relations with Cuba had not yet been broken, plans were being secretly prepared for an invasion of that island. Nobody knew what Mr. Khrushchev was up to over Berlin, Laos was falling apart again, and unemployment at home was reaching crisis proportions. Gold was leaving Fort Knox by the truckload, and only the increasing population was managing to expand the economy at a miserable rate. The country was in a mess by any standards, and yet the candidate was forced to seek the advice of a scholar outside government.

Mr. Kennedy had of course his old Congressional staff, expert in getting out the vote and running a political campaign. Sorensen, O'Donnell, and O'Brien, and the other old hands were all tried and trusted men, intimate with the new chief. Eventually they proved their worth in larger roles. But at this juncture the Neustadt memoranda filled a void.

Commodious Establishment

Many pages of notes were devoted to the Inaugural Address; others were concerned with "organizing for reorganizing," the development of a program, and its presentation in the first message to Congress. The memoranda also anticipated more immediate problems of the new President. The bureaucracy must be promptly reassured and the Congressional leadership consulted. Of greatest urgency would be the designation of assistants, the nomination of Cabinet officers, and innumerable other appointments.

Mr. Dean Rusk was first suggested as a consultant on personnel and finished up, no doubt to his surprise, as Secretary of State. Mr. Robert Tufts and Mr. Paul Nitze were tentatively proposed as Presidential assistant for national security affairs. Mr. McGeorge Bundy, who was finally chosen, was not on any list. From this small start the King's Men were selected by Inauguration Day; and, apart from the old Congressional staff, they came mainly from the ranks of the American Establishment.

Let there be no argument about whether such a body exists. It does. In recent years it has been institutionalized by the interlocking of the universities, the foundations, and government. Its members have been in and out or on the fringe of Washington for as long as most of them can remember. Not all, of course, had the massive Rockefeller Foundation background of Mr. Rusk, or the proconsular experience of Mr. John McCloy. Some were sons of eminent fathers, and others had nothing obvious to offer except perhaps a special devotion to a defunct American statesman whose long-forgotten speeches they had edited. Yet when they were assembled for the first time in 1961, they knew each other because of their Establishment connections.

Then there were the specialists, such as Dr. Jerome Wiesner, the scientist, who were as experienced as C. P. Snow in moving from the university quadrangle to the corridors of power. They at least brought their expertise. Another, a younger man, came from law clerking by way of the campaign trail to the White House, moved on to the State Department, then to another agency, and then to a new international secretariat which nobody else seemed to want. Subsequently, he returned to the White House. Very odd, if one did not realize that there are many mansions in the American Establishment.

These men gladly accepted jobs paying maximum salaries of from $17,500 to $22,500. The financial remuneration was obviously not the attraction; as some have admitted, it was the opportunity of being close to, influencing, and possibly wielding power without the preliminary and, for some, distasteful [illegible] seeking elective office.

Very few of them ma[illegible] wield real power, except i[illegible] cratic combat. Their role, [illegible] pated by Mr. Neustadt, was [illegible] first, to help the Presiden[illegible] his daily chores, gain inf[illegible] and control key governm[illegible] sions; and second, to meet [illegible] of government officials ou[illegible] White House for the Presid[illegible] port, judgment, decision, o[illegible] of his prestige. They als[illegible] project the President's wi[illegible] partments whose rulers he [illegible] self just appointed. This [illegible] exercise is necessary becaus[illegible] can Presidents in recent y[illegible] made very little use of th[illegible] nets. In Mr. Kennedy's cas[illegible] inevitable because he met [illegible] these men for the first time [illegible] was considering them for t[illegible] inet posts. Furthermore, th[illegible] ments have grown enormou[illegible] the years and have become i[illegible] ent forces to be treated w[illegible] much like the medieval mag[illegible] old.

In the Pentagon, for exa[illegible] Admiral Leahy remarked [illegible] the Joint Chiefs of Staff we[illegible] no civilian control whatev[illegible] virtually dictated the federa[illegible] and General MacArthur c[illegible] the very authority of the P[illegible] during the Korean conflic[illegible] after he had got his come[illegible] the generals and admirals c[illegible] to act as if they were res[illegible] for setting national goals an[illegible] ing foreign policy. In his [illegible] address President Eisenhowe[illegible] weakly complained of a mil[illegible] dustrial complex.

Who Decides to Wake the Pre[illegible]

In this situation, like any r[illegible] monarch, President Kenned[illegible] the assistance of his King[illegible] acted promptly. He appointed[illegible] erful Defense Secretary, "n[illegible] (as it was called) the milita[illegible] lic-relations apparatus, and[illegible] formed the National Security[illegible] cil from a baronial moot[illegible] civilian arm of the Presidenc[illegible] the King's Men really came in[illegible] own. The old institutional st[illegible] was swept away with the g[illegible]

SHINGTON INSIGHT

der the able control of Mr. ge Bundy young men as- influential positions respon- or large areas of the globe. instance, Mr. Michael For- he son of President Truman's e Secretary, wound up in of Vietnam, Laos, Indonesia, ia, and other Southeast Asian spots. Only recently estab- as a junior law partner in ork, and with little or no pre- xperience, he found himself with the State and Defense ments, which generally had ing notions of how to save ans from themselves, and fly- to Luang Prabang and other able places on Presidential s. It must have been a very experience, which he enjoyed mmendable coolness until he moted into the State Depart-

there is Mr. David Klein. ot so very long before had junior secretary at the Em- in Bonn. He is one of the atively few men recruited he Washington bureaucracy. ntly, the need was felt for a ho spoke German and knew ing about Soviet affairs; the was sent to the State De- nt, the appropriate buttons of M machine were pressed, and l Mr. Klein from his obscure e box in Foggy Bottom into fied if scruffy office in the Old ive Building.

e and other young men took urn in the White House oper- room during crises such as 962. From time to time, they decide whether or not to the President when hell was ng loose on some distant shore, onitor transatlantic telephone between the President and of governments, including Mr. llan, who disliked the new- l electrical talking machine fused to have one on his desk vning Street. This quirk, to- with his fruity voice, could decisions of state difficult to ite.

other occasions, some of the Men, presumably to avoid ing the President, took action t should not have been taken. xample, a White House an- ement on relations with Canada



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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aused a flurry in Ottawa which afterwards had to be explained to the President. All in all, the King's Men served Mr. Kennedy well, thus confirming the Anglo-Saxon assumption that almost any intelligent man can help run a government.

Downing Street Meritocracy

The question that needs to be asked, however, is: Could future Presidents be served better? I happen to believe they could, if the American Presidency were less monarchical. Being an Englishman, I look to London for the evidence, even though I am fully and painlessly aware that Britain is a much smaller country. But the fact is that the burden of responsibility carried by the Prime Minister is heavy and just as varied as the President's.

First, let us compare the White House with Number 10 Downing Street. The latter is a modest structure, where extensive recent renovations provided working space for a mere forty assistants and clerks. As mentioned earlier, there are only four private secretaries. They are Mr. Derek Mitchell, the principal private secretary, who specializes in economic matters; Mr. Oliver Wright, on loan from the Foreign Office; Mr. Philip Woodfield, who concerns himself with domestic affairs; and Mr. Malcolm Reid, a Kremlinologist from the Board of Trade.

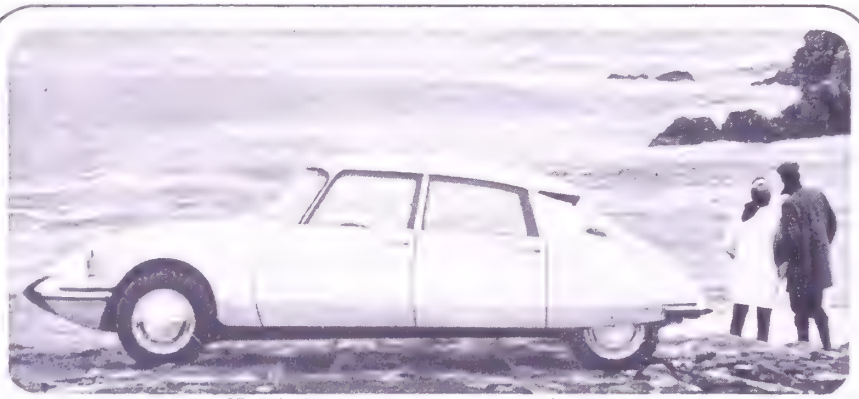
Mr. Wright is a good example of these public private secretaries. A tall, dark, handsome type, he has served as a diplomat in posts as far apart as Berlin and Singapore, to mention the two places where I knew him as a foreign correspondent. He is one of those hardheaded younger men who can mislead their country's friends and enemies by masquerading in the striped pants of formal diplomacy. There is nothing aristocratic about him. His background is strictly middle-class, and, although he is a product of one of the two better universities, he belongs, if a label must be used, to the meritocracy that runs Britain.

Apart from these four, and a press secretary who normally comes from outside, the Prime M has the Secretary of the T to advise him on senior civil- appointments and questions terdepartmental machinery, a Secretary of the Cabinet. Th key job; although the Se serves the Cabinet as a wh has a special responsibility Prime Minister for the con Cabinet business.

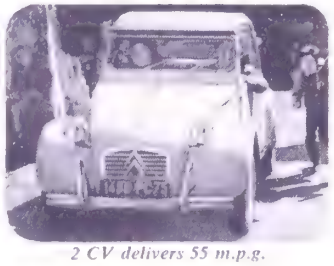
Here, then, we have only men, less than an infantry but they are enough beca Prime Minister can depend u civil service and his Cabinet is made up of elected MPs of party. United under the prin Cabinet responsibility, it is able on a day-to-day basis to ment. I suggest that this when allowed to work, is mo cratic, more in tune with th of republicanism, and more e There can be no question of date for the highest offic selected in some smoke-filled a Chicago motel, no roo Colonel House, and no sco Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. The need to seek the advice of a on how to form a Governm empty offices or files, and n Men.

The duties of the priva taries are well established a to all. They ensure that th Minister receives advice f appropriate authority and advice and decisions are and clearly conveyed. Th from the departments mu always have the authority departmental minister. Th taries provide an essential in tween the Prime Minister Cabinet, and in turn with P and the people. But other are responsible only for offic the keeping of records, handling of the Prime M secret and confidential busi is all; if they aspire to m power and influence, they elective office.

The system is not perfe can be misused as when Si Eden acted like a Preside Suez crisis. But as an efficie ment of the democratic p Downing Street is, I believe to the White House. No m talented the men servin



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ASHINGTON INSIGHT

House system is prone to
ng and perhaps ateful errors.
atakes when a new President
alled. The empty files after
ration Day make fumbling
ble, and the obvious recent ex-
is the Cuban crisis of 1961.
w of the people involved—in-
Arthur Schlesinger, jr. and
Kennedy—have tried to de-
hemselves. But they cannot
away a new President, with
utive or departmental experi-
iew Cabinet officers, and un-
ing's Men. The mistake made
as paid for with the lives of
nen, and it led inexorably like
k tragedy to the missile crisis
2. By that time the Admini-
n had learned its job and acted
ell, but the initial ignorance
this nuclear age, a crime
good sense.
view, I am certain, is not a
ced one. As a political animal,
ter four years still remains
ted by these United States,
it more in sorrow than anger.
icism of the late President or
visers is intended. In 1961
ere as much the victims as the
ho died at the Bay of Pigs.
ty is that the White House
rs will eventually be wasted.
ection of President Johnson
continuity for the time be-
t within a few years or less.
the Kennedy men will have
ernment. Those four private
ries in Downing Street, on
er hand, will eventually re-
to the civil service and
hen it further with their ex-
e.
ng questioned the efficiency of
atest system of government
Free World, I should perhaps
cted to offer some suggestions
provement. Clearly, funda-
change is out of the question.
tinuity, that missing link in
erican system, could be as-
at least in part, by the ap-
nt of a few civil servants
terms of service would not
with the President's.
derstand that there is some
on of the civil service here,
appointments would not have
r life. These men could serve
o or three years in the White
nd then return to the Depart-
from whence they came.



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lavish flower arrangements

STEUBEN GLASS

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It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

Berries. black and juicy, are the soul of a superb Blackberry Liqueur. But look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.

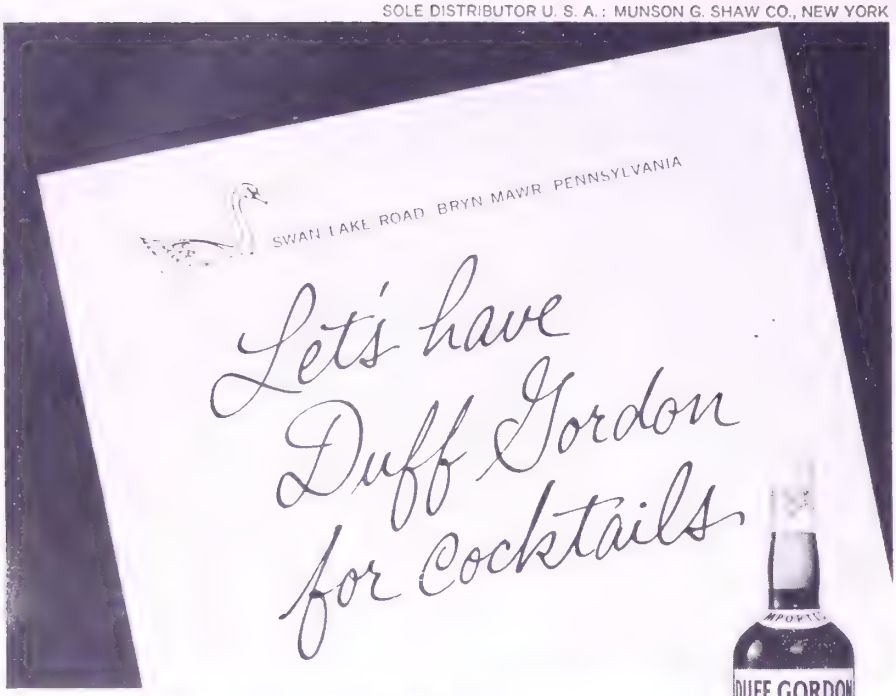
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WASHINGTON INSIG

Youngish men such as Mr. Klein mentioned above have that the talent is there, and a who has worked in Wash knows that there are many

Some kind of a rotating sec is especially necessary for t tional Security Council, and edent can be found in the Bureau. I would also sugge the great Departments, es State and Defense, should ha manent under-secretaries sin the British model. The politi tem, I know, requires politi pointments, but President K was not repaying political when he appointed Mr. Rui Mr. McNamara, and not all sistant Secretaries of State litical appointees. With train to administer the Departmen Cabinet officers might be abl what they should be doing, senting the President's inter projecting his will, instead o at best experts in cotton a international liquidity, or p analysis. An effective Cabin tem might evolve and, who some aspects of medievalism depart from these shores.

It would be rough on those the better universities wh dreaming of becoming King' They would have to run for office, or sit for civil-service nations, but it could also be ing. I refer them to thos private secretaries in Downing if they remain unconvinced. have known are confident me clearly enjoyed their well- duties near the seat of powe for them the social lionizing London equivalents of Georg nor the subsequent writing creet memoirs. Publicly they stand in the background, c their master's red boxes superior Jeeves, a stance that not be attractive in a socie parently devoted to the fulfillm the personality. Nevertheless a modesty they can enjoy they are members of a small essential for the smooth r of an advanced political dem What more could a young r spirit ask for?

Joseph Kraft will be bac WASHINGTON INSIGHT *next m*

Science Crosses Specialty Lines

by Leonard Engel

Take, by Francis D. Moore.
, $5.50.
ration, by Donald R. Griffin.
History Press, $4.50; paper,
-Anchor, $1.25.
th Beneath Us, Kirtley F.
Random House, $15.
p and the Past, by David B.
and Goesta Wollin. Knopf,

and Galaxies, by Fred
University of Washington
95.

the consequences of the con-
scientific explosion has been
itpouring of writings in and
e sciences. The greatest part
ood has consisted of profes-
ublications, *i.e.*, research re
d other technical documents
chiefly for professional sci-
But a parallel increase has
urred in nontechnical ac-
f scientific work, and many
are no mere popularizations
d for the edification of a
neral public. They are aimed
ugly at the professional sci-
ho is also, as a result of the
ition of knowledge, a layman
is own special field and who
d more needs to have things
ut for him in other branches
e. A reflection of this is the
nal success of the *Scientific*
n, a magazine that crosses
lines to report on biology
cists and engineers and vice

ilar process is taking place
oks and is already yielding
uperior science populariza-
f that is really the word for
the volumes at hand). An
is *Give and Take* by Francis
re, a superb account of the
nt and exciting new medical
organ transplantation. Dr. Moore is professor of surgery at the Harvard Medical School, where much of the pioneer work in organ (especially kidney) transplantation was done, and hence has had a ringside seat from the start. His book is addressed to physicians and biologists as well as the general reader; a medical edition has been brought out by another publisher.

Organ transplantation has been a medical dream for centuries. As Dr. Moore makes clear, however, it has been held back not by surgical difficulties but by the fact that we are all different, biologically speaking, and, with some exceptions, we reject tissue grafts from other individuals. But now, investigators are learning how to breach the "transplant barrier." In a dozen centers here and abroad, kidneys obtained either from cadavers or living donors are being transplanted into patients dying of incurable kidney disease, and, in the best hands, more than half of the grafts are proving successful. Efforts are also under way to extend these successes to other organs. Plainly, a major breakthrough in medicine is in the making, and Dr. Moore gives not only the dramatic details of what has occurred to date, but also an expert how and why.

A nother new book of the same authoritative-but-nontechnical genre, *Bird Migration* by Donald R. Griffin, recounts one of biology's most intriguing and least known accomplishments—the discovery that migrating birds navigate by sun and stars. A zoologist on the faculty first of Cornell and now Harvard, Griffin is the discoverer of "bat sonar," the echo-ranging system utilized by bats to avoid obstacles in the dark. He has also devoted years to the study of bird navigation, even learning to pilot a plane in order to follow migrating birds in their own medium.

As Griffin relates, the critical findings were made by German investigators who hand-raised starlings and European warblers from hatching to maturity (a particular feat in the case of the warblers, each of which had to be hand-fed uncounted thousands of laboriously collected insects) to provide subjects for orientation cage experiments. The cages are large and round, completely symmetrical inside, from which the bird can see only the sky or, in one especially elaborate set of experiments, the dome of a planetarium. Both the starlings and the warblers exhibited remarkable directional behavior in the cages. In seeking food, the starlings, a daylight-flying species, oriented themselves by the sun; regardless of the time of day or the actual position of the sun, the starlings immediately headed in the right direction for food—so long as they could see the sun. On the other hand, the warblers, a night-migrating species, oriented themselves in accordance with the stars during "migratory restlessness" (trial flutterings preliminary to migration): north when the birds were in spring breeding condition and the stars showed the constellations of spring in the area the European warbler inhabits; south when the sky or planetarium dome showed the constellations of fall. Two warblers, reared in complete isolation in closed rooms, made trial migratory flights in the right

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Leonard Engel wrote this review not long before his death in December. In his many articles and his book, "The Operation," he made an important contribution to the layman's understanding of science and medicine.

direction the moment they saw the night sky.

Although Griffin's writing style is a little wordy and on the dull side, *Bird Migration* is clear and gets the main point across. There are more wonders in nature than we know of even yet, and this is surely one—birds steering by sun and stars on flights that extend, for some species, nearly halfway around the world.

In our affluent society, publishers have taken to putting out expensive, lavishly illustrated compendiums of practically everything. Many of those in the field of science and natural history are disfigured by poorly selected photographs and an incompetent text. In *The Earth Beneath Us* by Kirtley F. Mather, however, we have the happy combination of an author who knows what he is talking about (Mather is one of the world's most eminent geologists), an editor who worked long and hard to keep things clear and nontechnical, and a subject that cries out for the handsomest possible illustrations. The result is a volume that elegantly reveals the forces shaping man's home, the surface of the earth: the work of wind, running water, and ice, the carving of the shore, the raising of mountains and the mighty forces involved in earthquakes and volcanism. There is only one thing seriously wrong with Mather's portrait of the earth. Like most geologists, he ignores almost completely the 70 per cent of the earth's surface covered by water—the oceanic regions of the world—although these regions are proving an increasingly interesting and useful source of information about the earth as a whole.

This is well illustrated in another new book, *The Deep and the Past* by David B. Ericson and Goesta Wollin, an account of Ericson's success in dating the start of the Pleistocene (the Great Ice Age) at 1,500,000 years ago, by studying sediments from the bottom of the sea. Ericson is a geologist on the staff of the Lamont Geological Observatory, the oceanographic research center of Columbia University. Wollin is an amateur of geology who has long worked with Ericson. During the past dozen years, the Lamont research schooner *Vema* has collected some three thousand sediment "cores" from all oceans; these are samples punched out of the ocean floor with the aid of a massive device, the piston corer, without (when things go right) upsetting the arrangement of sediment layers within the sample. The Lamont core collection is the world's largest.

The sediment layers contain microfossils—tiny shells originally fabricated by microscopic creatures living in the upper, sunlit layers of the sea. To the knowing eye, changes in the aggregates of shells reveal changes in the climate, environmental conditions, the history of earth and life on earth. In practice, most sediment cores go back only a few hundred thousand years; older marine fossils are easily found in areas that are now dry land. But ocean-bottom sediments are less subject to disturbance; the pages of earth history are more easily deciphered and pieced together. Working with Lamont's cores, Ericson has constructed a continuous sedimentary record extending back to a time when, as a series of abrupt changes in the microfossils indicate, a previously warm world suddenly turned cold. It must have been the start of the Great Ice Age, and the composite sediment-core record has even provided a date—1,500,000 B.P. (Before Present), a figure much earlier than any yielded by previous methods of reckoning.

All of this and more is quite well told in *The Deep and the Past*. Ericson and Wollin should just have left out the stuff (inserted in a needless attempt to heighten drama) about man being a child of the brutal conditions of the Ice Age. Tool-making men appeared on earth at least two million years ago—well before the ice—in sub-Saharan Africa, where there never was any Pleistocene ice.

British astronomers and cosmologists have a tradition of addressing the general public almost as often as their own colleagues. The current general-public entry from British cosmology is a slim volume by Fred Hoyle, *Of Men and Galaxies*. In it, he sets forth his views on "big science" (what it may gain in other ways, it loses in creative power), the future of man (mankind is not really in control of it), space travel (talk of journeys beyond the solar system is twaddle), and life on other worlds (it certainly exists and may be much like life here). Most of what Hoyle says is true and even common but that last observation is r commonplace.

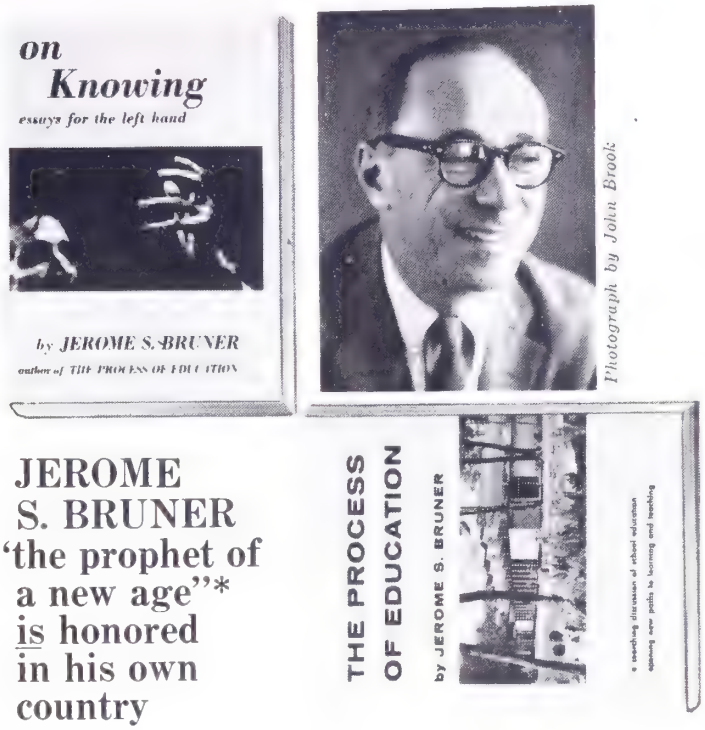
During recent years, astron space experts of assorted kind others with an interest in the f reaches of the universe have c the conclusion that life exists where and that it includes comparable in intelligence to Both presumptions are based likelihood that many stars planets closely comparable t earth. This is sufficient to m probable that life does exist where but not that it has e forms comparable to man. F George Gaylord Simpson has r edly pointed out, evolution is torical process. What evolves de not only on external conditio on what went before: a creatu man could evolve only from a c type of primate, and so on Thus, a planet must closely mat earth both in history and en mental conditions to produc comparable to ours—a most u occurrence in view of the con ties of the evolutionary process when distinguished astronome Hoyle or mere science-fiction w talk about life resembling our where, they simply show how biology they know.

The Sting of Responsibili

by James MacGregor Bu

From the Morgenthau Di Years of Urgency, 1938-194 John Morton Blum. Houghton M $6.95.

President Roosevelt's "m years"—from late 1937 to Harbor—were by far the mo fractory of his long Administr The Roosevelt Recession of crushed the rosy hopes for sust prosperity. Beaten on the Su Court packing issue within months of his huge reelection v of 1936, the President seem



JEROME S. BRUNER "the prophet of a new age"* is honored in his own country

Ever since their appearance, two small, but oh so heady, books by Harvard's Jerome S. Bruner – with their chain-reaction ideas about learning and teaching – have not only stirred the imagination of educators and parents all across the country (more than 60,000 have bought them to date) but have spawned a hope that the day of major and widespread revisions in the way our children are being taught is at hand.

In **THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION** (1960) Professor Bruner summed up the achievements of an exciting conference at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, of which he was chairman. Every day the astonishing results of the new philosophy of education born of that meeting are seen, as more and more schools turn toward the three major principles outlined in his book: one, that the child should be taught the "structure" of a subject before he is taught its "specifics"; two, that almost any subject can be taught honestly to a child at any age; and three, that the child can and should be taught to think intuitively – to act on "hunches," to jump bravely to conclusions. ($2.75)

In **ON KNOWING: *Essays for the Left Hand*** (1962) Jerome Bruner explores the realm of creativity and the nature of aesthetic knowledge and the parts intuition, feeling and spontaneity play in knowing – and what the creative person "knows." ($3.75)

Their readers have given these books and their author accolades usually reserved for a prophet – *outside* his country. In *Harper's* Magazine a feature story about Jerome S. Bruner says: "***To hold a colloquium on primary school teaching and not invite Jerome Bruner would be unthinkable,*** and few theorists would dare draw up curriculum revisions without consulting [*The Process of Education*]. . . . His theories on teaching . . . have stirred up more excitement than any educator ***since John Dewey.***"

*Rudolph Flesch, author of *Why Johnny Can't Read*, calls him "***the prophet of a new age***" and says in his review of *On Knowing* that Bruner is "the kind of academic thinker who can pursue strictly scientific experiments with his right hand and write about glorious visions of the future with his left."

Fortune Magazine comments that *The Process of Education* "ranks as one of the most important and influential works on education." *The Commonweal* calls it "***an epochal book,***" and *The New York Herald Tribune* says it is "***a gem of a book***" that will be "a classic, comparable for its philosophic centrality and humane concreteness to some of the essays of Dewey."

Browsing through them will convince you that Professor Bruner's remarkable books deserve all the praise they've been getting, and you will agree with the *Saturday Review's* considered opinion of them that:

"There are some rare and wondrous occasions in reading when one has a tremendous sense of the presence of power, the feeling that there is some very special significance in the pages. . . . ***For you, some views of the world will never be quite the same.***"

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
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have met. I hope not, because you would have been at the wrong end of a gun, and he behind it. He is a veteran of countless stick-ups, and once (unintentionally) even held up his own cousin.

I've just had the strange pleasure of meeting Henry in the pages of his newly-published autobiography, *Hustler!* It was a pleasure, odd as this may seem, for you can't help liking Henry. He is neither a lovable rogue nor a malicious monster, but a quick-witted young man who happened to be born into the Negro slum culture of mid-century Amer- it. He tells his story candidly and unashamedly, with a flair for conveying the exhilarating moments of a lawbreaker's life.

Hustler! is the story of a man who has lived outside the law all of his life — from the clothesline-robbing days of his childhood to a full-time career as burgler, mugger, and racketeer. In effect, it is the story of several men. To the readers of this column, he is a petty criminal. To a leading anthropologist, Paul Bohannan, he is "a walking catalog of this country's problems." To his friends and neighbors, Henry is a reasonably successful member of his society, temporarily down on his luck.

Henry is now in the state penitentiary, convicted of selling narcotics. He is due to emerge in 1971. In between prison terms, Henry was befriended by R. Lincoln Keiser, a young social worker. Mr. Keiser found him to have a surprising gift for describing and explaining life in the slums, and transcribed his life-story with a tape recorder. Mr. Keiser did some minimal editing of the manuscript, but it is Henry's rough, uncensored voice you hear in *Hustler!* Is anyone listening?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of

to the whole period.

Near the center of most of these and other crises was Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Roosevelt's confidant, Secretary of the Treasury. In this volume, the second of three drawn that he demonstrated in his earlier during this time, when the President some fascinating episodes and exsive discussion of recovery early in 1939, the Secretary told his chief that he had a sign on his desk, "Does it contribute to recovery?" and that he wanted to give such a sign to the President. Roosevelt seemed friendly and attentive, but two days later the Presidential mood had changed. He said that Morgenthau's sign was "very stupid" and accused the Secretary of supporting a "Mellon plan of taxation." Such a policy might help for a year or two but after that might bring a "fascist President." A sharp argument followed, with Roosevelt calling out to Morgenthau as he left: "For God's sakes, don't be innocent!" Rarely has Roosevelt appeared so blunt and so unsure of himself as he does in these pag

Mr was simply unable to take u mand of events. It was a time wh personal force seemed to be charge. During the collapse of Eur in the spring of 1940 William Al White urged the President that " as our friend, let me warn you t matter just will not be able to k the American people unless you ta us with them. They are going fa A year later Roosevelt told Morg hard and fast when the way seem mandates from the President. M genthau carried much of the burd Britain and later to Russia. Much to anticipate a series of financ lems—and to do something ab them. Again and again, he went on a limb for the President, who w Roosevelt was so inclined to s up trial balloons, improvise a riety of policies, and deliberately men hostile to one another to do same job that the Secretary w reduced to petulance and despair. and colleagues like Secretary of W Henry Stimson grumbled about President's free-wheeling admin trative habits. Certainly this volu will not salvage Roosevelt's repu tion as an administrator in the n row sense.

But perhaps he hardly needed be a good manager, with the te he had: Morgenthau, Stimson, Ick Hopkins, Wallace, and Knox. Stims at one point had urged on Morg thau and Knox the need to appoin national defense chief who would f the "sting of responsibility." T cardinal quality of all these men w that they demonstrated a sense responsibility in the profound sense. They grasped the threat Naziism, understood the complex d lomatic, economic, and milita weapons needed to overcome it, a under Roosevelt's sometimes

---

Mr. Burns, who is professor of political science at Williams College, has written many books on contemporary American history, including "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox."



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spired, sometimes halting direction, day after day pushed and pulled the cumbersome federal structure into a state of preparation for war. They were responsible to history and hence won their places in it.

And the writing of history gains enormously from the diaries, memoranda, and other records of these articulate men. In *Harper's* last July Arthur Schlesinger, jr., after three years of immersion in John Kennedy's feverishly active White House, wondered whether "the historian tends in retrospect to make the processes of decision far more tidy and rational than they are; to assume that people have fixed positions and represent fixed interests and to impose a pattern on what is actually a swirl if not a chaos." Roosevelt's decision-making during this period will not seem so opaque if only because the historian will have such fine studies as E. E. Morison's Stimson *(Turmoil and Tradition)*, Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*, Morgenthau's and Ickes' diaries, and the recently published volumes of Lilienthal. The interplay between a President and one aide may seem as subtle and indecipherable as that between lover and mistress. But to place President and aides and *their* aides in the whole political and administrative setting, with the help of books such as these, is t etrate deep into the labyri decision-making. Morgenthau the others did not adhere t doctrines, but they clung ciously and sometimes despera certain norms of conduct an ciples of action. For historian swirling events will make up of complexity but not of cha

For the Presidency is, in t short definition of the office, men. Henry Morgenthau wa than Secretary of the Treasu ing these years; he too p over the nation in a time of and peril, by sustaining Ro differing with him, and cleav way for him. Often a dour a ficult man, he could be stubb occasion, but he had the s virtue of never straying t from the heart of the p "What is calculated risk as future?" he wrote in plan speech in June 1941. "One h risk physical destruction as intellectual destruction." His was plain: "Must take the r fight for our freedoms." Morg Blum says at one point, se conscience and agent for hi In doing so, he did much m served as conscience for the ing forces of democracy and a of the final destruction of th

A Skeptical Look at Some Prize No

by Ivan Gold

A Flag Full of Stars, by Don Robertson. Putnam, $5.95.
Drive, He Said, by Jeremy Larner. Delacorte, $3.95 (Delta Book edition, $1.55).
P. S. Wilkinson, by C. D. B. Bryan. Harper & Row, $5.95.

A "prize novel" may be exhaustively defined as a novel on a publisher's list to which he gives a prize, hoping to reap from the publicity and furor which may follow a good return on the few thousand dollars from which he is parted. Often, the prize itself is rigged to contribute to the fanfare—a $10,000 "award" may break down into $5,000 to the author as advance against royalties strictly speaking, is no gift and $5,000 for a stepped-up publicity campaign. In som literary figures serve as judg in others choice of the winne inside job. A recent letter publisher to an agent solicitin contest submissions states while the firm's editors ma preliminary selection, a fin rests with the sales departme is presented as an ideal arran

Since award-giving hous necessarily limited to w manuscripts they have on ha can elicit through a contest prize time rolls around, the

likely to be constantly meeting
nely high standards of in
worth," a wistful self-com
atory phrase which appears
itnam's current winner, Don
tson's *A Flag Full of Stars*.
ublicity release calls Robert-
novel "a strawberry jam of a
but it is somewhat less
s. Its chief concern is to show
pact of a political event, Tru-
upset victory in 1948, on a
wide range of individuals: a
rn-born baseball player, an
movie queen, an aspirant
ian, a henpecked gambler, a
lly soft-hearted newspaper-
and, of course, "countless
" whose various lives are
to interlock and impinge and
the night over 511 pages in
only Dos Passos' mother could
o get them to do so, and to
home the thesis, the author
reat damage to motivation and
lity, so that despite long gene-
and longer flashbacks, the
ters wind up as pasteboard
rs in a Parker Brothers' game
Election Day. The dialogue is
t best and as sloppily awkward
st as an old Lana Turner film.
the cast of thousands is an
ic book salesman of limited
ence and charm, which says
ing, at any rate, for the
mindedness of the Putnam
taff this year.

s, given the leeway, have been
to judge harshly. The Delta
Novel Award was set up in
but Mary McCarthy, Leslie
, and Walter van Tilburg
found nothing then they
t worthy. They served again
, and came up with a winner.
electivity seems heartening.
contest apparatus reduces it
rdity. Eventually, one must
book—and who can say that
better than the best of any
rop will not be along next
Jeremy Larner's novel *Drive*,
d deserves some sort of prize,

---

*old is the author of "Nickel
s," a book of short stories.
eived a grant from the Gug-
n Foundation last year,
a course in the short story
mbia, and is currently writing
.*

123

Ten times in twenty-two years
John Hersey has struck fire
from these keys,
shaping books
that sear the conscience,
ignite the imagination,
and inflame
the hearts of men...

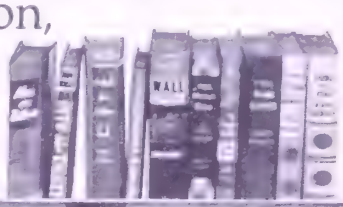




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rejected as it was eighteen times before finding a home at Delacorte Press. Satiric, fantastic, picaresque, *Drive, He Said* is deeply political in a way that fake-realistic novels about elections and Washington back rooms and Negro Presidents do not even aspire to be. It opens in the shadow of a Cuba-like crisis which vividly recalls the helplessness and terror we were all heir to then. The not-quite belligerents, satellites aloft, exchange barely exaggerated cant: "'Take down your spheroid of aggression or we will blast it from the Free World's atmosphere!' . . . 'To plug in our thermal heat bomb and burn the world to a cinder would be ashes in our mouth; nonetheless, we cannot shrink from our commitments.'"

In this aura of imminent destruction the two college student heroes, Hector Bloom and Gabriel Reuben, frantically investigate and exercise some of the options available to young America in the 'Sixties, an odyssey embracing beatdom and basketball, high finance and lost leftist causes, professorship, sex-in-a-vacuum, and the soft center of romantic love. Gabriel, self-conscious hipster, goes out in a blaze of ignominy by accidentally setting fire to the mammoth float of the university president during the "Centennial Convocation to Celebrate the Wholeness of Western Man"; he has been hiding out on its top, having committed a murder, and accidentally puts out his cigarette in the president's eye. Only an airplane ticket to South America, where he had intended to seek out a revolution, escapes destruction. Basketball star Hector, who failed to find True Meaning on the hardwood, narrowly survives being thrown over by the faculty wife he has made pregnant, relapses after hearing a rock 'n' roll number on the radio (THERE GOES MAH DARLIN' WITH SUM-ONE NEW. SHE TELLS ME MISTER/ YOU'N I'ER THREW), but ends the book, as Molly Bloom ends hers, on an optimistic note: "Only Hector Bloom, unlike many, was still alive, still on his feet and breathing, and he would get over it, yes. Or else he would never get over it. *Oh he would get over it.* He would get over it. Yes." In its wild plot twists, outrageous interweaving and blood-relating of characters, blatant use of coincidence and hoary narrative tricks, usually skillful parodies of other writers, the book contains a built-in mockery of the novel itself; Larner's skill is such that this aspect is a bonus, detracting not at all from the readability of this strong first novel.

The most recent biennial Harper's Award went to *P. S. Wilkinson*, by C. D. B. Bryan. From out this glut of initials emerges the last, one would hope, of the mewling, wound-licking, sensitive young Ivy heroes at whose rear end the world refuses to assemble. We first encounter twenty-three-year-old Wilkinson as an intelligence officer in peacetime Korea. Here he is reasonably content, there is point to his life, and here, too, Bryan's flat, colorless style is somewhat redeemed by the interest inherent in Korean whores and military fatuity. But this vein is so well worked, and the author's literary self-consciousness so acute, that Wilkinson's choosing to disobey a vindictive order— a minor mutiny —triggers a discussion of H Wouk, in a clumsy attempt t arm the comparison. (Later, V son browses in a bookshop good Yale English major and up his nose at the collected wo Ginsberg, Corso, and Ferling at another point, he dutiful members that the day is B day.) But when P. S. retur civilian life, C. D. B.'s troub gins. Old friends and relative new acquaintances turn out clods, lacking empathy and eve combat records. ("Did I spe that time in Korea to come b this?") Pushed by his father, ing nothing to challenge hi specified talents, P. S. goes to in a bank. He has arid affair flashes back to his youth. snubbed by old flames. He get up.

Far too late to spare the r his reserve unit is recalled, a complaining about this, and w unbearably cute letters to the s girl back home, he wins her, himself, and walks off with the

Eastern Art for Western Eyes

by Arthur Waley

Japan: A History in Art, by Bradley Smith (Introduction to the History of Japan, by Marius B. Jansen. Introduction to the Art of Japan, by Nagatake Asano). 237 illustrations in color. Simon and Schuster, $30.
Japanese Buddhist Prints, by Mosaku Ishida. English adaptation by Charles S. Terry. 194 plates, 32 in color. Harry N. Abrams, $35.

The first of these two books, a marvel of taste, organization, and accuracy, is divided into ten historical periods, the earliest of which (the Archaic) covers everything before 552 A.D., while the others carry one down to 1912. The colored illustrations are beyond all praise, almost all of them lacking the sickly greenish undertone so dear to reproducers and so reluctantly discarded by them, as anyone knows who has piloted a book with colored illustrations through the press. The only exception is the double-page plate (p 126, 127) of Ippen's wander which is unpleasant in its "gree yallery," however faithful it ma to the original.

Both "Art" and "History" very elastic terms. The blurb parently includes the history o erature in the wide term "hist and claims that the plates illu among other things, the develop of Japanese literature. This w indeed have been a difficult thin do. Generally speaking, one can illustrate the development of l ature by quoting typical passag proceeding quite outside the s of this book. Of course, the fa eleventh-century illustrations to *Tale of Genji* are referred to, two scenes from them are re duced. But in the text only tw lines are devoted to this the n celebrated of Japanese books an is eccentrically stated that the n

when Genji is thirty." If the holds the view that the rest *Tale of Genji* is a spurious n or continuation by another an opinion that I thought had porters today) he should have some reason for his belief. In l, and I find this natural, not he great landmarks of Japaterature, such as the novels of are mentioned. On the other a great deal of space is deto a work like the eighthy *Ingakyo* scroll which has he dimmest connection with Japanese art or Japanese his-

pictures are undoubtedly of a Chinese original and the hey illustrate is a Chinese ation of an Indian Book. If we prove that the scroll was proted in thousands of copies res and all) it might have an ical value as showing what the ese public in the ninth century d. But actually it lay buried in re monastery libraries till the ieth century, when the exis- of art magazines and cheap ds of reproduction made it fa- in Japan and Europe.

e book begins, and rightly, with prehistoric sculptures which such a sensation when they exhibited in America and Eusome years ago. These hold a mate place as art which is also ry, for they date from a period no written documents existed. an in the nature of things know little about people of the past did not write, but from the nese *haniwa* and other prehis- remains we can piece together tain number of bald facts. We page 24) "not only the various s of people then residing in islands, noblemen, foot-soldiers, tesses, and peasants, but also horses, chickens, deer, ducks, birds. In character and design e figurines were wholly Japa- Rich in humor and variety, show people of varying stations

---

ur Waley, formerly in the Dement of Prints and Drawings he British Museum, is known for translations from Chinese and nese. His many books include e Nō Plays of Japan" and "The of Genji" in six volumes.

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and different professions. In addition to people, houses of the period can be reconstructed from the clay miniatures of them which were placed on top of each tomb." I suppose that by "ducks and birds" the author means "ducks and other birds." But the importance of these finds is not only documentary. Many of the pieces are of extreme beauty (a beauty rather like that of the Sardinian prehistoric bronzes) and some Japanese artists today regard them as artistically superior to any sculpture that Japan produced later, even in the fourteenth century.

The second half of the book illustrates copiously, and to my mind rather too copiously, the impression that Europeans made on the Japanese from the sixteenth century on. Look at the titles of the plates following page 195: Dutch ship, Elephant and Westerner, Dutchman, The Blomhoff Family, Dutchman and Geisha, and so on. Then a little later a whole host of Dutchmen, Americans, Russians, and other foreigners. All these plates do indeed have a queer "as others see us" interest and a certain piquancy; but there are, I think, too many of them. After all, even during the brief period when Catholicism was permitted, most Japanese had never set eyes on any kind of foreigner. I should have liked far more illustrations of average Japanese life, of agricultural processes, of building, of tools. It is not, for my taste, enough to have a couple of Nō masks; I want a whole series of Nō play scenes, pictures of native musical instruments, mountain ascetics (*yamabushi*), puppet techniques. Everyone who uses this book will naturally have similar personal grumbles, for it was bound from the start, ample though it is, to be a sort of anthology, and anthologists are certain to fall foul of many readers.

There are very few points at which I find the text otherwise than wholly clear and to the point. Some of the short summings-up of the successive periods, however, tend to sink into telegraphese. Here is the Heian Period: "An era of elegance, sensitivity, and good taste—Buddhist and Chinese influences continue, but indigenous Japanese tendencies emerge—The aristocracy with Fujiwaras as Regents become spokesmen for Emperors—The Cloistered Emperors—The Emperor who was abducted—A lady writes the first novel—The warrior class shows its strength." It would have been news to Lady Murasaki that she wrote the first novel. She thought of herself as having written a *monogatari* (story) and in her book she mentions numerous earlier *monogatari*.

Few books can ever have had such distinguished assistance as *Japan: A History in Art*. Mr. Bradley Smith has had the privilege of consulting that great scholar Edwin Reischauer, now United States Ambassador to Japan. He has had the advice of Yukio Yashiro, the foremost of Japan's art historians, and of Nagatake Asano, Director of the Tokyo Art Museum, and a host of other authorities. In the actual making of the book, as listed in a special panel opposite the preface, three learned Japanese have acted as consultants. This evidently does not mean that they have checked up on the whole contents, for no Japanese, learned or otherwise, would have let pass the statement on page 75 that the *Pillow Book* of Sei Shonagon is "filled with what the Japanese call *okashi*, a smile suddenly expressed and quickly gone." This clearly implies that the word *okashi* is a noun, whereas it is in fact an adjective, a favorite one with Sei Shonagon, meaning "amusing," "interesting," "pretty," and so on. The same panel lists Daniel Stampler as "Coordinator." His must have been a gigantic task and it is no wonder that he sometimes nods and allows repetitious material to creep into the text.

The bibliography, consisting of only forty items, is not worthy of so splendid a volume. It is hopelessly unsystematic. Where translations of Japanese texts figure, in some cases the translator's name is given, but in the case of *The Tale of Genji* it is not. Available translations of all the main Japanese texts mentioned in the course of the book ought to figure in the bibliography. The reader is left, for example, with no indication of how he can read Nō plays or extracts from the *Pillow Book* in English.

Finally, although the book purports to be for the general reader, not enough trouble has been taken to keep his needs consistently in view. Terms occur which urge need explanation, but do not ge Thus on page 63 the name Vairoc suddenly occurs without any ex nation of who or what he, she, o is. The average reader would even know how to pronounce word, let alone know what it me Actually, he is the principal Bud of the Shingon sect. There is index.

The discovery in the last fift years of many Buddhist printed tures secreted inside Buddhist sc tures has greatly stimulated the terest of Japanese art historians the early history of Buddhist pri and the results of recent resea into this subject are summarized Mosaku Ishida's book *Japanese B dhist Prints*, now accessible Charles S. Terry's English ada tion. "In order to avoid mazes footnotes and references," says Terry, "much of the pedagog detail that appeared in the Japan original has been omitted." But adaptation of a specialized Japan book to Western needs ought ideally, to consist only in the on sion of scholarly apparatus. At ev turn there occurs, in the origi matter which the Japanese rea takes in his stride, whereas Western reader needs the help comment or explanation. On most the pictures, inscriptions bulk la The first question of a Western ac (or child) is apt to be, "What d the writing say?" Mr. Terry seld tells us. Again, the famous Zen pa ble of the Herdboy and the Ox illustrated, but he gives no hint to what it implies nor does it oc in the very incomplete glossary. would have been useful to expl (page 161) that the scripture cal *Net of Brahma* is an attempt to s ply Mahayana monks, who had lo had to make shift with the Hinaya code, with a code of specifica Mahayana monastic rules.

Allusions to Chinese people a texts fare badly. The surname the Chinese envoy (page 11) w Wang not Wan; the *Fa Yuan C Lin* was not a dictionary of Bu dhist terms but a corpus of extra from Buddhist and other texts, a ranged under subject headings. I doubt technical reasons made it ne essary to retain all the plates the Japanese original; but one cou

have dispensed with a few hun- of the small identical Buddhas, ped from identical dies, that oc- about thirty plates, as well brawling over the dust jacket. at-patterns, whether they occur staurant walls or in art books, always irritating. There are, ver, many lovely colorplates, ex- itly reproduced; among them d be particularly mentioned the -and-shoulders of the Indian ndra on plate 14.

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by Roderick Cook

Fiction

Call, by Angus Wilson.
. Wilson has never been at his with good, simple people, and central character of his new l, Sylvia Calvert, has none of roundness of, for instance, his Eliot, whose dilemma was what similar. Mrs. Calvert is country-born manageress of an lish seaside hotel who retires, her garrulous veteran husband, ve with their son, headmaster school in the provinces. The he of the book is self-revelation w she faces up, first to a sudden of inaction, and then to her of ability to understand not her widower son, but also his -age children (one Nuclear Dis- ament agitator, one latent homo- al, and a *très* snob daughter) a host of neighbors. "Lack of munication" (the 'sixties' dis-) is everywhere, but as usual Mr. Wilson, it takes place in a ll specific area, among articulate le, who are not particularly con- ed with the problem, as such. Many of the characters are the

---

erick Cook is a graduate of Cam- lge University, England, a writer director in the theatre, and an pted New Yorker. His poetry appeared in this magazine, and is the coauthor of a children's anac, "Know Your Toes," pub- ed by Clarkson N. Potter in 1963.

Sound and Form in Modern Poetry

by Harvey Gross

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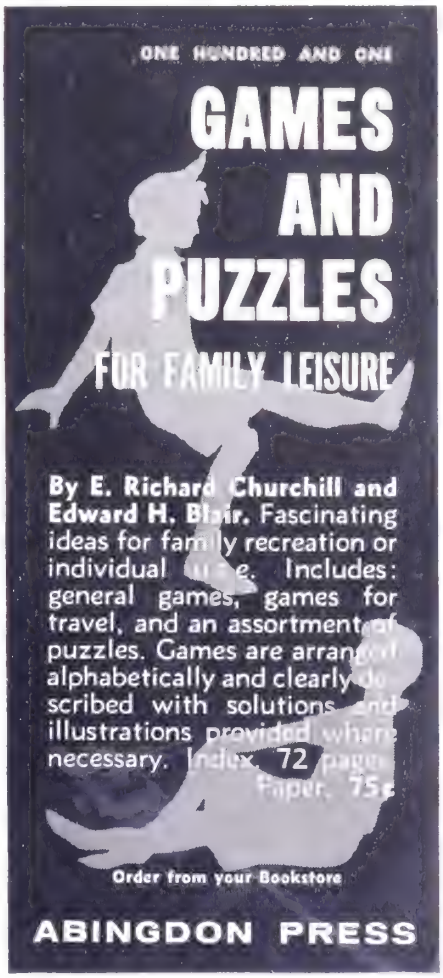




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Dag Hammarskjöld's MARKINGS

Foreword by W. H. AUDEN
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author's speciality, the provincial bores and misfits, shrewdly observed and subtly allowed to speak for their dreadful selves. But the good souls (particularly the psychotic headmaster son) are not very convincing, and in his concern for his central character and her finding joy through strength, Mr. Wilson allows her disconcerting overtones of the noble savage.

Last Call is nevertheless a very civilized book, and the long Prologue is among the best bits of writing that Mr. Wilson has yet given us.

Viking, $4.95

The Ordways, by William Humphrey.

After a promising start as a leisurely chronicle of a family who left Tennessee after the Civil War and trekked across to Texas, the novel turns into a prolonged melodrama about what seemed to this reviewer one of the most unlikely kidnapings on paper. A farmer uproots himself, his wife, and three children from a prosperous enough holding in order to take away from his neighbor, whom he likes, what is by all accounts a rather ordinary three-year-old boy, thus letting everyone in for years and years of subterfuge and privation.

The long picaresque search by the boy's father involves some amusing incidents—he ends up in charge of an elephant in a circus at one point, and he meets some interesting people, like the lady so lonely in Texas that she has invented neighbors. The conclusion has a smart, oddly Nancy Mitford-like, twist. The feeling for Texas is always good and the book is nicely written throughout. But, as Mr. Humphrey remarks early on, "It is with kin, not causes, that the Southerner is linked," and this kin just didn't seem quite cause enough to a Northerner.

Knopf, $5.95

White Lotus, by John Hersey.

John Hersey's new novel takes place after "The Yellow War"—that is, a conjectural time when the white man has lost his supremacy to the yellow man. The storyteller is a fifteen-year-old girl from Arizona who is sold into slavery and undergoes harrowing experiences while on route marches and a disease-ridden cargo ship. In China, she is a slave first in a rich house, then a poor house, gets involved in various rebellions (one deliberately Old Testament, with the jawbone of an ass), starts a school, and ends up falling in love with a yellow man. As the book closes, the whites' silent symbol of protest—the Sleeping Bird Method, by which one person undertakes to stand in a public place on one leg, head bowed, for a day or so—appears to begin to get through to the yellow chief, and there is the dawn of Hope.

Unfortunately, the sophistication of the basic idea—literal white slavery—is not carried through the length of this very long book. The great religious revival that results from defeat in the war is interesting, and there is irony in the slaves' "freedom" songs being old standards by Jerome Kern. But the heroine writes of her rambling misfortunes in terms of conquerors who "guffawed and roistered," hate which becomes "encysted" and terror such that "my leaping heart must have burst my fragile ribs to flee." Mr. Hersey, usually so good with the stories of factual people, has here landed himself with a fictional storyteller who seems to have read only popular women's magazines. If the whole thing is meant as a racial allegory, the point is blunted by its careless length and this prose style. As an adventure story, the same strictures apply. Book of the Month for February.

Knopf, $6.95

Non-fiction

The New Meaning of Treason, by Rebecca West.

Rebecca West's acknowledged classic of the 1940s now becomes a super-classic with the integrated addition of many famous cases of the 'fifties and 'sixties. With such *causes célèbres* as the Rosenbergs, Fuchs, Burgess and MacLean, the Canadian spy ring, she once more sifts the evidence and judges the judgments with the highest common sense: the sense for instance that compares the very popular Profumo scandal to the affair of Marie Antoinette's necklace —glamorous, intriguing, and unimportant.

The great interest in *The NEW Meaning of Treason* is Miss West's attempt to find the new meaning. Almost lovingly she linge William Joyce (Lord Haw-H brings his name up again a throughout the book—not awful warning, but because in his trial "the death agon amateur in a specialized a treacherous propaganda i War II appears a simple c simple as patriotism, which the least simple thing of all

Now that treason is almo involved in the abstract science, and science has g world an unparalleled ca destroy itself, does loyalty similarly abstract? Is the in handing secrets around taking it upon himself to re balance of power, for the go Dame Rebecca acknowledge futes this delicacy of m which depends "on an uns sumption that the man who a special gift (*i.e.*, the scien also possess universal wisdo

She stresses the weak Security, which always seen to use the information it deplores the waste of money thing which, by its very na never advance human kn she is bitter at one point a popular interest taken in cated" traitors like Burg MacLean, in preference to cases, like the agonizing Lieutenant Waters. The boo lighter aspects, like the c Mr. Maynard, the spy who ways left out in the cold, finding too often a downrig biness" in scientists, not one "could have told Hans from

The conclusion she reache the new meaning of treas ability to sow self-distru a country, a sort of war b bacteria. The more public espionage (like Burgess a Lean), the greater the loss in the country in which it lowed to happen. In the ne gical warfare, William broadcasts become old hat; now consists in self-accusi pers at home, endangering th race as a whole.

Rebecca West's writing i ways, as trenchant and vig her thinking. This is, in eve a book to be trusted. Boo Month, December.

Viki

ials in the Heart, by Laur- istler.

sthumous love letter by a n-style poet to his actress ho died during World War e five years of marriage. It fully told ("a book by two written in the absence of nd the poignancy of the story artime separations, the ill- that always prevented her ulfilling her great promise dom—is sentimental in the sense of the word. If it is a ialized in its very English n, Mr. Whistler justifies the s one might justify a head- a graveyard, quite out of the hich can be significant only v, and not for any length of A proper disclaimer for a arming, very little book.

Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

ory of Pornography, by H. mery Hyde.

word derives from the Greek *graphos,"* and the United Post Office recently estimated e obscenity business derives 500,000,000 a year from mail- revenues. In between these ts, Mr. Hyde provides a light, le review of what pornogra- s meant over the years, and icular the law's reaction to it. ludes many apt, if not espe- prurient, quotations. From Nabokov, all the best-known it names are at least men- with a few goodies on the ke "Raped on the Railway; a story of a Lady who was first ed and then flagellated on cotch Express" (1894), and scene opera by Gilbert and n. He is interesting on the cal side in suggesting a con- between the rise of flagella- and the establishment of ianity, and the fantastic of lewd literature in the neteenth century, aggravated than curbed by such censors wdler (in Britain) and Com- (in the U. S.).

one might expect, Mr. Hyde is n the legal, rather than the psychological aspects, and is a lengthy, detailed appendix e Fanny Hill lawsuit in Eng- n which Mr. Hyde was a wit-

erviceable primer for all those who would like to pursue the subject.

Farrar, Straus, $4.50

Frieda Lawrence, The Memoirs and Correspondence, edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr.

From this book it appears that all Frieda Lawrence ever wanted to be was a real man's woman: she got her wish, and went on being grateful for it ever after. In the fragments of her memoirs, rather consciously "written," this resolute feminism appears part Ibsen heroine, part Isabel Burton ("I believe I had what few women have, a destiny"), that other Victorian lady who found herself, through Sir Richard, on the wilder shore of love.

The drama of this book lies in the complete change of style in her letters, before Lawrence and after ("it is love, but thank the Lord, passion as well"). The sound of this vigorous woman "realizing" herself at this point is exciting. It is not a complete picture of the marriage—no letters from the difficult period 1919-23, and, apart from her reconciliation with John Middleton Murry, the letters after Lawrence's death become a regression. But what does emerge is a strong character sketch of a woman who learned to take pride in simply existing, and who gives thanks all her life to the man who showed her how to achieve this remarkable state.

Knopf, $7.50

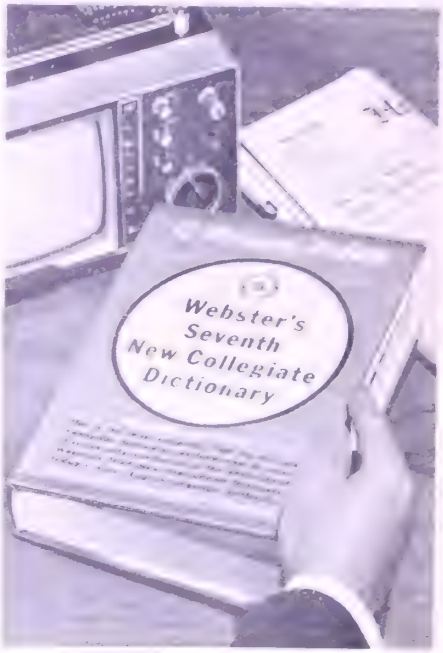
The Kennedy Years. Text by *The New York Times,* under the direction of Harold Faber. Introduction by Tom Wicker. Photographs by Jacques Lowe and others.

Unlike most of the other books on the subject, this is a record of, rather than a memorial to, the late President. Using mainly *New York Times* photographs and reporting, the editor has compiled an almost objective survey of Mr. Kennedy as a public figure, especially in the time of his Presidency—a time which, only a year later, already seems the exception, when we had been so confident it was to be the rule. By its adherence to the facts as they were reported at the time, and by its understatement, this beautifully produced book becomes a most moving and valuable document.

Viking, $16.50

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by Discus

Piano Discoveries

Uncommon performances—from a wonderful tintype, to a great Spanish lady, virtually unknown . . .

Of hundreds of piano records issued last year, most of them were expectable and expendable. Pianists, important and not so important, grimly continued to record their usual Beethoven, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Mozart. But around the end of November, one disc of real originality was issued. Named **The Virtuoso Piano**, it featured Earl Wild in a repertoire all but forgotten today (Vanguard 1119, mono; 71119, stereo).

Wild picked out music that, for the most part, probably has not had any public life for three generations and more. But it is music that bulked very large in the tastes of our forefathers. It is sheer virtuoso music that gave the pianist a thorough workout and tickled audiences no end. More or less chronologically, we have Hummel's Rondo in E flat, a charming little piece that still turns up every once in a great while. There is Henri Herz's *Variations on Rossini's Non più mesta from Cenerentola*. Herz was a popular salon pianist who flourished in the first half of the nineteenth century (and made a big impact on the United States when he came here in the late 1840s). His Rossini variations are tinkling, superficial, quite difficult, and a wonderful tintype.

Virtuoso writing of a more serious kind is present in Thalberg's *Don Pasquale Fantasy*. In his day, Thalberg was considered the peer of Liszt as a pianist, and his transcendental *Don Pasquale Fantasy* is as interesting as most of Liszt's operatic paraphrases. A hundred years ago, every pianist played Thalberg's [illegible] positions. Today all are forg[illegible] But *Don Pasquale* deserves occas[illegible] hearings from a pianist wit[illegible] enormous technique. It is inge[illegible] it is amazingly sophisticated, a[illegible] splendid bravura remains as exc[illegible] as ever.

Rubenstein's *Staccato Etude*, [illegible] on this disc, only recently has dro[illegible] from the repertoire. Three dec[illegible] ago it still was a popular [illegible] Paderewski's *Theme and Varia[illegible]* (Op. 16) is rather charming [illegible] faded. It has long disappeared [illegible] most gone, though bobbing at [illegible] extreme periphery of the stan[illegible] repertoire, is Leopold Godow[illegible] *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Jo[illegible] Strauss's Artist's Life*. Godow[illegible] one of the supreme piano technic[illegible] in history (he died in 1938), [illegible] posed a series of piano works [illegible] are all but unplayable. He set ou[illegible] exploit the resources of the pi[illegible] and he pushed the Liszt style t[illegible] absolute limit. His music is ou[illegible] fashion these days, though pia[illegible] of an older generation still are [illegible] tracted to things like the *Fledern[illegible]* paraphrase or some of his Ch[illegible] arrangements.

This is a curious record, bu[illegible] has charm, it is a slice of piani[illegible] history, and it is brilliantly pla[illegible] Earl Wild is an American who so[illegible] how has never risen to the very [illegible] One wonders why. His recitals [illegible] greeted with respect, and he ha[illegible] technique that is startling in [illegible] power, precision, and color. M[illegible] important, he has stylistic sympa[illegible] for music like this. He does [illegible] condescend to it, and plays the pi[illegible] for what they are. The result is [illegible] only one of the more amazing tech[illegible] cal stunts on records. Wild, in [illegible] process, gets into the music [illegible] shows us that the charm of per[illegible]



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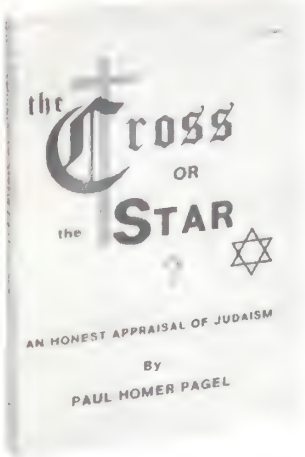
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pieces is not a thing to be lightly dismissed. An absolutely fascinating disc.

Just about the time *The Virtuoso Piano* was released, along came another disc that was completely outside the standard repertoire. Marjorie Mitchell and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by William Strickland pooled their talents to give us the first recordings in history of Busoni's **Indian Fantasy** and Sergei Bortkievich's **Piano Concerto in B flat** (Decca 10100, mono; 710100, stereo). Ferruccio Busoni, the great Italian-German pianist and composer is well known, of course, though the chances are that not one music lover in millions will be acquainted with the *Indian Fantasy* for piano and orchestra. But who in the name of mangled vowels and consonants is Sergei Bortkievich?

It turns out that Bortkievich was a Russian composer born in 1877, and he is actually listed in *Grove's Dictionary*. He was active in Berlin, fought with the Russian army from 1914, then retired to Constantinople. If he is still alive, he is eighty-seven years old. Apparently, his B flat Piano Concerto, composed in 1912, had a vogue at the time. It is a weird work that has in it elements of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Scriabin, Medtner, and Arensky. There seems to be nothing at all of Bortkievich. This juicy, derivative, sentimental piece is the *War Concerto* of 1912. Collectors may be interested in this curiosity.

Forgotten Proph

But it is the other side of the that makes it valuable. Busoni m quite a few American tours, was introduced to American Inc melodies. As Dvorák had done be him, Busoni turned out a work ba on those themes. This was in 19 and his *Indian Fantasy* subjects exotic material to a vigorous p Liszt treatment. But unlike Dvor *American* Quartet, E flat Quintet, *New World* Symphony, the Bus effort died aborning. It never ente the repertoire at all.

Busoni, however, is being tal about these days, and his mu seems to be coming in for a ren sance. Only last December his opera, *Doktor Faust*, received its fi American performance and m quite an impression; and his mense Piano Concerto, with choral finale, is scheduled for n season. Busoni, it is being disc ered, was a more important compo than has been realized. He was of those transitional figures w gathered up the tradition of the p (in Busoni's case, Bach and Lis mostly, and what a strange combi tion!), yet who was sensitive a prophetic enough to anticipate mu

And Also . . .

Goldmark: Rustic Wedding Symphony. Utah Symphony conducted by Maurice Abravanel. Vanguard VRS 1104, mono; VSD 2142, stereo.

A dear, old-fashioned symphony that in great-grandfather's time was one of the most popular items in the repertoire. Now it has all but vanished. It is worth knowing, especially in Abravanel's knowing performance.

Glazunov: Violin Concerto; Mozart: Symphonie Concertante. Jascha Heifetz, violin; William Primrose, viola; orchestra conducted by Izler Solomon. Victor LM 2734, mono; LSC 2734, stereo.

Heifetz is at his best in the Glazunov, which means that no recorded performance can touch it. In the great Mozart work, he and Primrose—old partners—present a chiseled, objective approach. Superlative string playing.

Haydn: Quartets in E flat (Op. 33, N 2), F major (Op. 3, No. 5), and minor (Op. 76, No. 2). Janacek Stri Quartet. London CM 9385, mono; 6385, stereo.

Very stylish performances by unusually gifted ensemble. And t music is top-notch Haydn, especial the D minor, or *Quinten*, which ran with the best of the Mozart quartet Quartet music and quartet playing its best.

Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 4 and Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Ka Münchinger. London CM 9378, mon CS 6378, stereo.

Two of Schubert's less-played syn phonies, both of them masterpiece Münchinger handles them nicely, wit an easy-going choice of tempos and goo rhythmic control. Highly desirable dis

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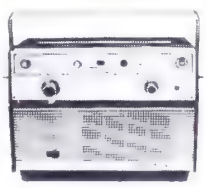
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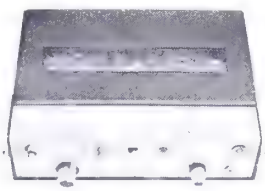
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

of the future. The *Indian Fantasy* is typical. It is a formidable neo-Lisztian example of piano writing. But it also has a certain enigmatic quality, a striking focus of intellectualism, a strange kind of emotional reserve despite the uninhibited bravura, that make for a thoroughly individual piece of music, far different from the facile and empty note-spinning of a Bortkievich. And that excellent American pianist, Marjorie Mitchell, plays the work with unusual strength and authority.

As Good As Ever

Among other piano discs that deserve attention is one by the grandest of veterans, Artur Rubinstein. He is almost eighty years old, is playing as well as ever, and recently he came out with a record that contained several pieces he had never before recorded—Ravel's **Valses nobles et sentimentales,** a pair of **Intermezzos** by Poulenc, and Chabrier's **Scherzo-Valse.** Also in this little recital of French music are Poulenc's **Mouvements perpetuels** and Fauré's **A flat Nocturne,** both of which he had recorded in the 1930s and not since then. The performances are poised, aristocratic, and colorful (Victor LM 2751, mono; LSC 2751, stereo).

And, by a natural sequence of events, Rubinstein's French disc brings to mind the Spanish one of Alicia de Larrocha (Columbia ML 6003, mono; MS 6603, stereo). She plays Albéniz—the **Suite Espanola,** the **Cantos de Espana,** and the **Pavana-Capricho.** This lady, who has made but one American tour (about ten years back), happens to be one of the great living pianists, and by far the most convincing exponent of Spanish music active today.

This may seem like a broad statement about a virtually unknown pianist, but listen to this disc: to its clean-cut technical perfection; to its subtlety and color; to its flawless rhythm; to its sheer authority of phrase and line; to its identification with the style of the composer. A few years ago Columbia released her in the *Iberia* Suite of Albéniz, and she also is represented on a Decca recording of the *Goyescas* by Granados. No pianist has come near her in this repertoire.

JAZZ *note*

by Eric Larrabee

Cannon

Most musicians grow and dev visibly, over a period of time, there are some who simply ar full-blown, as if they had alw existed. One of the latter is Ju "Cannonball" Adderley, who tu up in New York during the sum of 1955 and seems to have es lished instantaneously the reputa he has enjoyed ever since. Adde is an alto sax player out of Parker tradition, who comes strong with great whirls and l of sound, as though he were exe ing an inherent and undoubted thority.

According to Leonard Feath Adderley's nickname is not a t ute to this animal energy but, ther, a corruption of "cannibal," deference to his voracious appet He has been a member of the M Davis sextet (or quintet or septe though Capitol's latest Adde finds him on his own. This is a m who needs something he can get teeth into. The custom of hav jazz stars do "their" versions of c rent Broadway musicals is by n so well established that nothi much can be done, but it is certai carried too far in this ill-omen effort to adapt Cannonball to t Yiddish whimsicality of *Fiddler the Roof.*

For an example of what Adderl can do in a more congenial conte I refer you to Mercury's *Jump f Joy.* This too is a musical, but o that never got to Broadway, since was written by Duke Ellington ba in 1941, at a time when the Negr Elizabethan combination of love f life with sardonic humor was too f out of phase with current whi clichés. Given Ellington to che on (and with an assist from Bi Russo's arrangements) Adderley a tains a sense of direction and pert nacity out of all comparison to h work on lesser material. One wo ders if, even now, we're ready fo *Jump for Joy.*

Cannonball Adderley's Fiddler o the Roof. Capitol ST 2216. **Jum for Joy.** Cannonball Adderley Mercury SR 60207.





All of Holland's art treasures aren't confined in museums.

u'll probably spot a dozen just standing on a street corner in the center of Amsterdam. Or any other Dutch town, say The Hague or Delft, for that matter. But for the moment let's stay in Amsterdam.

Look at the lampposts, the signs, the doors. Many people think they're even more exciting works of art than the ones in the museums, and a lot of experts agree they should be in museums. But in a way they are. You see, the streets, shops, and houses of central Amsterdam are maintained now just as they were when they were first built. And as Amsterdam's "Old Quarter" dates from the 16th century, you'll find a lot of it in museums—in paintings signed Rembrandt, Vermeer, van Ruysdael. You can even take some of it home with you.





It's also Amsterdam's antique district.

Little shops are all over the place. The dealer—he's odds-on to speak English; three out of four Dutchmen do—will be pleased to tell you the history of an 18th century clock or a piece of Delft. Prices? About one-half to one-third what you'd pay in the States. (Remember, antiques aren't dutied.)

Amsterdam has a lot of museum-type museums, too. The Rijksmuseum houses the world's largest collection of Rembrandt paintings. The Stedelijk boasts more than 500 Van Goghs. You can browse through Rembrandt's etchings in the house in which he lived.

And when the museums close for the night, things to do are just beginning. Amsterdam has one of the world's most acclaimed orchestras —the Concertgebouw—and lots of really in jazz and way-out nightclubs.

Scenery like this is absolutely free. If you're feeling cultural you can discuss the architecture. If not, talk about the stars in the canals or the great dinner you just had or how glad you are you started your vacation in Holland



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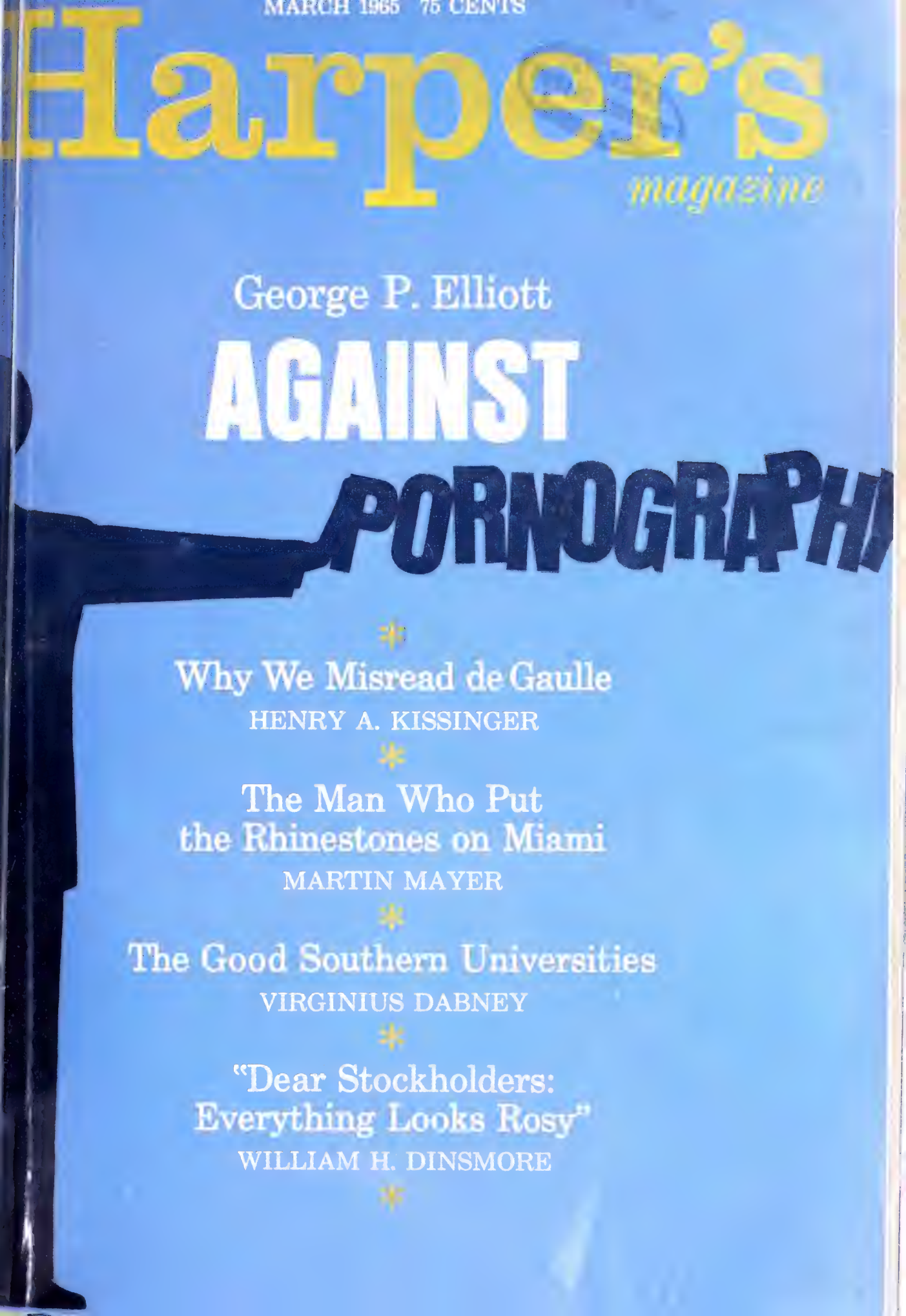
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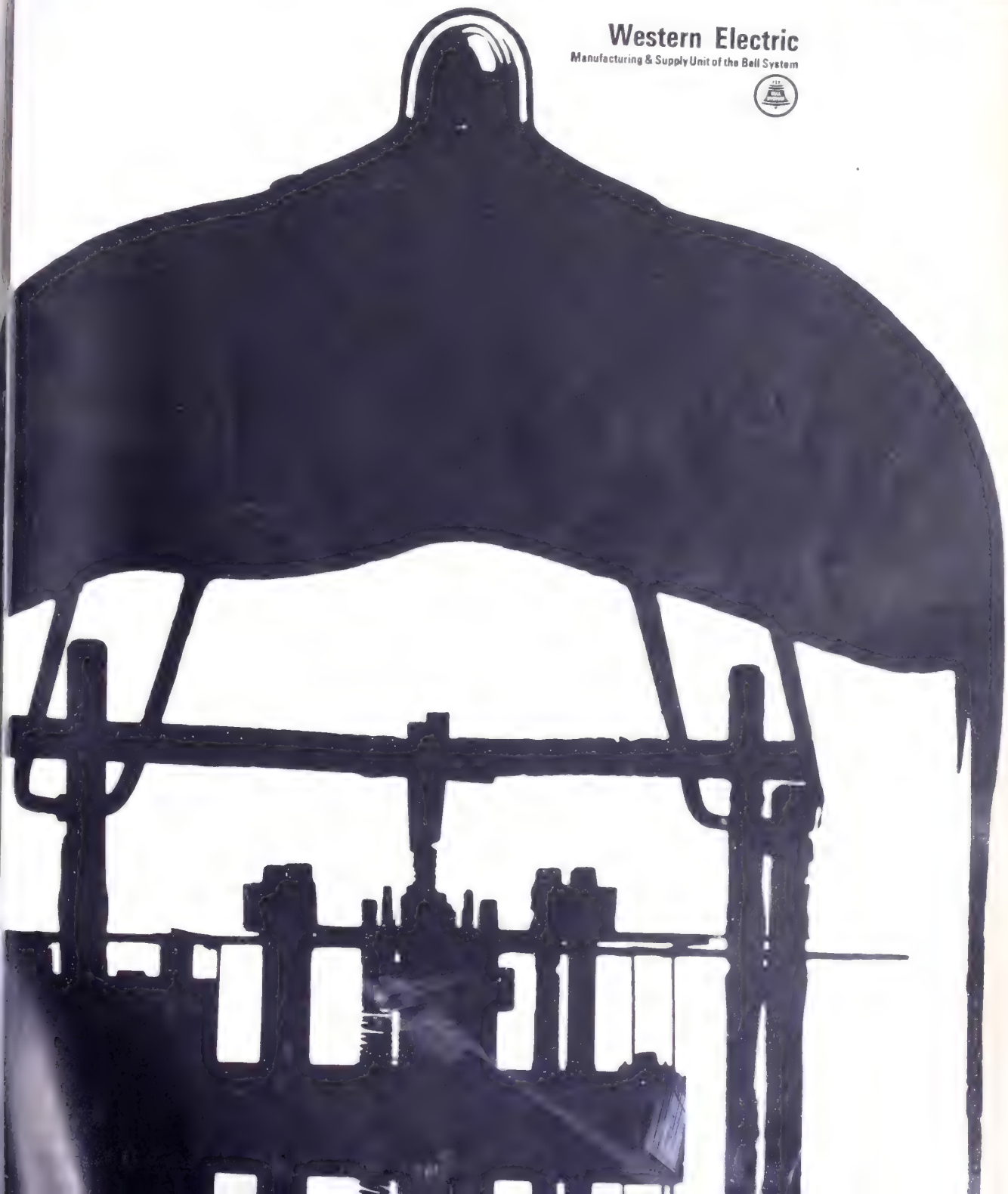
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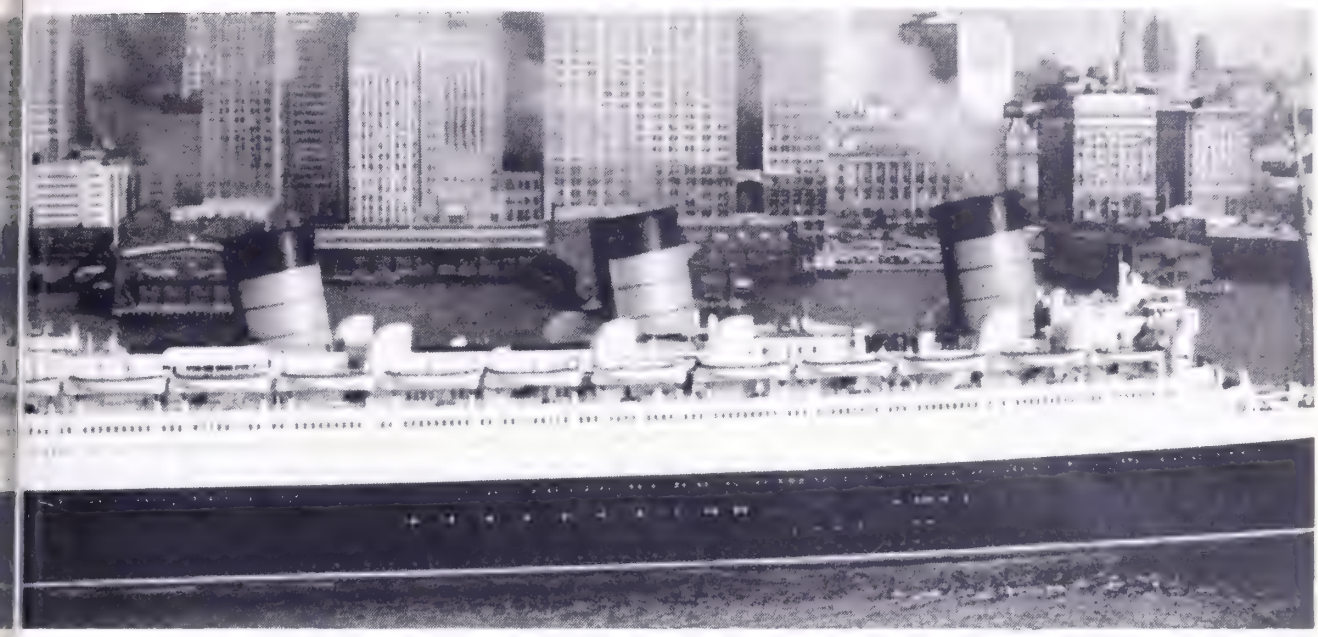
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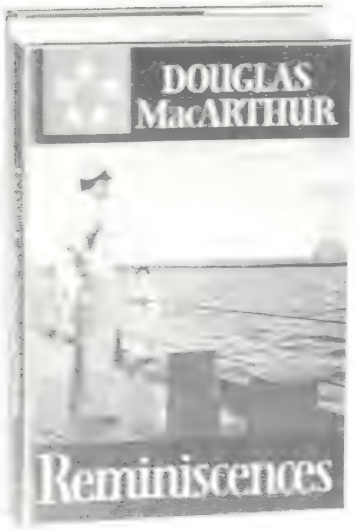
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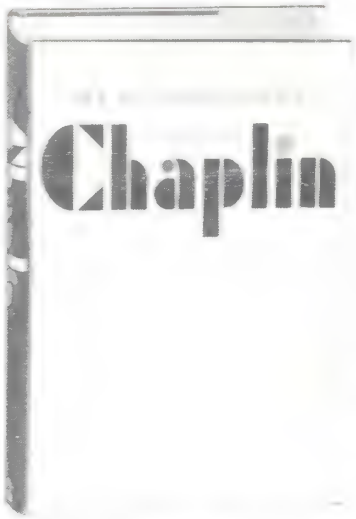
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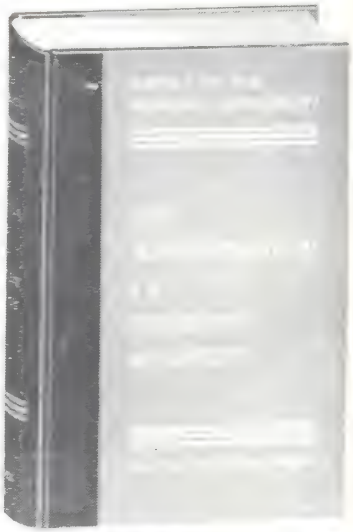
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John Maynard Keynes, the English economist, lived a rich, full life—but died wishing he had drunk more champagne.

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LETTERS

Dixie Progress

I have just reread the article by Larry Goodwyn, "Anarchy in St. Augustine" [January]. Being one of the three bishops' wives who were jailed in St. Augustine last Easter [for participating in antisegregation demonstrations], I follow everything I can find on that unhappy city. Mr. Goodwyn did a very thorough and conscientious job of reporting on the present condition there, from the white point of view. One important aspect, however, he did not cover: the very appreciable gains the Negroes have achieved by their steady pressure. Most of the hotels, motels, and restaurants are now open to them. The beaches are available for bathing. Some of the churches hold integrated services. There are more Negro children in the previously all-white public schools.

Let me quote from a letter I received December 16th from a young Negro woman in St. Augustine.

"I went to the Ponce de Leon Hotel last Saturday night to the dinner dance and had a wonderful time. I was with five other persons who had been jailed and beaten during demonstrations. We are going back on New Year's Eve."

Say what you like, this is progress. A year ago this would have been impossible there. It is true that as long as the klansmen are permitted to terrorize the town, law and order cannot be restored. Federal intervention may be necessary . . . But progress in freedom has been achieved.

HESTER H. CAMPBELL
Cambridge, Mass.

The Case of the Prudish M.D.s

Though I found Dr. Harold I. Lief's presentation of "What Your Doctor Probably Doesn't Know About Sex" [December] reasonably fair, no solution is proposed for the patient who wishes to discuss his medically engendered sexual problems with a professional person. . . . There are social workers allied with the medical profession and available in some hospitals and clinics [illegible] have been able to establish a [illegible] ciently sound working relation [illegible] with physicians to enable the [illegible] discuss intelligently those s[illegible] problems arising from illness or [illegible] ability. . . . The graduates of [illegible] schools of social work are, on [illegible] whole, trained in dealing with [illegible] ple's sexual problems with frank [illegible] knowledge, and skill.

ETHELBERT THOMAS, [illegible]
Asst. Prof. of Social [illegible]
Michigan State Unive[illegible]
East Lansing, [illegible]

My wife and I did not have to [illegible] sult the hospital urologist, nor d[illegible] feel that I was lacking in the [illegible] aspects of sex, let alone the finer [illegible] and I was not haunted by the fe[illegible] that I had missed something. H[illegible] ever, perhaps having had my t[illegible] ing in Europe, I have an unfai[illegible] vantage, and after all, Tulane me[illegible] students are Southern gentleme[illegible] any student nurse at Charity [illegible] pital could attest.

W. HOF[illegible]
Senior medical stu[illegible]
Basel, Switzer[illegible]

Dr. Lief's article was especiall[illegible] plicable to this M.D. I got ma[illegible] when I was twenty-one and so [illegible] at home all through med school. [illegible] not get even the hint of a l[illegible] things I should have known a[illegible] since I had practically no co[illegible] with the other students.

W. L. GARTH, [illegible]
La Jolla, Cal[illegible]

Traumatic Te[illegible]

You could not have known, I [illegible] pose, the shattering memories t[illegible] evoked by my assignment to i[illegible] trate the March After Hours ["Y[illegible] New Treasure House," Alexa[illegible] Winston, page 32].

Last spring, my son Alexa[illegible] (aged eleven) and I spent a da[illegible] Yale. Reached Rare Book Libra[illegible] perceptive mood—if footsore. [illegible] *Oom*! Much surprised. Place[illegible] serted. Thin, slanting sunligh[illegible]

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- Also, send GIFT MEMBERSHIPS to the persons listed on the attached sheet.

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Love Letters to Rambler


Malcolm Anderson

Chief Engineer of the luxurious Barbizon Plaza Hotel in New York City, Malcolm Anderson gives the "car-pool" performance story on the rugged Rambler:

"We all feel secure in our Rambler!"

We six Rambler car-pool commuters live together (comfortably) for between 15 and 16 thousand miles a year. Our jointly owned Rambler "reliable" goes in ice, rain, snow, subfreezing temperatures ...kicks over and warms up fast when others' cars are frozen—or when other commuters won't even attempt the trip... so economical that in the last six months alone our "treasurer" has accumulated a surplus of $580.00 in the kitty after paying all expenses —gas, oil, maintenance, parking, bridge tolls. With 48,000 miles on the car, we toyed with the idea of trading but decided to stay with what we have—but unanimously voted that if we were to buy, it would have to be a Rambler. Incidentally, among the six of us, we own a total of five Ramblers!



Meet the bright 1965 version of Mr. Anderson's car-pool "reliable" at your Rambler dealer today. It's the Classic 770 4-Door Sedan—Spectacular in looks and ride—Sensible in economy of operation. One of the Sensible Spectaculars for '65.

FREE! 1965 Car X-Ray Book! 48 pages of comparisons of the leading '65 cars. Hundreds of illustrations, many in full color. It can save you hundreds of dollars. Get yours at your Rambler dealer.

early spring. Great marble block silent. Touches of shadow. Pale. Like wood smoke. Fine moments of bliss. Untroubled. Prepared to leave.

Who thought of it first? Was there perhaps the merest suggestion of morbidity in the air? Books asleep or holding their breath? The giggle-provoking awe experienced by little boys?

Looking up, we began estimating how many TV-spectaculars could be shown simultaneously on this staggering collection of TV sets. We thought 300. Three hundred anti-sinus-congestion commercials. As we now know, the correct answer is 250. Small comfort.

What I meant to tell you: I had not had any nightmares about this job for several weeks, when the Yale University News Bureau dumped on my desk two photographs of "That Thing." High gloss. Special Delivery!

The collage * to which this letter is attached was made in self-defense, but the therapeutic value of dabbling in the arts may have been overrated. It would take a fully equipped scale model (250 TV sets built into one cabinet) to do justice to my hallucinations. (And who knows where *that* would land me?) I may, however, still have to build such a monster. If so, the cost will be charged jointly to CBS, Yale, and Harper (but not Row). Fair is fair.

I do hope next month's After Hours will take place in an English garden (Sussex, if you could manage it). A July afternoon around tea time would be agreeable to me. You may arrange the wicker furniture as you see fit, but if there could be a river at the foot of the garden I would appreciate it. It would not have to be a big thing, just a sl stream with a sandy botto should, however, be well stocke trout. An unobtrusive fish could be placed slightly off-cen

And let a few cows (six or I should say) appear to drift i ing the second watercress san

China should be of a famili dignified pattern (Spode, pe not Wedgwood). Tea from D ing would do nicely. And, oh you could produce, from the stores of memory, such a thin "Diabolo" carelessly left in the (not flung there in anger) I ask no more.

I should like the nearest telly fourteen miles aw y in the co room of Miss Tomlinson's Sch Girls outside Little Nasty. Las this solitary telly be dead and even the remotest hope of res tion.

N. M. Bo
Westport,

Nyet to Bala

I would like to comp *Harper's* for the most inte article, "Ballet in America: O Show?" by Rosalyn Krokov Harold C. Schonberg [Septemb

Since the New York City danced in Moscow in October have been following its progre was rather amazed at the sm insignificant number of new p tions. Whatever was done—s *Bugaku* to modern Japanese m seems to belong to the spec latter-period ultra-cerebral chine experiments with mov for movement's sake. . . . Th York City Ballet is now ref Balanchine's personal genius



* *Yale's Beinecke: Collage by N. M. Bo*



The Martins had never been to Europe before. That's why they came to us.

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The Martins are like a lot of people. Maybe a little like you. They wanted Europe to come easy the first time around.

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We've put all you need to know in a book called *New Horizons World Guide*.

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READ THE

troducing
)rg-Warner's
vorite test driver,
iana Dors.

iana Dors?

Diana Dors.
ied racing driver
Brabham and his old
y of a standard
smission were pitted
inst love goddess
na Dors and her sleek
Borg-Warner automatic
gned by Warner Gear.
ect: to see which driver
rged from two hours of
don traffic looking
feeling the freshest.
ess who won?

WHY have Diana Dors test a new automatic transmission for Britars? Because that's about the only you can get many Englishmen to a good look at one. So many tradition-loving English drivers consider automatic transmissions too easy to be really worthwhile. They call it "one-legged" driving. Besides, many of the previous tries at making automatic transmissions for small cars left a lot to be desired.

But that was before the great engineers at Borg-Warner's Warner Gear Division tackled the problem.

There were lots of obstacles to be overcome: small car, small power output, necessary gas economy. But the engineers at Warner Gear went to work. They developed better bearings, better seals, stronger and lighter weight materials.

Result: a small automatic transmission that's worthy of an English motorist. Rugged but compact. Powerful but smooth. Efficient but quiet. It's no wonder that British drivers are beginning to sit up and take notice.

Success like this is nothing new to Warner Gear, though. They developed the first automotive differential. One of the first synchromesh transmissions. The first overdrive. One of the very first automatic transmissions for big cars, still in use in millions of cars.

Today, Borg-Warner is making Warner Gear's small car transmissions in England, Australia, and at home in Muncie, Indiana. They are shipping them to Japan, Canada and the Continent.

In fact, no fewer than 46 foreign car models throughout the world offer Warner Gear transmissions—enough to keep Diana Dors looking fresh and lovely almost anywhere she goes.

BORG WARNER™
The great engineers

Borg-Warner Corporation, 200 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60604 ©1965, B-W Corp.

ne of Borg-Warner's major customers ran this test last Spring in London.

Nectar properly defined is a delicious or inspiring beverage. To connoisseurs, apricot liqueur is considered such a drink. Yet there is an ocean of difference between liqueurs today, and it is vital to know what makes one brand truly outstanding.

Called Apry, this apricot liqueur is made solely from fresh apricots, but only from those grown in Perpignan, France. They are the most flavorful in the world. They are harvested at the peak of maturity, then processed immediately so their flavor will not escape.

Apry achieves its outstanding bouquet not only from these choice apricots, but also from careful blending with the finest cognac. Finally, the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by its producer, for this is one sure way to capture its great delicacy and fragrance. The producer of Apry takes such pains with 18 other delicious flavors, too—all made and bottled in France.



"Yes, I Know... Marie Brizard"

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Schieffelin & Co., New York

Apricot Liqueur • 70 Proof

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LETTERS

less than it was in the days o
first "abstract" symphonies. . .

I believe that ballet is abou
life of the human spirit. Many
in Russia observed that the b
Balanchine's abstract ballets
ceeded and withstood the test of
when they conveyed not merel
structure but the emotional co
of great symphonic music. . . .
Symphony in C was danced a
Bolshoi by the Paris Opera
French dancers were much le
mote and impersonal than
Americans and thus the diff
moods of the four movemen
Bizet's symphony were pro
more convincingly. . . .

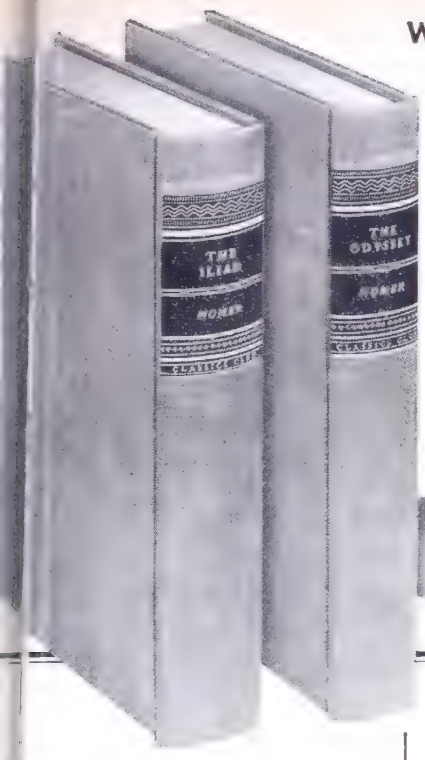
Now that the New York
Ballet has a new and vast stag
Lincoln Center], it is imperat
reach the heart and mind of the
last spectator in the upper
Tracing patterns is not enough
type of State Theatre requires
of ballet spectacle utilizing a
know-how of stagecraft. I agree
the authors that ballet in Ar
needs a versatile company . . . c
of giving authentic revivals of
classics. . . . NATALIA ROSLA
Ballet
Novosti Press A
Moscow, U. S

Gringos Bar the

Your article on "Jaime
Torres and the *Lista Negra*" [
H. Wardlaw, Easy Chair, Janua
most pertinent. Unfortunately
battle of the *lista negra* [blac
is far from won. In January
ceived a letter from Carlos Fu
It says:

"Last week I was grossly in
by the Consular officials at the
[our Embassy in Mexico City].
told me that for the moment
ineligible for a visa and could
be eligible if, starting today an
the next five years, I would
through words and deeds my
tion to the cause of anti-commu
. . . The question, of course, is n
personal problem, but the a
dispositions of the McCarran-W
Act. . . . This Immo Act . . . has
enemies of free peoples of the
American intelligentsia where
the shadings of political thought
attitudes are much too diversifie
subtly to be lumped into the ca

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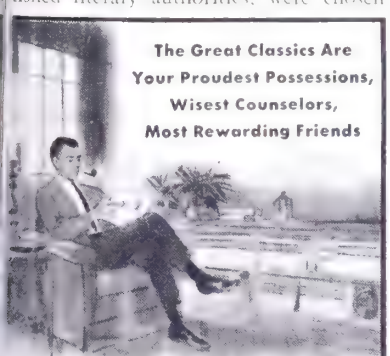
UTOPIA

CAN a society be created in which everyone lives the "good life"? Where laws are few and simple . . . where war does not exist? One by one, Sir Thomas More considers in *Utopia* the social and economic problems that have beset man in all societies, in all ages. You will be amazed at his conclusions and you'll marvel at the brilliance of a man who — four centuries ago — could take such an enlightened view of social progress.

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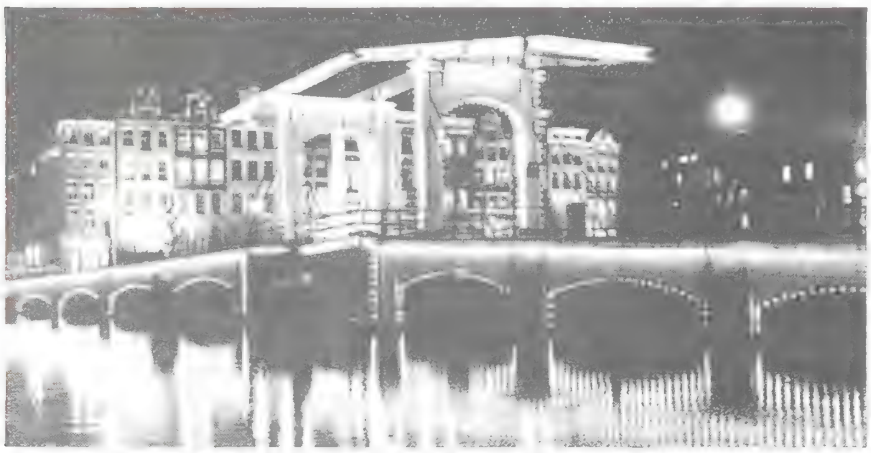
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"By George– 22 surprises and all in Amsterdam"



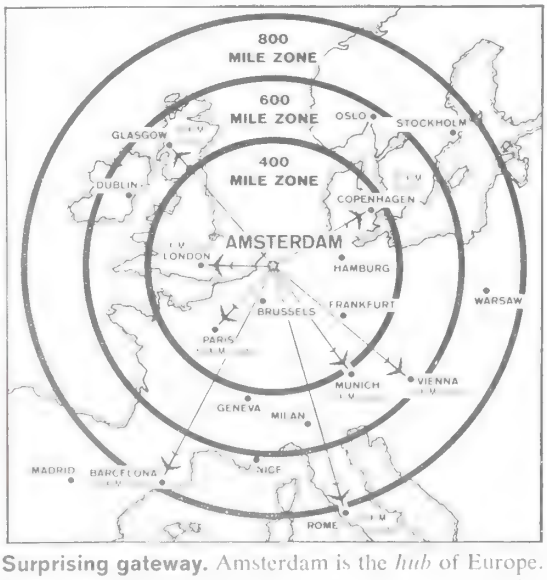
Reliable KLM brings you up-to-date on the surprises of Amsterdam. One of them will stand your hair on end. Read all 22 surprises, then clip coupon for "Surprising Amsterdam" guidebook.



Surprising sights. Amsterdam's wooden Magere (pronounce it MOCK-huh-ra) Bridge is about 300 years old. It is one of Amsterdam's most popular landmarks.



Surprising nightlife. Amsterdam [illegible] After-dark entertainment ranges from ecdysiasts (above) to avant-garde poetry readings.



Surprising gateway. Amsterdam is the *hub* of Europe. And note how quickly KLM can jet you to other major European cities. Example: London or Paris, 1 hour.

TODAY, KLM and the careful, [illegible]tual Dutch can fly you to 40 in Europe. Each has its own sp[illegible] personality.

But we're willing to bet tha[illegible] will find Amsterdam the mos[illegible] prising city of all.

Here are 22 reasons why.

1. You can see the "8th wonder o[illegible] world"—Amsterdam's Royal Palace massive building is actually on "[illegible] —13,659 wooden pilings driven 7[illegible] into the earth.

2. You can rent a European car and around Holland's finest speedway. fee: 56 cents. Drive out to Zand raceway (15 miles from Amster for some hair-raising thrills.

3. You can dine in the world's ski[illegible] restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green La* is 3 stories high—and only 6 feet

4. Amsterdam has twice as many of canals as Venice, more bridges London. You can take a 75-minute tour for just 60 cents.

5. Amsterdam is the most logical to start your European tour. Fourte Europe's great cities are within an mile circle of Amsterdam. (See ma

6. You can have a rollicking "nig the town" in Amsterdam for und Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs. A of jenever gin costs about 25 cent

7. You can see the world's most tacular van Gogh collection for 15 Amsterdam's Municipal Museum 517 paintings and drawings that the entire range of van Gogh's wo



prising art treasures. The self-
trait above is one of the 517 van
ghs in the Municipal Museum.

**can rent a bike and join Amster-
fantastic bicycle brigade for about
ts a day.** Amsterdam has more bi-
s than any city in the world.

**u can undergo Europe's only offi-
est for witchcraft.** At Oudewater,
5 miles from Amsterdam, you can
ighed on the Witches Scale (circa
A.D.).

**ou can see a 400-carat U.N. em-
set with 5,180 diamonds at an Am-
am diamond center.** You can also
e tiniest diamond ever cut—1/833
arat. Admission free.

**ou can dine at a restaurant where
dish rijsttafel feast for two costs
t $3.00.** This fantastic treat includes
ese meatballs (*Perkedel Djawa*),
ed chicken, fried cocoanut, shrimp

**msterdam is one of the
inent's most perfectly
erved large cities.** Not
brick or stone can be
oved without permis-
of city officials. Con-
r the old church on
termarket Street where
ıbrandt was buried in
). It looks just as it did
iay it was built—in 1620.

prising sounds. Amsterdam
city of musicians. It has one
he world's great symphony
iestras—and more barrel
ns that any city in Europe.



13. You can visit the Anne Frank House. The attic rooms remain the way the Frank family left them. Open daily.

14. You will hear more barrel organs and carillons in Amsterdam than in any European city. Music is *everywhere* in Amsterdam. Huge barrel organs serenade you. Street bands play. Carillons chime in on the hour and half-hour.

15. You can buy a car tax-free at Amsterdam Airport—and save enough to pay for your European vacation. Buy a Mercedes-Benz 230 SL Roadster, add on shipping cost to New York and duty—and you *still* save $1,700.

16. You can hear one of the six best symphony orchestras in the world for as little as $2. That's the price of a good seat at a performance by the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra.

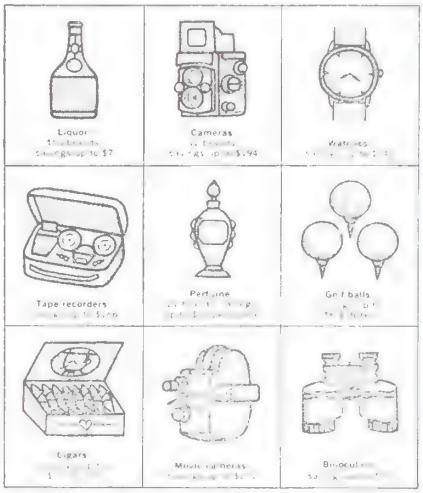
17. You can visit Aalsmeer and see 320 acres of greenhouse blossoms. Aalsmeer—next door to Amsterdam Airport—is the center of European flower growing.

18. You can rent a boat, with an English-speaking skipper, and tour Holland by water—$4.75 a day. Holland has 4,000 miles of navigable waterways. The rate above is per person, party of six.

19. You can have your portrait painted on a Delft plate by a Dutch artist. At the Royal Factory in Delft (only 40 miles from Amsterdam), you can be immortalized on porcelain. Simply give the artist a photograph to work from.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. The Dutch learn English at school, and love to practice it—a blessing when you need advice or directions.

21. You will find a dozen ancient castles near Amsterdam—including Muiden, where a Count was murdered in an upstairs bedroom over 700 years ago. Visit the wine cellar and drink a toast to the Count's ghost.



Surprising bargains. You can now buy a bottle of tax-free Scotch at Amsterdam airport for $2.

22. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam. Antiques are as much as 80 percent cheaper than in the U.S. Note other bargains (above) in Amsterdam Airport's tax-free shopping center.

New "Surprising Amsterdam" Guidebook

Reliable KLM has just published a 192-page guidebook to Surprising Amsterdam. You'll find a surprise on almost every page. You'll also find hundreds of valuable tips and shopping hints. Pick up a free copy from your travel agent. Or, use the handy coupon below.

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☐ **I enclose 25¢ in coin or stamps to cover handling and mailing costs. Please send my free copy of KLM's new guidebook, "Surprising Amsterdam."**

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The kids at school call me "Fatty"!

HEARTBREAKING? Of course it is. Whoever introduced the notion that a fat child is a happy child never faced this situation.

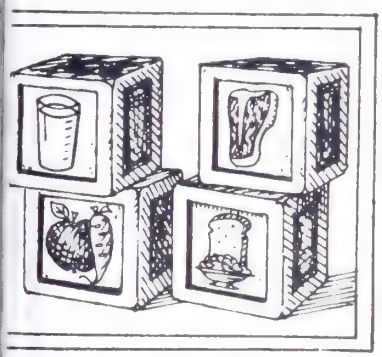
Help end the cause of tearful homecomings like this one by establishing sensible eating habits for the whole family. For example, you can help bring meals into better nutrition balance with milk and other dai foods because milk is an importa source of essential food nutrients.

It's up to you!

nts who are really interested in health and happiness of their ren cannot ignore the importance ıltivating good eating habits. Al- ıg a child to overeat or to eat a ly balanced diet, with the hope the child will ultimately outgrow bad habits, is a good example of some parents encourage the de- pment of lifetime behavior pat- s that cannot help but lead to appiness.

ır too many parents either do not ze or overlook the damage that occur when children do not learn l eating habits. Some children do achieve all that they might in ol and in other activities simply use their bodies are not properly ished, and this happens in high me homes as well as in low income es.

ıere is nothing complicated about olishing a family meal pattern if Daily Food Guide is followed. The le suggests four major food group- to provide a foundation for a nced diet.



he foods are grouped on the basis he kinds of nutrients they supply. groups are: (1) Milk and Other ry Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, s, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals Breads. Foods not included in se four groups may be selected to nd out the diet and to provide quate calorie intake.

lilk and Other Dairy Foods

ee to four glasses of milk daily for ldren and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60606

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

LETTERS

basket of communism. García Terrés, myself, and most of the intellectuals in Latin America are, as a matter of course, in the Left; just remember what our Right is (Alley Oop seems rather progressive in comparison)! But to deduce from that that we are CP members or Soviet agents is just about the most self-defeating notion one can imagine. . . ."

As you may know, Señor Fuentes is a well-known Mexican novelist whose widely published books include *Where the Air Is Clear* and *The Death of Artemio Cruz*. In addition, he has been subdirector of Cultural Activities at the National University of Mexico and head of the Cultural Relations Department at the Mexican Foreign Ministry. As Mr. Wardlaw says, if we have to err in regard to our immigration laws, let's err on the side of freedom and not exclude the important intellectuals of friendly countries.

TED YATES, Producer
National Broadcasting Company
Washington, D. C.

The Magic Carpet

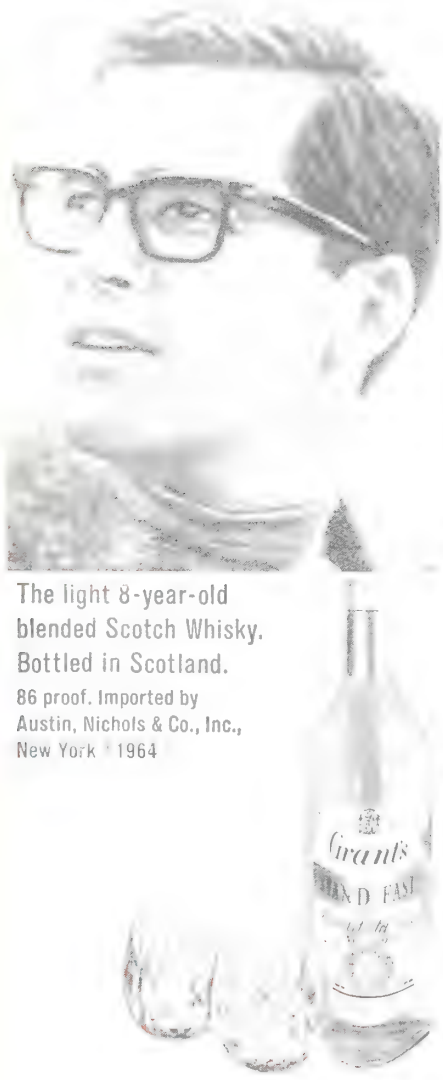
Tourist class to Naples is not quite as bad as Eleanor Perényi seems to imply in "The Case of the Extravagant Traveler" ["A Special Notebook for the Sophisticated Traveler," January]. The steamship business, admittedly backward at times, has come a long way since passengers in the lower classes had to bring along their own cooking utensils and bedding.

The liner I know best . . . offers tourist-class passengers private bathrooms, wall-to-wall carpeting, closed circuit TV, and towel warmers, . . . movies, saltwater pools, gym, sauna, nightly dancing to live music, and six or seven bars to pass the time at. . . . How extravagant can a traveler get?

WILLIAM B. SAPHIRE
Adv. and Publicity Manager
ZIM Lines
New York, N. Y.

Harold C. Schonberg refers favorably to London's Royal Festival Hall —as a building ["The Sight of Music," Travel Notebook, January]. He then warns that "from the first . . . acoustically it was bad." As a keen symphony fan I recommend the Hall to others, if and when they

as long as you're up get me a Grant's



The light 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky. Bottled in Scotland.
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happen on Thameside. I believe they'll agree with me that the acoustics there are topnotch. I myself never have heard finer.

A. S. MACGREGOR
Germantown, N. Y.

Tell Merle Miller that one does not have to go to Mexico or South America to learn about "mañana" or how not to live according to schedule ["Tranquilized in Latin America," Travel Notebook, January]. He can get all of that right here in the good old U. S. A.

For example, some years ago I was sent to Birmingham, Alabama, to direct the brand-new Young Men's Hebrew Association. One of my first tasks was to prepare a budget; so I made an appointment with our treasurer, a young man, then president of one of the city's largest department stores. Right on schedule, with Yankee custom, I arrived with my briefcase bulging with facts and figures. Ushered into my treasurer's office, I was about to open up and start work, when he said, "Just a moment, Harry, let me show you around the store." That took an hour or so.

Back at the office once again, I made a move toward the budget. No dice. "It's time for lunch," said my man. Lunch lasted two hours.

"Time for some fresh air," said my host. So we drove through the hills of Birmingham until lunch had been well digested. Then we drove back to the Y, enjoyed three games of four-wall handball, had showers and rubdowns, and called it a day.

Budget? So we worked without a budget that year.

HARRY LEBAU
Elizabeth, N. J.

The Love Game

I too shared Jean M. Demos' disappointment [Letters, January] in reading Simone de Beauvoir's "The Question of Fidelity" [November]. . . . I too prefer the letters of the lofty-minded Heloise or the lyric prose and poetry of Elizabeth Barrett to her beloved Robert. There is, however, a distinct difference here. I do not agree that Simone has lost her ability to write creatively, objectively, and in eloquent style—so long as she keeps her lover in the bedroom and locks herself in the lib
Women do not write objectivel
even decently of their lovers, u
the lover happens to be sterilize
was Abelard, or evidences a dev
bordering on the sublime and ut
committed to fidelity, as was R
Browning. Any gal gets pretty
cure . . . when her man is
enough to recount the lurid detai
his affair with another woman.

KATHERINE J. Bo
Hummelstown

Instructing by Pr

Eric Bender's article, "The O
Kind of Teaching" [January],
of interesting work being don
programmed instruction metho
work for a social agency in
Harlem. We serve delinquent y
fourteen to eighteen, most of w
are dropouts or are disencha
with school and will drop out s
The average reading level is fo
grade. We have offered a Reme
Education Program both in the
and at our summer camp, which
proven successful. At least we
been able to motivate the boys to
During the coming summer each
will be required to study a sub
during his four weeks in camp.
situation might prove a good lab
tory for research and the testing
programmed materials.

GARY A. TEMI
Camp Dire
Youth Development,
Glen Spey, N

Dingell Shoots B

As a former prosecuting attor
a Member of Congress entering
sixth term, and an active and vig
ous conservationist inside and outs
of Congress, I feel your magazine
a great disservice not only to l
abiding citizens but to the cause
honest law enforcement by publi
ing "The Traffic in Guns: A F
gotten Lesson of the Assassinati
[Carl Bakal, December].

The article implies that there i
massive crime wave in which ho
cide by firearms has exploded acr
the country. Not only is there no s
crime wave, but statistics show t
over the past thirty years there
been a continuing decline in the nu
ber of homicides by firearms, fr



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LETTERS

1930 to 2.6 per 100,000 popu-
in 1960. The Uniform Crime
s of the FBI report a decline
er cent from 1961 to 1962 in
mber of homicides by fire-
. .

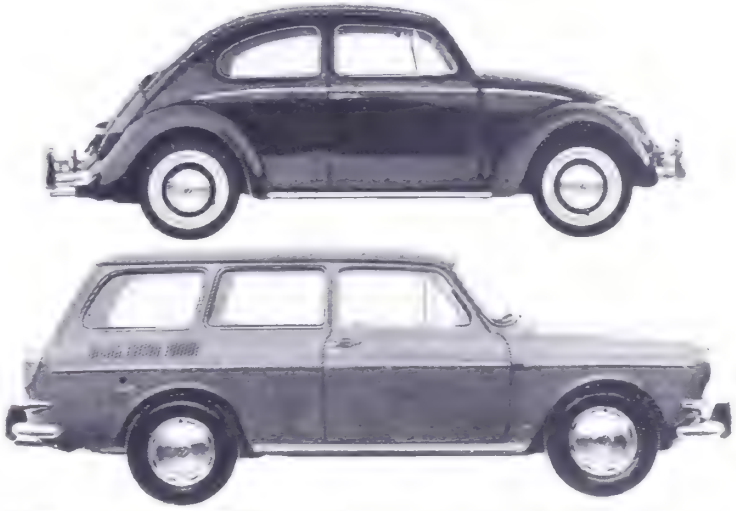
JOHN D. DINGELL
Member of Congress
from Michigan
Washington, D. C.

Praising Puffs

Behold the Grass-roots Press,
[December] Ben H. Bagdi-
gubriates unrestrainedly over
itorial puerility of America's
-town" newspapers. . . .
eful bulletin boards of births,
, and marriages," our critic
ne hometown press. . . . Are we
on of serfs, slaves, or robots,
birth should be entered only as
stic in Mr. Bagdikian's home-
That the passing of a humble
soul whose light may never
hone more than a mile or two,
as bright and warm to those
its radius, should go unnoted
daily grist of highway carnage
restrained "nationalist" blood-
What but marriages keeps our
alive? Shall the establishment
ew home in Grygla, Minnesota,
recorded among the sordid de-
f wrecked homes in Hollywood,
Island, Darien, and the
?. . .
. A remarkable number of these
s convey pure press agentry,"
Mr. Bagdikian. . . . The grass-
supporters of the hometown
are pretty generally marketers
sic products: grains, livestock,
r, ore, and so on. Every new
ct an editor sees fit to ballyhoo
ee broadens the market for his
town products. Every new item
troduces to his readers paves
ay for greater production, more
and increased linage from his
and service advertisers. Every
thought his editorials, canned or
, present to his readers,
lens the base of the grass-roots
ssions which have made Amer-
he powerful free flexible nation
re. What difference who got paid
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city pipeline if it's interesting,
st, and worthwhile? . . .

RALPH W. KELLER, Manager
Minnesota Newspaper Association
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Write For Folder



The Land of Charming Anarchists: *A Report from Iran, Part 1*

by John Fischer

"You must understand, sir, that we are a nation of predators."
—A Persian farmer, explaining the nature of his countrymen.

Except for one peculiarity, the road from Shiraz to Pasargadae is not remarkable. There isn't much to see, as it winds for ninety miles through the barren hills of southern Iran, aside from an occasional camp of one of the nomadic tribes: a couple of dozen black tents huddled beside an almost dry stream bed. Even there, the only people in sight were a few women gathering camel-thorn twigs for firewood, a boy herding goats, an old man loading shapeless bundles on a donkey. I couldn't see much of them, either, because the driver always speeded up when we passed such a settlement. At the end of the road we found nobody at all—only the ruined palaces of Cyrus where he planned, some 2,500 years ago, the wars which resulted in the world's first great empire. The remnants of his marble throne room, his harem, and his tomb no longer have anything to attract looters or lime-burners, and only rarely a tourist.

The peculiarity of the road is its forts. They are spaced about six to ten miles apart. Most were recently built, but their design is an ancient one, complete with stone towers, loopholes, and battlements. And beside many of them stood an armored car, mounting a .50-caliber machine gun, with its full crew standing by in helmets and battle dress.

Later I found out why. Although it was never reported in the Iran press, the tribesmen had become irritated a few months earlier with the Shah's government and had gone on one of their periodic rampages. Two battalions of the Imperial Army had been badly mauled—according to clandestine but probably reliable reports—before the uprising was put down; and now the gendarmerie, a kind of internal security force, was keeping the area heavily policed.

The Abdullah family, as I had better call them, are "modern" Persians. They live in a relatively comfortable Teheran apartment. The father, now retired, was a minor bureaucrat. One son was educated abroad; another is in a local college, when he isn't in jail. Of the women in the household, only the mother still wears the Islamic veil, and even she sometimes lets it fall open enough to display the Western-style dress underneath. They prefer to eat in the traditional way, however—the men and their guests sitting cross-legged around a white cloth spread on the floor, while the women serve the rice and lamb.

Our lunch was almost over when Second Son burst into the room. He was almost exploding with anger, energy, and words, and he somehow managed to pour out a furious stream of rhetoric even while he was stuffing rice and meat into his mouth with both hands.*

*For sanitary reasons, many Iranians do not use knives and forks. As one of them explained it, "I *know* that my fingers haven't been in anybody else's mouth, but how can I be sure about your tableware?"

The gist of his tirade, as I got it from Elder Son's translatio that Americans are to blame the woes of Iran. "It is you f ers who are propping up that tyrant, the Shah! If it were your economic aid, he wou overnight!"

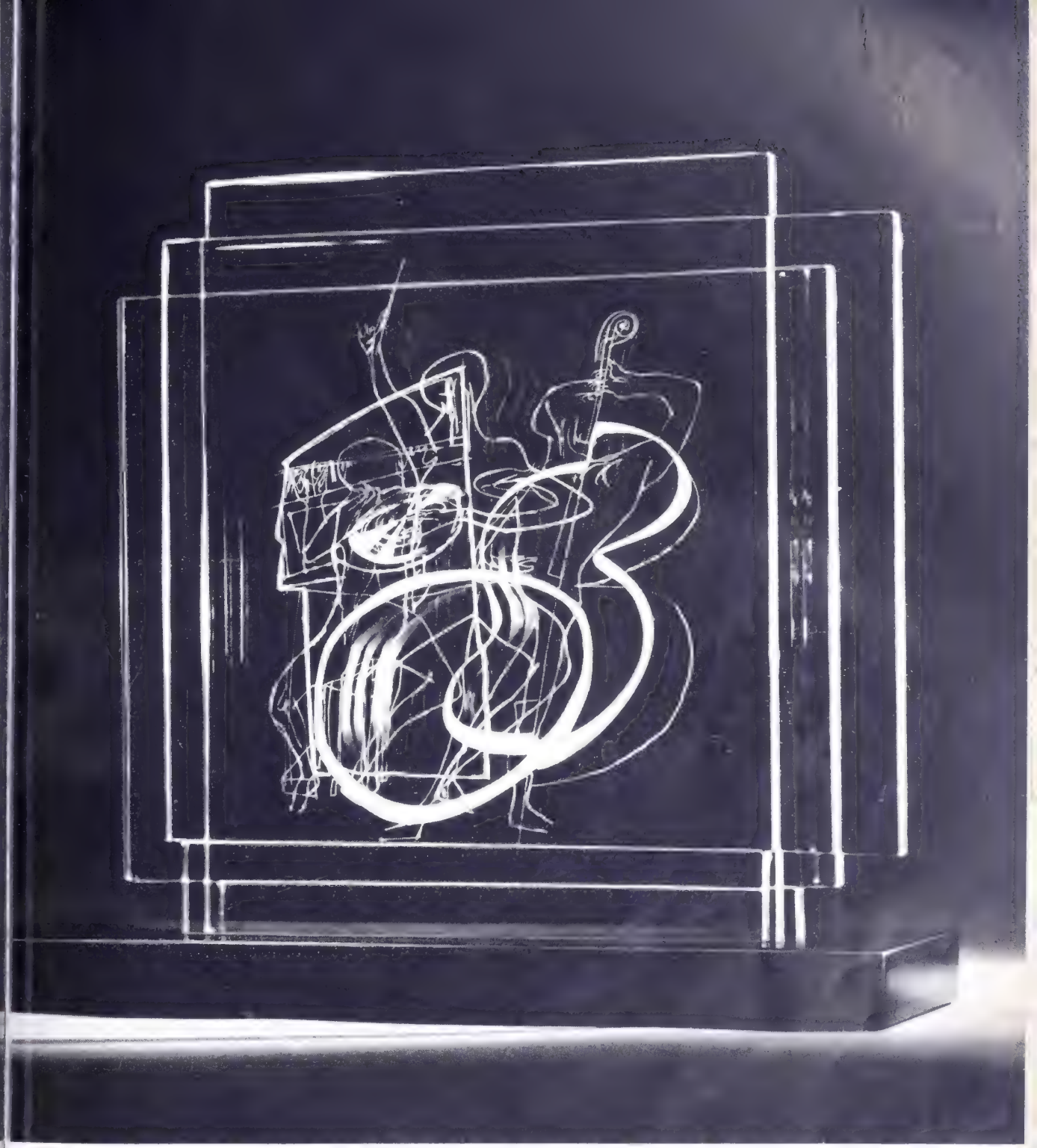
I pointed out that such ai tapering off fast, and probably soon end completely, since Am were growing increasingly lusioned with all foreign-aid grams. And then what?

"Why, the regime will be thrown, of course. And then w be free."

But what kind of gover would take the Shah's place?

"You don't understand," th shouted. "I've just finished months in prison for demonst *against* government. Hundreds fellow students were killed whe troops broke up our demonstr We don't want *any* governmen just want to be *free*."

Just north of Ahwaz our drive to wait at a level railway cro while a long freight train pulle Half a dozen other cars stoppe hind us; then a truck paused b at the end of the line, swerved and roared right up to the trac the other lane. By the time freight had passed, cars were up about ten deep in both la and the same thing had happene the other side of the railway. a few moments the two phala faced each other across the t in what seemed to me a perma irremediable traffic jam. Then,



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much cursing, horn-blowing, and screams from frightened women, the cars began to turn into the ditches and bordering fields in a chaotic double flanking movement. Eventually all of them (I think) got back onto the road, and for the time being into their own lanes. Our driver was unconcerned. Iranians, he explained, do not believe in traffic rules, which were not mentioned in the Koran and anyhow were an outrageous restriction on individual liberty.

This may be why the road we were traveling—part of the route built during the war by American troops, to get lend-lease supplies from the Persian Gulf to Russia, and still one of the country's busiest highways—is said to have the world's highest accident rate per mile.

These incidents, and many more like them, led me to wonder whether the governing of Iranians might be a more complicated business than I had suspected when I arrived in the country, loaded with simple questions, a few weeks earlier. I was curious about its government because for a long while I had been hearing the most wildly contradictory reports. On the one hand, the Shah was said to be leading a royal revolution—a social upheaval managed from the top down, to break the power of the feudal landlords, distribute land to the peasants, and bring prosperity and self-government to a people who had suffered millennial persecution. On the other hand, the Shah was said to be a corrupt, selfish, and brutal dictator who was stifling all hopes for democracy. Both accounts came from people—Iranians, Americans, and Europeans—who seemed to me passionately sincere, and who certainly should be knowledgeable about the country. I saw no way to discover where the truth might lie except to look for myself; and when an unexpected opportunity came along (thanks to the Carnegie Corporation) to roam around Iran in a fairly leisurely fashion, I was confident of finding some solid answers.

I didn't get them. The only conclusion I was able to reach is that neither version of the Iran story is wholly true . . . that both contain some truth . . . and that probably nobody, including the Shah himself, really knows where the country is heading. At the same time, I am pretty sure that it is heading somewhere, at a speed unequaled in its last two thousand years; and that the journey is likely to be both exciting and uncomfortable.

Moreover, against all reason, I ended up feeling both affectionate and hopeful about the Iranians. They are an exasperating people, full of guile, avarice, and poetry. Their problems look insoluble. But some of them at least don't know that—and they are trying to solve them with a combination of arrogant high spirits, intelligence, thievery, tribal cunning, charm, and four thumbs on each hand. Just possibly they will succeed. At any rate, watching them try is an exhilarating experience—very different from the numb depression which soon afflicts an observer in India, only a few hours away.



The first thing that strikes a visitor to Iran is the walls. They are everywhere. Each village has a wall around it, ten or twelve feet high, built solidly of brick, stone, or adobe. So does nearly every house in the cities. If a family plans to build a home, it first constructs a wall on all four sides of the lot, containing perhaps ten times as much masonry as the house itself. (This is so costly that construction of the house sometimes has to be postponed for years—so Teheran is sprinkled with walled but empty sites.) The single massive gate opening into the village, or the household compound, is locked, barred, and chained every night.

These walls are an evidence of Iran's worst handicap: a pervading distrust. No Iranian wholly trusts anybody, outside his own family. He is indelibly suspicious of foreigners, the government, strangers, and his neighbors, in that order.

And with reason. I have a
that the Persians lost confider
themselves and everybody else,
B.C., when Alexander the Gre
stroyed their empire, and have
since had a chance to regain
most overnight the mightiest
in the known world, with vast a
incalculable wealth, a high ci
tion, and a comparatively efficie
ministration was overthrow
what seemed to the Persians a
ful of barbarians. The catast
was incomprehensible—and i
followed by a relentless succ
of similar disasters, as Part
Turks, Arabs, Mongols, Ta
Russians, and Englishmen
over the stricken land. Natural
Persians, who catch on fast,
began to look on every strange
potential pillager. To them th
ernment, for centuries at a st
was simply the cruel arm of a f
ruler; it did things *to* people,
for them. Its officials came to t
lages (where 75 per cent
Iranians live even now) for
three purposes: to collect ren
taxes, to conscript young me
the army, and to seize girls f
local satrap's harem.

Nor are things entirely dif
today. I visited one village whic
recently been "pacified" after a
uprising (in which this part
village, incidentally, had not
part). A platoon of gendarm
rived one morning, bayonets
and demanded that the village
up all its rifles. The headmar
tested, in the name of the P
and the martyred Ali, that his
ple didn't possess a single gun.
happened to be true; that is why
didn't join the uprising.)

"How unfortunate!" the p
commander replied. "My job, y
is to collect rifles. When I retu
sundown, you will have at leas
ready to hand over to me—or

As he marched his men ba
their trucks, two gendarmes l
behind for a few private words
the headman. Since the village
such a terrible fate, they whis
and because they were compassi
by nature, they would be glad t
their rifles for quite a modest
The ensuing haggle took abou
hours, while the commander an
rest of the platoon waited dow
road just out of sight. In the



Some people find our agents sickening.

people prefer the formal, or mental, school of service. This is the American way.

re friendly people and friendly are born busybodies.

stance, a soldier could not af- military half fare to his own

chipped in for it as a wedding present.

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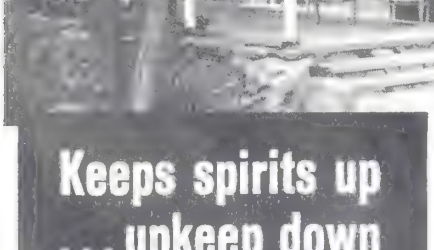
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the compassionate gendarme practically every rial the vil could scrape together, and the man had, temporarily, the two he needed.

Even when it is not coupled extortion, the disarming of th lages is deeply resented; for w some kind of weapon, the pe feel as naked as they would w walls. In Khuzistan province, A can agricultural advisers taugh farmers of one village to raise seem clover on their rice paddi tween grain crops. This w revolutionary improvement v together with a few other s innovations, promised to doubl farmers' income. Hoping the l would spread, the Americans delighted when a delegation fr neighboring village came every days to inspect the progress of strange new crop.

When the clover finally was vested and stacked just outsid village wall, the neighbors again—this time by night ar full force. They had indeed le that berseem clover is a glorious of Allah. But why go to all trouble of growing it, when it so much easier (and more fu steal it from the demonstratio lage? Fortunately the clover ra had not, at that time, been "paci so they drove off the raiders a brisk exchange of musketry the loss of only part of their cr

Even inside the walls, mutual confidence is not exactly rife. No trusts the headman, because he resents the landlord who owns village. And nobody trusts the fa next door, because they are jus hungry and predatory as any else. So every night each fa

*A counterpart story was told m an American technical assistance who was assigned ten years ago village in another part of Iran. H gan by telling the assembled peas that he was there to help them get they needed most—an irrigation tem, a communal bath house, a sc or whatever. He had not come to pose his ideas; so would the villa please consult among themselves let him know what project they wa to tackle first? They withdrew f brief conference and returned to him: "What we need most is rifles. us those, and we'll get everything on our own."



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By Richard Gilbert

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By Calvin Tomkins

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Sylvia Wright

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drives its livestock—a donkey, two or three goats, a flock of chickens—into their house. This is a one-room mud hut with a single door and a hole in the wall which serves as window and chimney. Since the animals are heavily populated with fleas and lice, and some of the children usually have dysentery, nobody gets much sleep. This may explain why so many peasants spend a good part of the day squatting in a doze in the shade of the village wall.*

Such universal mistrust makes it extremely difficult for Iranians to operate any enterprise larger than a family business, and makes government almost impossible. A fairly high official remarked, casually and without indignation, that the people in his bureau spent only about 15 per cent of their time doing their jobs and the rest in trying to get *his* job, or protecting themselves against the intrigues of their colleagues and subordinates.

With this way of doing business, not even the Shah himself can make things happen very fast. Twenty years ago, for example, he decreed that a badly needed grain-storage elevator should be built near Ahwaz. It went up promptly enough—but it stood empty and unused until 1961, when somebody finally got around to installing the hoists and motors.

A companion handicap is almost universal corruption. The tradition, again, goes back to the earliest invaders. Each new conqueror regarded it as his privilege—indeed, his duty—to loot the country as thoroughly as possible, and he expected his governors, generals, and tax collectors to take their share. Until well into this century it was customary for the prime minister to give the Shah on his birthday a present—such as a dagger with diamond-studded hilt and emerald-encrusted sheath—which might cost a thousand times the minister's annual salary. (You can see some of these gifts among the Crown Jewels in the basement of the National Bank Meli in Teheran, the world's richest hoard of gems, where pearls, diamonds, and rubies are heaped n platters like so much popcorn.)

So it is not surprising that ev bureaucrat—and every chauff cook, and clerk—is expected to t his cut out of every transaction. E if a man is honest (and I know s Iranians who are) few of his co trymen will believe it; and if could prove it, most of them wo think him a fool.

Little or no moral stigma is tached to such pilfering and brib so long as it is kept within reas able limits. So, too, with deceit. I ing centuries of religious persecu (of the Shi'a sect, to which n Persians belong, by other Isla factions) they learned that lyin a sacred duty when necessary to tect oneself, the family, or the Fa Inevitably this ethos carried o into other areas of life. When cau in some deception, therefore, Iranian isn't embarrassed; he likely to smile and shrug, as if say, "Well, it didn't work that t —but you can't blame a man for ing."

By their own standards, howe most Iranians are rigidly honor people. They take enormous prid their hospitality, their perso dignity, the chastity of their won their generosity, their knowledg poetry,* and the respect (or, be yet, fear) which they can instil others; and they are ready at times to defend their honor ferocity.

What all this adds up to, it se to me, is that the slow grinding history has made the Iranians a nation of predatory and rat charming anarchists. After liv among them for a few weeks, begins to understand the despair judgment attributed to the gr Shah Abbas: "Governing Persi not only is impossible, it is diculous!"

He found in the sixteenth centu

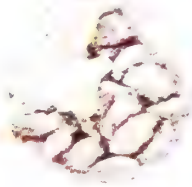
*This kind of village life is typical of southern Iran. I am told that living standards are higher in Azerbaijan and some of the other northern provinces which I did not see.

*Omar Khayyám, the only Pers writer known to most Westerners regarded by his own people as a pr good mathematician and astronom but not much of a poet; the old p they adore are Firdausi, Hafiz, Sa'adi. And their modern poets more influential than any journalist advertising man in this country. Th verse, of course, is readily understa able, even to non-poets.

Don't come to Holland if you're just a nibbler.



ove good food—and plenty of it—you'll have a ball in Hol-
and is so precious the Dutch are absolute wizards about
it extra-rich. As a result, carrots are tiny and candy-sweet,
as snow-white and remarkably tender, and the peaches and pears and grapes are huge and just bursting with juiciness. What's more, the milk is as rich as cream, the cream as heavy as butter, and the butter famous throughout the world. As for the beef, it's fine-grained, flavorful and always cut thick.







These are poffertjes, the delicious thing that happens when the Dutch make pancakes. Feather-light and rich with loads of butter and clouds of powdered sugar, they're still made on the same type of dimpled black griddle used 600 years ago. No waiting for seconds—the chef can turn over as many as 200 poffertjes a minute.

And that's a lot faster than you can make them disappear.

car for about $3.60 a day, drive out to the
auction at Alkmaar (only 65 minutes from
lam, 30 minutes from Amsterdam) and make
ids yourself. Don't speak Dutch?
blem—3 out of 4 Dutchmen speak
. Hint: ask for the creamy-white
's cheese from Friesland





Rijsttafel came to Holland from Indonesia. For as little as $3.50 you can feast on as many as 37 courses including sates (skewer-broiled bits of meat), krupuk (fresh shrimp chips), chicken sauteed with rare herbs, fried bananas and coconut, chicken livers bathed in spicy sauce, fluffy omelets, fresh fruit in soy and honey, asparagus topped with peanuts and spices, pears baked with ginger and on and on and on. Planning to make Holland your first stop in Europe? You should. It's delicious.

Find out how a punctual, reliable KLM jet or luxurious Holland-America Line flagship can start you off on a better European Holiday by starting you in Holland, Europe's most hospitable entrance. Clip this coupon for a free, colorful copy of "Welcome To Holland."

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See and hear the wide variety of beaut styled Astro-Sonic radio-phonographs pr from $298.50. They are sold direct thr franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pa and save you middleman costs.

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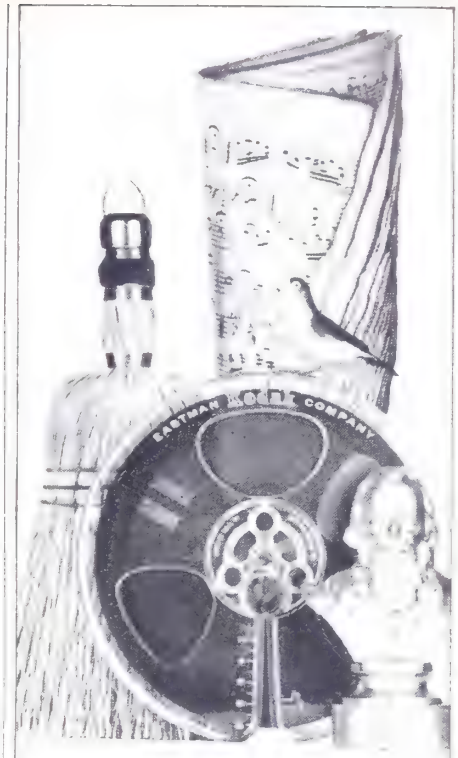
other rulers before and since, en a minimum of social can be maintained there the sternest authoritarian- it is in the family, where is expected to be a tyrant discipline his grown sons—nieces, cousins, and nephews ver necessary by beatings heavy stick. In the same the Shah is expected above e strong; if not, he has al- historically speaking) been placed by invasion or rebel- e present dynasty, in fact, power in just such a situa- y forty years ago, when a officer—the father of the Shah—nudged a weakling off cock Throne.

hese reasons, when I went to His Imperial Majesty, ned Reza Shah Pahlavi, near of my visit, I already had a sympathy for his problems. ough, he makes no pretense ing a democracy. The parlia- e prime minister, the officers nment, the military, and the e all quite frankly his tools; occasion he uses them ruth- Yet, in its present stage of nent, I don't see how Iran overned in any other way. st be said, too, that his rule together oppressive. It might ibed as a despotism tempered ption, inefficiency, good in- , the wry humor of the Iran- le, and their indomitable in- r evasion and survival. Thus w years a tribal uprising or riot may be harshly re- —but in between times both en and students are relatively meled men. (Freer, at least, than Iranians have been throughout most of their history.) There is no free press; but free speech is incessant, noisy, and uninhibited. Any day you may see a policeman clubbing somebody—usually a petty thief—into insensibility; but the police enforce traffic laws (and most others) only sporadically. Although they complain a lot, anyone who watches Iranians swarming in their bazaars and mosques finds it hard to believe that they are cowed.

Moreover, I came away convinced that the Shah is really trying, with considerable energy and skill, to use such tools as he has in the interests of his people—particularly the poor. He is attempting two things which are both ambitious and risky: (1) to modernize a country fiercely resistant to change; (2) to wrest ownership of the land away from the handful of absentee landlords who have held it for centuries, and give it to the scrawny villagers who have always farmed it.

It is too early to know whether he will succeed. Certainly he faces plenty of trouble, some of it from his own family, still more from the one group—the foreign-trained intellectuals and managers—which he needs most. Still, I think he is hopeful (most of the time) and that his hopes may turn out to be not altogether baseless.

In a subsequent report I hope to indicate something about the character of this earnest, uneasy young man; the kind of trouble ahead of him; the sometimes disconcerting way he is tackling his job; and how some of the results look when scrutinized from a village gate rather than the imperial palace. [ ]



Brahms digs clean tape

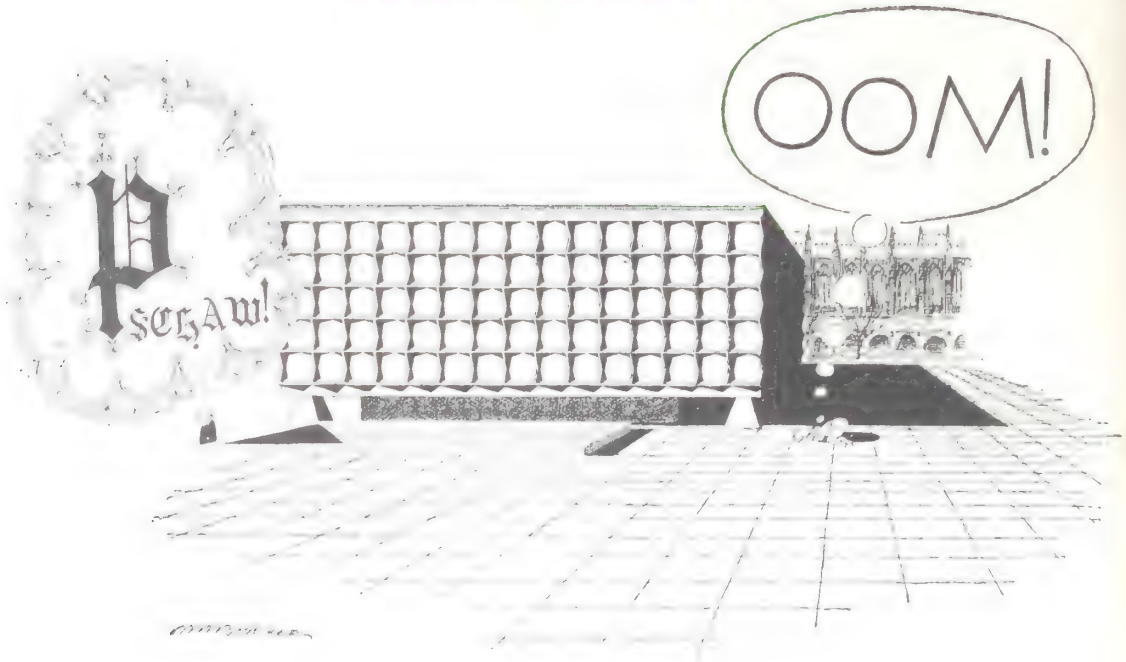
Sound recording tape is metallic oxide coating on a plastic base. When the coating flakes off, you've got dirty tape. It gunks up your recording heads and generally fouls up the works. KODAK Sound Recording Tape is different. It's clean. One reason is Kodak's superior manufacturing experience. No flaking, no gunk. The sound is cleaner, more brilliant. Brahms would have loved it.



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TRADEMARK

After Hours



Yale's New Treasure House

by Alexander Winston

On the subject of Yale's new Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, everyone, it appears, has an opinion charged with wholesome passion.* At a cocktail party a blond lady I was talking to became so emotional that she spilled her drink down her wrist. "The Beinecke!" she screamed, mopping, "I love it! It makes me want to bow down and say *Oom*!" One art professor calls the Beinecke a jewel, another rates it a multimillion-dollar mistake that ends up "no place, nowhere, nobody," and the Yale architecture students, with somber unanimity, voted it the building where they least want to be marooned. Only a broker friend of mine has remained calm. "Look at it this way," he offered *sotto voce* over salad at the Graduate Club. "The Beinecke brothers made their money with Sperry and Hutchinson, the stamp people. So what is the library? Just the most expensive item ever bought with S. and H. Green Stamps."

Convinced that all of these propositions could not be true at one and the same time, I went to look for myself. The pale block of the library seemed to float on the November air, its unwindowed façade opaque and eyeless as a forbidden temple. I goggled down into a concrete courtyard sunk below the broad granite plaza. On the bare moonscape of its floor perched an outsized Life Saver (the Sun, I learned) gnawed by a lithophagous mouse, a cube balanced on one point (Chance), and a shallow pyramid symbolizing Time. All were of snowy marble.

Inside the bronze doors of the library the air was murmurous. A soft sepia glow filtered through the walls. Amber ceiling lights shone distant as stars. The glittering six-story pillar of books sheathed in glass loomed remote as a jeweled, impassive god, and the receptionist, her hair piled in an antique bun, her sweater the blue of Aegean waters, could have passed for his priestess.

An earnest young assistant librarian introduced himself as Kenneth Nesheim, in charge of equipment and personnel, and got straight to business.

"The first job of this building is to protect the books and ma scripts," he began as we clim broad flight of stairs to the tion Hall on the mezzanine. the walls, for example. The shell, really, 250 marble pane even call them panes—honed inch-and-a-quarter thick. That them translucent, to let in d but shield the books from the glare of the sun."

In a curved cabinet at th of the stairs, early Southw material surrounded a pict General Zachary Taylor at th tle of Buena Vista courteou questing "A little more grape tain Bragg." Mr. Nesheim h stoop down and peer at the "Filters on the bulbs," he expl "cut out infrared and ultra rays. Both are hard on pape bindings. Change the molecules the display cases that you see

---

Dr. Winston was a parish mi for twenty-five years and has w two books of sermons, as well as and fiction. Having Ph.D., M.A B.D. degrees, he knows his around a library.

* A comment on the Library, by the artist who illustrated this article, N. M. Bodecker, appears in the Letters columns, on page 6.

1



Moving today?

Bottletop, Wyoming, here I come!

2



Really?

I'm taking the advice of that famous old sage, Horace Greenleaf.

3



You are?

Yessiree, I'm doing just what he said, "Go West there, youngster."

4



And you decided on Bottletop?

It's the land of opportunity.

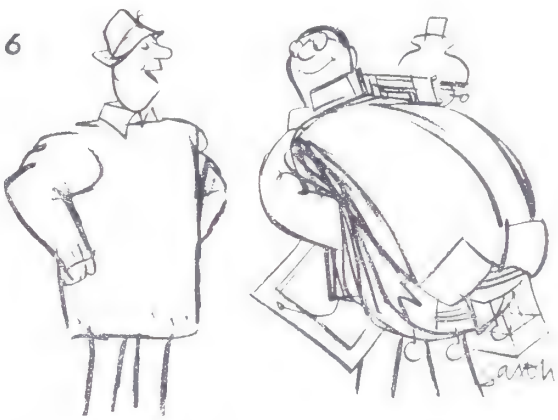
5



Well, if you ever need any more advice—and I'm sure you will—you'll have the opportunity to get it even in Bottletop.

How's that?

6



Wherever you move in the U.S.A. there's a man from Equitable nearby. Equitable has 760 offices throughout the country. Which means that whenever you need advice or service, you can get it fast with Living Insurance from Equitable.

In two years, I'll be the soda pop king of Bottletop.



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floor, as well as the stacks, have temperature and humidity control. Books are like people, most comfortable at 70 degrees of warmth and 50 per cent humidity."

We started on a circuit of the hall. "Everything in this library is rare, hard to get," said Mr. Nesheim. "Manuscripts, of course, are irreplaceable." He paused at the two-volume Gutenberg Bible resting on twin silvery pedestals in its own glass case. "Here's the world's most famous book. Only twenty complete copies in existence, rare enough so the Morgan Library in New York announces that it has two and a *half*. Ours came from the Benedictine monastery at Melk, on the Danube. The Gutenberg was the first book on the European continent printed with movable type. We like to match that sort of thing if we can, so we have the first dated book printed in England, and this one"—he pointed to an inconspicuous volume—"is the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in the American colonies. Only eleven of them have been located and ours is one of three in first-rate condition. It's our most expensive possession so far as public purchase price goes—$151,000."

Among the exhibits I noted a 1604 quarto of *Hamlet;* Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in a first edition; Irving's *Sketch Book* notes; four huge "elephant" volumes of Audubon bird pictures magnificently bound in rich red-and-gold leather; William Clark's field notes and rough day-by-day maps of the Pacific Northwest expedition; manuscript pages of Mann's *Der Zauberberg;* Conrad's *Heart of Darkness;* Goethe's *Faust;* a ragged brown papyrus fragment of the world's oldest Christian document.

In the end case a humidity chronograph traced squiggly blue lines on a drum. "We keep pretty close watch on things," mused Mr. Nesheim as he studied the lines. "Now let's take a look at the control panels."

Down the stairs we went at a lope, through glass doors marked "Readers Only," and across the beige carpet to his office. A maintenance engineer with a flop of yellow hair was checking panels that covered half the wall. Lights, buttons, and dials dotted them.

"These panels show us eve
that goes on in the buildin
Nesheim said, pointing
"Here are signals for temp
humidity, and dew point thr
all areas. This row is for the
tells us if they are properl
and locked. In the booksta
have heat and smoke detect
the temperature rises to 140
as it would fast enough in
fire, or if the air content cha
20 per cent—smoke, say—the
lights go red and alarm horn
stacks begin to blast. Then
off the fans and pump in car
oxide."

"How would anyone know t
horn was an alarm?" I asked

"They'd know," he replied
"It goes hooga-hooga. When
sure that the danger area is
of people, we push a button
pumps are on. Whish! Al
long and short bursts out of
on each tier. You can see
come out. It chills the air and
dry-ice particles that dampen
but won't wet the books. As
pens, books don't burn ver
anyway. Cross your fingers."

We shook hands and I wen
see Herman W. (Fritz) Liebe
bulky, energetic librarian, wh
me a quick rundown of the
tions. "Almost too many to
he said with gusto. "The
papers, of course, and the
Franklin collection. When full
lished each will run to abou
volumes. We have the best Ste
to be found anywhere—Edwi
necke collected that—excellent
ern Americana, and a large G
section. First-rate in Shaw.
O'Neill, Mann, Cooper, Conra
are strong in Ruskin, Roman
ture, books by and about Am
Negroes. That's only a few.
have some political dynamit
papers of Colonel House, Pre
Wilson's adviser, which he o
locked up until 1940, batches
sonal papers of Henry Stimso
John W. Davis. In all, 250,00
umes and an unknown numb
manuscript pages that we es
at a million. Our capacity is 8
volumes and another million
scripts. But our function as a d
tory of records is secondary. T
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Stewardess Tamako Ishii is two people. One Tamako travels around the world, speaks Japanese, English and French fluently, reads books on economics and politics. The other Tamako plays the koto (a lovely 13-stringed instrument), studies flower arranging and Japanese dances, and performs the difficult 1000-year-old tea ceremony with incredible grace and beauty. You're lucky. When you fly with BOAC, you get both of her.

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to support the educational work of this university and to assist the research of scholars all over the world."

The secretary came in to say that someone was returning a phone call. "I'm afraid this will be a long one," said Mr. Liebert. He punched a button and muffled the receiver on his lapel. "Why don't you try the curators? They're down the hall." When I went out he was already talking on the telephone, his eyes fixed reflectively on the pyramid of Time visible through the window.

In airy offices, behind book-piled desks, the two full-time curators, Donald Gallup in American Literature and Archibald Hanna in Western Americana, sketched for me the impressive growth of rare-book libraries in recent decades. For accessibility to scholars, many such libraries are attached to universities: Harvard's Houghton, Brown's John Carter Brown, the Lilly at Indiana University, the Clements at Michigan, UCLA's Clark, and the Barrett Collection at the University of Virginia. Other outstanding libraries are supported by private foundations —for example the Morgan in New York (famed for its princely collection of illuminated manuscripts), the Folger Shakespeare in Washington (complete with a full-scale replica of the Globe Theatre), Chicago's Newberry, and the superb Henry E. Huntington in San Marino, California, whose railroad-magnate patron bought whole libraries with such prodigality that bookmen called him "a collector of collections." These institutions are dedicated to a simple axiom: What's past is prologue. A civilization knows where it is going only when it understands where it has been.

Around the perimeter of the sunken court were offices of other Beinecke curators and advisers having a flexible relationship to the library. An angelic old gentleman who smiled out at me from one door introduced himself by the staggering name of Curt von Faber du Faur, Curator of German Literature. While we talked he calmly lighted the wrong end of a cigarette and smoked the cork. A book dealer by profession, he had seen Hitler's first putsch fail in front of his Munich home, had left Germany to es the Nazis (with his beloved b and $24 in pocket), and finally a arrived at Yale, where his colle became an important part of h Beinecke German material.

As a parting benediction brought out one of his treas cradling it as tenderly as a m with a new babe. It was Emp Maximilian's rhymed story of t own life, a private edition pri from wood blocks in 1517, boun black leather tooled in gold, its e incised in a leafy frieze. Mr. Faber turned the pages with r ent fingers and remarked that s Maximilian bestowed many copie the crowned heads of Europe held in our democratic hands a that was once a gift to kings.

Down the hall, Colonel Ric Gimbel gave me the cheerless of an Air Force officer (whic once was) confronted by a s cadet. "I am Adviser in Aeron cal Literature," he said, warr quickly, "but I limit myself to history of flying before the W brothers. Aeronautics before airplane, if you want to put it way. There's so much stuff th wish I'd stopped four hundred y earlier. Oldest thing I have Babylonian cylinder about P Atana who flew to heaven on a to get away from high taxes."

I noticed an old-fashioned c with a purple silk ribbon across arms. "That's Dickens' work ch he explained. "The 'Empty C lamented at his death. I collect D ens and Poe. I have the manus of Poe's 'Raven.' Furthermor have the raven."

"The raven!"

He nodded. "Come along." In basement bookstacks he laid ba forest-green cloth. From a glass framed in dried boughs a stu raven regarded us brightly.

"This fellow," Colonel Gi said, waggling a finger at him, longed to the Dickens family great favorite. Called him Grip. children begged their father to him in a book, so when Dic wrote *Barnaby Rudge* he had raven riding around on Barna shoulder. The story is a dou murder mystery. While it ran s ally, *The Saturday Evening Post*



[Tonight Could Be The Knight!]

THIS YEAR PAUL MASSON GIVES AWAY KOLTANOWSKI!

)UR Fifth Annual Chess Tournament has two innovations:

) Since the official drink for this year's tourney Paul Masson Champagne we have decided to the whole grape and have an official slogan too, onight Could Be The Knight."

In view of this, George Koltanowski, Chessmaster l World's Blindfold Champion, has devised a ky problem around knights.

2) While Mr. Koltanowski has been both lavish l imaginative in selecting prizes heretofore, he possibly gone overboard this time. *The grand ze this year is Koltanowski himself!*

Yes, the winner will have Koltanowski all to him- for an evening of chess. Or, if he would like invite in forty or fifty of his dearest friends the aster will play them all simultaneously.

Moreover, he will furnish the refreshments: sty Paul Masson Champagne for the bubbly- aks.

Second through one-hundredth prizes are 99 sets of one-dozen tulip champagne glasses as shown.

And every entrant will receive his 1965-66 numbered Chess Registry Card, on the back of which, for handy reference, are Koltanowski's *Further* Seven Rules For Better Chess.

So go to it: White to play and mate in two moves. It is pleasant to think of you pondering away with chess in your mind and a champagne glass in your hand. Good luck!

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. A-6, Saratoga, Calif.

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski_____.

I shall be delighted to receive my numbered Chess Registry Card for 1965-66 with Koltanowski's *Further* Seven Rules For Better Chess on the back even if I'm wrong. I do hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1965 and I win a prize.

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Tar Gard Co., San Francisco, Calif.



TAR GARD

vited Poe to unravel the murders in advance. Poe did, after only eleven of the eighty-two installments had appeared. He suggested, in passing, that the raven should be more crucial to the plot—croak more, maybe say a single word that would be the key to the whole thing. The idea of the raven haunted Poe, that's the only way to describe it, *haunted* him. In his poem four years later the raven had the key speech at last, the single word 'Nevermore.' When the raven died—of eating white paint—the Dickens family held a funeral service and had the bird stuffed. There he is."

Grip certainly looked capable of anything. As the green cover descended, the burnished button of his eye, the same that had not flinched at murder or poetic anguish, glared at us with haughty reproach.

Grip's sepulchral influence may have lingered on. At any rate, when I went to the desk in the waning afternoon to ask for a manuscript my choice fell, without thinking, to Stevenson's "Requiem."

The pert young lady at the desk had green pendant earrings and a British accent. "You will have to fill out the manuscript form," she said. She whipped out two sheets of paper from beneath the counter and slid a carbon between them.

I wrote name, address, telephone. "Institution and Status," I mused aloud.

"Are you at Yale?"

"No. Shall I write 'Nothing'?"

"I wouldn't do that," she said hurriedly. "If you put down 'Nothing' they will think that you *are* nothing. If you don't write anything they won't know what you are."

"Good. And status? Is 'married' all right?"

"No. That counts only for a woman."

"It says down here at the bottom that I can get a copy made."

"Oh, yes! Which process do you prefer?" I didn't know. "Well, I can tell you what is most complicated," she went on. "Microfilm takes weeks and is costly. Positive photostat takes time. What about Xerox?" I said that I wasn't sure what about it. She thought it would be best, considering time and pocketbook. I put an "X" after Xerox.

But she couldn't find the 'quiem." Another desk girl also an accent (Missouri, this ti failed as well, but assured m ringing tones that she would "g the top" to succeed. She evide did, and soon appeared at the of the lounge (where I had retre to smoke my pipe) beckoning triumph.

I carried the brown folder re ently to the reading room. Betw its covers lay a series of Steve poems just as he had sent ther the printer, neat columns in his spidery hand on gray-lined p torn from a notebook. "Under wide and starry sky . . ."

The number "54" headed it, in the upper right-hand corner if by afterthought, he had pen the title. Included was the weak ond stanza ("blow" rhymes "evermo"!) which he mercifully pressed later. He had crossed "That" and written "This" in line, "This be the verse you g for me," and I was thankful. the bottom he had put the date "1 Jan." and "S.F." for San Franc

Never had I felt so close to slim, disheveled, great-hearted, forever romantic "Teller of Tal I understood, in that moment, s of the Beinecke's awesome se its power to bring back the ribbed and blooded as it once lived, to elongate the fleeting pre and widen the narrow angle of sight, without which we are only brightest of the animals.

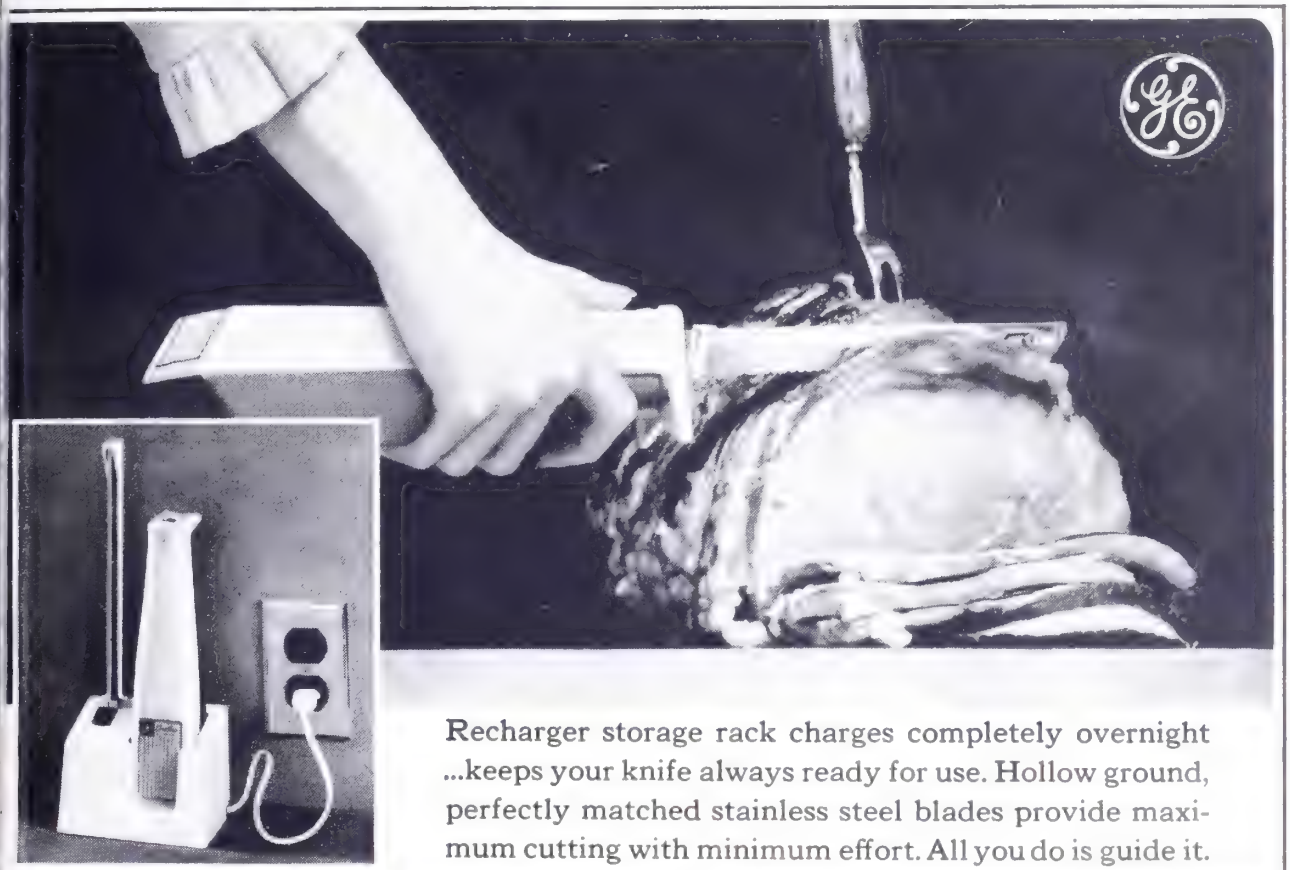
The closing bell rang. A lad fur-lined galoshes picked up black-leather Bible and several umes of the Reverend Jonat Edwards, stowed them into a Kn erbocker beer carton, and wal past my table. The desk girls alre had their coats on. At the head the stairs stood the receptio ready to usher us through the door. Over her shoulders lay sweater blue as Aegean waters.

"*Xairete*," I said. She sm vaguely and said good-night.

I went out. A cold rain was f ing, but I was not to be diver by mere fact. Where I stood, f washed the sunlit Cyclades, a l red horn went hooga-hooga, P raven croaked, and in Samoa breeze shook the vines beside S enson's bent head. [ ]

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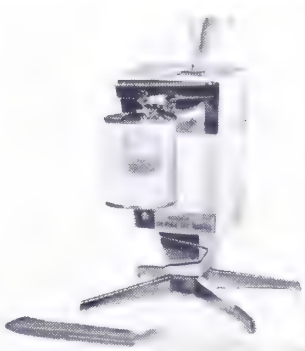


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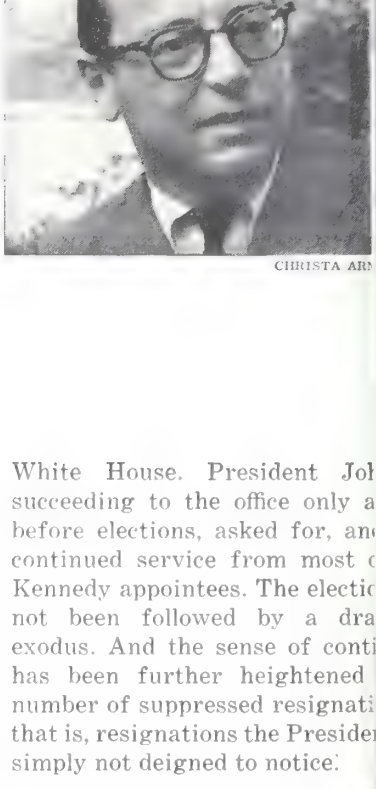
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CHRISTA AR

Johnson's Talent Hunt

by Joseph Kraft

The new Administration has good people coming out of its ears, but making good use of them is something else again.

When that high flyer Comsat (or the Communications Satellite Corporation, as it is never called) set up in business last fall, President Johnson was obliged by statute to appoint three public members to the board of directors. Months earlier, after extensive discussions in many cities, the White House staff had drawn up a slate of candidates familiar with corporate practices, well-versed in the communications field, and willing to serve. But week after week went by, and the list stayed on the President's desk. There was no decision.

Hours before the deadline, the President suddenly made his move. He decided he didn't want any of the men on the list at all. He wanted representatives of education, business, and labor instead. And he reached for the phone.

As theater, the result was brilliant. To represent education the President bagged the head of the country's biggest university—Clark Kerr of California. As the business spokesman he brought in the president of the country's largest company—Frederic Donner of General Motors. And from the ranks of the toilers he got none other than the president of the AFL-CIO, George Meany. But from the point of view of the public business, the success has been somewhat dimmed. So far, only one of the President's nominees has even been attending board meetings.

That little episode brings together most of the elements of a matter that is at once piquant enough to be subject for gossip and solemn enough to be a serious problem of state—the matter of staffing the Johnson Administration. Contrary to the impression at all times cultivated by White House moaning and groaning, there exist large numbers of persons well-fitted for the highest government posts. With a little picking and choosing, the President can probably get almost anyone he wants to come and work for him. "We have people coming out of our ears," one White House aide says. The trick, however, is not in finding good people; it lies in using them well. But the President's personal style raises a barrier against the effective utilization of good men. And as a result, he may often get mere window dressing.

At the center of all these speculations are several hundred government jobs. Included among them are Cabinet and sub-cabinet officers, and diplomatic representatives in more than 130 countries, all subject to Senate confirmation. In addition there are staff jobs in the White House and the various Departments and agencies that are crucial, though not subject to confirmation. These are the vantage points for controlling the vast apparatus of the American government. They comprise the so-called policy jobs.

Normally, of course, there is a complete turnover in these positions when a new President enters the White House. President Joh succeeding to the office only a before elections, asked for, an continued service from most Kennedy appointees. The electio not been followed by a dra exodus. And the sense of conti has been further heightened number of suppressed resignati that is, resignations the Presider simply not deigned to notice.

His Own P

But, in fact, any President h have his own people around Mr. Johnson has already broug an almost entirely new White H staff. He has named as his personnel officer, in charge of hunting for the Administra John Macy, who is also Chairm the Civil Service Commission. when there is no tension of or personality, moreover, officia Washington after a certain p become subject to a condition k as 4F—fatigue, frustration, fo (which means the chance to ge and make more money), and fa (which means the need to get and spend some time with the and children). Over the next mo these pressures will be taking of the Administration. It is pred ble that before the year is out, will be a wholesale turnover in policy jobs.

No one seems to have de exactly what qualities are requir fill these posts—which is one re that President after President assert with impunity that all

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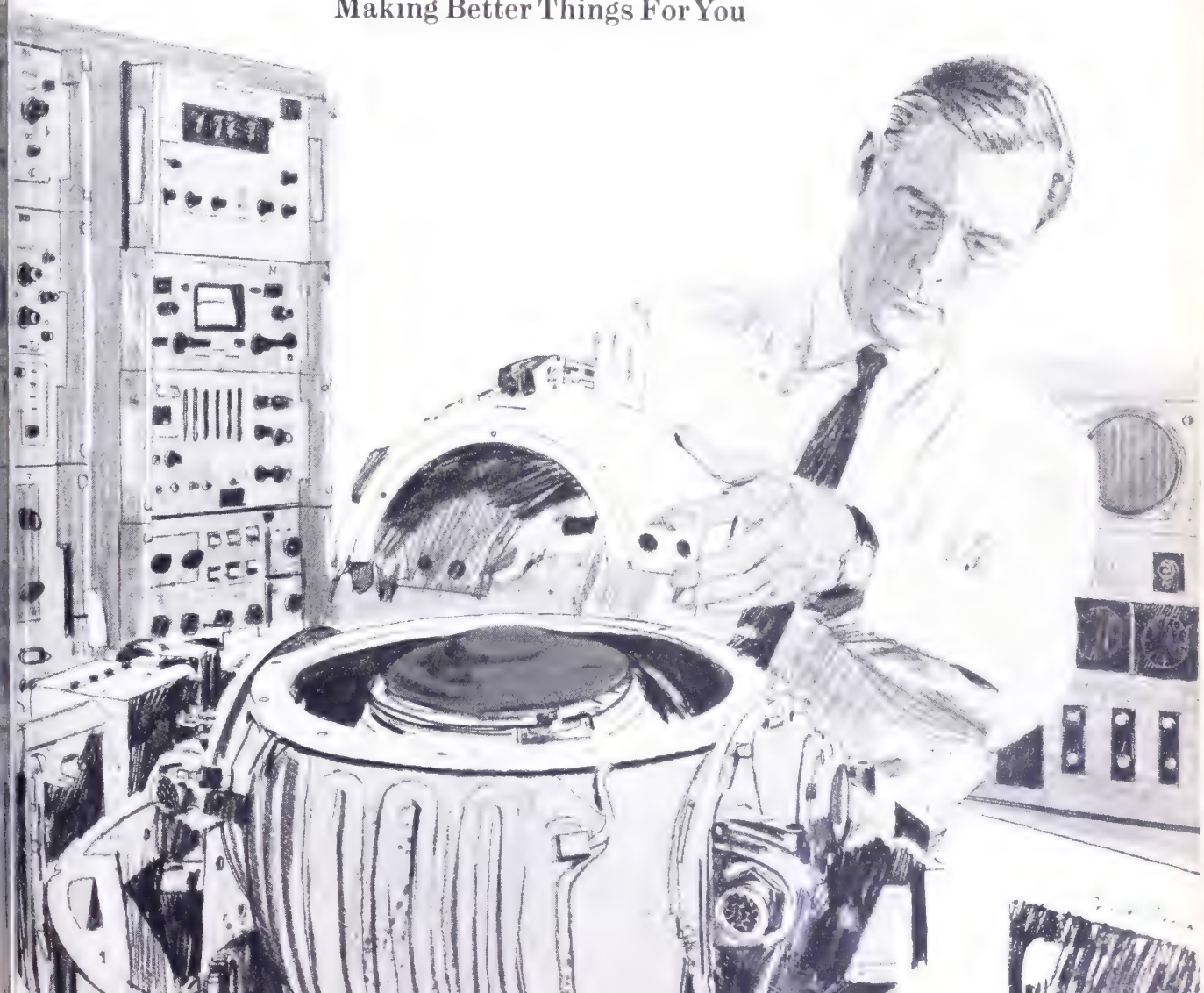
Together with several hundred other engineers, scientists and technicians, he is contributing to the development, fabrication, assembly, integration and testing of the guidance and navigation system for the Apollo spacecraft. His mind is literally on the moon—and how to get three men there and back safely.

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wants is the best men for the jobs. At first glance, the requirements seem too radically dissimilar for any general definition: it is obviously one thing to be an Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East; another to be an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture. Moreover, in the past at least, cataloguing the desiderata has seemed a rather academic exercise. The political requirements—to advance backers and conciliate segments or sections—have been the dominant consideration.

After the Landslide

In the case of the Johnson Administration, however, the landslide of 1964 puts the President in the saddle with only two requisites. For political purposes, he wants to hold onto the moderate Republicans from the business world who deserted the GOP in November. For personal reasons, he wants to do at least as well as his predecessor did. The Kennedy Administration, the President keeps remarking, set the standard.

With the political realities this year permitting a relatively free choice, the basic needs for the policy jobs turn out to be not so disparate after all. The common denominator is the obligation to work through that strange animal, the American bureaucracy. Unlike the civil service in almost all other countries, the American bureaucracy is a collection of specialized offices set up to do specific tasks and manned by experts in the field. Each bureaucratic office, accordingly, has a direction and momentum of its own: for example, the Reclamation Bureau of Interior always wants to bring more land into cultivation. Each also, tends to come into conflict with other agencies: the Reclamation Bureau is consistently at odds with those parts of the Agriculture Department trying to cut down on food surpluses. Because they have their own purposes and battles, these offices tend to establish independent lines of alliance with Committees, or at least members, of the Congress: there is, for instance, a romance of long standing between the Reclamation Bureau and Carl Hayden of Arizona, the dean of the Senate and Chairman of its Appropri Committee. Finally, because expertise, each bureaucratic tends to throw up a complex of lations, traditions, and per patterns as protection against ference from outside.

The essential skill needed i policy job is the ability to mast underlying bureaucracy. Tha quires penetrating through tl fensive screen of complexi identify the true function office. It involves breaking or ing the independent alliances the Congress, so that executiv trol is possible. It finally in bringing the office into ha with the program of the Pres and the work of his other poli ficers. The sum total of all qualities is known as the sense. More, probably, than thing else, the key to succe Washington is having a keen sense.

Two New

At first blush, no doubt, the sense may seem to be a rar exotic fruit. In fact, it bloon over the American landscape. tually all activities that dema understanding and guidance of plex institutions from the o require the policy sense. La have it, and bankers, and exec in business. It abounds insid government itself, and in the versities. The Kennedy Admin tion, in its talent hunt, drew on a narrow spectrum of the ava talent—chiefly from the univer and law firms of the Eastern board. The Johnson Administr is setting its sights on a far spectrum of the same elite— special emphasis on two poo talent.

One such pool is the manag talent from the business world would enable the President to tain his broad majority, and the opposition divided. This doe mean, of course, the celebrate cats who have spent their liv production and sales, and who the business community suc bad name in Washington du the Eisenhower Administratio means, instead, successful me affairs familiar with the newer

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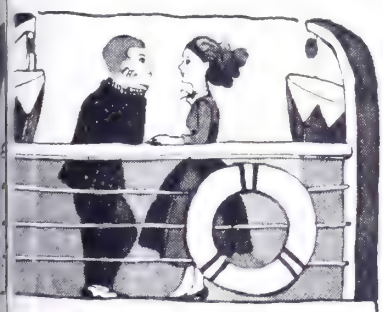
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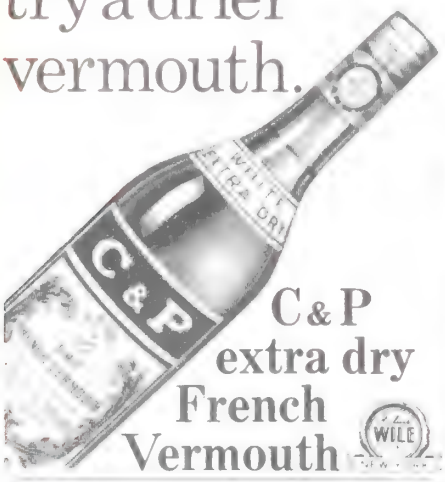
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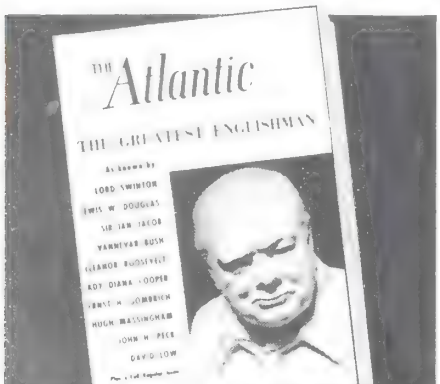
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agerial techniques, generally connected with companies dependent upon innovation, and therefore at home in the world of research and government.

The prime example of that breed is the man the President is always citing as the model of the successful government executive—Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Another good example, and a true index of the President's instincts, is his first Cabinet appointment, Secretary of Commerce John T. Connor. Connor was a government lawyer before entering the world of business and becoming president of Merck & Co. At Merck he was responsible for developing in a highly profit-minded company, an emphasis on research, and for making Merck the first of the drug companies to put its research chief on its board of directors. And just in case anyone supposes that the Connor appointment was an accident, it is worth looking at the other men the President had in mind in the event that Connor, who was his first choice, did not accept. They included Elliott V. Bell, a former adviser to Thomas E. Dewey and a New York State banking official, who is now director of McGraw-Hill; Franklin Lindsay, a former Defense Department official and management consultant who is now president of the Itek Corporation; Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of IBM; and Crawford Greenewalt, the head of du Pont.

A second pool of available talent lies within the government itself. During the postwar years, the national security agencies, in particular, attracted a crop of extraordinary young men capable of rising through the civil service to the top policy jobs. In addition there are the younger men who entered the Kennedy Administration in subordinate jobs but who are prepared to stay on if they can move up. By tapping them, the President could fuzz over and obscure invidious comparisons with the Kennedy Administration. And already the drift is apparent. The new White House personnel man, John Macy, became executive secretary of the Civil Service Commission and chairman under Kennedy. McGeorge Bundy, the President's Special Assistant for National Security, has filled three staff vacancies from inside the g ment. Of the 33 new Ambass appointed by Mr. Johnson up t month, 25 were from the F Service, and five more came other parts of the government. Justice Department, the new ney General, Deputy Attorney eral, and Assistant Attorney G for Civil Rights have all been up inside the Department. Th Under Secretary of Interior, Carver, Jr., steps up from Ass Secretary. The new Under Sec of the Treasury for Monetary A Frederick Deming, previously 23 years in the Federal Reserv tem. William Driver, the new h the Veterans Administration, h in 16 years with the VA. The n member of the Council of Eco Advisers, Arthur Okun, cut his on the Council's staff.

The Veiled App

Even if there is plenty of however, even if it fits the po needs of the Administration, remain as to its use. The reas these doubts is the President self, and the way he conduc business. All his political life Johnson has been a builder o sensus. His stock-in-trade i manipulating of other peoples' mitments, which means postp his own commitment to the last. In line with that approac President veils his plans and poses in total secrecy. Even most intimate advisers he do vouchsafe more than a glim the way he will go on given iss appointments. He accepted the nation of Commerce Secretary L Hodges without telling him it until he was on the point of ducing him to his successor Connor. It is said that he praised Press Secretary G Reedy as the best ever becaus doesn't know what the Pre thinks, and he doesn't specula

Equally in keeping with his tance to make commitments i President's work schedule. R ers have spent hours with hin ing the middle of the day w even having an advance appoint But when it comes to the ki steady concentration on a pr that means commitment, the



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a day and age when the advance of
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beside telephones, cables, telephone
nd dedicated "linesmen", in Villa Mercades,
o, Argentina I am the daughter of
Jerome B. Johns who was the
tendent of all the transandine land
-the telephone cables that crossed the
-for All America Cables. In those
my father covered many miles of
country - on horse - or muleback.

Remote as we were in those days
we were a link with the world for we
had the only telephone for miles around.
When help was needed people would say
"El Americano tiene teléfono" "The American
has a phone. Or in other words, All
America Cables will help.

In those days we were a vital force
in the community, and many and
countless were the errands of mercy
"run" by this member of ITT. The
American flag always flew proudly
over the different buildings where
All America had an office. Even in
times of strife, my father was allowed
to fly his proud flag, for he was the
respected American who was represent-
ative of the good power of
the telephone

We had a small fire in our home
the other day. I reached first for
the telephone. Guess what I
reached for after my children were
safe? Not my sterling silver, not
our hard-earned furniture or clothes.
My hands still trembling, on an
old, old album with some very
old pictures. Somehow these are
the proudest things I own
Here are some of them for
you to see.



Very sincerely yours,
Caroline B. Crawford
(nee Johns)

e as we were in those days we were a link with the world"

line B. Crawford said it. The pioneer spirit
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Plus a full, regular issue; see announcement on page 28.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

dent fights shy. The project fo multilateral nuclear force (or MI was central to his European po through most of 1964 altho (some would say, *because*) he not concentrate on the matter u the visit of Prime Minister Ha Wilson at the end of the year.

In the same vein, the Presi keeps his freedom of maneuve systematically cutting down people around him. It is well kn that he regularly disparages members of his White House s He also puts the needle into s lions as Secretary McNamara. He ferred not long ago to Dean Ache at a meeting that included the mer Secretary of State, as the who got us into the Korean War had to rely on Eisenhower to ge out. In the Johnson Administrat in other words, there is only one man.

Important, indeed very import virtues are connected with the P ident's reluctance to show his h or his favor. It is at once a good to avoid mistakes, and to disenta from them once they are made. it does not make for a good worl relationship with the men of stance who have to run the Dep ments and agencies. They do not being needled all the time. They not like being left in limbo on portant policy matters. They do like working without a fixed rout And nothing proves it better the behavior of the Preside Kitchen Cabinet. It includes me undoubted stature who would be ornament to any Administrat But while they do part-time j they keep their distance whe comes to regular positions. Thei titude toward the Administratio like the classic attitude toward York—a nice place to visit, but

In sum, the real unknown in matter of staffing the Adminis tion is the President himself. talent is there. There are no, or political obstacles to its use. But Great Society can be effecti manned only if the President discipline himself to work c dently and in an orderly ma with his associates. To a large tent that act of self-discipline pends on the White House staff. that will be the subject of anot report in these columns. [ ]

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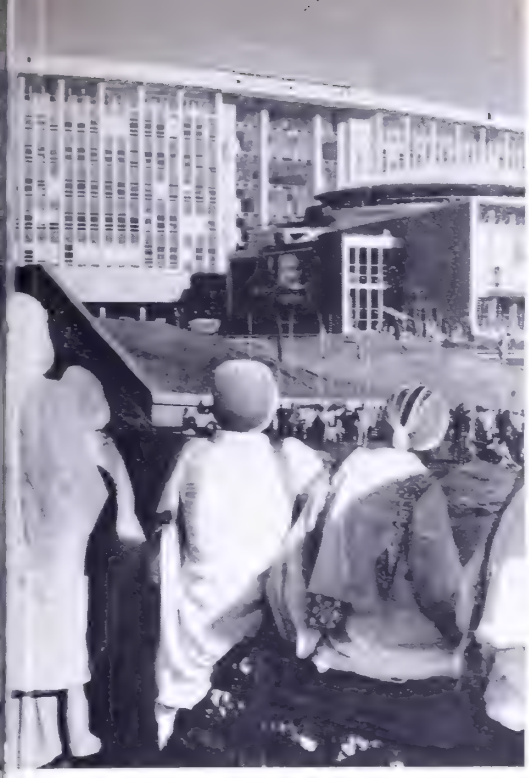


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Against Pornography

By George P. Elliott

A few brave words on behalf of censors and official hypocrites—together with some unfashionable suggestions on how to look at human behavior, both artistic and erotic.

Pornography is like a squalid, unnecessary little country which owes its independence to a vagary of history. But, though pornography is seldom of much importance, it may be of considerable interest, for to talk about it is unavoidably to talk about the Great Powers adjacent to it. Pornography speaks the language of Art; in recent centuries it has come within the sphere of influence of the Law; Psychology and Morals have vested interests in it. Moreover, occasionally pornography becomes genuinely important —when it is used as a seat of operations by the erotic nihilists who would like to destroy every sort of social and moral law and who devote their effective energies to subverting society as such. One who undertakes to discuss pornography finds himself, willy-nilly, falling back upon some of his ultimate positions in matters aesthetic, social, psychological, ethical. If a reader agrees with these opinions, he is likely to view them as principles; if he disagrees, prejudices. Here are some of mine.

Before plunging ahead, I had better indicate two mutually antagonistic dispositions, one liberal, the other conservative, in my opinions on pornography. On the one hand, I favor the liberal view that the less power the state and the police have over us private citizens the better, that the less the state concerns itself with the individual's thoughts, entertainments, and sexual actions the better, and that we should do what we can to keep from drifting toward totalitarianism. In other words, let us have no censorship because it strengthens the state, which is already too strong. Also let us have none because most of the things that in fact get censored are less harmful than some of the things that do not—for example, large-circulation newspapers and magazines. Society is harmed far less by the free circulation of a book like *Fanny Hill* than it is by

routine and accepted practices of the daily sensationalist press: let a man inherit ten million dollars, pour acid on his wife, or win a Nobel Prize, and reporter and photographer are made to intrude upon him and his family and then to exhibit to public view in as gross a manner as possible his follies, shames, or just plain private affairs. Such invasions of privacy are not only allowed, they are allowed for the purpose of letting the public enjoy these same invasions vicariously, all in the name of freedom of the press. I believe that this accepted practice has done more damage to society as a whole and to its citizens individually than massive doses of the most depraved pornography could ever do. So much for my liberal views.

On the other hand, I favor the conservative view that pornography exists among us and is a social evil, though a small one. That is, in a good society of any sort I can imagine—not some daydream utopia where man is impossibly restored to sexual innocence but a society populated with recognizable, imperfectible men—in a good society there would be active opposition to pornography, which is to say, considerable firmness in the drawing of lines beyond which actions, words, and images are regarded as indecent. Furthermore, the opinion that pornography should not be restrained I regard as being commonly a symptom of doctrinaire liberalism and occasionally an evidence of destructive nihilism.

A liberal suspicion of censorship and a conservative dislike of pornography are not very compatible. Some sort of compromise is necessary if they are to live together. Their marriage will never be without tensions, but maybe the quarrel between them can be patched up well enough for practical purposes.

Originally the word pornography meant a sort of low erotic art, the writing of and about whores with the intention of arousing a man's lust so that he would go to a whore, but some centuries ago, the word, like the practice itself, came to include considerably more than aesthetic pandering. It has come to overlap with obscenity, which originally meant nothing more than the filthy. Obscenity still means that primarily, but notion about what is filthy have changed. Defecatin and urinating, instead of being just low and un interesting, came to be viewed as filthy, obscene taboo. Apparently, down in the underworld o taboo, things and functions easily become tinge with sexuality, especially functions as near th genitals as urinating and defecating. In any case since in common practice no clear distinction i made between pornography and obscenity, I an offering, for the sake of convenience, a definitio in which the single word pornography is stretche to include most of obscenity. The definition is mine, but not just mine; it also reflects the usages and attitudes of my society.

Pornography is the representation of directly or indirectly erotic acts with an intrusive vividness which offends decency without aesthetic justification.

Obviously this definition does not just describe but also judges; quite as obviously it contains terms that need pinning down—decency, for example. But pornography is not at all a matter for scientific treatment. Like various other areas of sexual behavior in which society takes an unsteady, wary interest—homosexuality, for example, or fornication or nudity—pornography is relative, an ambiguous matter of personal taste and the consensus of opinion. The grounds for this definition are psychological, aesthetic, and political.

The Criterion of Distance

Psychologically, pornography is not offensive because it excites sexual desire; desire as such is a fine thing, and there are happy times and places when desire should be excited and gratified freely and fully; moreover, even in inappropriate times and places there is plenty of free-floating desire abroad in the world; it doesn't take pornography to excite excesses of desire among young men and women. Nor is pornography offensive because, in its perverted and scatological versions, it excites disgust; in the proper context disgust serves the useful function of turning us from the harmful. Psychologically, the trouble with pornography is that, in our culture at least, it offends the sense of separateness, of individuality, of privacy; it intrudes upon the rights of others. We have a certain sense of specialness about those voluntary bodily functions each must perform for himself—bathing, eating, defecating, urinating, copulating, performing the sexual perversions from heavy petting

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George P. Elliott wrote this essay, he says, to put his ideas "in order" during the last polishing stage of his new novel, "In the World." It will be published this year by Viking. His previous books include a novel, "Parktilden Village," and the much-discussed collection of essays, "A Piece of Lettuce." He has taught at the University of California, the Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa, and elsewhere.

to necrophilia. Take eating, for example. There are few strong taboos around the act of eating; yet most people feel uneasy about being the only one at table who is, or who is not, eating, and there is an absolute difference between eating a rare steak washed down by plenty of red wine and watching a close-up movie of someone doing so. One wishes to draw back when one is actually or imaginatively too close to the mouth of a man enjoying his dinner; in exactly the same way one wishes to remove oneself from the presence of a man and woman enjoying sexual intercourse. Not to withdraw is to peep, to pervert looking so that it becomes a sexual end in itself. As for a close-up of a private act which is also revolting, a man's vomiting, say, the avoidance-principle is the same as for a close-up of steak-eating, except that the additional unpleasantness makes one wish to keep an even greater distance.

Pornography also raises aesthetic questions, since it exists only in art—in painting, literature, sculpture, photography, theater—and my definition implies that it is offensive aesthetically. The central aesthetic issue is not whether certain subjects and words should be taboo but what distance should be maintained between spectator and subject. Because of our desire to withdraw from a man performing private acts and our doubly strong desire to withdraw from a man performing acts which are not only private but also disagreeable or perverted, we wish aesthetically to remain at a certain distance from such acts when they are represented in art. Nothing whatever in human experience should, as such, be excluded from consideration in a work of art: not Judas betraying Christ nor naked starved Jews crowded by Nazi soldiers into a gas chamber nor a child locked by his parents in a dark closet for months till he goes mad nor a man paying a whore to lash him with barbed wire for his sexual relief nor even husband and wife making love.

Nothing human is alien to art. The question is only, how close? But the criterion of distance is an extremely tricky one. Aesthetically, one good way to keep a spectator at a distance from the experience represented by an image is to make the image artificial, stylized, not like us. If it is sufficiently stylized, it may be vivid and detailed and still keep a proper distance from the viewer. One would normally feel uneasy at being with a lot of men, women, and children engaged in every imaginable form of pleasurable erotic activity. Yet the vivid throngs of erotic statues on certain Indian temples create in the viewer no uneasiness but are simply delightful to look at. The viewer is kept at a considerable remove by the impossible poses and expressions of the statues; he cannot identify with the persons performing the acts. For the statues do not represent lustful, passionate, guilty, self-conscious, confused people like you and me, but pure beings to whom all things are pure, paradisal folk who are expressing their joy in generation and the body by erotic acts: these are stylized artifices of blessedness. Another way of keeping the spectator at a proper distance from a private experience is to give very little of it—make the image small, sketch it in with few details. One does not want to be close to a man while he is defecating nor to have a close-up picture of him in that natural, innocent act—not at all because defecating is reprehensible, only because it is displeasing to intrude upon. One would much rather have a detailed picture of a thief stealing the last loaf of bread from a starving widow with three children than one of Albert Schweitzer at stool. However, Brueghel's painting "The Netherlandish Proverbs" represents two bare rear ends sticking out of a window, presumably of people defecating into the river below, and one quite enjoys the sight—because it is a small part of a large and pleasant picture of the world and because the two figures are tiny, sketched in, far away.

To be sure, a satiric work of art may purposely arouse disgust in its audience. Even the breast of a healthy woman is revolting when inspected too closely, as Swift knew when he had tiny Gulliver revolted by every blemish on the breast of the Brobdingnagian wet nurse suckling the baby. Our revulsion at the description of her breast sticking out a good six feet, with a nipple half the size of a man's head, is necessary to Swift's satiric purposes, and it is kept within bounds by his reminding us that if proportions had been normal—if Gulliver and she had been about the same size—both he and we would have been pleased by the sight of her breast. When the artist's purpose goes to the limit of satire and he intends, as Swift does in the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels*, to disgust us with man as such, then he will force us right into the unpleasantly private, as Swift gets us to contemplate the Yahoos copulating promiscuously and lovelessly, besmeared with their own excrement. The aesthetic danger of such powerful evocations of disgust is that the audience may and often does turn not only against the object of the artist's hatred but also against the artist and work of art for having aroused such unpleasant emotions. Swift, just because he succeeds so powerfully, is

often reviled for his misanthropy in the voyage to the Houyhnhnms; the fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels* is even called a product and proof of madness—which is convenient and safe, for of course the fantasies of a madman may be pathetic and scary but they don't apply to us, *we* are sane.

The Erotic Used—and Misused

There is a special problem raised by realism, because it aims to present people as they actually are. How can a realistic artist be true to his subject if he is forbidden direct access to an area of human behavior which is of considerable importance? The aesthetic problem is for the realistic artist to represent these actions in such a way as to lead to understanding of the characters without arousing disgust against them or a prurient interest in their activities. When he can accomplish this very difficult feat, then he is justified in including in a realistic work of art representations that would otherwise be pornographic. Here are two instances of intimate erotic acts realistically represented, one of a kiss which is pornographic, the other of a copulation which is aesthetically justified and hence is not pornographic.

In the movie *Baby Doll*, made by Elia Kazan, a healthy young man and woman who desire one another embrace. By this point in the movie the spectator is convinced that their lust is powerful but banal, and a brief and somewhat distant shot of their embracing would adequately suggest to him how intensely they wanted to consummate their desire. Instead, he is subject to a prolonged series of images, especially auditory images, the effect of which is to arouse his own lust and/or disgust, to no aesthetic end. The kiss becomes so severed from characters and plot that the spectator does not care how the couple are related, but cares only that they are given over to desire, and he is encouraged by the very depersonalization of that desire to give himself over to a lust of his own. He may be excited to want some sort of sexual activity with the next available person, but, more probably, observing and sharing in that movie embrace becomes a kind of substitute sexual activity on the part of the spectator. For, just because the scene in *Baby Doll* arouses its spectator vicariously and in a theater, the chief appetite it whets is not for casual fornication but for more voyeurism—which is good at least for the movie business. Even if *Baby Doll* were a good work of art, as it surely is not, this episode in itself would remain aesthetically unjustified and therefore pornographic, and would merit censoring.

The other example of an intimately presented erotic act is from the novel *Pretty Leslie* by R. V. Cassill. The reader is given an emotionally intense account of a young man and woman copulating in an abnormal way; the man hurts the woman, and the reader understands how he does it and why she lets him do it. This would seem to be essentially pornographic, yet it is not. The art of this novel redeems its ugliness. The reader is not encouraged to use this episode as an incitement to casual fornication or voyeurism. Instead, what is aroused in him is a profound understanding of the characters themselves, of a kind he could have got in no other way. To understand what these people were like, how they were connected, and why they did what they did to each other, the reader must be close to them as they make love, and because he knows this is necessary for his understanding, he will not use either the episode or the whole novel for pornographic ends, unless he himself is already perverted. In *Baby Doll* a natural private act, by being brought close for no legitimate reason, excites an uneasy desire whose satisfaction can only be indiscriminate or perverse. In *Pretty Leslie* the account of an unnatural private act is not so close as to create disgust but is close enough to lead toward moral understanding and aesthetic satisfaction: there is no other possible way for the novelist to accomplish this legitimate end, and the emphasis he gives the episode is in proportion to its contribution to the whole novel.

The aesthetic problem has been stated succinctly by Jean Genet. As a professed immoralist and enemy of society, he has no compunction about using pornography and in fact he once made a pornographic movie. But as a writer, he has this to say about his art (in an interview in *Playboy* magazine for April 1964): "I now think that if my books arouse readers sexually, they're badly written, because the poetic emotion should be so strong that no reader is moved sexually. In so far as my books are pornographic, I don't reject them. I simply say that I lacked grace."

Nothing said thus far would justify legal suppression, official censorship. The effect of pornography in a work of art is aesthetically bad, but it is no business of the state to suppress bad art. The effect of pornography on an individual psyche is that of an assault, ranging in severity from the equivalent of a mere pinch to that of an open cut; but in the normal course of things one can avoid such assaults without much trou-

ble, and besides the wounds they make are seldom very severe one by one, though they may be cumulatively. To be sure, there are people who want and need pornography just as there are those who want and need heroin, but such a secret indulgence is not in itself socially dangerous. Here again, the state has no business intruding: a man's soul is his own to pollute if he wishes, and it is not for the state to say, "Be thou clean, be thou healthy, close the bathroom door behind you." It is only when pornography becomes public that, like dope, it takes on a sufficiently political cast for censorship even to be considered. It is unlike dope in that it sometimes acquires political overtones by being used ideologically, when put in the service of nihilism. But in one important respect it is like dope: it usually becomes public by being offered for sale, especially to the young.

Sell It Under the Counter

The classic example of pornography is a filthy picture: it is ugly; it is sold and displayed surreptitiously; it allows the viewer to intrude vicariously upon the privacy of others; it shows two or more men and women posing for money in front of a camera, in attitudes which sexual desire alone would lead them to assume in private if at all. An adult looking at such a picture is roused to an excitement which may lead either to revulsion or to satisfaction, but whatever his reaction, he should be left alone to decide for himself whether he wants to repeat the experience. The state has no legitimate political concern with his private vices. But the effect on young people of such a picture, and especially of a steady diet of such pictures, is another matter. A common argument against allowing young people to have unrestricted access to pornography runs somewhat as follows.

About sex the young are curious and uncertain and have very powerful feelings. A filthy picture associates sexual acts with ugly, vicarious, and surreptitious pleasure, and helps to cut sex off from love and free joy. At the most, one experience of pornography may have a salutary effect on the curious, uncertain mind of an adolescent. To be shown what has been forbidden might provide him a considerable relief, and if he has feared that he is warped because of his fantasies, he can see how really warped are those who act on such fantasies. Moreover, by his own experience he can learn why pornography is forbidden: experience of it is at once fascinating, displeasing, and an end in itself, that is to say, perverse. However, too many experiences with pornography may encourage the young to turn their fantasies into actions ("in dreams begin responsibilities") or to substitute fantasies for actions, and so may confirm them in bad habits.

Whatever the validity of this argument, it or something like it is the rationale by which our society justifies its strong taboo against exposing children to pornography. For my own part, I would accept the argument as mostly valid. The state has no business legislating virtue; indeed, one of the symptoms of totalitarianism is the persistent attempt of the state not just to punish its citizens for wrongdoing, but to change their nature, to make them what its rulers conceive to be good. But patently the state has the obligation to protect the young against the public acts of the vicious.

This means that, in the matter of the sale and display of pornography, the state, the apparatus of the law, should have two effective policies. It should strictly forbid making pornography accessible to the young: "No One Under 18 Admitted." But as for pornography for adults, the law should rest content with a decent hypocrisy: "Keep it out of the marketplace, sell it under the counter, and the law won't bother you."

An assumption underlying such policies is that a certain amount of official hypocrisy is one of the operative principles of a good society. It is hard to imagine a civilized society which would not disapprove of adultery, for the maintenance of the family as an institution is one of the prime concerns of society, and adultery threatens the family. Yet, on the other hand, imagine living in a country in which the laws against adultery were strictly enforced—the informing, spying, breaking in upon, denouncing, the regiment of self-righteous teetotalers. What is obviously needed here is what we have: unenforced laws. Only an all-or-none zealot fails to distinguish between the deplorable hypocrisy of a man deceiving his neighbors for his own gain and the salutary hypocrisy of a government recognizing the limits beyond which it should not encroach upon its individual citizens. Another assumption underlying these recommendations is that the censorship of simple pornography for adults will never be very effective. There is a steady demand for it, and it is not important enough to prosecute at much expense. The main function of laws against adult pornography is to express disapproval of it.

Clearly the logic of this argument leads to prohibiting certain books and works of art that

are now legally available in some parts of the country. For example, in some localities the courts have refused to prohibit the sale of *Fanny Hill*. This refusal seems to me quite irresponsible on any grounds other than a general refusal to censor pornography, for by any meaningful definition *Fanny Hill* is pornographic. Such story as there is in the novel exists for no other purpose than to provide occasions for detailed accounts of sexual encounters, and these accounts are the only passages in the book with power to stir the reader's emotions. The characters are very simple types without intrinsic interest, and Fanny herself is little more than a man's fantasy of female complaisance and sexual competence. The one literary quality which has made the book celebrated is a certain elegance of style; compared to most simple pornography it reads like a masterpiece, but to anyone familiar with eighteenth-century English prose it reads like several other third-rate novels. Surely the world is not in such need of third-rate eighteenth-century English fictional prose as to allow this consideration alone to justify the public sale of a work of sheer pornography. What else would justify its sale is hard to imagine. To deny that the book is pornographic or to say that its literary value redeems its pornography, is to blur distinctions, and for an august court of law to do so is for the state to abrogate one of its functions. An essential and conservative function of the state is to say, "Thou shalt not," to formulate society's taboos. Unless I am seriously mistaken, in this instance the court, speaking for the state, has refused to draw a clear line which corresponds to society's actual customs. In our culture the place for nudists is in a nudist colony, not on the city streets, and the way to sell books like *Fanny Hill* is under the counter, not over it. In the name of enlightenment and sexual permissiveness, the state is violating an actual taboo, and the reaction to many such violations may very well be a resurgence of that savage fanaticism which burns books and closes theaters.

What to Censor, and Why

I am going to defer a consideration of the nihilistic use of pornography, which would logically come next, and instead look at certain borderline questions of enforcing censorship. The censoring of unquestionable pornography is of little interest; it pretty directly reflects what decent society considers indecent at a given time; it is custom in action. But the censorship of borderline pornography demands discrimination and philosophy, without which censorship can degenerate into puritanical repressiveness of the kind there has been quite enough of during the past two or three centuries.

Thus far, my argument on what to censor and why has led to a legal position which is at least within hailing distance of common practice in the United States now. To purveyors of raw pornography our practice says in effect: bother your neighbors, especially children, and you will be punished; leave others untroubled by your vice and you will be viewed with disapproval by the law but left alone. This attitude is fine till one gets down to cases, but once it is a matter of wording and enforcing a law, the question must be answered: how is one to distinguish between pornographic and decent art? Still, such lines must be drawn if there are to be laws at all, and they must, in the nature of things, be arbitrary. As I see it, a more manageable form of the question is this: who should do the censoring? Whatever the answer to this question may be, whatever the best method of censoring, one thing is clear—our present method is unsatisfactory.

As things stand, an object is banned as pornographic on the judgment of some official in customs or the postal service or else by some police officer prodded by a local zealot. In most cases this judgment presents little difficulty: even civil-with genuine hard-core pornography, the unliberty extremists who are opposed to all censorship on principle blanch when they are confronted arguably warped stuff, the bulk of the trade. But sometimes there is the question of assessing the value of a work of art, and for this task the bureaucrats and policemen who are presently empowered to decide are unqualified.

Should *Fanny Hill* be offered to the public freely? When society has said *no* for generations and when judges and literary critics cannot agree on the question, it is wrong to allow a police sergeant to decide the matter. If a duly constituted public authority says, "*Fanny Hill* shall not be sold in this state," then the policeman's duty is clear: arrest the man who displays it for sale. But to leave to bureaucrats and policemen the task of making all the delicate discriminations necessary in deciding whether the novel should be censored in the first place, is genuinely irresponsible of society at large and of legislators in particular. To be sure, cases are brought to court. But the laws offer such vague guidance that far too much depends on the quirks of the judge or jury at hand. *No censorship might be preferable to what we have now.*

In fact, a strong case can be made for removing all censorship of pornography. Here are six arguments for abolishing censorship. The first three seem to me valid. (1) No law can be framed so as to provide a clear and sure guide to bureaucrat, policeman, judge, and jury. (2) It is very hard to demonstrate that pornography does in fact injure many people severely, even adolescents, for if the desire to break taboos is satisfied imaginatively, it is less likely to issue in antisocial acts. (3) The less power the state and the police have the better.

There are three further arguments against censorship which are commonly used but which I find less persuasive. (1) Decent citizens can by their very disapproval segregate pornography without assistance from the state. But, in an age as troubled as ours and with so much private indiscipline and theoretical permissiveness in sexual matters, there is little reason to suppose that the moral disapproval of decent citizens would actually stop the public distribution of pornography. (2) It is arguable that some people are rendered socially less dangerous by having their sexual tensions more or less satisfied by pornography, tensions which unrelieved might well lead to much more antisocial acts. True, but pornography, if it is to help those who need and use it, must be outside the law, clearly labeled *shameful;* if society has any respect for them, it will sternly assure them that what they are doing is nasty by passing a law against it, and then will pretty much leave them alone. (3) In the past, censorship has not succeeded in keeping books of literary value from being read but has only attached an unfortunate prurience to the reading of them. But the prurience attached to reading pornography derives less from breaking a law than from violating the taboo which caused the law to come into existence.

Goodman's Lovely Daydreams

There is another argument, more important and erroneous than any of these six, which is commonly advanced in favor of abolishing censorship. It hinges on a mistaken liberal doctrine about the nature of sexual taboos. According to this doctrine, sexual taboos, like fashions in dress, are determined by local custom and have as little to do with morality as the kinds of clothes we wear. However—the argument goes—people frequently mistake these sexual taboos for ethical rules, and pass and enforce laws punishing those who violate the taboos. The result is a reduction of pleasure in sex and an increase of guilt, with an attendant host of psychological and social ills. The obvious solution is to abolish the taboos and so liberate the human spirit from its chief source of oppression and guilt. At the moment in America, this ultimately Rousseauistic doctrine finds extensive elaboration in the writings of Paul Goodman, and is present to some degree in the writings of many other intellectuals.

It presents a considerable difficulty: by supposing that the potent and obscure emotions surrounding sexual matters derive from unenlightened customs, it holds out the hope that enlightened views can liberate us from those customs so that sex in every form can become healthy and fun for all. This is a cheery, optimistic view, not unlike the sweet hopefulness of the old-fashioned anarchists who thought that all we have to do, in order to attain happiness, is to get rid of governments so we may all express our essentially good nature unrestrained. Such ideas would show to advantage in a museum of charming notions, along with phlogiston and the quarrel about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, but turned loose in the world they sometimes cause a bit of trouble. Sexual anarchism, like political anarchism before it, is a lovely daydream. But it has come to be a part of fundamental liberalism, and so a part of the body of doctrines accepted by more and more of the rulers of the nation. Conceivably the First Amendment will be taken literally ("Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press") and many or all legal restraints against pornography may in fact be removed. But I believe that so far from eliminating sexual taboos, such an official undermining of them would only arouse the puritans to strengthen the bulwarks; the taboos would be made more repressive than ever; and many of the goods of liberalism would be wiped out along with and partly because of this utopian folly. Decent people had better learn now to censor moderately, or the licentiousness released by liberal zealots may arouse their brothers the puritan zealots to censorship by fire.

A civilized method of censoring is feasible. One does not have to imagine a utopian system of extirpating pornography through some sexual revolution—an Eden of erotic innocence in which prohibitions will be unnecessary because social relations will be as they should be. In our actual, historical United States, in which perversions and pornography flourish, one can imagine a better method of restraining pornography, which is yet within the framework of our customs and

procedures. It would operate somewhat as follows.

All decisions about what is legally pornographic in any of the arts are in the custody of boards of censors. A board is elected or appointed from each of three general categories of citizens: for example, a judge or lawyer of good repute; a professor of art, literature, or one of the humanities; and a social worker, psychologist, or clergyman. These are not exciting categories; but in them, if anywhere, are likely to be found citizens whose own opinions will reflect decent social opinion and who are also capable of making the various discriminations the task calls for. Obviously it is necessary to keep sexual anarchists off the board; just as a person is disqualified from serving as a juror in a murder case if he is against capital punishment, so one would be disqualified from serving on a board of censors if he were against censoring pornography.

A board of censors must never look to a set of rules of thumb for guidance—not, as now, to the quantity of an actress's body that must be covered. Is a burlesque dancer's breast indecent from the nipple down or is it only the nipple itself that offends? That way foolishness lies. Rather, the censors must look only to their own personal experience with a given work of art for only in such experience can art be judged. For this reason, the censors should be people for whom society's taboos are part of themselves, not something in a code external to them. No photograph, drawing, book, stage show, or moving picture is banned by the police except at the instruction of this board. Its decisions, like those of every quasi-official public agency, are subject to appeal to the courts, but the Supreme Court would do all it could to dodge such cases. *The burning is deliberately hypocritical; out of sight out of mind, so long as children are not molested.*

The aesthetic and moral principles guiding the board are roughly these: distance and effect. At the distance of a movie close-up, a kiss between husband and wife can be pornographic. If a child and adult are sitting side by side watching a stage performance of a witty Restoration comedy of adultery, they are at altogether different distances from the play, the adult closer than the child; but at a marionette performance of a fairy-tale melodrama they reverse distances, the child closer this time and the adult farther away. As for effect on the spectator, this consideration is only slightly less tricky than distance. The question to be asked is whether a story intrudes on the privacy of its characters in order to give the reader vicarious and perverse sexual excitement or in order to provide him with a sympathetic understanding which he could have got in no other way. These criteria of distance and effect—these rubber yardsticks—apply to the parts as well as to the whole, so that a novel or a movie of some aesthetic merit may be judged as censorable in part. In a movie the part is excisable with more or less aesthetic harm to the movie as a whole; with a book, if the board decides the gravity of the offense outweighs such literary excellence as the whole book may possess, the book is banned—not burned, just no longer offered for public sale.

This system is scarcely watertight; it presents plenty of opportunity for contradictions and revisions; it has tensions built into it. But it would not be likely to become troublesome politically; for, without strengthening the state, it provides a better way than the present one for our society to enforce certain inevitable taboos. Civilization behaves as though men were decent, in full knowledge that they are not.

A Weapon of Nihilism

The last aspect of the subject I am going to deal with is the use of pornography as a weapon of nihilistic destruction, especially by two important writers currently using it in this manner, Genet and Henry Miller. Such a writer as William Burroughs is less important because more successful; that is to say, the very thoroughness of his solipsistic nihilism defeats his purpose, for finally his novels are not only repetitious and revolting but also pointless, so that their failure as art keeps them from being a threat to society.

In this general context, the term nihilism signifies a great deal more than it did originally. In Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*, where the word was given political currency, nihilism was quite idealistic; it held that a given society (Russia, in that case) was so corrupt or wicked that it should be destroyed, but destroyed so that a better society could emerge from its ruins. Those nineteenth-century Russian nihilists were extreme revolutionists, and quite high-minded; they did not advocate murder but political assassination, not promiscuous lust but free love. Among us now, James Baldwin is rather like those old-fashioned nihilists; he preaches destruction in the name of love. To be sure, the images of sexual love Baldwin offers are at once vacuous and indecent, and the images of disgust and blame are strong. Still, compared to the thoroughgoing destructivists, he and his books are not so wild. They are tamable enough, at least, to become

the fashion, for they are interpreted—against his intention, or at least against one of his intentions—as preaching little more than a local rebellion, the righting of the injustice which American Negroes have endured for so long. However, there is a nihilism which is not against this or that unjust society or social injustice but against society as such; its rage is not just political but metaphysical as well; and pornography is one of its weapons.

Genet sometimes strives to be this sort of nihilist. But in his best work, *The Balcony* especially, he is too good an artist to succeed as a total nihilist. *The Balcony* creates an imperfect but strong image of the corruptness of modern Western societies, a satiric exaggeration which the audience can recognize as the truth distorted mostly for dramatic effect. Genet the sexual pervert and social criminal sometimes wants to destroy society, though as a criminal of intelligence he knows that he needs the law his enemy; but as a dramatic artist he makes meaningful works which by their very structure oppose destruction. And the potential pornography of the works serves a dramatic end. Furthermore, he has made them to be presented in a theater, that most social of artistic forms. As a result, whatever Genet himself wants to say, a play such as *The Balcony* says to the audience, "Look how monstrously you have warped your society." So we look; and it is true, we have warped it monstrously. But this is moral art, this is not the assault of sheer nihilism. To see a performance of *The Balcony* drives one to serious contemplation of the nature of society and law. What this contemplation leads me to is the conclusion that we must improve our society and firm up our laws, for the alternatives that now appear to be open to us in the way of other social arrangements are not worth the agony and risk of attempting a revolution. The play does not arouse a nihilistic zeal to destroy society, any more than it arouses sexual desire.

The Case of Henry Miller

Of nihilistic fiction, Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* is currently the most widely read and the best spoken of. Miller is not only a fairly good writer, but the personality he projects in his book is attractive. When he stands stripped of his civilization—stripped down to his language, that is—the savage that is left is not exactly noble but he is at least honest about himself, self-indulgent, energetic, beauty-loving, and interested in the world; not a cold-hearted, torturing pervert. The one overwhelming moral virtue Miller embodies in his book is self-honesty: if you're going to be a whore, he says, be a whore all the way. This honesty is doubtless what most attracted Orwell in Miller's writing, though Orwell was a most fastidious man otherwise. Miller's prose is usually vigorous and sometimes splendid, and he is the best writer of "the character" since Sir Thomas Overbury.

Should *Tropic of Cancer* be censored or not? According to the standards for censorship advanced earlier in my argument it should not be censored for its pornography: as a work of art, it has considerable merit, and it could not achieve its ends without the use of intrinsically pornographic episodes and images. But the conflict of interests in judging this book is acute, for the purpose of Miller's novel is not just aesthetic, it is nihilistic as well. The literary value of the book is enough to redeem its pornography but not enough to make one ignore its destructive intention. *Tropic of Cancer* has no structure and is very verbose; it is, like Miller's other books, an anatomy and a segment of his imaginary autobiography, a string of images and actions. But it does have an unmistakable message: society is intrinsically vile, let us return to the natural man. In effect, this return to nature means as little work as possible and lots of loveless sex. Miller has often been mispraised, for example by Karl Shapiro, for a supposedly pagan rejoicing in sex. Miller himself is honest about his intention. Again and again he represents the sexual antics of his characters as evidence of desperation, lurking behind which is the total despair of meaninglessness. He is what he says he is: an enemy not just of the badness of our society, not just of our specific society, but of society as such. To do what he can to get his readers also to become enemies of society, he assaults with persuasive force taboos, especially sexual taboos, which are intrinsic to social order.

Yet a whole new set of justifications are needed if *Tropic of Cancer* is to be banned, justifications having to do with pornography as a destructive social act. As an act against society, to write, publish, and distribute a book like *Tropic of Cancer* is more serious than to write, publish, and distribute a pamphlet which intellectually advocates the forcible overthrow of the government, but less serious than to take arms against the government—about on a par with inciting to rebellion, an act which a secure, free government will watch carefully and disapprove of strongly, but not forbid and punish. In other words, the

only plausible argument for suppressing *Tropic of Cancer* would be that its publication is a dangerous political act and not that the book is pornographic, even though its pornography is the main instrument of the book's nihilistic force.

If you want to destroy society—not just write about a character who wants to, but if you want to make your book an instrument for destroying, a weapon—then you need pornography. For since society, at least Western society, is founded on the family as an essential social unit, nihilists and totalitarians must always attack the family as their enemy; conversely, those who attack the family as an institution are enemies of our kind of society. The totalitarians would substitute the state for the family; the nihilists would dissolve both the state and the family in the name of unrestricted gratification of natural appetite. To effect this dissolution, nihilists assault taboos, both because taboos restrain appetite and because they are an integral part of civilized order, of society as such. And since of all taboos the sexual ones are much the most important, pornography becomes for the nihilists (as it does not for the totalitarians, who need taboos) important as an instrument of dissolution; obviously a nihilistic representation of people violating taboos will be effective only if the representation itself also violates taboos. The reverse does not hold: pornography is not intrinsically nihilistic; conventional pornography recognizes and needs the rules it disobeys.

Because most pornography is not terribly harmful, and also because of the prevalence of liberal permissiveness in sexual matters, our society is falling down on one of its lesser jobs —the drawing of firm lines about what is decent. Furthermore, it has not sufficiently recognized that indecency can be and sometimes is put to politically dangerous uses. Society should oppose those who proclaim themselves its enemies and who subvert it by every means they know, not least of which is pornography. But violent repressiveness is not the best way for it to oppose them.

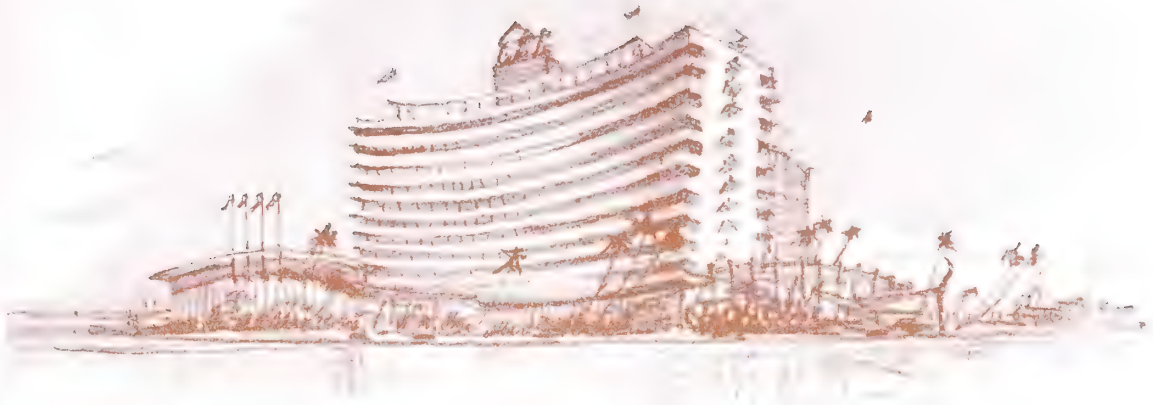
Our Lost Innocence

If one is for civilization, for being civilized, for even our warped but still possible society in preference to the anarchy that threatens from one side or the totalitarianism from the other, then one must be willing to take a middle way and to pay the price for responsibility. As things stand now, so liberal are we that a professor whose salary is paid by the state can speak out more easily in favor of *Tropic of Cancer* than against it, applauding not just its literary merits but also what he calls its celebration of sensuality and antisocial individualism. These are his honest opinions, and he, no more than the book, should be censored for advancing them. But his colleagues should not allow themselves to be cowed by his scorn of what he calls their bourgeois respectability but should rise in opposition to those opinions. In Miller's own presentation, his sensuality would guard against despair but itself becomes a way to despair; his individualism is a frenzied endeavor to compose a self in the vacuum of alienation, an alienation which he childishly blames the absolute villain, society, for imposing on him, the absolute victim; he intends his book to be an instrument for persuading its readers to abandon society, abrogate responsibility to their fellow men, and revert to a parasitic life. He claims that this sensual life is more joyous and fulfilling than any other possible in civilization; but what he describes is not a sensuality which is indeed a fulfillment for adult persons, so much as a would-be consolation for those who aspire to the condition of babies as a remedy to their grown-up woe.

To be civilized, to accept authority, to rule with order, costs deep in the soul, and not least of what it costs is likely to be some of the sensuality of the irresponsible. (In this respect the politically repressed are irresponsible, being denied responsibility. This would help account for the apparently greater sensuality among American Negroes than among American whites, for as a group Negroes have only recently been allowed to assume much social responsibility.) But we Americans, black and white, must be civilized now whether we want to be or not. Perhaps before civilization savages were noble, but, if there is anything we have learned in this vile century, it is that those who regress from civilization become ignoble beyond all toleration. They may aspire to an innocent savagery, but what they achieve is brutality.

At the end of *Tropic of Cancer*, Henry Miller says: "Human beings make a strange flora and fauna. From a distance they appear negligible; close up they are apt to appear ugly and malicious." What Miller says is right enough, but he leaves out what matters most. There is a middle distance from which to look at a man, the flexible distance of decency and art, of civilized society, which defines both a man looking and a man looked at; and from this distance human beings can look pretty good, important, even beautiful sometimes, worthy of respect.

Harper's Magazine, March 1965



The Man Who Put the Rhinestones on Miami

by Martin Mayer

Other architects denounce Morris Lapidus for designing the gaudiest buildings that ever bedazzled Florida—or New York. But he argues, with some plausibility, that he is specializing in places "where people can have fun."

The people who invest their money in buildings have gone to Florida again, as they do every winter, and between massages they are looking around them; and in the North, architects and designers are getting braced to greet the new wave of kitsch that annually accompanies the returning travelers. For Florida has become the home of a kind of gaudy, frantic, highly temporary luxury, and its influence is now felt through the country in hotels and motels, restaurants and cocktail lounges, even in the lobbies of new office buildings and apartment houses. The decor provokes rage among people who take pride in their visual taste: when the American Institute of Architects held its annual convention at the Americana–Bal Harbour in 1963, one of the speakers opened his remarks by denouncing "this vulgar building" and its "thin, cheap, improbable materials." His audience echoed him, and was only slightly abashed when Morris Lapidus, the architect of the Americana, rose to defend his work as "a place where people can have fun."

Colleagues, professional critics, and assorted intellectuals have had lots of fun with Morris Lapidus, making cracks about his buildings and tarring him with all the fancy feathers of the spreading Florida style. It can be argued that they are right. A conventionally handsome, gray-haired, soft-spoken man who never designed a building until he was over fifty, Lapidus (pronounced "*lapp*-idus") has been the premier provider of jewels for the paste diadem of Miami Beach, and he was the first to carry the style north, with a green hotel called The Summit that opened on New York's Lexington Avenue in 1961. But the explosion of sniggers that

The drawings accompanying this article are by the architect, Morris Lapidus.

greeted The Summit ("a very *nice* hotel, but a little far from the beach") rose also from the fact that Lapidus was safe to attack. His other New York hotels, especially the Americana atop the theater district, made the attacks even safer. Angry at the packing crates that their architects were planting up and down their avenues, but taught to value plainness for its own sake, New Yorkers had been looking for a target. Like the carny at whom the rustics throw baseballs at the county fair, Lapidus had been paid to provide one.

The attacks have not hurt him professionally. He has recently designed or is working on flocks of apartment houses in New York, Washington, Miami, and Puerto Rico; he is the architect for what will be the biggest private office building in Washington; he is architect-in-ordinary to the national chain of "Quality Courts," with a number of motels on the drawing boards for them and others—and he is about to extend his influence abroad, to luxury restaurants being built by England's Lyons Group (formerly renowned for its one-arm "Corner Houses").

Personally, however, Lapidus has suffered. An architect who has known him for years finds a modern tragedy in intellectual New York's reaction to his friend's work: "You know, he's never built anything so hideous as the Coliseum, or so depressing as that junk up at Columbia, or so totally undistinguished as those Emery Roth boxes on Park Avenue. The one thing you must say about Morris, whatever his problems, he has always thought of himself as somebody who works to make people happy."

Who Needs a Scene Designer?

Actually, Lapidus does not come from Miami Beach at all, though he and his wife live there now, in five rather small, overfurnished rooms on the second and third floors of a modest FHA-financed apartment house he designed himself. He was born in Russia and raised in the Williamsburg ghetto of Brooklyn, and he lived in Brooklyn until 1959. "The Fontainebleau and the Eden Roc," he says, "were designed while I was hanging on a strap on the BMT subway. When I moved to Miami I used to joke that I didn't know when I'd find time to get ideas, without the subway ride."

As a boy, Lapidus had exactly one talent—he could draw. (He still can: he makes his own renderings, and the walls in his home and his New York and Miami offices are covered with watercolors and oils he has done in a significant mixture of styles, now Manet, now Redon, now Turner, now blue-period Picasso.) He was "left back" twice in elementary school, "mostly because I was so shy my teacher didn't know I was there." At Boys' High he found the love of his life: the theater. When he went on to NYU, it was as a drama student.

"You must keep in mind about Morris," says Charles Spector of A. S. Beck, who commissioned a number of store designs from him in the old days and introduced him to his first Florida hotel types, "that he's a frustrated actor. If we still had a Beaux Arts ball in this city, and somebody asked Morris to do the sets for it, he'd drop everything else he was doing, even if it was the biggest hotel or office building in the world, and design the sets." He recently did just about that, writing a revue (complete with monologue for himself, attacking contemporary architecture) for a party at the Lambs Club.

"I was in college," Lapidus recalls, "in the days of the Little Theater movement, and if you wanted to get in you did everything—painted scenery, made costumes. I used to get parts by blackmailing them, telling them I wouldn't paint the scenery unless I had a part. Then I was a standby in one of the first Theater Guild productions, sitting around every night backstage, in case somebody couldn't go on. I decided it was dull, hanging around waiting for cues. All my life I'd lived with the fact that I could draw, and with the question, 'What am I going to do with it?' I decided I'd be a scene designer. But to be a scene designer, you had to be an architect."

Lapidus went to the Columbia School of Architecture. "He must have been the kind of student that annoyed me most," says his son Alan, who won the school's gold medal in the Class of '62 (even though he had led a picket line in 1962 to protest the new "uglies" on the Columbia campus) and who now works in Lapidus' office. "He always did beautiful renderings of his projects, and he always got them in ahead of time." There were other and nastier reasons why Lapidus would be unpopular. Neither the architecture profession nor Nicholas Murray Butler's Columbia was then highly hospitable to Jews, and some

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Martin Mayer's three best-known books have been about Wall Street, Madison Avenue, and the schools. He is now in Switzerland working on a report for the Twentieth Century Fund on a possible international university entrance exam. He has also written much on music, and admits to an "amateur" interest in architecture.

years were still to pass before Lapidus could shake the manner and accent of Williamsburg. Most of Lapidus' friends believe that the scars of his years at architecture school have never healed—that his inability to form partnerships with other architects unless he believes he trained them himself, his recurrent feuding with the American Institute of Architects, which once expelled him, are the result of his three lonely years at Columbia.

When Lapidus emerged from architecture school, nobody needed a new scene designer: "They all said, 'You're an architect—go work for an architect.'" After his internship, Lapidus found a job with Ross-Frankel, Inc., a construction firm, and for sixteen years he designed for jobs on which Ross-Frankel wished to bid. In the Depression, the only work around was modernization—and it was mostly the low-priced stores that could afford to modernize.

They Worked as Stores

Some Lapidus store designs of the 1930s are still visible in New York, and are acquiring an antique charm, like Herberts ("Home of Blue White Diamonds") in Harlem, the elevator lobbies in the RCA building, Sachs Furniture, the Beck shoe store at Fifth Avenue and 37th, Regal shoe stores scattered about the city. Other examples of vintage Lapidus have disappeared in a further wave of modernization by more fashion-conscious businesses like Doubleday and Wallachs. Much of this work was in the open, clean style of the German *Modernismus* of the 'twenties, which was emphatically *not* what Lapidus had been taught at Columbia, the last of American architecture schools to abandon Chicago's Columbian Exposition and the French Second Empire. Lapidus' fanciest interior involved the construction of elaborate wood paneling for the executive offices of Seagram, a firm which was later to reverse field entirely, moving up from the Lapidus version of the English eighteenth century to the even more expensive austerities of Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson in its new Park Avenue building.

In 1943, urged on by his wife, a former Brooklyn schoolteacher very proud of and ambitious for her husband and their two sons, Lapidus left Ross-Frankel and set up shop on his own. ("'You're a coward,' she said. 'If you're going to go on working for somebody else all your life, I can't respect you.'") Presently he bought a brownstone in Manhattan's East Forties, remodeled it to look rather like a store, and moved in with a partner, associates, and staff.

With the postwar boom, the jobs got bigger. Lapidus designed windows and interiors for Bond clothing stores all over the country (including the seven floors below the hotel in Cincinnati's Terrace Plaza), shoe stores, department stores, showrooms. He worked in a bewildering variety of styles, from the severely rectangular John Forsythe shop on Madison Avenue to the mish-mash embroidery of Martin's on Long Island, but the aim was always the same: to sell. Though some of his work was pleasing even to severe tastes, Lapidus rested his case as a store architect less on the aesthetics than on the efficiency of his designs—they worked as stores, and they pulled people through the doors.

"I might as well admit it," Lapidus says. "I'm still selling like mad. Schools, hotels, offices, apartment houses—they're the broad form of merchandising. Everybody does it. The lawyer makes an argument, his opponent says, 'I'll buy that.' No one yells at Madison Avenue for ballyhooing—why do they yell at the architect?"

It was Lapidus' talent for ballyhoo that was in Charles Spector's mind when his friend Ben Novack called from Florida in 1949 and asked whether Spector knew anybody who might "add some flairs" to his new Sans Souci hotel, which was already half built. Harry Mufson, then Novack's partner, came up to New York and had dinner with Lapidus, who looked over the plans for the hotel and began making suggestions for grand entrance, façade treatment, lobby arrangements, restaurant decor. Mufson got excited, and asked how he and Novack could buy Lapidus' designs.

"If you like my ideas," Lapidus said, "I'll present them to your architect."

Mufson wanted to know how much. Lapidus, who has somehow managed to avoid becoming rich, quoted "a ridiculous fee—fifteen thousand dollars." Mufson was not used to professional fees; he shook his head sadly and said, "Too much," and dinner ended with expressions of mutual esteem.

On his return to Miami Beach, Mufson described Lapidus' ideas to his partner. "If he has what we want," said Ben Novack, who by shrewd prodigality had managed to become exceedingly rich, "that's not too much."

The Sans Souci, finished by Morris Lapidus, opened lavish and gay and more than a little exotic. Many architects who saw it when new thought it was flashy to the edge—but not over the edge—of outrage. One of them says that it

met rather tastefully the special needs of Miami Beach decor: "To convince the sucker who's spending fifty bucks a day that he's really spending a hundred bucks a day." Lapidus found to his delight that a hotel gave him a chance to exercise his theatrical tastes to the full—he could design not only the nightclub and ballroom stage, and the sets, but also the costumes for waiters and waitresses, busboys, chambermaids, etc.

The triumph of the Sans Souci brought Lapidus half a dozen other Miami Beach commissions "to doctor other people's hotels." He also decorated public areas for Executive House in Chicago, the Ambassador in Los Angeles, the Concord and Grossinger's in the Catskills. Indirectly, the Sans Souci also brought Lapidus into the housing field, which now accounts for most of his work. A Brooklyn builder named Fred Trump called him and asked him to decorate the lobby in a new apartment house Trump was finishing in Queens. "I told him, 'I don't do lobbies.' He said, 'You did one at Sans Souci.' So then I designed Trump Village, thirty-eight hundred apartments at Coney Island."

"On those first Florida hotels," Lapidus recalls with some distaste, "I was the pastry chef. But I learned a lot. Then one day I picked up the paper and saw that Novack had bought the Firestone estate, and was going to put up a big hotel to be called the Fontainebleau, and I was going to be the architect. I had to call him up to see if it was true."

What Novack Wanted

"Morris," said Ben Novack the other day, leaning back in his chair in his office at the Fontainebleau and eying his interlocutor coldly, "was a storefront architect for Bond and A. S. Beck. Morris had talent as a decorator, not much as an architect. You must understand, Morris and I are not friends. When I added the new wing to the Fon-tan-blue, I didn't go to Morris. I'm not here to praise Caesar, if you understand what I mean, I'm here to bury him.

"Anyway, in 1949 I was putting up the Sans Souci [Mufson's name does not cross Novack's lips; they had a fight], and I wanted a little more decor just before the final building was completely finished. I brought Morris in at a very small price to help me booster up the finished detail of the Sans Souci. And the little flairs he gave it, I was satisfied.

"Now, many people on this island look to me. If I make a mistake, they'll copy me. Other people hired Morris for the same purpose—Algiers, Lido, Nautilus, Biltmore Terrace. Then I was going to do Fon-tan-blue, and I had every architect in the country chasing me. Morris read in the paper he was going to be the architect of the fabulous five-hundred-and-sixty-room Fontan-blue. He called me up, he said, 'Ben, how about I fly right down?' I said, 'No, Morris, let me send you a plot plan. You do some rough sketches, very inexpensive, then come down.'

"He came down with twenty-six sketches. I said, 'These for me?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'May I do anything I want with them?' He said, 'Yes.' I tore them up and threw them in the wastebasket. I designed what I wanted. I said, 'Morris, all I want you to do is paint up a rendering of this so I can use it to get mortgages. . . .'"

A gamecock of a man with a grating voice and a need for adulation ("The reason these people want to own hotels," says Lapidus' wife, "is that when a man walks into his own hotel, everybody falls down dead"), Novack was not an easy client. But he had grown up at his parents' hotel in New Jersey and spent his entire adult life in the business: he knew it backstairs, upstairs, and downstairs, and introduced Lapidus to many mysteries. And he was the only client Lapidus has ever had who was willing to spend whatever it cost to buy the best in materials and supplies. ("I insisted on gran-doar," Novack says. "When I went for plumbing, I went to Crane De Luxe—then you get something. I am probably responsible for the rejuvenation of marble in this country.") The many changes Novack has made in the Fontainebleau since he broke with Lapidus are wrongheaded—the mausoleum added to the south end to increase seating capacity in the nightclub, the huge north wing with another four hundred rooms, the further flairs in an already perilously fancy lobby—and it is hard to take too seriously Novack's claim to credit for the features that made the original Fontainebleau pleasant to look upon. But it is also true that, with the possible exception of the stark one-story laboratory for the Variety Children's Hospital in Miami, Lapidus has never built anything else of the aesthetic quality of the Fontainebleau façade and public areas, the simple quarter-circle of a building embracing the formal gardens and the ocean, the same curve expressed in the lobby less by the walls than by the parallel lines of the marble-covered steelwork. (Lapidus' later attempts to set "curved" lobby areas into essentially rectangular spaces, by the use of circular rugs and furniture arrangements in the Aruba Hotel and in Washington's new International Inn, are

ievitably far less successful.) "The Fontaine-eau," says Lapidus simply, in his most self-eprecatory manner, "is the building Frank Lloyd Wright almost complimented me on, when I et him."

After Fontainebleau, Lapidus did an office uilding in Miami ("the first time I ever had to esign steelwork; I walked past that building very day, expecting it to fall down"), and the rnaments and landscape architecture for the agy but charming pedestrian mall at Lincoln oad, the prime shopping street of Miami Beach. his design provided the only occasion when anyne ever accused Lapidus of a lack of interest i selling. His first plan had included benches long the walks, and the Lincoln Road merchants isisted he take them away, because people would it on them when they could be shopping. In the bsence of benches, people sit on the big concrete owerpots that dot the center of the mall. While apidus had his office on Lincoln Road, he had o enter the building from the rear—if he walked own the mall the storekeepers would run out, rab him by the lapels, spin him around to the ffending places, and say accusingly, "Look! hey're sitting!"

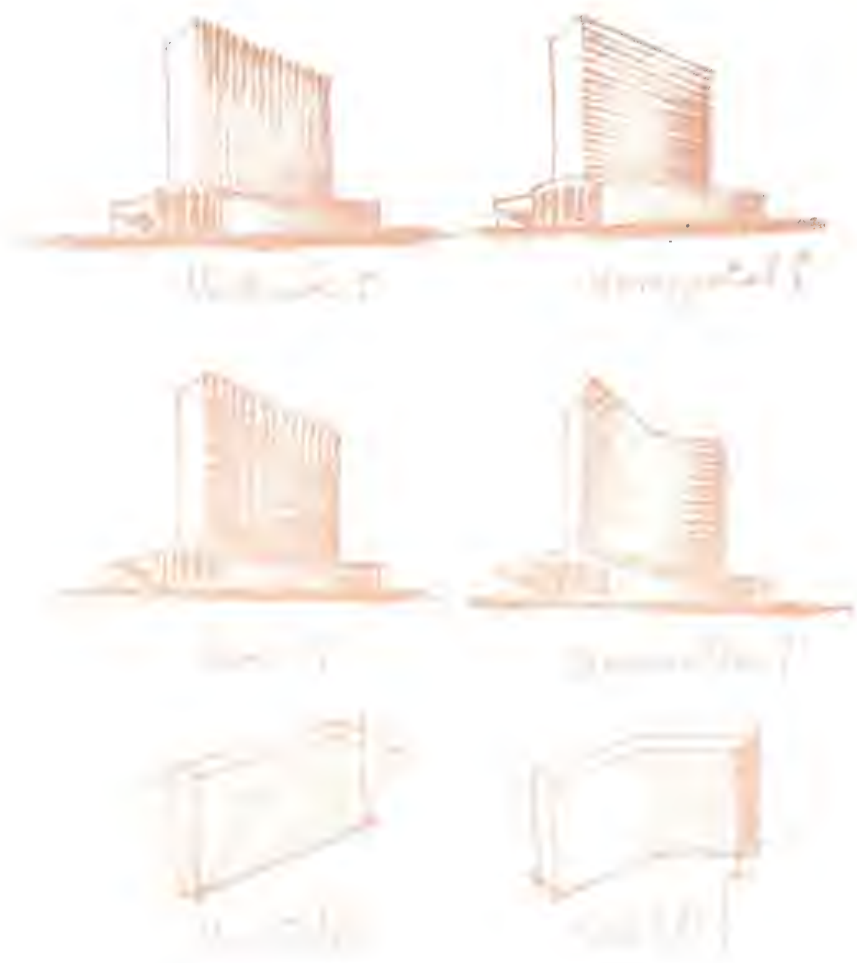
Americanas for the Millions

The success of the Fontainebleau made Lapidus he hot architect for people planning resort hoels. He built on the Florida Keys, on the Gulf Coast, in Jamaica, and in the Netherlands Anilles. And he built more on Miami Beach, first he Eden Roc, just north of the Fontainebleau, or Novack's old partner Mufson; then, farther orth on the atoll, at Bal Harbour, the first of everal Americanas he was to design for the Tisch brothers, proprietors of Loew's Hotels and Loew's Theaters. This original Americana remains the *locus classicus* of what people dislike n Lapidus' work. Its senseless lobby area, centered around a huge glass funnel which drops hrough the floor and contains an assortment of pparently man-eating plants, conveys the youan't-sit-here feeling the merchants miss in the Lincoln Road mall; and the windows of the ooms, angled out from the building in a sawoothed pattern, offer a continuously nerveacking vista of randomly juxtaposed corners. The Tisch brothers, who have a very sensitive eye for figures on a ledger, thought it was beauiful. "And today," says Larry Tisch triumphantly, "ninety-five per cent of the public agrees with me."

Laurence Alan Tisch (about forty and almost bald, the financial wizard of the pair) and Preston Robert Tisch (a few years younger, the construction and operations expert) had warmed up for their building ventures by leasing New York's Belmont Plaza for three years, and when the Americana–Bal Harbour opened, they were ready to return to New York. "You can't have anything good in America," says Larry Tisch, "without being good in New York." Between the summer of 1961 and the end of 1963, the Tisches opened six new hotels in Manhattan, four of them (The Summit, Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, the Americana–New York, and Loew's Motor Inn) by Lapidus.

The first question about The Summit was why Lapidus—or any architect—would attempt it; the simple answer came from Lapidus' former partner Harold Liebman: "The architect is like any human being, he has a family to worry about, he has to compromise." The problem was not capable of solution on any terms. Nobody could build a convincing "luxury hotel" with only seventy feet of frontage on Lexington Avenue, where the entrance had to be. Lapidus' solution was to leave the Lexington façade, which could never look like much anyway, a wall of blank marble, and to stress the length of the plot by giving the 51st Street façade a curve out, then in again. (Lapidus says, somewhat to the surprise of his fellow architects, that the curve also gave him space for an additional six rooms per floor.) On the standard New York gridiron block, its curve oppressed by the flat façade of the urine-colored Grolier Building across the way, Lapidus' green Summit was simply a freak.

The lobby was remarkable. On the seventy-foot frontage there had to be a coffee shop and a restaurant as well as the hotel entrance, leaving room for a lobby not much larger than an old-fashioned living room. To conceal the tiny size of the lobby, Lapidus covered the walls (one of which had to be a mere partition less than ceiling height, to meet fire laws) with what can be described only as a tropical garden of Lapidoid shapes, based apparently on traceries of a duck waddle. As a final complication, the hotel was given the suggestive name of Summit (it had originally been called the Americana East), and the advertising people trumpeted it dramatically as "New York's first hotel since the Waldorf" in incessant commercials over radio station WMGM, which the Tisch brothers then owned. In one sense, the ballyhoo was successful—nobody pointed out that The Summit was just an unimportant middling sort of commercial hotel.



Instead, everyone screamed about how ugly it was.

For both the Tisch brothers and Lapidus, public reaction to The Summit was a thunderclap from a blue sky. They lost a little confidence in each other, and in themselves. The lobby decor was considerably softened, though Lapidus still thinks it was about right as it started and the Tisch brothers feel much too much fuss was made about it. "If we have to credit everything in modern design and gaiety to Florida," Larry Tisch says, "it's quite a tribute to Florida."

The Americana–New York was already in construction on the full blockfront from 52nd to 53rd Street on Seventh Avenue, above Times Square. Lapidus, after the opening of The Summit, became more amenable to suggestions from Diesel Construction about ways to cut costs (and he had always been highly amenable: "For a professional man," says Robert Tisch, "he's very easy to work with"). The Tisch brothers, who work intimately with their buildings, breathing the dirt at the construction site, hired Jay Aronson, semi-retired architect and decorator, as "counsel to management" on questions of decor. Aronson's job turned out to be mostly a matter of taking ornaments off the walls and out of the elevators, cutting ferrules off the furniture, eliminating murals, and generally throwing out what both the theatrical and design fields might call bits of business.

Lapidus sat still for all changes, but the week before the Americana opened was one of the gloomiest in his life. The Americana that Loew's launched in September 1962 was in many ways not the hotel Lapidus had designed. Only the fifty-story slab that holds most of the two thousand guest rooms was unchanged from his original design, and was still a technical if not a visual triumph. (The Americana is not the tallest hotel in the world, as advertised, but it is certainly the tallest hotel of reinforced concrete, which was used instead of steel because it is cheaper and because the chance to run ducts through the concrete allows the architect to squeeze fifty stories into a height that would accommodate only forty-two or forty-three stories of steel construction.) It is not really a criticism of this slab to say, as some critics did, that "the thing looks like a bent piece of cardboard," because it was supposed to look like a bent piece of cardboard. "If one tries to stand a playing card on end," Lapidus wrote in his own explanation of the new hotel, "he will obviously have difficulty, since the surface on which the card rests is too thin and will not afford proper balance. If, however, one bends the playing card first, the card will stand quite firmly by itself and will even, if pushed lightly, resist falling over." Because of the bend in the thin slab, Lapidus was able to dispense with special wind bracing, which he believes had added more than a million and a half dollars to the cost of the new Hilton hotel built in a purely rectangular slab on the next block.

Lapidus had intended, however, to house the equipment atop the building in something more attractive than the gray shed that now offends the skyline. He had designed the Seventh Avenue façade in an S-curve, with a driveway bending in to the main entrance and explaining the glass rotunda at the 52nd Street corner; but the driveway was abandoned, a straight-line façade was pushed out to make room for more rentable stores, and the rotunda was left as an unexplained pimple.

Inside, skimping on decor items gave a pervasive air of shoddy to what had to be luxurious. The purchasing department cut the thickness of the brass in the scalloped lamps which light all the corridors, leaving them with the appearance of dime-store goods (and then all the savings were lost because somebody ordered several hundred lamps too many). In the Royal Ballroom, aesthetically and acoustically too long and narrow with too low a ceiling, the effect was to be made by luxurious red velvet drapes, but the material used is cheap and nasty and the least expensive fasteners tie it to the walls. Following the lead of the Seagram building, and trying to disguise the low ceilings, Lapidus had designed floor-to-ceiling doors; but the quality of construction left irregularly shaped and ugly strips of plaster between the frames and the ceilings.

The man most disturbed by the texture of the final building was Claudius C. Philippe, who had formerly managed the banquet department at the Waldorf and was going to get even with those so-and-sos at the Waldorf by taking their business to the Americana. ("Like the Waldorf," he said, crossing himself, "we are only two blocks from Fifth Avenue.") Philippe blew up when shown the grand ballroom, with its impossibly low ceiling and its substitution of gilding for gold. "Maurice!" he screamed (he never called Lapidus anything but "Maurice"). "This is *not* a crystal chandelier!" But Lapidus already knew it. Throughout the public areas, every gamble he had taken, whether well-thought-out or not, had been doomed to lose simply because nobody had bought the tickets.

"Really Live the Good Life"

The Tisch brothers, of course, get the buildings they order. The question of Lapidus himself is far more interesting. As a man, he commands both sympathy and curiosity—blending a deep insecurity with flashes of real arrogance, a fanatical devotion to the drawing board ("I've seen him work," says his son, "in a kind of fury") with a curious willingness to see his designs cheapened by builders, a fierce intelligence with little intellectual interest or sophistication. The names he gives to the public rooms of the hotels are straight out of the worst traditions of Hollywood. His understanding of other people's "wants" and "needs" is rarely complicated by thoughts about the human condition. Speaking the other day about "a large apartment house for senior citizens" which he is designing for Miami Beach, Lapidus said, "With six hundred families, we can have a movie theater, hobby rooms, card rooms, social rooms. There can be doctors' offices right in the building. These people can really live the good life."

As an architect, Lapidus deserves credit for the attempt to break with the habit of mind which sees buildings as merely repeated successions of modules, to fight for the human function of enclosed space, to lavish love on the details and decorations that make a building something more than "a machine for living." One of the marks of the Lapidus hotel, for example, is the total absence of long, institutional corridors down which the visitor walks in a Kafka-esque dream. All Lapidus' halls are broken up, sometimes most ingeniously, to avoid this oppression of parallel lines. Only in Lapidus-designed buildings does one consistently find more booths in the ladies' rooms than in the men's rooms, to adjust for well-known physiological differences. The new hospital Lapidus is designing in Miami will have a unique room, off the operating theater, where the surgeon can take a stretch, snooze, or smoke between jobs. In the middle-income housing he and Harold Liebman designed for Cadman Plaza in Brooklyn, different lines of four-room apartments will be really different, to meet the varying needs of families with different living habits —an unheard-of notion in modern apartment building.

Lapidus is fascinated by the many uses of space in a complicated building like a hotel. "We employ," he said of the Americana, the week before it opened, "two thousand people. We are dealing with the most expensive commodities, labor and service. We have to get two thousand people to their dressing rooms, feed them, get them to stations, without wasting a minute, because they're paid from the moment they check in.

"We have to handle a great deal of food. Any leak is terribly expensive. There must be controls, check-in and check-out procedures. We have a sociological problem, because this is a community. Busboys don't mix with bellboys. Waiters

don't mix with captains. Waitresses don't mix with hostesses. We have to have separate bathrooms.

"The housekeeper has to make four thousand beds every day. We handle enormous quantities of linen. We have a bigger production line than Ford—and all this the public never sees.

"And from the moment the public walks in, you have to be Madison Avenue, selling him. You have to convince him he's Mr. Big. As he walks down the corridor, does he think, 'They're charging me twenty-four dollars a day; is it worth it?' The room opens from the door; does he say, '*This* is twenty-four dollars?' Or does he say, 'This is nice.'

"The last thing I think about is the man on the street looking at the package. I feel most architects have lost touch with what they want to do. They've been designing what people look at, the package, the box, rather than what's inside it."

Lapidus paused, and shrugged his shoulders. "Am I saying all this," he asked rhetorically, "because I believe it, or because I'm trying to justify myself? I don't know."

Careful, loving attention to human detail—which is what Lapidus claims for himself as against most of his fellow architects—implies extra expenditure both of money and of time, neither of which has been available to Lapidus in large dollops. ("It's one thing," he says rather bitterly, "to work for clients who want nothing but the best; it's something very different to work for clients who of course want nothing but the best—at a price.") To design what was probably the last successful neo-Baroque building, Charles Garnier worked thirteen years on the Paris Opera. Lapidus, seeking to achieve a modern Baroque, has designed in a decade literally scores of new buildings larger than the Paris Opera.

He might have missed his targets with all the time and money in the world. Painting, stage design, and store construction are all poor preparation for a career as an architect. Nowhere, not even in the Fontainebleau, does Lapidus show much feeling for a building as a three-dimensional object that can be seen from many angles—and that will also serve as a set of vantage points for the people in the building, looking out. Charles Spector remembers that even in the store-design days, Lapidus "had a fear of a blank wall." Expressed in busy patterns which distract from real shape, or in such incredibly disjointed decor as that for the original lobby of the office building at 555 Madison Avenue (now calmed down at the insistence of the tenants), this fear inevitably creates vulgarity. And the vulgarity is then compounded by Lapidus' apparently inborn tendency to equate the selling function of any building with the selling function of a store.

Lapidus' career as an architect—from "flairs" ten years ago to a position among the nation's twenty largest today—has grown through his ability to design buildings that are relatively inexpensive to put up but look (to the untutored eye) like something rather luxurious. His future as an artist, if he has one, lies in his ability to blend his own ambition, technical skill, and sense of function with the talents of associates less fearful of the aesthetics of architecture. The design to judge him on may be the housing to be built at Cadman Plaza in downtown Brooklyn. New York's desire "to show what a city can do," as Lapidus puts it, has given him a little better budget than these jobs usually command, while the procrastination of the Board of Estimate has provided time for the design to be worked over and over again.

Why Be Sad?

Whether Lapidus can collaborate with anybody is still most uncertain. He no longer has partners: "Some day," he says with great bitterness, "I'd like to write a book on the modern young man in the professional world. They're all hungry for the fast buck." Asked how many architects work for him, he says, "I have forty-four *draftsmen*. I have to do all the design myself." In fact, some of the young men are highly talented. Lapidus never saw the design that won his office its greatest honor—first prize in the architects' competitions for the parcels in Washington's South-West Urban Renewal Area—until the work was ready for a final rendering. As a result, he doesn't talk about it often and, when he does, he gives no credits.

But there are also moments, usually moments of depression, when he faces other facts. His son, his friends, his doctor, and his own eyes tell him that he cannot by himself design the structure, façade, services, interiors, decor for a dozen different buildings every year. "Gropius was right," Lapidus said sadly the week the Americana opened. "Modern architecture has to be a collaboration—no one man can do it all. The day of the master is over."

Still, as the hotels keep struggling to say, why be sad, when with a big effort you might be gay . . .

The Illusionist:

Why We Misread de Gaulle

by Henry A. Kissinger

And why his lofty schemes (which sometimes are better than the State Department admits) probably won't work out.

In recent years the Atlantic Alliance has been adjusting its internal arrangements through an increasingly acrimonious public debate. The chief protagonists have been France and the United States. French spokesmen have charged the United States with using high-sounding phrases such as "Atlantic community" to maintain its hegemony in the Alliance. Leading Americans have dismissed French policy as reflecting the illusion of grandeur of a bitter old man who cannot forget past slights, real or fancied.

The almost absurd caricature of each other's views reflects above all the different positions from which the United States and France have had to view contemporary affairs. Historically aloof and geographically isolated, the United States has treated coalition diplomacy in terms of coordinating the efforts of many geographically remote countries. Roles are assigned on the basis of a division of labor. Allies are supposed to find fulfillment as part of a Grand Design.

France's problem is more complex. A society which has undergone severe shocks cannot find fulfillment in the Grand Design of others. Before it can decide what it wishes to become, it has to rediscover what it is. Far from being based on an excessive estimate of France's strength, de Gaulle's policy reflects, above all, a deep awareness of the suffering of his country over the span of more than a generation.

Few countries have experienced the travail of France since it lost much of its young generation in World War I. Victorious in 1918, France knew better than any of its allies how close to defeat it had been. Inchoately, the survivors of that catastrophe realized that [illegible] could not stand another trial like [illegible] surmounted. Deprived of its youth, fearful of its defeated antagonist, feeling misunderstood by its allies, France experienced the interwar period as an almost uninterrupted succession of frustrations.

In domestic affairs, the Third Republic witnessed mounting governmental instability. In foreign policy, France was torn between its premonitions and its sense of impotence. Nothing could have expressed France's feeling of insecurity better than the fact that France began to build the Maginot Line at a moment when its army was the largest in Europe and Germany's was limited by treaty to 100,000 men. What made the action all the more poignant was that the Treaty of Versailles had specifically prohibited Germany from stationing military forces in the Rhineland—the territory which had to be crossed before an attack on France could be launched. In other words, at the height of its victory France felt so unsure of itself that it did not think it could prevent a flagrant breach of the peace treaty by its disarmed enemy.

As if paralyzed by seeing her fears come true, France stood by while Germany rearmed and

proceeded to abrogate one after another of the restrictions put on it by the Treaty of Versailles. The French collapse of 1940 was as much moral as military. Even though France emerged among the victors of World War II, its leaders were aware, despite all rhetoric and perhaps because of it, that France had been saved largely through the efforts of others.

Once more, peace brought no respite. Instead, the Fourth Republic experienced the same governmental instability as the Third, and in addition it had to go through the searing process of decolonization. Humiliated in 1940, the French army had barely been reconstituted when it was obliged to engage in nearly two decades of frustrating colonial wars each of which ended in defeat.

This malaise must be understood as the essential background for President de Gaulle's policy. A certain egocentricity on our part causes us to see many of de Gaulle's actions as being primarily motivated by a desire to annoy or to humiliate us. In fact, the central concern of de Gaulle is likely to be quite different. For the greater part of his career, he has had to be an illusionist. In the face of all evidence to the contrary, he has striven to restore France's greatness by his passionate belief in it. At first he was the leader of an insignificant faction of Frenchmen casting their lot with the Allies. His primary [illegible] large dollops, saw it, was to reestablish the identity [illegible] the integrity of France. Churchill and Roosevelt could concentrate on the tangible goal of military victory. To de Gaulle, the war had an intangible purpose. Victory was empty if it did not also restore the position, indeed the soul, of France. Churchill and Roosevelt understandably considered this quest peripheral to their central objective and treated de Gaulle's insistence as an irritating interruption of more important problems.

The conflict between the pragmatic and the intangible which started during the war has continued to this day. The United States, blessed with stable government, its sense of identity enhanced by its war experience, could pursue single-mindedly whatever technical schemes its bureaucracy thought up at any given moment. To de Gaulle, governing a country racked by a generation of conflict and decades of frustration, the mode of reaching a goal has been as important as the objective itself. He judges the merit of a policy not only by technical criteria but also by its contribution to France's sense of identity. More important than any specific policy issue is the rediscovery of a specifically French sense of purpose.

Though de Gaulle often acts as if opposition to United States policy were a goal in itself, his deeper objective is pedagogical: to teach his people and perhaps his Continent attitudes of independence and self-reliance. The *"folie de grandeur"* of which de Gaulle is so often accused is a peculiar kind, for it is tied to a profound awareness of the suffering and disappointments of his country. In 1960 this caused him to speak as follows: "Once upon a time there was an old country all hemmed in by habits and circumspection. At one time the richest, the mightiest people among those in the center of the world stage, after great misfortunes it came, as it were, to withdraw within itself. While other people were growing around it, it remained immobile."

De Gaulle has chosen to revitalize France by an act of faith powerful enough to override a seemingly contrary reality. The effort to achieve greatness required that France regain—wherever possible—the right of independent decision. France could agree with the decisions of others; but it had to make clear that this represented a voluntary act and not the abdication of the impotent.

Consequently, the dispute between France and the United States centers, in part, around the philosophical issue of how nations cooperate. Washington, basing its policy on a division of labor, relies on consultation as the principal means for solving disagreements. In its view influence is proportionate to a nation's contribution to a common effort somewhat like share-owning in a stock company. Paris insists that influence depends not only on the existence of consultative machinery but also on what options are available in case of disagreement. In its view each ally must—at least theoretically—be able to act autonomously.

Where United States spokesmen stress the concept of partnership, de Gaulle tends to emphasize the idea of equilibrium. Many United States officials assert that all disputes can be settled by talking things over in a "community spirit." To de Gaulle, sound relationships depend less on a personal attitude than on a balance of pressures

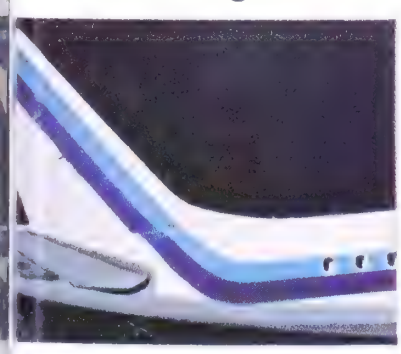
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and an understanding of historical trends. A great leader is not so much clever as lucid and clear-sighted. Grandeur is not simply physical power but strength reinforced by moral purpose. Nor does competition inevitably involve physical conflict. On the contrary, a wise assessment of mutual interests should produce harmony: "Yes, international life, like life in general, is a battle. The battle which our country is waging tends to unite and not to divide, to honor and not to debase, to liberate and not to dominate. Thus it is faithful to its mission, which always was and which remains human and universal."

Historical Humility

De Gaulle's nationalism is in the tradition of Mazzini, who thought that nations which achieved their independence would respect the dignity of others. His diplomacy is in the style of Bismarck, who strove ruthlessly to achieve what he considered Prussia's rightful place but who then tried to preserve the new equilibrium through prudence, restraint, and moderation. His policy clashes with ours because he is operating in a different time-frame.

The United States as the leader of the Alliance inevitably concentrates on solving immediate problems. De Gaulle is more concerned with the period ten or fifteen years hence. Precisely because he is sure that the United States will protect Europe in the immediate future, he wants to use this respite to establish insurance for the far future. He is looking ahead to a time when present leaders will have disappeared and American attention may possibly be focused on other continents.

Certainly, no one could have predicted at the beginning of any decade of this century what the world would look like at its end. De Gaulle need not be able to describe the circumstances which might arise when the convictions of existing leaders are no longer relevant, in order to wish to reserve some measure of control over the destiny of his country or his Continent. However arrogant his style, de Gaulle's approach to history is relatively humble. He is the leader of a country grown cautious by many enthusiasms shattered; turned skeptical from many dreams proved fragile; a country to which the unforeseen is the most elemental fact of history. American leaders while personally humble are much more confident that they can chart the future. What cannot be described concretely has little reality for them. Involved, ultimately, are differing conceptions of truth. The United States, with its technical, pragmatic approach, often has analytical truth on its side. De Gaulle, with his consciousness of the trials of France for the past generation, is frequently closer to the historical truth.

Most American leaders tend to ascribe Allied tensions to the obstinacy of one man. It is interesting to note that present disputes are reminiscent of the impatience some of our leaders felt with Churchill during World War II. Committed to assumptions about Soviet good faith and a worldwide system of collective security they were irked by Churchill's attempt to set up some physical safeguards for peace. Churchill's interest in the postwar European balance of power was considered shortsighted and a symptom of old-fashioned nationalism. However, a subtler style, the prestige of Great Britain's heroic wartime effort, and a common language prevented the conflict from being so explicit. Now as before, in our impatience to realize Grand Designs we are often reluctant to admit that a statesman must concern himself with the worst—and not only the best—foreseeable contingency.

Europe Governed by Committees

Whatever the deeper reasons for the disagreements, de Gaulle's belief in the continued role of the nation-state was bound to come into conflict with the American conviction of its obsolescence. The problem is not that de Gaulle wishes to reactivate Europe's traditional national rivalries as so many of his American critics allege. On the contrary, he affirms the goal of unity for Europe as passionately as his detractors. But where the American and European "integrationists" insist that European unity requires that the role of the nation-state be diminished, de Gaulle argues that unity depends on the vitality of traditional Europe.

Thus de Gaulle's proposals for European unity invariably envisage a confederation of states rather than supranational institutions. In his press conference of September 5, 1960, he called for regular consultation among the European governments, for specialized subordinate agencies and for an assembly composed of delegates from the national parliaments. He urged a European referendum "so as to give this launching of Europe the character of popular support and initiative that is indispensable." He has opposed supranational institutions for Europe because as he told a press conference in 1963 such a Europe would be "governed in appearance by anonymous

technocratic, and stateless committees; in other words, a Europe without political reality, without economic drive, without a capacity for defense, and therefore doomed, in the face of the Soviet bloc, to being nothing more than a dependent of that great Western power, which itself had a policy, an economy, and a defense—the United States of America."

At the same time, de Gaulle wants Europe, whatever its internal organization, to be responsible for its own defense. He therefore resists organic links between the United States and individual European countries which would tie the defense of Europe to American weapons or American conceptions. In his view, Europe should concert its own policy and then deal with the United States as a unit. This is why de Gaulle has opposed both the Nassau Agreement, which tied the British nuclear program to that of the United States, and the proposed NATO multilateral force. Both programs, in his view, make Europe completely dependent on the United States. Europeans would be lobbyists and not partners. De Gaulle considers such a role demeaning for a great power, and he is convinced that it will destroy the moral substance of the "integrated" partner.

How to Annoy Your Allies

Few of de Gaulle's policies have so embroiled him with America as his insistence on an autonomous nuclear strike force. He explained his position in 1962 in these words: "The Americans, our allies and our friends, have for a long time, alone, possessed a nuclear arsenal. So long as they alone had such an arsenal and so long as they showed their will to use it immediately if Europe were attacked . . . an attack was beyond all probability. . . . It is impossible to overestimate the extent of the service, most fortunately passive, that the Americans at that time, in that way, rendered to the freedom of the world.

"Since then the Soviets have also acquired a nuclear arsenal, and that arsenal is powerful enough to endanger the very life of America. . . . The new and gigantic fact is there."

Because of these views American spokesmen have lectured de Gaulle on his ignorance of nuclear strategy and ridiculed him for excessive pretensions. Actually, de Gaulle's analysis of the situation does not differ radically from Secretary McNamara's. Both agree that the growing Soviet nuclear arsenal confronts the United States with an unprecedented challenge. Both insist that NATO strategy must be adapted to new realities. They disagree less in their analysis than in the conclusions to be drawn from it. From the point of view of division of labor, the United States considers French resources better spent on conventional forces than on nuclear arms. From the perspective of vindicating France's identity, de Gaulle is not so concerned with the technical aspects of strategy as with the political problem of choice. The United States considers central control over nuclear weapons crucial for the contingency of general war; de Gaulle gives priority to France's impact on the conduct of day-to-day diplomacy. Secretary McNamara strives for strategic options; President de Gaulle seeks political ones.

A Separate Deal with the Soviets?

Differences between France and the United States over the future of Europe have been compounded by disagreements over the scope of Atlantic policy. These date back to 1958 when de Gaulle proposed a global Directorate composed of the United States, Great Britain, and France. The United States rejected this with the argument that it could not designate one of its European partners to speak for the others. No attempt was made to explore de Gaulle's reaction to the possibility of a wider forum. In 1960, de Gaulle made yet another plea for a common Western worldwide policy particularly with respect to the Congo crisis.

When nothing came of these proposals, de Gaulle reverted to his usual, perhaps preferred, tactic of acting unilaterally and trying to force his partner's hand. After 1961, he stopped urging concerted Western action. Instead, he stressed that only a strong Europe would receive a respectful hearing from the United States or the U. S. S. R.

This is not to say that de Gaulle's policy was primarily a reaction to being rebuffed by the United States. Rather, two changes in the international situation caused him to consider American support less crucial and made independent action appear rewarding. When de Gaulle proposed the Directorate, a global showdown seemed possible. The Lebanese crisis had just occurred; Soviet intransigence was at its height. This impelled de Gaulle to try to insure American support in case war proved unavoidable. Since 1961 the Soviet military threat has seemed to recede, and the need for concerted action has diminished pro-

rtionately. Indeed, with the growth of Ameri-
n involvements in Asia and Latin America, the
oe is now somewhat on the other foot. It is the
nited States which presses its European allies
share its global responsibilities and the Euro-
ans who are reluctant to assume worldwide
sks.

The reduction in the Soviet threat has brought
the surface sharply conflicting views of East-
est relations. As in most other controversies,
ch side has accused the other of the same
ense: of planning a settlement, if not at the
pense, at least to the exclusion of the other. In
e United States, de Gaulle's comment that
rope extends from the Atlantic to the Urals is
ten cited as proof of a thinly veiled desire to
gotiate directly with Moscow. In France,
nited States bilateral dealings with the Soviet
nion are taken as an indication that the United
ates is seeking a separate accommodation with
e U. S. S. R.

At times both sides seem primarily concerned
th scoring debating points. De Gaulle's state-
nt that one day Europe would again extend
m the Atlantic to the Urals did not imply a
l with the Soviet Union. He spoke of "a
rope, no longer split in two by ambitions and
ologies," that would again be the "heart of
ilization." But the reorganization of Europe to
ich he referred is to take place *after* Commu-
t ideology no longer dominates in the Soviet
nion; that is, when Russia is once more a na-
nal, and not an ideological, state pursuing a
icy dictated by its national interests. This is
e precise eventuality foreseen by four Ameri-
n postwar Administrations as the precondition
a final settlement.

n fact, French and American analyses of
viet trends are not so different as the contro-
sy sometimes suggests. Both are of the view
t at some point the Soviet system will be trans-
med. Both believe that this transformation will
rk the starting point for fruitful negotiations.
ey disagree not over the fact of evolution but
nature, not over the ultimate desirability of a
lomatic settlement but about who will be the
kesman for the West when it takes place.
ove all, they differ about the nature of a stable
ernational order and the role of personalities
relation to it.

The United States tends to believe that peace
l stability are "natural." Crises must, there-
e, be caused by personal ill-will rather than
objective conditions. As a result, United States
icy toward the Soviet Union has oscillated be-
een two opposite approaches: During periods of tension, the United States assumes that Soviet policy is conducted by highly purposeful, ideologically inspired men operating according to careful, long-range plans. During periods of détente, American leaders have often acted as if a settlement could be achieved by good personal relations with their Communist counterparts. Either approach leads to an avoidance of concreteness. When the Soviets are aggressive, negotiations are believed to be useless, and when they are conciliatory, there is a reluctance to disturb the favorable atmosphere. In either case, American policy statements envisage a world where all conflict has ended and nations live under "the rule of law."

De Gaulle's view is more historical. Peace to him is not a final settlement but a new, perhaps more stable, balance of forces. "Now, in the last analysis and as always, it is only in equilibrium that the world will find peace." An equilibrium can never be permanent but must be adjusted in constant struggles. Tension, according to de Gaulle, is caused not so much by the personal attitudes of individual Communist leaders as by the dynamics of the system which they represent. To him, Soviet aggressiveness reflects not a real grievance but internal instability: ". . . there is in this uproar of imprecations and demands organized by the Soviets something so arbitrary and so artificial that one is led to attribute it either to the premeditated unleashing of frantic ambitions, or to the desire of drawing attention away from great difficulties: this second hypothesis seems . . . the more plausible to me."

To yield to Soviet blackmail would not alleviate internal Soviet stresses but only supply an incentive for further demands. Thus, during the Berlin crisis de Gaulle spoke as follows: ". . . we do not allow ourselves to be moved by all the tumult, all the flow of invective, of formal notifications, of threats launched by certain countries against other lands and especially against ours. . . . We realize only too well that they indulge in virulent utterances and sensational outbursts in order to lead people astray—within their own country and outside. . . ."

De Gaulle in 1962 rejected the "exploratory" conversations on Berlin urged by the United States and Britain because: ". . . so long as the Soviet Union does not put a stop to its threats and its injunctions and bring about an actual easing of the international situation, we believe that we have spared our allies and ourselves the catastrophic retreat, dramatic rupture, or tragicomical engulfment, in which the conference would obviously have ended." And he did not

participate in the Geneva disarmament conference, predicting that it would do nothing except present irreconcilable plans.

Views differ, finally, about the significance of the Sino-Soviet split and about policy toward Communist China. The United States, convinced of the importance of intentions in the conduct of foreign policy, is tempted to back the Communist power which professes the most peaceful goals. De Gaulle, believing that an equilibrium is the only reliable basis for stability, is more concerned with establishing a counterweight to the stronger Communist partner. He is prepared, if necessary, to play off its weaker Communist opponent against it. With its global responsibilities, the United States sees in Communist China an objective threat to its interests. Leading a country primarily concerned with European affairs, de Gaulle considers a Russia extending its power into the center of Europe as the principal threat. China to him is a distant state which could become useful in diverting Soviet energies. De Gaulle's analysis is far from unique in Europe, even if his methods of implementing it are.

In short, peace to de Gaulle results not from a personal reconciliation but from the establishment of a more stable equilibrium. France and Europe must contribute to bringing about this balance not as the objects of policy but as their author. De Gaulle is thus concerned not only with the fact of negotiations but also with France's role in them. He would object to *any* settlement which France did not help to formulate—regardless of his opinion of its substance. The major thrust of de Gaulle's policy is to make it impossible for the United States to deal with the Soviet Union over the heads of France and the rest of Europe.

The Unassimilable Style

De Gaulle's thought is remarkably consistent. Convinced that only those capable of assuming responsibility can form meaningful associations, he can logically affirm his faith in the Atlantic Alliance while insisting on the identity of Europe and the uniqueness of France. To de Gaulle, the two notions are complementary—though this may seem disingenuous or even cynical to many Americans.

De Gaulle's brutal tactics sometimes give the impression that a powerful, self-confident France has been a permanent feature of the postwar landscape. It is almost forgotten that between 1958 and 1962 France was on the verge of civil war three times. So well has de Gaulle succeeded in his tour de force that even his critics act as if the only problem for Europe were to moderate excesses of French assertiveness. This notion would have been inconceivable three years ago when it was expected that freeing Algeria would keep France in turmoil for a decade or more. Difficult as the France of de Gaulle undoubtedly is, it is more in the interest of the West than a country torn by schisms or paralyzed by a sense of impotence.

If his critics have shown little compassion for his special circumstances, de Gaulle has often thwarted his own aims by his abrupt tactics and his imperious style. Not comfortable with the give and take of negotiations, he has moved through a series of *faits accomplis* to force his allies to accept his objectives. A rationalist, he has acted as if his views were certain to prevail by virtue of their logical necessity and as if the feelings of other statesmen were, therefore, irrelevant. A profound believer in historical necessity, he has acted as if the logic of events would always override the sensibilities of others.

No doubt, this is a heroic posture. But man is not governed by reason alone. History may appear inevitable in retrospect; but it is made by men who cannot always distinguish their emotions from their analysis. The paradox of de Gaulle's position is that although he claims to speak for Europe, no substantial following outside of France sees him as a European statesman. He has alienated many potential supporters by his excessive rationalism, his unilateral tactics, and his wounding insistence on intellectual submission to his maxims.

De Gaulle's methods suggest that he will cooperate only if others accept his unilateral pronouncements. Although France and the United States seem to agree on the principle of a strong and autonomous Europe, de Gaulle's tactics give rise to the impression that he desires autonomy, not to enhance the unity of the West but to be free to pursue policies contradictory, if not hostile, to those of the United States.

Ironically, de Gaulle has become a symbol on both sides of the Atlantic of principles contrary to his pronouncements and probably to his intentions. He has enabled many in Europe not heretofore noted for their devotion either to European unity or to Atlantic partnership to advocate some ideal model of either relationship in order to thwart whatever progress is possible now. By evoking so many memories of authoritarian rule, he has made it next to impossible to come to grips with the substance of his thought.

A strong Europe was bound to present a challenge to American leadership. But by couching this challenge so woundingly, de Gaulle has spurred American self-righteousness rather than the objective reexamination of Atlantic relationships which the situation demands.

History will probably demonstrate that de Gaulle's conceptions—as distinct from his style—were greater than those of most of his critics. But a statesman must work with the material at hand. If the sweep of his conceptions exceeds the capacity of his environment to absorb them, he will fail regardless of the validity of his insights. If his style makes him unassimilable, it becomes irrelevant whether he is "right" or "wrong." Great men build truly only if they remember that their achievement must be preserved by the less gifted individuals who are likely to follow them.

Though de Gaulle has performed enormous feats in lifting his country's sights almost by an act of will, there are objective limits which great and strong-willed statesmanship may extend but cannot change altogether. De Gaulle's insistence that France and the United States are equal is true in a moral sense but, if pushed too far, it must bring into the open a permanent disparity of strength. In any collision the superiority of American resources is likely to prevail regardless of the validity of the competing views. By generating so much personal ill will among American leaders, de Gaulle may rend the fabric of illusion on which his policy depends. The irony of Franco-American rivalry is that de Gaulle has conceptions greater than his strength, while United States power has been greater than its conceptions.

In the meantime, there is something of a Greek tragedy about the dispute between the United States and France. Each chief actor, following the laws of his nature, is bringing about consequences quite different from those intended. Either the "American" or the "French" concept of the Atlantic relationship might have succeeded. Competing as they do—with no comprehension of the real intention of the other—they may bring on what each side professes to fear most: a divided, suspicious Europe absorbed once again in working out its ancient rivalries. Tragedy, to many Americans at least, is to find oneself thwarted in what is ardently desired. But there is another and perhaps more poignant tragedy, that of fulfilling one's desires and then finding them empty.

Semblances

by Howard Moss

Here is the shadow circle of a tree.
It is more than tree. It is more than sun.
The darkness in it sheds its casualty
Of green, and what we see we do not see:
Its light-leaved tameness is the strength of wild
Embezzlements of flower, bird, and child.

The thinness, thickness of a thing is not
The thing itself. I watch the water change
From color into color, watch the tree
Transpose the rarest of transparencies
Into the heavy gravity of fall.
I see the golden pockets take their fill.

The world is stained by what is not the world.
Floating on the high relief of summer,
The clouds have flawed the mirror of the sea,
And beyond the clouds, what darkening of mind
Secretes the twilight as we turn around,
And, filtered out of vision, comb the wind?

Harper's Magazine, March 1965

A Brotherly Cruise on the Black Sea

by George Feifer

A young American sailing from Yalta to Odessa discovers a Russia unmentioned in the guidebooks and carefully ignored in official communiqués.

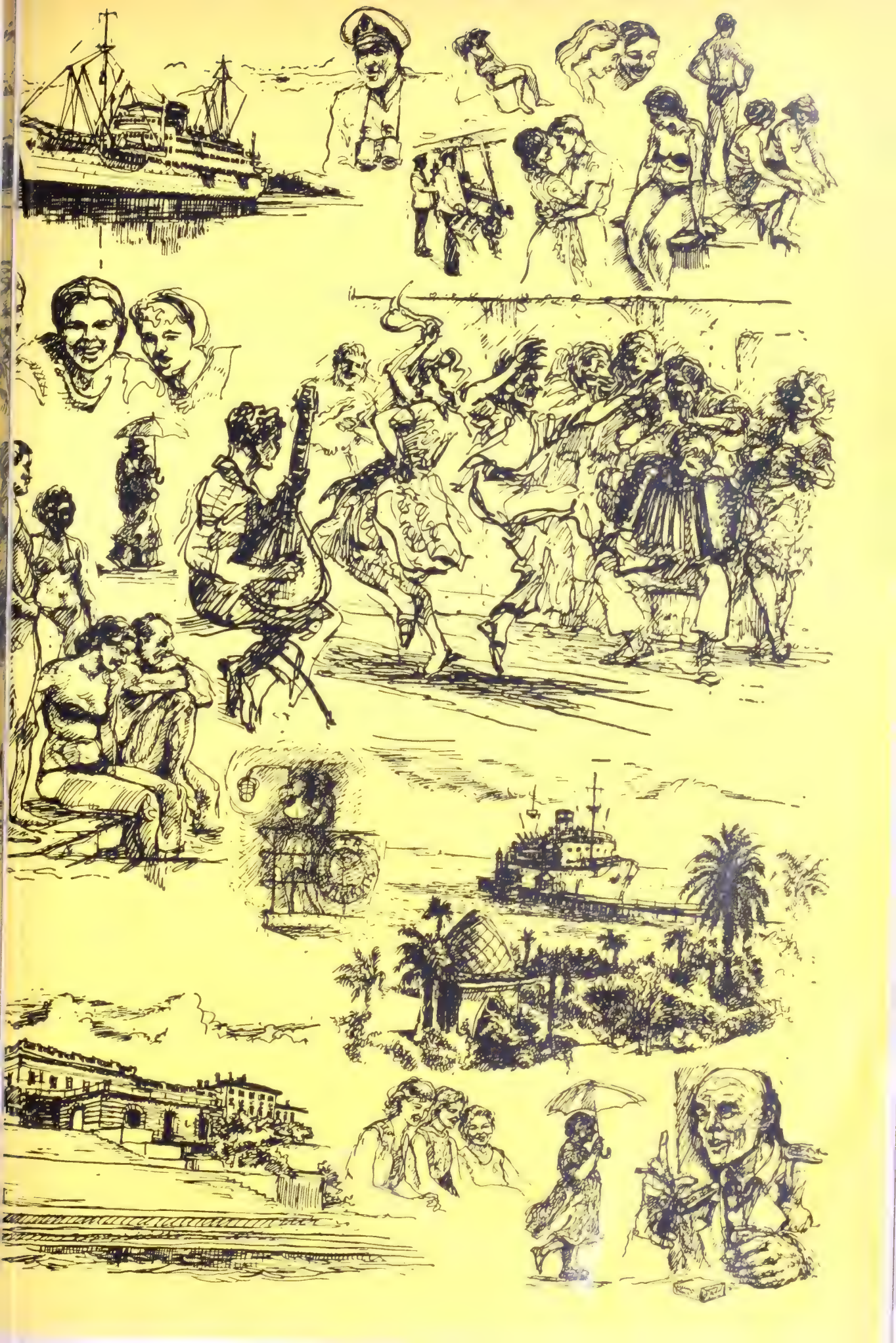
A white ship, oxidized white, with a gray-white stack trimmed in broad red stripes and small gold hammers and sickles. The *Peter the Great*, 8,209 tons, median in luxury among the Soviet Black Sea cruise fleet. A small old ship, respectably worn, reasonably dirty. A cruise ship like other cruise ships, petit bourgeois.

She was built—said a deckhand on the fo'c'sle—in 1926 in Hamburg and sold to Italy in the 'thirties; Poland got her as reparations after the war and sold her later to Russia. No, built—declared the First Officer from the barber's chair—in 1937 by a German yard for Turkey and never delivered because of the war; England took her as reparations from Germany in 1946 and sold her to Poland, who traded her immediately to Russia in return for a tanker. No, built in 1939—the ship's electrician whispered, for some reason, in my ear—in Bremen for an English firm; Turkey bought her after the war and sold her later to Poland, who used her eight years as a transatlantic liner; Russia "got it" from the Poles. A mysterious ship; labels on the valves stamped in German, Turkish, Russian, and English. Length 402 feet; beam 54 feet; 350 places in luxe, first, second, and third classes, plus deck space for a hundred in fourth—young workers taking in the palmy Crimean resorts as cheaply as possible.

We were churning on Odessa at thirteen knots from Yevpatoriya in the Crimea. Before that it had been Yalta, Novorossisk, Sochi, and Sukhumi: the traditional Black Sea route. The water was deep indigo, the sky was clear. The coast looked like Spain's from the Mediterranean.

Peter the Great rode steady on a steady sea; she might have been drifting except for the pleasant pulsing of old turbines. She was a friendly ship, not a smart ship, carelessly warm like a Russian sitting room. Breakfast was over—there had been no servings and no assigned tables. One ate where one chose, first class or second, and I had found myself next to an aeronautical engineer returning slowly, sadly to Moscow from three weeks of swimming in Gagra. Now, on deck, newspapers were opened, letters started, and measured walks paced in everyday clothes along the once holystoned oak. A quiet ship, with no trace of Miami.

In the shade of the half-deck over the pool, three Ukrainian peasant girls sang sweet-sad peasant songs. They had been there since early morning, endlessly wailing, chanting, sighing melancholy folk melodies in that captivating Slavic dissonance, half-Oriental, repetitive, hyp-



notic. Sometimes they were joined by a rough peasant lad with a dirty shirt and a battered accordion, sometimes—when the melody was too haunting and too well-known—by everyone around.

Slowly it grew hot. Elderly couples opened rain umbrellas. Young people changed into bikinis and passed around tins of Soviet suntan cream. I had never before seen such scanty suits on such ample figures. Some of the women wore simply shorts and brassieres. Many of them were dark and took their sunbathing seriously. (When we had arrived at Yalta the previous morning at seven the beach was already crowded and by one thirty too packed with flesh to tell from the quay whether the surface was sandy or rocky.) We lay on the worn planks; there were no deck chairs. The Armenian boy alongside kept calling me *moi brat*, "my brother." He laid his arm across my shoulders, told me about his family, and made me promise I would visit him and his friends in Leningrad. He talked as if I had known him in high school.

The pool became the center of attraction. It was a tiny rectangle. A schedule was posted on the railing—alternate hours for men, women, and crew, not in order to segregate but to keep the numbers down—and ignored. Anyone dived in. Pretty girls were coaxed or propelled; grandmotherly types were helped. There was room enough for three strokes lengthwise and two across. In this cramped space the crew had devised a water polo game and taught it to all comers. The sailors were in splendid shape—thick chests, sleek arms, powerful legs. Their skipper appeared two decks above, sextant in hand, watched his lusty men, smiled, shouted a word of banter, shot the sun.

When it was very hot, an elderly lady passenger in white lacy gloves approached me from the shade and lectured: "Young man, you are getting sunburnt; put on a shirt." I had never seen her before and never saw her again.

The bridge was roped, "Outsiders Prohibited," but no one seemed to notice my trespassing. When I mentioned that I had served in the American Navy, I was welcomed and given a short tour. In the pilot house, the gear was ship-shape: the charts were up-to-date, the brigh work gleamed.

The third officer had the watch alone. He w in his late twenties, my age, trim, dashing in h blues, a smart sailor. We talked about milita service, Dave Brubeck, baseball and soccer, ar quickly made friends. Then he led me out to th signal bridge to whisper his sad story whi taking bearings.

Three years before he had been serving on th overseas fleet as second officer on a tanker. H had been *living;* he had been going *abroad.* On Christmas Eve the ship was in Venice (muc Soviet oil was being shipped to Italy those days his duties were finished. Officers had an eleve o'clock curfew but he and a buddy—"Don't as me why"—had decided to forget it and run wil Precisely at eleven, an open Lancia, with two loc lovelies whom he and his friend had met in th afternoon, arrived at the pier, and the whole cre watched as they stepped ashore and into the ca After a glorious champagne supper, they returne at 2:00 A.M. Discipline was swift: a dischar when the ship put in at Odessa, cancellation o sailing papers. After a time, he found this plac on *Peter the Great* but was confined to the Blac Sea fleet. He yearned to return to internationa waters. What was holding him up now—th administrative debarment to work abroad had ex pired—was the Party reprimand which he ha also received. "The Party Commissar on tha tanker was a straitlaced goon; he adored the rule and he hated me." But he hoped that the Part ban, too, would expire in another year.

"Funny, isn't it? Life for almost every Russia has improved a hundred per cent in these las years, but for a few—for us, when we went abroad—it was better in the old days. No curfew; you could bring back twice as much to sell in our secondhand stores. For us, it was freer under Stalin." He walked me to the ladder. "I guess you don't have any of this in America, huh? Well, that's the worst part. Everything else is fine. I have no real complaints—but you can't run wild every once in a while. Some damn *apparatchik* will label you 'bourgeois.'"

* * *

The cabins were small and Spartan, adequate for a three-day cruise. Men and women were bunked together helter-skelter. I was sitting in Maya's compartment—she was twenty-seven, a chemical engineer, a Leningradka, wife of a submarine skipper based "somewhere in the Black Sea"—nibbling her treat, dried, salted fish, when two unknown men walked in and sat down; they

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had boarded at Yalta. Neither Maya nor the men batted an eye at the sleeping arrangements. She offered them fish, then drew the curtains around her berth.

Later I was in the (curtainless) shower on B deck when someone walked lightly in: a youngish woman! Flattened against the bulkhead, I said that I had thought the door was marked "M." "Oh *you* haven't made a mistake," she said airily, "it's just that the women's room is full right now. I'll just be a minute." She closed the door to one of the cubicles and in time the toilet flushed.

* * *

O Georgia! Lush and hospitable and far from Moscow! Tbilisi is to Moscow what a bottle of wine is to a can of beans. The Crimea too was luxuriant; much of its coast covered by subtropical verdure, by fresh vegetables and fruit.

Then why was the *Peter*'s first-class dining room in June as sour as Moscow's third-class cafeterias in February? Nothing was green and nothing fresh; the food was fried, thick, gray. Only the Beef Stroganoff was palatable, but frightening three times a day. There were no eggs; the tomatoes had run out; the rump steak was emetic. It took two hours to be served, about a half-hour for the waitress to take the order, an hour to get the food—it was the standard system: the waitress stood in line first at the cashier's to buy chits with her own money and then in line at the kitchen for the chow, and by the time it arrived the grease had begun to congeal—and another half-hour to pay her.

No one complained.

Aft, there was a bar where a sweating, hulking barmaid—she could say, "Vat'll yoo haff?" in ten languages—served sweating cheese and lardy ham with Baltic beer. But here, too, the wait was exasperating.

The smart travelers had taken aboard their own food, black bread, hard-boiled eggs, onion, and boiled chicken, and ate with gusto in the soft breeze.

* * *

On plowed *Peter the Great* in shirring sun, as we sang, swam, dozed, played dominoes and Queens. For all the world, it could have been anywhere in the world except that there was a *reproduktor* in every cabin and at strategic places along the decks, and that Saturday they were tuned up full blast. There had been sensational news the day before, more important (it seemed) than Cuba, Berlin, the Summit, or Tests. "Attention! Attention! Announcement of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and of the Council of Ministers of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics!" The price of meat was increased 30 per cent and of milk products 25 per cent.

On the ship, that dismal announcement (which caused foul curses in Yalta and rioting and death in industrial cities) stirred no passion. Because there had been rumors for weeks that it was to come? Or because the passengers were on holiday and queues at meat stores belonged to another world? Two men alone were excited; they kept on trying to find out for certain whether there had been a change in the price of vodka. (There had not.) The others seemed not to have heard.

But today, as the loudspeakers relentlessly broadcast the nation's reaction reported by *Pravda*, the passengers grew visibly annoyed. S. Belova, a Moscow housewife, M. Antonik, a welder from the Minsk tractor factory, K. Koksalov, chairman of a collective farm, A. Volovchenko, Hero of Socialist Labor, the entire Party, all progressive people, the whole Soviet nation, all the peace-loving people in the world (read *Pravda*) hailed the price rise and promised their full support. An essential measure! A realistic and well-timed decision! Soviet people thank the Party for its frankness! The government knows what's best! We approve of it; we support it; we cheer it!

The passengers lost their patience. "Oh, God, stop that drivel!" "Give us a price rise, but give us peace from nonsense!" "Turn the bloody speakers off!"

One by one enterprising vacationers found the plugs, the speakers subsided, and the ship yawed on in peace, in a slightly stiffening sea.

* * *

You don't, by chance," said the nondescript young man on the port rail, drying himself after an after-dinner dip, "have a copy of *The New Class* with you? Then how about *Zhivago*? The Bible—in Russian? *Lolita*? Could you get these books to me in Moscow? I would be very grateful. I could reward you."

Who was he—scholar, speculator, or spy? *Schto-to-ne-to*—something was fishy; such things are not asked for by strangers right from scratch. I went back to the pool.

* * *

So you are from America! Well, come have some vodka. What's that you drink over there—veesky?"

It was the man across the passageway as I put

my key in the door en route to a nap. We sat on his bunk. He jerked his glass to his mouth and cut a thick slice of black bread but forgot to nibble at it. His fingers were stodgy and creased, the khaki-green of his cuffs edged with grime.

"A Russian man drinks. He drinks vodka. *Za vashe zdarovye!*"

The tumbler was again filled to the lip. He downed it in one gulp without a wince. We started talking about him. He was in uniform; he was on leave. He was serving in Warsaw. "Life will be all right as soon as I can get the family settled with me—damn the red tape. Not that I'll ever love Warsaw, but one can live there, as we saw."

I asked, wasn't it exciting to be abroad.

"Hell, no. I've been abroad before, been to the gates of Berlin and back. It's a nuisance. I'll take service in Russia any day. Really, there is something warmer about our life—haven't you felt it? Now the Poles are a brotherly people, democratic, socialist, anti-imperialist; but they don't have that *human* feeling; if you want the truth I doubt that they'll ever build communism. I'm not complaining, you understand; I serve where my job takes me."

"What is your job, if it's not a secret?"

"Of course it's not a secret. I'm a military attaché. Know what that is?"

"And those four little stars? I could never—sorry—identify Soviet ranks."

"*Podpolkovnik.*" He grinned. This was too much, too typical. Ivan Petrovich, a bear of a lieutenant colonel, short, thick, bald, blunt, in black boots and gold teeth. A Herblock cartoon. "To the American people! *They* have that human feeling." He threw down another glass.

"And those insignia mean artillery, I take it?"

"Right, artillery. *Nu*, have a cigarette."

"Have one of mine."

I gave him the whole pack, not entirely out of generosity. The cabin was dense with the fumes of his *Papirosi* (mixed with the flavor of his woolen uniform) and I hoped Pall Mall would be easier on the nose and eyes.

"Why thanks, my friend, always wanted to try American tobacco. Do you mind if I save them until Odessa so my wife can share them? . . . *Nu*, maybe I'll try just one." We were taking some groundswells; a few drops of vodka went astray as he poured another round. "To peace!" He clicked my glass. "If there can't be friendship, let there at least be peace. That's the main thing; we need peace. We Soviet people know war—three of my brothers were killed in the last one. We must prevent another."

I murmured consent—after a year of such speeches, it was all I could do. He put his thick hand over mine and squeezed it, then took a cigarette. I asked why he chose the army.

"Oh fate, my friend, fate. Who would have dreamed that I'd wind up a military man, a soldier, of all things. I would have said anything but a soldier. I wanted to be a doctor."

"Then, why?"

"Fate, my friend, one of those things. I was nineteen when the war started, went in as a buck private. Wounded twice. (He opened his shirt on a ghastly scar which had taken off his left nipple.) By the time it was over, I was a senior lieutenant. The army offered me an education and a permanent commission; my wife was pregnant. I stayed in."

"Are you sorry?"

He lit another Pall Mall and undid his tie. "Too late for that now. The army is a good living if nothing else. What bothers me is that it's all so stupid. We want peace—you know that if you've been here a year. You want peace, too. Yet both of us spend colossal sums for arms. Crazy. It hurts us more than it hurts you. I say this as a military man, who lives off this foolishness in a way: I think we should melt down all the cursed guns and build apartments with the steel."

"What a good idea!"

"Of course, you want the same thing. Only a few people in the world want war. You act like an ordinary fellow; who is your father?"

"An ordinary fellow."

"I thought so." The bottle was nearly empty, but Ivan Petrovich's words were still distinct. I concentrated on his sausage and black bread. He was a chain smoker. "Will they let you back into America after this? . . . I guess it's *harder* for you in a way, I mean living right under their thumbs." He contrived a look of sympathy.

"Whose?"

"The capitalists. The imperialists. I mean seeing your own resources used for militarism by a little clique of generals and monopolists. Ah, don't worry, I know how you ordinary Americans must feel. For us, it is easier, at least we know our arms are only for defense."

"For defense." It was not a question. I wanted to get to my nap.

"Of course. We are a socialist country, we have no need of war. *Nu*, I guess I'm telling you what you already know. Those capitalists are not going to give up their millions without a struggle, eh? Well, don't let them get you down."

I knew what was coming and it came. Hungary: a brotherly country helping against fascist counterrevolution. Cuba: a brotherly country

elping against Yankee imperialists—and Amer-
an bases have surrounded *us* for seventeen
ears. Russia: Stalin was bad; Ivan personally
ated him all the time, secretly; but now democ-
acy has been restored. America: monopoly
apitalism sliding toward fascism, George Rock-
ell, John Birch. "We know all about America,
e keep up; the political officer arranges lec-
ures." The bottle was in the garbage tray. "Why
on't you force the Pentagon to make peace, for
eaven's sake?"

I kept quiet. To put up a good show—the best
hat can be done in these cases is a show, dis-
greement, indication that one is not an ordinary
ellow, or brainwashed—would have taken re-
erves of energy. The vodka had made me very
eepy.

"It's terrible. I hate it, but we must build up
ur Soviet army. You understand that now. As
ng as imperialism exists, we must strengthen
ur guard. We have an obligation to protect the
emocratic world. History would never forgive
s if we failed. We know that the American
eople are with us in this. Long live the American
eople! Long live peace!"

Finally, I made my getaway. I lay down, top
erth, for the long-delayed nap. But sleep would
ot come; I was bothered by how I should have
andled Ivan Petrovich. I got up and knocked on
is door; one boot was off and he was unwrapping
he foot rags underneath. I handed him another
ack of Pall Malls—he had given the last few of
he first pack to a passerby and the stewardess
ho cleared away the glasses—to save for his
ife. "Greetings to the American people!" I lay
own again, just as annoyed, frustrated, un-
ertain about how I ought to have acted. Two
eamen were chipping and scraping the bulkhead
irectly outside my cabin.

* * *

Seven bells. On the prow as the sun went down
-a splendorous orange Mediterranean sunset—
our of the crew were playing dominoes. They
apped the tokens onto the deck with glee.
Watchers had gathered, some leaning on a Volga
utomobile lashed to the forward bits.

"What's better, the Soviet Union or the United
tates?" asked a crew-cut lad with no shirt.

"What a stupid question!" cracked his buddy.
Each system has its faults. Isn't that right?"

"Well, we don't have faults like they do. Is it
rue that there are five million workers un-
mployed? And that Negroes must ride in the
ack of buses? *Why?* I heard that you have to
ay for doctors there, too."

"Knock it off. Why do they have the best jazz in the world? And the biggest and the best—the highest living standard?"

"And the most cars. You forget that every man has his own car there because they make seventeen million of them a year. We won't make that in the next twenty years."

Seven million, I said. Not seventeen million.

"*Seventeen*. I read it somewhere. Maybe you don't know yourself. Seventeen million cars a year. Do you have one?"

"Then why do they have to pay for doctors?"

"Don't be silly. If you have a car, you can pay for a doctor. You can sell your car and pay for ten doctors."

"I still don't think it's right. I read that some people spend more to support a pet dog than others to support a family of children. Is that true?"

"For God's sake, leave him alone; he's on vacation. What does he care about dogs?"

"I just want to hear if it's true. Are you going to be able to find work when you go home, or will you be unemployed? Or will you have to beat your comrade out for a job?"

"He's going to stay in Russia, aren't you? Life's more friendly here. How can he go back to those skinny American girls?"

"Look, I have a serious question: why don't Americans play soccer?"

"Yeah. Why?"

* * *

Dancing in the evening on boatdeck. Tangos, waltzes, polkas, and mostly foxtrots, to music my grandfather used to try to follow with his awkward little hop. Scratchy records and slow, amateurish movements and no one—men or women—shy about asking anyone else. Couples gripping each other around the waist with both hands in the current style. No change of clothes (except extra sweaters), no romantic pretensions, but almost everyone joining in. The natural festive flavor of a Vermont square dance.

The older generation drifted off to bed by ten. All music was switched off at twelve. Regulations. (The beer bar had long since boarded up.) Then the fun began.

The life of the party was a group of twenty or thirty young men and women who worked at a machine-tool plant in Gorky and were taking their vacation together. (The trade union paid half their fare.) Verichka, Andriusha, Tanya, Seriozha . . . I never knew factory workers like this before, so full of warmth for each other and their factory. They were exuberant and exuded that

naturalness and solidarity and enthusiasm which the best military units are lucky to attain. They were the new proletariat which here was far more than a propagandist's invention. They were the young New Soviet Men, the sons of Revolutionary Socialism. Healthy, happy, perfectly at ease. Or were they simply the offspring of carousing old rural Russia?

A balalaika appeared, an accordion; hands clapped and feet flashed. Each nationality—Russians, Ukrainians, Georgians, and Armenians—displayed its songs and dances, urged on by the clapping circle. The Americans were called: "Home on the Range" and "Blue-tail Fly" and—by universal demand—demonstration of the "tweest." Four Georgians picked it up immediately. It was one world in many delicious parts; it was the natural health of Soviet youth, the old-fashioned pleasures relished in overalls.

* * *

Romance made the night air heavy. There was Raya, a bleached blond willow in sandals, Tamara from Tashkent, pert, dark, and braided, and Svetlana, a strong swimmer with a classic figure plus ten pounds (she had been seen climbing into a lifeboat with one of the crew). They wore their hair long, made up only their eyes, with which they flirted openly. Their torsos strained at their blouses; they smelled strong and asked to be danced with.

But the fairest of all could not flirt. Mealtimes, she had sat silently with her mother and husband at the center table, cool in an off-the-shoulder dress, demure, regal. She ought to have been sailing on the *France*. Silky straight hair framed her cameo face. I could not help staring. She looked only at the portholes.

Picture, then, my astonishment when after the dancing, she suddenly appeared to slip her arm under mine as I stood on the starboard quarter watching the foam. "Young man, my name is Alla, shall we become acquainted?" Her voice was exquisite, like her manner. "I don't like my husband. He does not understand me. He is such a . . . stiff old thing. I long to be free, to express myself, to *live*."

I was spellbound, but seized, too, with *déja vu*. She was straight from Chekhov's "The Lady with the Dog."

"And what's more, I'm with my admirer, not my husband, and I do not like him either. Have you noticed him at our table? It is so distressing how he worms his way in with my mother. A smooth-talking Bulgarian. I should never have consented to take a voyage with them. You are so tall. I like the way you look, like one who plays basketball."

She looked out to sea, like Princess Grace at the races. I didn't know what to say, nothing was grand enough. I stuttered and talked small. She gave me two Leningrad addresses. "We are less likely to be disturbed at the second."

Finally I took her to my cabin, twenty paces away: I locked the door and by the light of the Black Sea moon kissed her on the lips. She kissed back. Perfume and passion and mystery; she arched her back. Shortly she stopped me. "Not here. You must go to Cabin B-23 on the second deck; it will be empty. I shall expect you in ten minutes exactly. Oh my *dushka*. You are so tall."

She slipped away.

Eight horrible, sweet, tantalizing minutes of waiting; I was so nervous that the ship's wake seemed smooth. Then I dashed to B-23 and knocked. It was ten minutes exactly. There was no answer. I knocked again, pounded, shook the handle; I waited an hour but there was never an answer. The stewardess watched me suspiciously. At breakfast Alla looked only at the porthole, cool again, a trace of contempt on her lips.

* * *

At 0230, running lights of four or five homeward-bound tankers dipped over and under the horizon. *Peter the Great* throbbed soothingly. From somewhere aft the peasant girls blew their melancholy, lilting voices into the breeze and on the darkened dance platform above, a single Middle Eastern guitar was being plucked. Curled in blankets on their chairs, the deck-class workers, passengers had settled for a short night. The few people still awake had linked arms, girls with girls, girls with boys, boys with boys. "Hey, hey one more time, once more many many times . . . HEY!"

I reached for something to lull me to sleep—the cruise brochure. It began in typical style: "The Communist Party and the Soviet government demonstrate great concern over the development of the marine passenger fleet. . . ." On it went ad nauseam about the Party, but said nothing relevant about the genealogy of *Peter the Great*.

But I didn't care, I didn't care, because the one thing I had learned for certain in that year was that Soviet society, like every other, has no straight answers and if you depart from Russia not confused, you have only fooled yourself.

We were due alongside in Odessa under Eisenstein's *Potemkin* steps at 0655.

Poems, 1964

by C. Day Lewis

St. Anthony's Shirt

"We are like the relict garments of a Saint: the same and not the same: for the careful Monks patch it and patch it: till there's not a thread of the original garment left, and still they show it for St. Anthony's shirt."
—Keats: Letter to Reynolds

This moving house of mine—how could I care
If, wasting and renewing cell by cell,
It's the ninth house I now have tenanted?
I cannot see what keeps it in repair
Nor charge the workmen who, its changes tell,
Build and demolish it over my head.

Ninth house and first, the same yet not the same—
Are there, beneath new brickwork, altering style,
Viewless foundations steady through the years?
Hardly could I distinguish what I am
But for the talkative sight-seers who file
Through me, the window-view that clouds or clears.

The acting, speaking, lusting, suffering I
Must be a function of this house, or else
Its master principle. Is I a sole
Tenant created, recreated by
What he inhabits, or a force which tells
The incoherent fabric it is whole?

If master, where's the master-thread runs through
This patchwork, piecemeal self? If occupant
Merely, the puppet of a quarrelsome clique,
How comes the sense of selfhood as a clue
Embodying yet transcending gene and gland?
The I, though multiple, is still unique.

I walk these many rooms, wishing to trace
My frayed identity. In each, a ghost
Looks up and claims me for his long-lost brother—
Each unfamiliar, though he wears my face.
A draught of memory whispers I was most
Purely myself when I became another:

Tending a sick child, groping my way into
A woman's heart, lost in a poem, a cause,
I touched the marrow of my being, unbared
Through self-oblivion. Nothing remains so true
As the outgoingness. This moving house
Is home, and my home, only when it's shared.

Days Before a Journey

Days before a journey
The mind, prefiguring absence,
Begins to leave. Its far
Destination loosens
The weave of the familiar
And distances the near.

A man begins his absence
From a loved one, easing
Away as if he peeled
Gently a cling-close dressing
From a wound unhealed—
A wound as yet scarce felt.

From a loved home easing
While he is still there,
For all its sheltering grief
He finds in his breast the hare
Roused from its form, the leaf
That in late fall writhes to be off.

While he is here, still here,
His going will slide between
Him and all he would stay for,
Misting each homely scene;
The ill-wished hours hang over
His head, without bloom or flavor.

Between staying and going
Opens the little death,
Shadowed, unformed, uncanny
And makes the real a wraith.
Oh, traveling starts many
Days before the journey.

•

Since the 'twenties, C. Day Lewis has been deeply involved in poetry—as undergraduate, editor, teacher, and as one of the foremost British poets. This year he has been lecturing at Harvard University.

Harper's Magazine, March 1965

The Good Southern Universities

by Virginius Dabney

A distinguished Virginian reports on the burgeoning educational opportunities which Northern students too often ignore—perhaps out of sheer provincial blindness.

Forty years ago, I am told, most students in the North who went South to college did so because they wanted a pleasure dome more redolent of magnolia and moonshine than of learning. Today the situation is strikingly different. With the problem of "getting in" growing more agonizing every year, high-school students and their parents all over the United States are beginning to take a more respectful look at the quality of education that is available in many Southern institutions. For the cultural and academic level there is rising with the business index.

True, anyone who listened to some of the embarrassing Southern politicians with the treacle-and-grits accents who graced the airwaves during the national party conventions of 1964, might have concluded that reports of the region's cultural renaissance are exaggerated. Nevertheless the reports are correct.

Before the Civil War, the South had a much larger college enrollment per capita than the North, but the war's wreckage limited the numbers of young Southerners who could afford to attend college, and weakened the entire educational system. For two or three generations after Appomattox Southern colleges and universities were distinctly inferior. Admittedly, they are still unable to compete in overall excellence with Harvard or California, and far too many of them are what the late Dr. Edwin A. Alderman called "monohippic" institutions. But the regional gap is narrowing.

Faculty salaries are rising, entrance requirements are on the upgrade, libraries and laboratories are improving, every Southern state has at least one institution which awards the Ph.D. degree—whereas a quarter of a century ago there were four states which had none—and all but two of the states have one or more university presses.

Over against these evidences of progress there is the stubborn fact that the eleven states which formed the Confederacy do not have a single one of the top ten American universities, and the majority of knowledgeable observers also agree that no Southern institution quite manages to squeeze into the first twenty.

But an encouraging thing today is that this judgment can, in my opinion, be made without serious risk of mayhem. As recently as 1961, Dr. Alexander Heard, now Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, found that a public declaration to this effect was repercussive.

"I thought I could get away with it," said Dr. Heard, who was Dean of the University of North Carolina Graduate School at the time. "But horrors, no. I am accustomed to hearing from the boys in the back row. Few things, however, have ever provoked an outburst from the bleachers like saying this simple thing we all know to be true. . . . I discovered some of my fellow citi-

ens who, it seemed to me, weighed too heavily ıe educational value of dogwood blossoms and ıe Carolina moon."

Such defensive attitudes, which have been a rag on the progress of the South for decades, 're less prevalent today than at any time since ıe Civil War. And chiefly because of this in-reasing realism, I believe that the region stands ı the threshold of nationally significant advances ı higher education.

The Southern institutions which give greatest romise are the six whose graduate and other pro-rams have won them admission to the charmed rcle of the thirty-nine U. S. members of the ssociation of American Universities. These are uke, North Carolina, Virginia, Vanderbilt, Tu-ne, and Texas. I shall give some detailed infor-ation on these six later in this article.

Poor Mouths, Low Spirits

.n addition to the drag caused by its brooding ver defeat, the South has suffered educationally om its bondage to the race problem and its verty. As recently as the late 'thirties, a Presi-ential commission termed the South accurately Economic Problem No. 1"; now the forward arch of industry and a better balanced agricul-ıre have put cash in Southern pockets and lifted ıe despair which made the people of the South ıwilling to be judged by national standards. Now, too, the furor over the race problem is fading in the leading colleges and universities so that it becomes possible for state legislatures and boards of trustees to turn their attention to long-standing needs for improved faculty, curriculum, and facilities.

I am fully aware that the race issue made it difficult until recently for Southern institutions to get and keep the best-qualified faculty. Teachers felt a few years ago that their freedom to speak on this and other subjects might be limited.

Light on this problem was shed in 1960 by Professor Russell Middleton of Florida State. He sent a questionnaire to 645 doctoral candidates at leading universities from coast to coast, to learn their attitudes toward teaching in the various sections of the United States. In response to the question, "In which region of the country would you most like to teach?", the embryo professors put the South at the bottom of the list. Answers to various other questions showed clearly that the South's low rating was largely due to its racial attitudes.

Since then, the interracial climate of the South has become more peaceful. In every state Negroes now have been admitted to state and private institutions of higher learning, and to public schools. I do not suggest that the majority of Southern whites are happy over this—for they are not—but they have, by and large, made the necessary adjustment. Furthermore, interracial disorders in the North have grown worse, and to

Six Leading Southern Universities

Name, Date Founded	*Location*	*Financing*	*Undergraduates* *Men*	*Women*	*Out of State*	*Tuition & Fees*
U. of Texas 1883	Austin, state cap. 187,000	State-supported Large endowment	12,300	6,500	10%	$146 Texas $546 Others
Tulane U. 1834	New Orleans, La. 700,000	Independent	2,050	1,070 Newcomb	70%	$1,400
Vanderbilt U. 1872	Nashville, Tenn. 171,000	Independent	2,100	900	70%	$1,020
Duke U. 1838	Durham, N. C. 79,000	Independent Wealthy	2,400 Trinity	1,200 Woman's	68%	$1,237
U. of N. Carolina 1789	Chapel Hill 13,000	State-supported	7,535	2,070	28%	$279 N. C. $879 Others
U. of Virginia 1819	Charlottesville 30,000	State-supported	3,120	225	42%	$377 Virginia $837 Others

The information above is partly from the author's investigation, partly from the useful *Comparative Guide to American Colleges*, by James Cass and Max Birnbaum (Harper & Row, 1964). Figures for enrollment and tuition have been updated by Messrs. Cass and Birnbaum.

the South it has become apparent that the race problem is more acute there than below the Mason and Dixon line.

In some areas, such as Mississippi, of course, the racial controversy continues to create tensions and to interfere with academic freedom. Primarily for this reason, some fifty professors at the University of Mississippi have departed in the past couple of years. However, it should be noted in the institution's favor that Professor James W. Silver has been permitted to remain, despite his open and repeated criticism of the racial policies both of the university and of the state government.

Now that the race problem is yielding in most states, more attention can be paid to closing the gaps in secondary education. Lack of funds, coupled with a failure, at times, to appreciate the importance of public schools, caused the Southern states for many long years to be satisfied with performance well below that of the North and West. This was notably true in the schools provided for Negroes. While the South's system of elementary and secondary education still is often worse than it should be for both races, especially in rural regions, the progress made of late is impressive.

Another reason for optimism is to be found, I believe, in the preponderantly hopeful report of the Commission on Goals for Higher Education in the South which appeared late in 1961. It was sponsored by the excellent Southern Regional Education Board of Atlanta, and the Commission chairman was Colgate W. Darden, Jr., president emeritus of the University of Virginia. The commission found substantial grounds for its conviction that educational progress sufficient to place the South alongside the North and West is now within reach. Among other things, the commission's report stressed the essential importance of academic freedom. Ironically, in 1963, the North Carolina legislature passed a pernicious law making it illegal for any of its state-supported institutions of higher learning to offer facilities for speaking to any member of the Communist party or anyone who has taken the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer questions concerning such membership. No less ironically, however, it has been the University of California at Berkeley that has experienced the most prolonged ar dangerous rioting ostensibly over the same iss of free speech.

While the overall educational prognosis for tl South is good, there are other dismaying fact For example, no Southern university faculty ha produced a Nobel Prize winner—William Faul ner of Mississippi did not become a University Virginia lecturer until after he won the prize- and the South has a mere 4.3 per cent of tl members of the National Academy of Science

Where Dollars Work Har

In our time, the great foundations and tl federal government have discovered the educ tional and research potential of the South. Lon accustomed to giving financial preference to e tablished leaders, these all-important dispense of aid have become aware that the South, to has the know-how to assure value for dolla spent; moreover, it has been starved for so lon and is so eager to go forward that largess b stowed there can return even greater dividen than elsewhere.

Significantly, this winter when the Ford Fou dation granted $750,000 to set up a translatio center—something quite new in the study an publication of foreign literature—it chose th University of Texas to house the administrativ headquarters. Two of the Texas faculty's talente scholars, Roger Shattuck in Romance language and William Arrowsmith in classics, are boar members.

In science, federal expenditures on higher edu cation have had an enormous impact in the South For example, the Virginia Associated Researc Center at Newport News operates in connectio with the National Aeronautics and Space Ad ministration's nearby $13 million cyclotron an its radiation-effects laboratory. This center o graduate science is a cooperative venture of th University of Virginia, Virginia Polytechnic In stitute, and the College of William and Mary, an it gives these institutions resources which other wise would be entirely beyond their reach.

Another federal project, the multimillion-dolla National Environmental Health Center, will even tually be located in North Carolina, in the "Re search Triangle" in the Durham-Chapel Hill area Within a few miles are the University of North Carolina, Duke, and North Carolina State. The Center may eventually cost $78 million and wil employ "upwards of 1,000 persons."

Similarly, the Graduate Research Center of the

Virginius Dabney, editor of the Richmond "Times-Dispatch" since 1936, is a B.A. and M.A. of the University of Virginia. He has won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing, lectured at Princeton and Cambridge University, and written two books about the South.

Mr. Thomson vs. Mr. Webb: a debate over the merits of a year-round gift carton for the world's finest Scotch.



... Thomson, Director and Master Blender, and Arthur F. Webb, Managing Director of ... Walker & Sons Ltd., photographed in Kilmarnock, Scotland.

homson had a point. He contended ohnnie Walker Black Label doesn't o make a display of itself; that no ings could embellish a Scotch ed from over 40 of the finest aged land malt whiskies and just the amount of mature Scotch grain y. (He blended them himself.)

. Webb agreed that Johnnie Walker Label is a most tasteful Scotch Managing Director of the Com- and deserves to be so presented. aintained that the carton would be rly decorous, nearly as impeccable as the Scotch inside. The same distinguished gift carton that attracted favorable comment during the holidays.

In defense of extending the season for gifts

Furthermore, Mr. Webb could see no reason why generosity should be limited by season. Might not thoughtful people find occasion to give Black Label throughout the year? And why not compliment their taste with a carton that complements their Scotch?

Mr. Webb was of the opinion that they should make the carton available for package stores in the United States. Mr. Thomson is not only the most knowledgeable of master blenders, he is also a reasonable man. He agreed.

We suggest you try the Scotch. The superiority of Johnnie Walker Black Label is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the U.K. that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.



Ask for Black Label tonight, with or without the new gift carton. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



ED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.



Two-man team from "Financial Cabinet" calls on customers for current investment re



Two men from Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company are arriving for one of the periodic conferences which we feel are essential to the successful management of personal financial affairs. One is an Administrative Officer, the other an Investment Officer. They work well together, and their friendly, professional guidance is appreciated and relied upon by these customers. ☐ Any number of factors may dictate the need for a re-appraisal of one's financial plans. Changes in your family responsibilities, a business promotion, retirement or an inheritance should be taken into consideration promptly. As a part of any re-evaluation, your portfolio should be reviewed in the light of business developments, the outlook for the economy a international climate. ☐ If this approach makes sense t why not make an appointment to discuss your financial problems with our specialists today. We suggest you write us a letter, or telephone us at Area Code 617 LIberty 2-9450.

BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO

100 Franklin St. Boston, Mass

Southwest near Dallas includes eight Texas institutions. Well financed by both government and private funds, it has 150 scientists on its rolls from all over the world, doing pure scientific research under the direction of Dr. Lloyd V. Berkner. The Center aids participating institutions in their graduate programs, but has disavowed any intention of producing Ph.D.s of its own.

In another important area, that of library development, the South's progress has been exceptional. The library is the throbbing heart of any great educational institution, and the number of volumes in the collections of the leading Southern centers of learning has doubled and trebled in the last quarter of a century. Duke and Texas universities have more than 1.5 million volumes each, while the Universities of North Carolina, Florida, and Virginia have more than a million, as does Louisiana State. (However, Harvard has seven million books in its library, Yale has nearly five million, and California nearly three million, so the South still has some distance to go.)

Leading Southern centers of learning are those with the great libraries. For example, the University of Texas has assembled in the past five years manuscripts, papers, and published works of a score of well-known British and American authors, collections said to be unequaled anywhere in the world. Among the authors are D. H. Lawrence, Somerset Maugham, Edith and Sacheverell Sitwell, and Christopher Morley. The university also has acquired massive libraries for research on Kipling, Yeats, Joyce, Eliot, and various others.

Leaders for Good Reasons

Research facilities and libraries are measurable indicators of competence in a university. More subtle—and at least equally significant—is the measure of the men who run the institutions. At the moment, the South seems to be blessed with a remarkably talented young group, several of whom have caught the region's rising vision of educational greatness. Among the South's ablest leaders are the heads of the six universities mentioned above as promising the most spectacular progress. Four of these men are in their early or middle forties—Douglas M. Knight at Duke, William C. Friday at North Carolina, Alexander Heard at Vanderbilt, and Edgar F. Shannon Jr. at Virginia. The other two—in their fifties—are Harry H. Ransom at Texas and Herbert E. Longenecker at Tulane.

It is significant, too, that faculty salaries in these institutions (as described by James Cass and Max Birnbaum) are equal to or better than the national average, and at Duke are close to the top national scale. Half to two-thirds of the teachers have the doctor's degree.

Any one of these six universities could be the subject of a critical profile, but I intend to present only some of the distinctive qualities of each. Basic facts about each institution appear in the chart on page 87.

The University of Texas

Some impartial observers believe that the University of Texas already deserves a place among the nation's top twenty universities. Unusually rich for a state university, it has an endowment of around $435 million, second only to that of Harvard. However, much of this is in oil wells and land; a third of the income from it goes to Texas A & M, and the state legislature's support wavers.

The campus at Austin, the state capital, is metropolitan, dominated by a twenty-nine-story tower. Nevertheless, the atmosphere is informal, in keeping with the unconventional traditions of the Southwest, and coats and ties for male students are not *de rigueur*. The girls, on the other hand, are generally well-dressed, as happens at most coeducational institutions.

Texas easily leads the South in faculty membership in the National Academy of Sciences. It is also distinguished in its English department, partly because of its collections of rare manuscripts and first editions; it excels in the classics and publishes the sophisticated and unconventional *Arion: A Journal of Classical Studies*. The University of Texas Press is outstanding for its specialty of books interpreting the Southwest and Latin America.

The teaching staff is unique in the South in having two Negro members. There are also no fewer than ten football coaches. Although the gridiron threatens at times to preempt the center of the stage, the University of Texas is showing great academic élan. Like the state itself, as one of its graduates has said "the university is in painful and hopeful transition."

Tulane University

The premier center of learning on the Gulf Coast is Tulane University, a private institution which is relatively expensive and selective academically. Situated in New Orleans, with its live oaks and hanging moss, its French and Spanish overtones, and its Bourbon Street jazz palaces, Tulane's milieu is almost theatrical. The

University publishes the *Tulane Drama Review,* which has a national readership, and it plans to open an Archive of New Orleans Jazz in 1965.

Tulane renders important services to a wide area of the lower South and also to Central and South America. The excellent Medical School offers the only degree in tropical medicine available in the United States, and operates an International Center for Medical Research and Training in Colombia. In anthropology, the Middle American Research Institute has sponsored numerous expeditions and published dozens of volumes. At present it is excavating and restoring the ancient Mayan city of Dzibilchaltun in Yucatan, "by far the largest, and probably the longest-inhabited pre-Columbian site ever discovered in the Americas."

The Tulane Law School maintains the emphasis on Latin America also—Louisiana is the only one of the fifty states having a legal system based on the Napoleonic Code and the civil law tradition followed in the countries of Central and South America. The Institute of Comparative Law publishes *The Inter-American Law Review* in both English and Spanish.

Vanderbilt University

One of several institutions of higher education at Nashville, the state capital in the rolling country of central Tennessee, Vanderbilt is located two miles from downtown. Campus activities revolve about Kirkland Hall, the oldest building, where the clock in the tower strikes the hours.

One feature of the academic curriculum which aims toward an increasingly cosmopolitan appeal is the "Vanderbilt in France" study-abroad program.

The English Department has been notable for many years, with such graduates as John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, and Andrew Nelson Lytle, all one-time leaders in the talented faculty group known as the "Nashville Agrarians." Jesse Stuart, Randall Jarrell, and Elizabeth Spencer also are distinguished products of this department.

The Vanderbilt School of Divinity has been authoritatively termed one of the nation's "six standard-setting theological institutions." Also highly rated are the Medical School and the Graduate Program in Economic Development, which in the last eight years has enrolled 320 students from fifty countries.

The *Race Relations Law Reporter,* published by the Vanderbilt Law School, is an unusual quarterly journal presenting impartially the legal aspects of the civil-rights controversy.

Duke University

At Durham, North Carolina, is Duke University, whose entering students have the highest average scores on College Board Examinations among the six Southern leaders. Duke's figures are 626 on the verbal portion and 652 on the mathematical, only some twenty points below the averages for the country's foremost centers of learning, and far above the national average of around 500. (Vanderbilt's scores, next highest among the six, are 603 and 635.) Duke's Woman's College ranks second only to Radcliffe, both in freshman scores on College Boards and in the number of National Merit Scholars enrolled.

Duke was established as recently as 1924, when James Buchanan ("Buck") Duke endowed old Trinity College, a Methodist affiliate, with some $40 million of his tobacco fortune. The university has leaped forward both academically and financially. The endowment has grown to $100 million, and the university enjoys the income from about $125 million more. Thus in actual money and securities it is the wealthiest university in the South, since Texas has so large a percentage of its endowment in land and oil. The quadrangle of English Gothic design, with the magnificent chapel as the central structure, is one of the handsomest in the land. The main campus spreads over 8,000 acres on the edge of Durham.

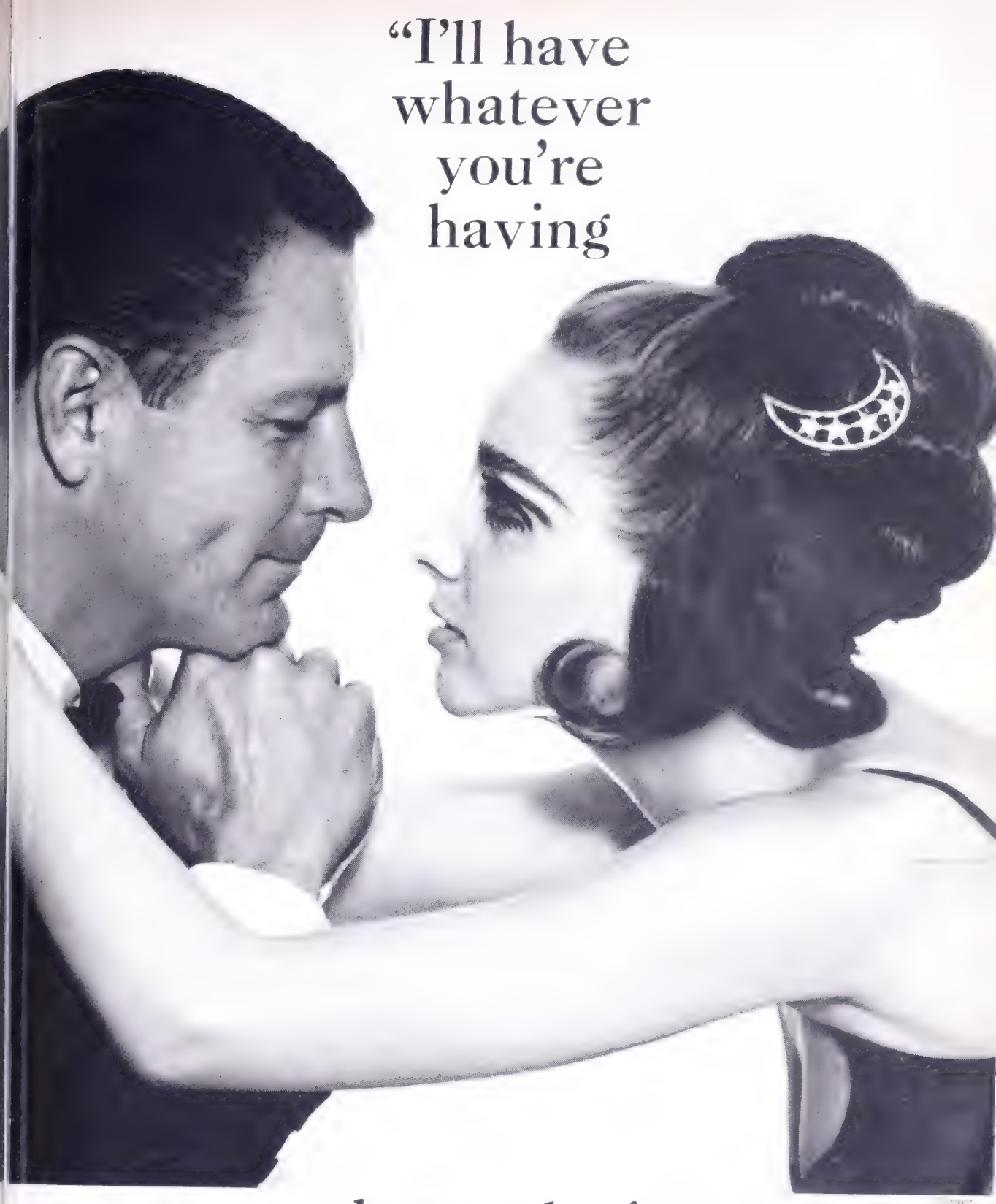
Duke's faculty salary scale is the highest in the South, fifteenth in the entire country for 1963-64 in average salaries paid. (The University of Virginia has the next highest scale among Southern universities, and the sixth-highest among all state universities.)

The Graduate School, with access to the great Duke library, includes strong departments in economics, political science, and botany. The university's Marine Laboratory has just put into service a $1.2-million oceanographic research vessel, the first built in the United States specifically for biological research. And the Medical School has broken new ground in various ways—for example, in establishing the nation's first Regional Center for the Study of the Aging.

The University of North Carolina

Only ten miles from Duke, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill has a campus that is exceptionally democratic. Founded in 1789, it is not only the oldest of the six Southern leaders but also the first state university in the U. S. Returning graduates like to gather near the early-nineteenth-century well and the nearby Davie poplar, named for the founder, and sing on festive occasions.

"I'll have whatever you're having



but make it METAXA"



Experiment with Greek gold. Try a shot. Or build a Manhattan on it. Mix it with all of the imagination you can muster.

Spike your old standbys with Metaxa. It's the big drink. The great gift. The moon and stars: even the bottle wears them.

by appointment to the Royal Greek Court. 92 proof Greek liqueur imported to the U.S. solely by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N.Y.

The first-rate University of North Carolina Press has done much to further the deeply felt Chapel Hill concept of service to the state, especially by publishing incisive analyses of Southern problems. The press was significantly aided in its early days by the late Howard W. Odum and his trail-breaking Institute for Research in Social Science. Other Chapel Hill ventures for promotion of the public good include the Institute of Government established by the law faculty's Albert Coates, which carries on a statewide program for coordinating the activities of governmental officials, and the Medical School's four-year course, offering an integrated and comprehensive "health sciences" program.

The library includes the large and varied Archibald Henderson Collection on George Bernard Shaw. The UNC Graduate School, which was for years preeminent in the South, is today better than ever, but no longer preeminent, because of the rapid rise of other graduate schools. Departments which enjoy national prestige include Romance languages, classics, music, and sociology and anthropology.

The University of Virginia

One of the sharply competing graduate schools is at the University of Virginia. The solid progress which that institution at Charlottesville has been showing in both the sciences and the liberal arts would gratify its founder, Thomas Jefferson. The buildings he designed after Greco-Roman prototypes form one of the world's most beautiful academic ensembles. The young men who come here dress up to the formality of their surroundings by wearing coats and ties—in class and on dates with the small minority of coeds. Operating under its famous honor system, the undergraduate college has produced far more Rhodes Scholars than any other Southern university, and is exceeded in this respect by only five American institutions.

Most remarkable of the important holdings in the University of Virginia library is the $3.5-million Clifton Waller Barrett collection of original manuscripts and first editions in American literature, covering over one thousand authors from the Revolution to the 1960s. The Law School and the Graduate School of Business Administration are preeminent in the Southern states and they rank high nationally. More than 40 per cent of the Law School's cosmopolitan student body are Harvard, Yale, and Princeton graduates. The recently founded University Press of Virginia is unique in that it offers an outlet for all the educational institutions and scholarly agencies of the state. The respected Medical School has a long tradition of service. *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* which is observing its fortieth anniversary, ranks with *The Yale Review.*

On the Upgrade

Since Southerners are no less jealous than other mortals, I realize that I may have left myself open to fervent demurrers from various directions. Furthermore, to attempt to list the many other institutions in the region which impress me as having potentialities for high national ranking would only increase the jeopardy. And it is extremely difficult to choose among such fine women's colleges as Agnes Scott, Sophie Newcomb, Randolph-Macon, Sweet Briar, and Hollins. Each has its special qualities and assets.

It is pertinent to mention that nearly all the predominantly Negro colleges and universities are in the South. Most of them are woefully short of funds, although this situation has improved greatly in recent years. Atlanta University is putting in a Ph.D. program, and a few others award the M.A. Fisk University at Nashville is the only one with standards high enough to have a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa—with the exception of federally financed Howard University in Washington, D. C., which has professional and graduate schools of excellent caliber. Meharry Medical College at Nashville is a Class A medical school. Since all the state universities now admit Negroes, as do many of the leading private institutions, educational opportunities are improving. Negro enrollment in the South's top six universities ranges as high as two hundred at Texas, and between twenty and sixty at the other five. Several institutional heads say they make no effort to keep an exact count, and hence do not know the precise total.

To sum up, the educational level for all Southern citizens, both white and colored, is rising steadily. The overall atmosphere is one of faith in the future. The political leadership is greatly superior to that of a generation or two ago, when the Bleases, Vardamans, Heflins, and Bilbos afflicted the region with their appalling obsessions. The educational leadership is dynamic and is dedicated to bringing the South up to the best of the nation, in its schools as well as in its colleges and universities. The gap is closing between North and South in the conscious pursuit of excellence in education.

After many false starts and abortive efforts, the South seems at last to be "on the way."

Harper's Magazine, March 1957

You already own the best guidebook to Israel.

s not like other countries for the
eason that the Bible is not like
ooks.
now one helps to understand the
Because so much that happened
Bible also happened in Israel.
t.
your Bible to Genesis:
he went up to Beer-sheba.... And
ded an altar there, and called up-
name of the Lord, and pitched his
ere; and there Isaac's servants
a well....Therefore the name of
of Beer-sheba, unto this day."
ou go to Beersheba today?
ou can.
it's *the* Beersheba. Of course,
ave changed a little. There's a
ith a swimming pool that can't
far from the spot where Isaac's
dug the well.
hat is new there won't blind you
is old there.
you come armed with your Bible
r imagination. Try it again.
to Jaffa and open your Bible to
k of Jonah.
id he went down to Joppa, and
ship going to Tarshish; so he paid
thereof, and went down into it..."
u know, Jonah didn't make it to
. He was swallowed by "a great
d spent three days in its belly.
you stand on the shore at Jaffa,
nagine the scene. Take a picture
o; it makes a great conversation
hen you get back home.
y seem odd to go sight-seeing
Bible in one hand and a camera
ther. But this is Israel, and being
housand years behind the times
e routine.
st everywhere you look in Israel,
startled by the sense of time al-
oving and always standing still.
na, the miracle of water into wine
ce.
n Karem, near Jerusalem, John
tist was born.
n Jerusalem itself, one of the
most ancient cities, are the tradi-
tes of King David's tomb and of



the Last Supper.

Israel is 270 miles long, and almost every inch of it is historically significant.

But the Bible is significant to Israel in more than a religious and emotional way.

If you've been reading the newspapers as well as your Bible lately, you know that the Bible is being used by archaeologists as a basic tool of research.

King Solomon's copper mines have been located, and there's a copper refinery there now.

A 2,000-year-old irrigation method is being revived in the Negev desert because it still works so well.

Thousands of Biblical sites have been discovered, and no one knows how many more there will be.

But no one doubts that there will be more.

There are still so many areas in Israel and in the Bible that remain unfathomed. And still so many questions that remain unanswered.

Even if we knew all there was to know about Biblical times, there would still be some 2,000 years of history to walk through.

Except for the rebuilding of Israel as a state in 1948, the most active period since Biblical times was during the nine Crusades.

And again, names and places come thundering down the ages.

Godfrey of Bouillon. St. Louis of France. Acre. Haifa. Monfort. Caesarea. Richard the Lionhearted, who stopped near Jerusalem at a little church that was already old.

You can see that church now.

But even more interesting is the fact that you can see more in the Holy Land now than Richard the Lionhearted did in the 12th century.

Simply because we know more now.
The older we get, the more we learn.
And we're getting pretty old.

When you take off for Israel (we hope it will be on an EL AL jet), it will just be 1965.

But when you land in Israel, it will be 5725.

vel agent can help you to plan your own tour. Or tell you about many tours that you can join. EL AL Israel Airlines.
rk, Philadelphia, Detroit, Miami Beach, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, D.C., Beverly Hills, Boston, San Francisco.



The Watchers

A story by
Florence Engel Randall

From the moment Althea awoke that morning, she knew their building had been chosen. She knew it even before she saw the excitement in her husband's eyes as he handed her the official notice that had been put under their door.

"Well," he said, smiling at her while she read it, "what do you think of that?"

"I had a feeling, George," she said, "even before I opened my eyes, I had a feeling that this would happen today."

"We were due to be next," George said. "The setup here is about perfect for it."

"Will you be home early?" She watched him while he sipped his coffee.

"It won't start until late," he said. "It won't start until it gets dark. You know how these things are."

"Just the same," she said, "I couldn't bear it just sitting around and waiting for you. We have so much to do. We have to have dinner first and then change our clothes and find seats. We want to have good seats," she reminded him. "They won't reserve any for us, you know."

"Don't worry about it." He touched her cheek lightly with the back of his hand. "I'll be home in plenty of time."

"Do you have everything? I was never so scared in my life yesterday when I found your gun on the top of the dresser. I just couldn't believe my eyes. I wanted to run after you but I didn't know which route you had taken."

"I always carry a spare," he said. "You know that. I always keep a spare in my coat pocket. Why don't you trust me?"

"I know I'm being foolish," Althea said, kissing him goodbye. "Just be careful, that's all. I don't want you to be so sure of yourself that you'll get careless."

"You be careful," he said. "Do you have to go out today?"

She frowned. "I have to go marketing, and then I thought I'd go downtown and buy a new dress for tonight. All the women will be dressed up and I don't want to go looking like a frump."

"Watch out for the department stores," he reminded her. "They can be dangerous. Don't take any crowded elevators and check the dressing room before you try anything on."

She locked and double-locked the door after him, then fastened the chain before she had her own breakfast. Standing at the window while she drank her coffee, she thought how ridiculous it was the way they went through the same routine each morning as if the very fact that they had to take precautions was making them nervous. When they were first married two years ago, it would never have occurred to either of them that there was any reason for worry.

It must be because we're so much in love, she told herself, stacking the dishes in the washer. Love breeds its own vulnerability, its own fear.

When the signal flashed on the wall, Althea had just finished dressing. She watched it for a moment. It was their code, all right. Three lights in a row, the flickering pause, and then the slow, deliberate hold. She pressed the button that buzzed downstairs.

"Who is it?" she said, her mouth against the intercom.

"It's all right," said a woman's voice, clear and high and a bit too shrill. "I've already shown my identification to your doorman. I'm Sally Milford —Cary Milford's wife. My husband works in your husband's office."

"What do you want?" said Althea cautiously. "I'm much too busy to see anyone this morning. Besides, I'm on my way out." She bit her lip. George would be right if he scolded her for being careless. Why had she told this woman she was going out?

"I'll only take a moment of your time. It's important."

"Can't you tell me what it is over the intercom?"

"If I wanted to talk this way, I could have called you on the phone. I must see you. Please."

"All right," said Althea, reluctantly, knowing she was being foolish, "you can come up."

She checked her own gun even though she knew it was loaded and she palmed the small dagger—the one her mother had given her as a wedding present—the one with the jeweled handle.

"Things are so different now," her mother had said, sighing. She had lifted the dagger from the tissue paper and had studied it for a moment before she handed it to Althea. "In my day we could walk the streets without this sort of thing."

"That's not true," Althea reminded her. "You told me you used to wear stilt-like heels and you always carried a whistle in your purse."

"But that's not the same. It still wasn't like this," said her mother. "Did you know we weren't allowed to carry weapons?"

"You weren't?" said Althea, startled.

"That was before everyone realized that our laws were lagging behind our customs and public opinion. That was before the Citizen's Defense Act was passed."

"There is only one crime," Althea said firmly, "and that is to be a victim. Nothing makes sense otherwise."

"I suppose not." Her mother shook her head. "I guess I'm just being sentimental," she added wistfully. "Sometimes I miss the policemen we used to have. They would wear blue uniforms and they would drive around with sirens blaring and lights flashing. It seems a shame they became obsolete. Why I can even remember the time when we could take a walk in the park."

"In the park?" said Althea, incredulous. "You could actually do that?"

Now Althea bit her lip. There was no point in daydreaming. She stationed herself at the one-way peephole. The woman who now came within her range of vision was thin of face and well-dressed. She blinked her eyes nervously and hesitated before she knocked.

"Just a moment," said Althea. She unfastened the chain and the two locks, and then stepped back so that when the door opened she would be behind it. "Come in," she said.

"Where are you?"

"Right behind you," said Althea, her hand on her gun. "You're not very smart to walk right in like that, are you?"

"But I know who you are," said Sally Milford, her eyes wide with fright. "My husband and your husband are good friends."

"The first thing you have to learn," said Althea, "is not to trust anyone." She kicked the door shut. "Hold up your hands." She found a small acid gun in Sally's purse and a knife in the pocket of her jacket. "Just put them on the table," Althea directed, "and then sit down. Would you like some coffee?"

Sally shook her head, "Look," she said, her mouth trembling, "I wouldn't trouble you like this—I wouldn't have come at all if I didn't, in

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Mrs. Randall returned to story writing after bringing up three children. She works usually at night when the house is quiet, and she has sold stories to a number of popular magazines.

a way, know you. You see that, don't you?"

"No," said Althea firmly, "I don't see anything. Suppose you tell me what you want."

Sally clasped her hands on the edge of the table. "I have a brother-in-law who knows someone on the Board of Commissioners," she said, leaning forward in her eagerness, "and we heard that your apartment house has been chosen."

"These things are supposed to be a secret," Althea said sharply. "No one except the people involved is supposed to know. Don't you realize what can happen to you if they find out? And what can happen to me?"

"I'm sorry but I just couldn't help it. When I heard about it—all I could think was that I simply had to go. I have never been to a performance and, the way things look, I'll never have a chance."

"Where do you live?" Althea asked, putting the gun away.

"On the East Side. You know how safe it's getting to be over there. We haven't had an incident in months."

"That doesn't mean they won't choose your building eventually."

"Do you really think they will?"

"Why not?" said Althea.

"Then, in that case, why can't you make believe that we're visiting you or something? They do have special passes for visitors and then, when we're finally chosen, we could reciprocate. Cary and I could invite you and George. That way we could each see two performances."

"It wouldn't work," said Althea. "In the first place, we have the perfect setting for this sort of thing. That's why we picked this particular apartment building. We could have had a much better place to live but both George and I agreed that our best chance was being here. We had to wait two years for this day, and if they ever suspect that this was a put-up thing, you know what would happen to us."

"I suppose I was foolish to even hope." Sally stood up. "I thought it would work out."

"It won't," said Althea, feeling a sudden pity for her. "Believe me, Sally, it won't. I happen to know that Mrs. Tremont, who lives on the third floor, has her sister-in-law staying with her; that, of course, makes it possible for her sister-in-law to go tonight, but if she had just arrived today someone would be sure to report it and Mrs. Tremont would get into trouble."

"You said you were going out," said Sally. "Do you want a ride with me?"

"I'm going downtown," said Althea. "I thought I'd buy a new dress for tonight."

"I haven't been shopping in ages," said Sally. "Cary won't let me go without him and he's been much too busy on Saturdays. We could shop together and maybe have lunch."

"Just remember one thing," Althea warned as she reached for her coat and hat. "No matter what you say, I won't change my mind. You can spend the whole day with me if you like but I still won't change my mind."

"I know you're right," said Sally as they pressed the button for the elevator. "It's just that I'm glad to have some company on the subway."

"Are you still taking the subway?" Althea stared at her, amazed. "George insists that I take the bus. Not taxis—they're not too reliable anymore but a bus is still fine."

"It takes too long," said Sally. "The subway is much quicker. I have my own system. I never wait on a platform if I'm alone and I usually ride in the first car where the motorman is and, just in case anyone is following me, I change at every other stop."

"Now," said Althea, watching as the elevator stopped at their floor, "run!"

They pounded through the corridor and down one flight of steps. Then they rang for the elevator again. When it arrived, it was empty and they rode it the rest of the way down.

It turned out to be, Althea told George later, a rather pleasant day. With the two of them together, the shopping proved much easier. Sally stood watch while Althea tried on dresses and Althea stood guard while Sally shopped. When they finally parted, it was after four.

Althea took a bus uptown again and got off three blocks before her destination. She glanced behind to make sure she wasn't being followed; then she bought a steak at the meat market. Steak would be the quickest thing to cook for dinner and she didn't want to load her arms with too many packages. It was difficult enough carrying the dress, although she had insisted that the clerk put it in a shopping bag instead of a box. With a shopping bag she would feel less clumsy and have one hand free.

The doorman beamed at her when she entered the lobby.

"This is a great day for us," he said.

Althea nodded. "I bought a new dress," she told him happily, "a black sheath."

"I'll ride the elevator with you if you like," he offered generously. "Most of the tenants are home by now."



In.



Way out.

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"You're not supposed to leave your post," Althea reminded him. "Anyone could come in while you were away. You know what happened to the last doorman we had?"

"You're right," he admitted. "For a moment I forgot."

"By the way," she whispered, "do you know who will be giving the performance?"

He shook his head. "No one knows," he said. "I've been asking but no one knows for sure. I think it's a young one. They usually are."

"You'd think those kids could learn," said Althea, ringing for the elevator. "My parents were pretty strict with me—I can tell you that."

"That's the best way," the doorman said. "You have to be firm with them. I always say that from the time they can walk, they can be taught. Now, you take that kid of Mrs. Hammond. You know the Hammonds on the fifth floor? He got his first slash today and was sent home from school in disgrace."

"Oh, no," said Althea, in horror. "He's only eleven. He's only allowed two more mistakes."

"The way Mrs. Hammond spanked him, he'll learn," the doorman said. "That'll never happen to him again, I can tell you that."

"Who was the other boy?"

"It was a girl," said the doorman. "A pretty little thing, I understand. Well, she'll get her first gold star for that."

"I got a gold star when I was twelve," said Althea, stepping into the elevator.

She rode it to the fourth floor and got out. She took the stairs the rest of the way, then stood before her own front door for a moment, listening. When she was positive it was safe, she inserted her key in the lock.

At precisely six o'clock George came home and, by seven thirty, they had finished dinner and were dressed.

"I'd like to go now," said Althea, impatiently.

"It won't get dark until eight," George said. "You know how it is this time of year. Even then, we'll have to wait a while."

"I can see the stands from here," said Althea, craning her neck as she peered out of the window. "People are beginning to arrive now. Please, darling, let's go."

"You're like a child," he said, hugging her. "Just an anxious little kid."

"I can't help it," she said. "I'm excited. Aren't you thrilled, George?"

"Come on," he said, indulgently. He looked at her, chic and lovely in her new black sheath. "No pockets," he said, shaking his head. "What ma you buy a dress without any pockets? I didn know they made them that way anymore."

"I'll only wear it when I'm with you," she sai "Besides, I have a knife in my purse."

"Just see that you keep it handy." He held t door for her. "I'm glad you used your head th morning."

"For a moment I was tempted," Althea co fessed. "Sally seems like a sweet person and might be fun if we could go there sometimes. b then I realized we'd be taking a chance."

"It doesn't pay to take chances," said Georg "Otherwise you can end up giving the perforn ance instead of watching it."

"The doorman told me it was a young on Probably a girl."

"It usually is," said George.

"Do you know what she did?" Althea asked a they walked through the back of the lobby an out into the courtyard. "No one seems to kno what she did."

"Probably something stupid," said Georg looking around and waving to their neighbor "You know, honey, you were right. The stand are filling up."

The stands had been placed next to their build ing. They were permanent, sturdily built of bric and stone, and erected when the building itsel had been new. Optimistically every building ha its stands ready for the day when it would b chosen, and Althea looked around proudly as sh and George found seats in the second row.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were there and seate between them was their son, Timmy. Timmy' right arm was bandaged and he huddled close t his mother.

"I heard about it," said Althea, with sympathy. "I'm sure Timmy will never let it happen again."

"Because she was pretty. Because it was a girl," said Mrs. Hammond bitterly. "She called to him and he ran right over, leaving his knife in his pocket as if a knife ever did anybody any good in a pocket. Just because it was a little girl, he trusted her. But he's learned his lesson, haven't you, Timmy?" she said, slapping him across the face.

"No more," Timmy wept, putting his bandaged arm across his eyes. "Please, Mommy, don't hit me anymore."

He'll never amount to anything, Althea thought, staring at him in dismay. Only three chances and he's used up one already. He's too soft. When I have a child—

She thought about it for a moment, longing for child but the apartment they were in was too nall and they hadn't wanted to move until they ad a chance at a performance. Maybe now—may- now that they were finally spectators—perhaps ow that the longed-for, dreamed-about moment ad finally arrived, they could move to a larger ace and she would have a child.

"You have to train them from the beginning," ie whispered to George.

"Sure," he said, knowing what she meant. "It on't happen to us."

"It won't happen to us," she agreed, seeing the ay George, even now, even at this moment of easure and relaxation, kept his hand in his ocket; George's hand curled over the bulge of is gun.

Althea leaned back. She had known, of course, hat the stage setting would be but, just the ime, sitting there, part of the expectant, eager udience, she had to admire its reality.

It represented a street scene. It could have een Althea's own street with its middle-class, ed-brick buildings, the old-fashioned canopies tending from the wide entrances to the edge of ie curb. Behind the lighted windows of the uildings, Althea could see the people, all the milies together, having dinner, watching tele- sion, reading, talking, laughing—all the people the city settling down for the night.

In the center of the stage was a street lamp, till unlit although it was twilight now; on the ar right, there was a fire hydrant. The first oor of the center building was occupied by a op. The sign said, "ANTIQUES," and Althea ould see the lovely things in the window—the aintings in the carved, ornate frames, the deli- ate crystal goblets, a curved brass bowl. Sud- enly the street light went on, dominating the enter of the stage with its soft, gentle glow.

The curtain is rising, thought Althea, taking a eep breath. She always loved that moment in ie theater, that magic moment when all the urmuring and the movement and the whisper- ig stopped, the hush and wonder when the cur- ain rose and the stage lay there before them, ie play ready to begin.

Someone somewhere in the back coughed and lthea drew a deep, sighing gasp of impatience.

The stage became alive. From the center build- ig a man emerged, a nondescript man walking is dog at night. The dog tugged and the man histled softly between his teeth as the two of nem walked down the street. The stage became mpty again and Althea clasped her hands in her ap, amazed to discover that they were shaking.

At the far right two shadows blurred, moved, took form. Now a girl and a boy strolled down the street. His arm was flung around her shoulders and, from the way she smiled at him, Althea knew they were in love. They moved slowly across the stage. They stopped before the antique shop and the girl pointed to the brass bowl and the boy nodded and gestured expansively, showing her there was nothing in the world he wouldn't get for her. They disappeared on the far left and the stage was empty again.

Althea unclasped her hands and, because her palms were wet, she rubbed them furtively together. Beside her she could hear the sound of George's breathing, slow, heavy, as if each breath were an effort.

Onstage, in the lighted backdrop, in the center building, some of the windows began to darken as if the occupants were retiring for the night.

It's getting late, thought Althea, watching. The lights are dimming all over the city. People are yawning and stretching and getting into bed and even the sounds of the distant traffic seem muted as if someone had muffled all the rolling wheels.

A shadow, part of the shadow of the building, almost part of the square shape of the center building, took on form, and Althea saw that it was a man, a man who had been there all the time, hiding there without her being conscious of his presence.

From the far right she could hear the clicking of high heels on the pavement. Someone else, she thought, will walk down this street this night.

There was a rustle and a stir in the stands.

"Please, Mommy," Timmy whispered. "I don't want to stay here."

"Oh, you'll stay all right," said Mrs. Hammond grimly. "You just open your eyes wide. You watch everything, Timmy Hammond, if you know what's good for you."

"Be quiet down there," someone hissed. "Do you want to spoil everything?"

Althea gripped George's arm.

The footsteps grew louder and a girl came into view, entering downstage from the right. The shadow that was the man moved, and then became very still, waiting.

The girl moved across the stage. She paused under the street light. She touched the lamppost as if the feel of it under her fingers gave her some sort of reassurance. She hesitated, reluctant to leave the light.

Althea could see her clearly now. She was very



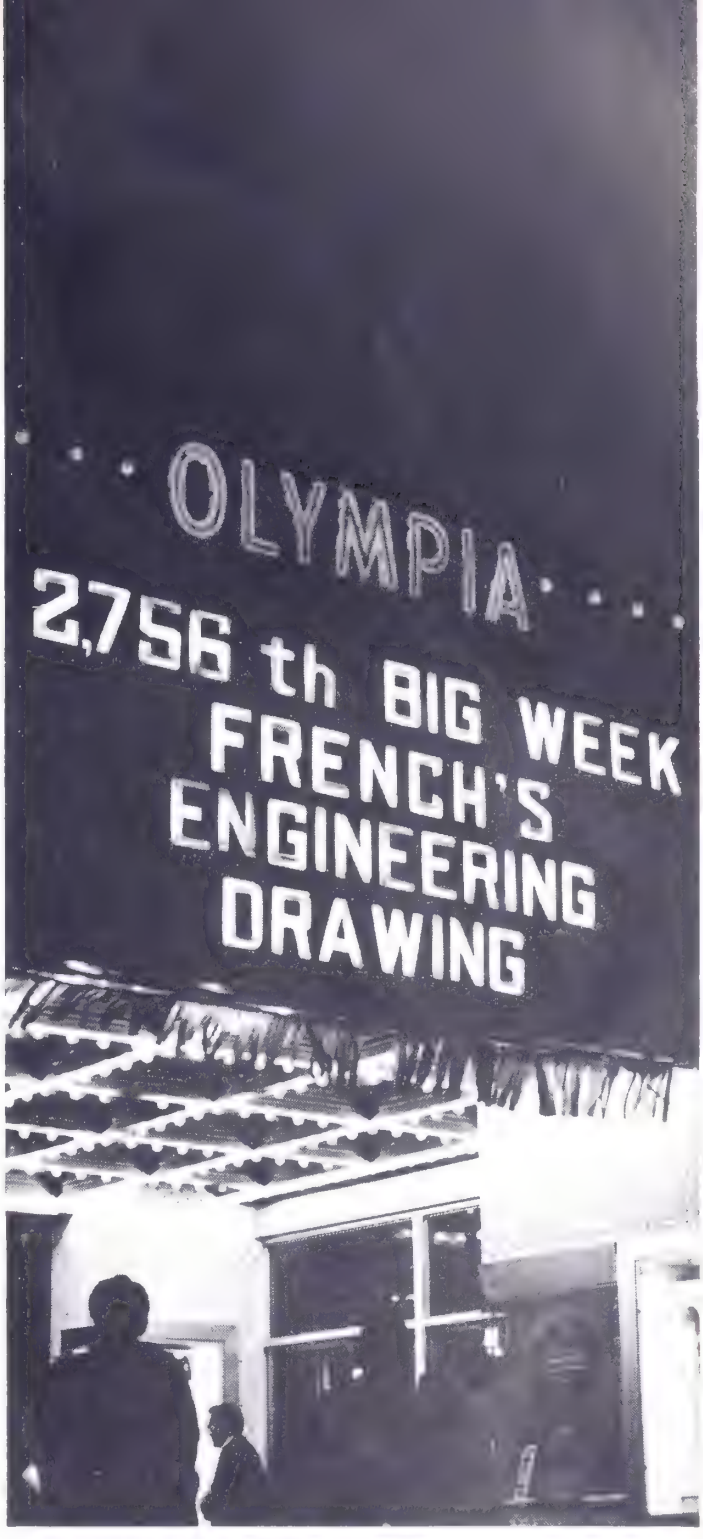
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ERVING MAN'S NEED FOR KNOWLEDGE...IN MANY WAYS

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young. She could be no more than nineteen—perhaps twenty. She wore a red suit and a little red beret with a feather stuck jauntily in it and her handbag was tucked under her arm. Her hair was blond and it tumbled loose over her shoulders.

Althea watched absorbed as the second figure moved again, the man crouching and then straightening as he ran toward the light, toward the girl in the red suit. At the clear view of his black-jacketed, black-clad figure, there was a sudden roar of applause. Althea clapped until her hands ached.

Out of the dark, into the light, he moved. The girl had her back toward him, not seeing him as the watchers saw him—sinuous, beautiful in his grace, tall, broad of shoulder, his hair allowed to grow long in back and his black cap set on the back of his head. The knife in his hand caught the light and sparkled.

He ran and then stopped. Deliberately, he stalked her. Professional that he was, he began to move slowly, coming down light on the balls of his feet.

The girl whirled around and, at the sight of him, she made a little whimpering sound in her throat. Her back now to the audience, she darted to the left and, as if they were part of a rigid dance pattern, the man stepped after her. She turned and ran to the right, her heels clicking frantically but he was there before her.

"Please," said the girl in the red suit. She darted back to the lamppost, back where the light was the brightest, where she could be seen most clearly. She turned and faced the backdrop, faced the buildings, the windows where the people were. Her right hand still clutched her purse, her left was now at her throat.

"Oh, please." Her voice rose to a keening wail of terror and anguish.

"Please," she screamed, her voice begging, her body begging. Then blindly she turned again and ran.

This cry in the night had awakened the sleepers. It had roused the dreamers. The darkened windows in the backdrop were illuminated again. Figures moved; there were silhouettes framed in the windows. The sleepers were awake. The dreamers had stopped dreaming and the city was alert and watching.

"Help me."

The city held its breath and listened.

"Please, help me."

But, Althea saw, she couldn't run far enough. She couldn't run fast enough. The man had her



pinned against the wall now, pinned against th lighted, listening backdrop of the building an her handbag fell to the ground.

"I beg you." She was almost hidden by th man's bulk as he bent over her. "Won't someon help me?"

The man in the black jacket raised his arm and the knife flashed. The girl screamed in agony her cheek now as crimson as her suit. Dodging under his arm, she ran again, the slowing rhythm of her clicking heels the only sound to be heard

The man watched her for a moment. The quiet lighted windows watched and the filled stands watched. The man stood very still as if he were resting and then, gracefully, quickly, easily, he caught her again.

That does it, thought Althea, her heart pounding; that does it.

The knife gleamed and Althea held her breath. The arm lifted. The black-draped arm lifted and fell, lifted and fell. The red suit crumpled, falling as if it were empty, the red suit only a splotch now on the pavement. Then the man moved toward the hushed, absorbed watchers.

And there he stood, bowing and smiling, the knife dripping red at his side. Over and over again he took his bow while they all gave him the ultimate, the supreme tribute of their silence.



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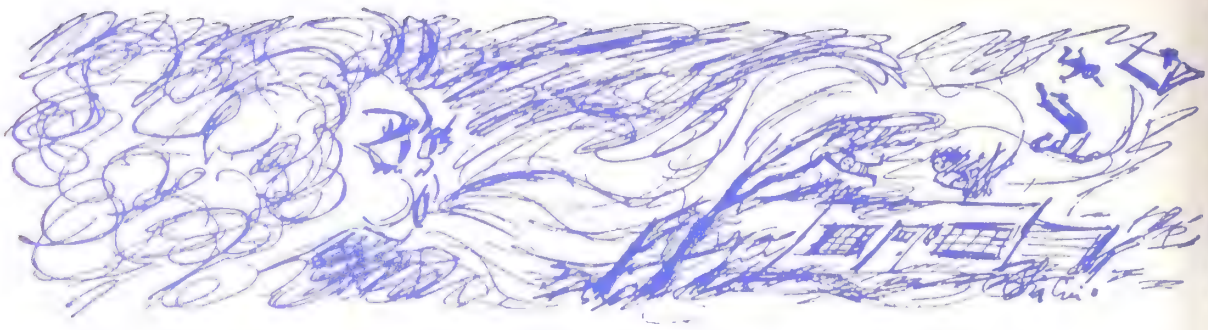
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How to Help Your Wife Cope with a Hurricane

by William R. Benedetto

Mon: Hear hurricane building up in Gulf. Promptly forget about it.

Tues: Wife mentions Hilda. Think this name of new shapely neighbor. Also mentions plan to shop on Thursday. Find out Hilda name of hurricane. Wife states unequivocally it heading for city.

Wed: Receive urgent call from wife. States she has decided to shop today due to Hilda coming straight to New Orleans. Reminded that Hilda is hurricane and not neighbor. Advise wife no cause for alarm. Lose out. Wife does shopping.

Children home from school. Hurricane sole topic of conversation. Children briefed at school on what to do; *i.e.*, open windows on side opposite from big wind. Find it earthshaking to discover if windows opened on wrong side, wind will come in and take off roof. Wife insists we are in danger. Pass off as joke, but beginning to wonder.

Thur: Routine day at office. Hear nothing about storm. Return home. Neighbor surprised to see me as radio says Coast Guard is on alert. Refer neighbor to Coast Guard motto: *Semper Paratus* — Always Ready. As member in good standing, advise neighbor motto valid on homefront as well as waterfront. Jokingly state house made of kindling wood and will collapse at first breath. Neighbor collapses. Underestimate reaction of neighbor. Wife excitable. All radios and TV on, creating bedlam. Finding out why hurricanes have female names; behavior same.

Wife states neighbors anxious for word from horse's mouth. Coast Guard looked on as best authority. Hopeless to explain hurricanes handled by another Coast Guard section. Must either confess this is first experience, or pass out information off top of head. Mentally flip coin; head wins. Surprised to find information accepted as gospel truth. Overwhelmed by responsibility; begin to get worried.

Wife prayerfully urges I fill gas tank of auto for quick getaway, if necessary. Go to gas station and find other husbands there. Business booming. Attendant smiling and rubbing hands; business not so good since last hurricane. Sheepishly have tank filled and return home.

Visit neighbor. Maps all over table and floor. Figuring storm positions from little notebook full of mysterious scribblings. Begin to think matter serious.

Return home. Play pinochle. Heart not in it. Wonder if house will float. Check small print in insurance policy.

Fri: Go to work. Tearful departure. Convinced worst thing since Beatles. Coworker states last hurricane terrible; big flood, big wind. Laughs. Unable to join in laughter.

Return home early. Hear hurricane to hit Saturday. Neighbors depart for Baton Rouge and Mississippi. Departure contagious.

According to charted course of Hilda, New Orleans bulls-eye. Play pinochle with neighbor. Strained conversation. Go to bed 1:00 A.M. No wind; no sleep. Calm before big storm.

Sat: Get up dazed. Hear tornadoes hit city.

Wife visits neighbor. Finds him inflating rubber mattress. Notes life jackets and fishing gear in reac Prepared for worst. Returns and urges evacuation. State w go down with house. Dig out t inner tubes in case. Tape wi Everybody doing it. Find out tape on wrong side. Pack ove bag. Examine water and beer s

News bad all day. Still no Very calm wife. Night news in storm missing city. Wife re neighbor deflates mattress; f return from Mississippi.

Winds start howling.

Sun: Sleep late. Discover s sapling uprooted at front doo pressed by force of wind and of howling. Radio reports levee ing down; electricity goes ou neighbor and suggest mattress inflated. Decline offer of life

Electricity returns. Situati ported under control. Prepa worse.

Impressed by close attentio dren to broadcasts. Commer Later find they are rooting fo ricane close all schools. Very sighted view. Make note for to-heart talk later.

Mon: Storm over. Sit normal.

Wife mentions Hortense. this name of new hurricane. out it name of new shapely nei Prepare for Hortense.

Chief Warrant Officer Benede spent nineteen years—more th his life—in the U. S. Coast Born in Maine, he is now i Orleans, assigned to Marine tion duties.

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ng Sun in Lynmouth, a fishing
n Devon. While in Devon, try
r—but sip it slowly. It's heady
nd it costs only 15 cents a pint.



LORD CREWE ARMS (15th cent.) This Northumberland bar was once the cellar of Blanchland Abbey. Test your skill in one of the pub games: darts (above), shove ha' penny and skittles.



N (1311 A.D.) Our picture was
lunchtime in Pembridge, Here-
ou can lunch off crusty bread,
cheese and ale for about 75
inner is seldom more than $3.50.



FALSTAFF INN (1403 A.D.) This inn is just outside the city wall of Canterbury. Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims passed through that gate in 1387, on their way to the Cathedral and Becket's shrine.



GEORGE AND PILGRIMS INN (1493 A.D.) The local abbot built this inn for pilgrims who came to Glastonbury, "the holyeste earthe in England." The abbot's room has a huge four-poster bed.



N (c. 1450 A.D.) The Bull in
lford was the home of a medi-
ol merchant. Friendliest way to
histories of old inns is to chat
hosts. No language problem.



FALCON INN (15th cent.) Shakespeare used to live opposite this Stratford inn. *Tip:* Visit Britain's inns in Spring or Fall. Car rental rates are lower. And inglenooks are less crowded.



YE OLDE BELL (1135 A.D.) This inn is the pride and joy of Hurley, on the Thames. Britain's most intriguing inns are pinpointed in "Inns of Britain," a free 56-page guide. See offer below.

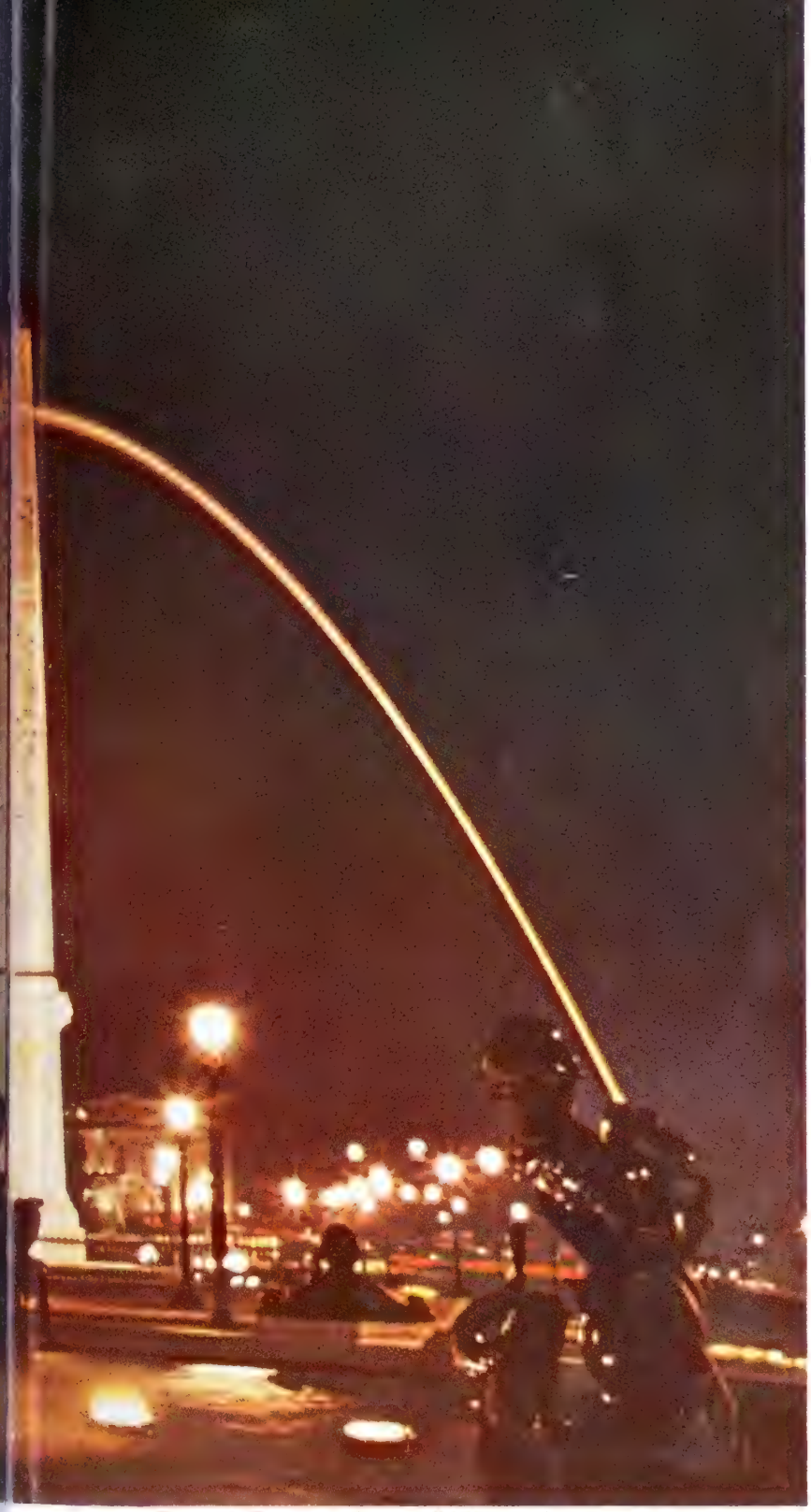
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"Dear Stockholders: Everything Looks Rosy . . ."

by William H. Dinsmore

A disenchanted review of corporation reports—one of the flossiest and least informative art forms of our time.

The world's greatest correspondence affair is a one-sided thing. Each spring our great corporations pay court to their stockholders with lavishly designed, attractively illustrated "letters," in the guise of annual reports. Every year the executives' letters are more importune and more colorfully presented. Printed expensively in elegant brochures, often mailed in seductive packages, the printing bill alone for these ardent corporate messages exceeds $100 million a year.

Their stockholders, now numbering more than seventeen million and increasing at the rate of a million and a half each year, are responding to these attentions with mounting indifference. Most of the letters go unread. "I know enough about annual reports to know I can't understand them. Anyway, everything is always going to be rosy" is the comment of a typical investor who owns shares in fifteen corporations. The findings of stockholder-opinion researchers have been largely ignored by management. So have the comments of the few articulate shareholders who speak up at annual meetings. "I prefer larger dividends and less fancy literature" is a frequent reaction.

On the score of bigger dividends, most investors will have been satisfied in 1964. Total dividend payments will have set a new record; one that is expected to top 1963's previous record by more than 10 per cent. Three and a half years of uninterrupted improvement in general business conditions and a substantial reduction in federal taxes have enabled most companies to paint as bright a picture as that evoked in the annual report of Litton Industries (which is laid out in book style, complete with a preface, foreword, five chapters, and a two-page index):

> Yet this growth has tapped but a fraction of the potential we see in the broad world of opportunity that surrounds us. The cascading technology of today portends a tomorrow more abundant in the new developments, progress, and growth than any era the world has ever known.

Even the few unfortunate corporations still struggling against competition to improve profits have been able to forecast better times ahead. A year of declining profits is generally described as "a year of transition."

It is, however, precisely this kind of euphemistic double-talk that has led to the stockholders' feeling of alienation, for the reader who would go beyond the handsome art work and the impressive financial tables comes up against a formidable language barrier. While management circles agree that the annual report is the one corporate message which should carry the personal stamp of the chief executive officer, most messages read with a peculiar sameness. Sales and earnings may be up or down, but progress

is always "encouraging." Competition is "strenuous," cost-cutting efforts are being "intensified," research and new product development "expanded." Employees are "loyal" and their efforts are "appreciated" and may be "counted upon to continue."

Of thousands of annual reports I have reviewed, one of the few whose writing carries the authentic stamp of an individual personality is that of the S. D. Warren paper company. President George Olmsted, Jr., writes to the stockholders in an earthy style and with a refreshing frankness. Stating that lower profits in 1963 were due partly to the well-known "profit squeeze," Mr. Olmsted added, "but most of our shrinkage in profits was due to things of our own making—and so the Big Bellyache and the Bleeding Ulcers are essentially our own responsibility." He went on to explain where management had guessed wrong and what they proposed to do about it.

Several years ago Charles Pfizer and Company employed John Gunther to write its annual report. *Inside Pfizer* was published as a Sunday magazine supplement in metropolitan newspapers and widely read by the general public as well as the financial community. Today Pfizer is acknowledged to be the fastest-growing company in the pharmaceutical business, with a five-year sales increase of 63 per cent against 42 per cent for its nearest competitor. Pointing out that the Company's sales growth had paralleled the increase in the number of chemists employed, Gunther commented: "Pfizer pullulates not only with bugs but with Ph.D.s." In conclusion he quoted the company's chief executive, John E. McKeen: "This business takes a lot of hard work. But it has its rewards. After all, how many jobs are there where a man can do a day's work and make some contribution to humanity at the same time?"

Timid Committee Prose

In contrast, most annual reports seem to have been written by a timid committee—a suspicion that may be close to the truth. After revisions through countless drafts by accountants, auditors, treasurers, banker-directors, lawyers, union negotiators, engineers, scientists, and purchasing agents, the typical corporate message ends up freighted with vague generalizations, clichés, half-truths, total omissions, unsubstantiated claims, and downright distortions.

"Our aggressive and imaginative management team, whose competence is equal to the best, has given unstinting service," was the humble expression of one chairman. Another chief executive, still struggling to restore per-share earnings to the level of 1955 reported: "The devoted performance of all of our employees was a source of strength throughout the year." But later on, the same report comments that "vigilant expense control" was required to "minimize constantly rising costs of labor." There is no breakdown anywhere in the report of such costs or explanation of how they came into being.

Advertising expenditures are treated with equal unctuousness. Lewis Gilbert, whose full-time avocation is attending annual meetings of the dozens of companies in which his family owns shares, complains that treatment of this "all-important item . . . requires us to do considerable excavating work to unearth facts which should be clearly stated in the annual report."

"Advertising expenditures continued at a high level commensurate with the expansion in dollar sales," reports American Home Products, purveyor of such nationally advertised brand names as Anacin, Dristan, BiSoDol, Chef Boy-ar-dee, and Griffin's shoe polish. P. Lorillard, noting record tobacco sales in 1963, said: "While strategic use was made of all media, our principal effort was focused on network television, which has long since proved itself the most efficient (and expensive) advertising medium ever known." No amounts were given in either case, although the advertising expenditures of major companies are regularly compiled and published by such trade journals as *Advertising Age*. The regulations of the Securities and Exchange Commission, however, do not require that companies disclose many of the items which stockholders would like to know more about. And the annual-report editor who would like to include them meets stiff resistance from his company's department heads.

The public-utility companies, whose financial operations are subject to government scrutiny, customarily give more detailed breakdowns of their costs. However, many utilities were less than crystal clear in reporting on damages col-

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William H. Dinsmore served for twenty years on the public relations staffs of General Electric and the American Can Company. Annual reports which he edited won seven "best-of-industry Oscars." He is now a New York City counselor in public relations, advising firms on—among other things—stockholder communications.

lected as a result of the recent price-fixing rulings. In 1962 a number of electrical manufacturers had pleaded guilty to government charges of price-fixing, which opened them to suits for treble damages by their utility-company customers. Some of the utilities took their cases to court; others effected private settlements. In reporting on its out-of-court settlement with an electrical manufacturer, one public utility said it had "obtained completely satisfactory price adjustments," while avoiding "costly" legal expenses, and had applied the resultant cost reductions to "a reduction of our property base accounts." No figures were given. Another utility said it had "effected satisfactory settlements," and credited the net amount recovered to the "applicable plant accounts." Again no mention of the sums involved, although stockholders might well be curious since utilities which had taken their cases to court had won damages amounting to tens of millions of dollars.



"Profits have been rising steadily, their dividend policy is liberal, and the box lunch served at their annual stockholders' meeting is usually quite tasty."

One manufacturer, the General Electric Company, whose annual report is by all odds the most complete in industry, devoted a full column in its 1963 report to an explanation of the settlements with its customers. However, its statement that the total costs of settlements to date were $25.9 million in excess of the amount provided for in 1962 left it to the reader's initiative to look up the 1962 report, which said: "It is the opinion of management that the amount will not exceed $50 million." Only by checking both reports could the stockholder arrive at the total settlement cost of $75.9 million. Later, at the 1964 stockholders' meeting, the total of payments already made and contemplated was reported as $160 million.

When the shortcomings of annual reports are brought to their attention, management men will admit their sins in general. But they justify committing them in specific cases with these excuses:

The corporate dignity is involved. Too familiar language must not be used.

Don't rock the boat. Union negotiators do not seem to have noticed that production has been increased annually while total employment has been going down. So don't call it to their attention. (This presumption of union blindness was surprisingly correct until the last few years.)

Don't stir up the animals. The animals might be any number of government agencies such as taxing authorities who would raise a property assessment, antitrust lawyers whose curiosity about share of market might be piqued by comment on a merger, regulatory agencies concerned with pricing policies, etc.

Don't offend a good customer, or a potential one. This argument is often heard in favor of generalizing about products and services rather than describing them in specific terms and brand names recognizable to the stockholder.

Don't give aid and comfort to the enemy (competition). This applies to specific information on most of the subjects of greatest usefulness to the stockholder and financial analyst, who want to know the scope and direction of research; what new products show promise of development; what has been the recent trend;

and what is forecast for particular markets.

With so many powerful excuses for noncommunication, it is small wonder that while annual reports have changed spectacularly in the past fifteen years, these changes have been more "arty" than communicative. This failure explains why so many stockholders are uneasy about their companies' efforts to please them with more elaborate summaries. Color and pictures are not enough. The stockholders want more facts on which to make their own judgments as to where their companies are going. The truth is that management has lagged far behind the times in its concept of the role the annual report can, and should, play in our modern economic scheme.

Silent on the Issues

Fifteen years ago one of industry's elder statesmen issued a challenge to corporate management to broaden ownership by welcoming the small investor. His premise was that the informed stockholder with a personal stake in his company's welfare would be inclined to favor private enterprise over federal control as the solution for economic and social problems. "Our goal should be to have every American a stockholder in business enterprise," said Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., then chairman of the board of General Motors Corporation. In numbers, such excellent progress toward this goal has been made that, for the first time in our country's history, the stock market has become a mass market. But management has not risen to the challenge of keeping this new, largely inexperienced mass market informed on the national issues involved. Rather, it is the stockholders themselves who have sensed this need; opinion studies have shown that three-fourths of the investors are eager to have information about their companies' policies on broad national issues that might affect industry, such as automation, unemployment, integration, air and water pollution, etc.

Unless the managers expect investors to absorb their company's viewpoint by osmosis, they are doing very little to equip them to defend business against its critics. On issue after issue, stockholders see and hear their companies lambasted daily for their insatiable greed for higher profits. The auto manufacturers are painted as unwilling to incorporate such safety features as seat belts or such community benefits as smog-control devices. The drug companies are accused of seeking outlandish profits by gouging arthritic senior citizens; chemical manufacturers of ignoring the warnings of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* and of promoting the indiscriminate poisoning of the land; the food companies of hoodwinking the housewife with deceptive labeling on shrinking packages.

The annual report of Mr. Sloan's own corporation is notably silent on all broad social and political issues. It does a bang-up job of selling company products, but nothing at all to present corporate philosophy. A few managements speak up forthrightly against inflation and high taxes—the equivalent of sin and the man-eating alligator in the corporate communications world. U. S. Steel's 1963 report, for example, concludes a seven-page essay on the evils of inflation with this advice to stockholders: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." But rare indeed is the annual report which offers shareholders a positive side for the corporate point of view on seemingly nonfiscal issues.

Take labor relations, for instance. This is an area of prime concern to the investor, since the state of his company's labor relations and the future impact of its union contract are basic to the company's welfare. It is hard to find any other subject on which management is so chary with information. "Approximately thirty labor contracts were negotiated during the year in a manner satisfactory to both parties," is a typically unilluminating commentary from a current report. Contract settlements are usually "satisfactory"; strikes are "unfortunate." In its 1962 report the American Can Company did itself as well as its stockholders a disservice by burying a pioneering approach in labor relations under a cloud of foggy prose:

> Contracts were successfully negotiated with seventeen unions, representing employees in the various operating divisions. Generally speaking, the contracts provided improved benefits but in most cases provided no wage increase.

The report made no mention of the nature of the "improved benefits," although one of them was the boldest approach to date to a new solution of the national problem of unemployment. It provided a thirteen-week paid vacation every five years for long-service employees. Its cost to the can-manufacturing business was equal to a substantial wage increase, and it later established the pattern for negotiations with the steel and aluminum companies. *A New York Times* editorial applauded the union contract as "a reassuring indication that labor and management can deal constructively with many of the human problems

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created by technological change," adding that "a similar display of imagination and responsibility in other industries would do much to fortify public confidence in the bargaining process." Thus, in overlooking an ideal opportunity to supply exactly the kind of information the investor is seeking, the American Can Company also missed out on the chance to give itself a legitimate pat on the back for its enlightened leadership.

The Public Service Electric and Gas Corporation in similar fashion gave scant information to its shareholders on vital union negotiations. This corporation, which operates a bus line serving more than three million citizens of northern New Jersey, devoted five pages of artwork in its annual report to the celebration of New Jersey's three-hundredth anniversary, but only one sentence to its own impending labor-management battle: "The existing labor agreement expires on February 29, 1964, and negotiations for changes in that agreement are in progress." This intelligence reached the company's 144,790 investors, many of whom are also riders of its buses, about the time a bus strike that was to cripple New Jersey's commuter services for thirteen days got under way. Stockholders could read all about it in the newspapers. Their reaction might well be gauged from such commentaries as the editorial in the conservative Newark *Evening News*, entitled "Familiar Pattern":

> First comes a statewide bus strike. Then wages and fringe benefits go up $4 million or so. Immediately the company protests it can't make ends and the new contract meet. Whereupon the company enters a plea for a higher fare, the Public Utilities Commission lends a sympathetic ear, and the riding public which endured the strike's hardship pays for its settlement.

Surely stockholders were entitled to some explanation of management's position. Is it possible to increase the productivity of a bus driver? If not, what happens to the President's national guidelines for wage increases? Must drivers' wages fall behind those of other workers in the community? Or should bus riders be prepared to accept higher fares? Given the opportunity to know about them, the stockholders would presumably be inclined to defend management decisions in such difficult economic conflicts affecting the public's interest and pocketbook.

A few forward-looking public utilities are demonstrating that investors can be enlisted to support their companies in the public arena. Consumers Power Company has encouraged ownership of its stock by residents of the Michigan lower-peninsula area which it serves. As a result, more than half its stockholders are residents of the state, and they are kept fully informed on such matters as applications for rate increases. The company's secretary, Walter R. Boris, recently expressed the belief that the program has helped obtain "understanding, if not enthusiastic approval" of higher electric rates.

The Southern Company, supplying electric power to Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and northwest Florida, has 117,000 stockholders well scattered throughout the fifty states. To offset the negative impact of the segregation issue on the future growth of the four-state region, it devoted a special section of the 1963 annual report to its contribution to progress in education, health and medical research, cultural life, and the arts. It gave specific examples of efforts being made to broaden opportunities for Negroes. "We were amazed and flattered by the acclaim which the report received from stockholders and investors all over the nation," says President Harllee Branch, Jr.

What the Investor Wants

Good or bad, the annual report has become the single most important document a company publishes. A readable report can help a company's long-range profitability in a variety of ways. Besides its primary mission of helping stockholders place a proper evaluation on the company's stock, it can help sell products and services, recruit superior personnel, improve employee relations, win the support of community leaders and government representatives. Libraries are using annual reports more and more as reference works; schools and colleges use them as teaching aids.

But the real potential of the annual report lies in the momentous change in the entire investment picture. In 1929 only about a million and a half people owned common stock; today there are seventeen million, and they may well number thirty million in another few years. Passage of the Securities and Exchange Act in 1934 encouraged the small investor, who has been assiduously wooed by both Wall Street and business. But the information needs of the new investor are not being met. He resents being given a lollipop with fancy wrapping and a synthetic flavor when he wants the plain bread of facts. By failing to satisfy this hunger management is doing not only its stockholders—but itself—a disservice.

Eating Low on the Hog

A housewife's noble—and occasionally tasty—experiment with a welfare diet

by Alice B. Spalding

Some three or four years ago, the city of Newburgh, New York, put welfare programs in the headlines. Since then there has been considerable discussion of the spiritual, social, and moral condition of welfare clients. But I have seen no reports on the more mundane aspects of the welfare life—or at least none that supplied me with a satisfactory answer to a simple, fundamental question: How much does a hungry family need in order to eat decently?

I decided to find out for myself by living for thirty-one days on what the District of Columbia gives a single adult in surplus food and relief money each month. My experiment was not designed to prove anyone right or wrong, but merely to test for myself how a relief recipient eats on what he is given. (Incidentally, I happened to pick a season when fruits and vegetables were at their most expensive.)

From the start, I had a great many advantages which the average adult on welfare cannot claim. As a healthy woman of forty-eight, I am allowed to eat any kind of food. I have no children at home pleading for ice cream and candy, and I do not have to borrow from the food money when the landlord hammers on the door for the rent. My kitchen is equipped with a variety of modern utensils and a good stove with an oven that works. I have all the recipes I need, plus a Fannie Farmer cookbook —which costs $5.95—and a fair understanding of proper nutrition. Also, I've been cooking for a long time.

In Washington, D. C., a single adult on relief gets 35.8 pounds of surplus food the first month, nothing the second month, and 27.8 pounds the third month; then the cycle repeats. For my one-month experiment, I halved the first allotment. This meant I could use:

dried beans	2 lbs.	rice	1¼ lb.
lard	1 lb.	butter	1 lb.
peanut butter	1 lb.	flour	5 lbs.
meat (Spam type)	30½ ozs.	dried milk	2¼ lbs.
cheese (processed)	2½ lbs.	cornmeal	2½ lbs.

Because it was often rejected, cornmeal is no longer distributed by Washington's Department of Public Welfare. I included it, however, because I wished to show its many uses and its value in a low-income diet.

Mrs. Mildred Brooks and Mr. Malone Broome, Jr. of the Surplus Food Division of the Department of Public Welfare gave invaluable assistance in figuring out how best to approximate the surplus food allotment. (Obviously, I wasn't eligible to receive the food from the government, and of course it is not for sale.) The only item I could not quite match was dried milk; the Department of Agriculture's kind, which is processed rapidly and cheaply over high heat, is much harder to dissolve than the retail product, which I used.

My cash budget for the month was the $25 that a single adult on welfare gets in Wash-

[illegible] and I did not buy anything but food [illegible] Although relief recipients must spend [illegible] for cigarettes, paper napkins, toothpaste, and so on. What follows is my day-[illegible] record of the experiment.

March 4: Starting with a bare cupboard, I went [illegible] Besides the surplus food [illegible] I bought the following:

[illegible] pepper	baking powder
[illegible] (1 lb.)	bouillon cubes
coffee (bean [illegible]	mustard (prepared)
[illegible] (6 cents)	[illegible] (1 lb.)
tea (1 lb.)	onion powder
[illegible]	cheese (1 lb.)
[illegible]	1 dozen oranges
catsup	[illegible] salad [illegible]

Total: $5.05.

March 5: Made my first loaf of bread and, thank heaven, it turned out well. Using the recipe from the Department of Agriculture *Yearbook of Agriculture* [illegible] dried milk and [illegible] I kneaded and "rested" the dough and raised it and punched it down and used just about every bowl and spoon in the kitchen, but it was quite worth it—the bread emerged golden brown and crusty and tasted delicious.

March 6: This morning and throughout the thirty-one days, I breakfasted as usual on coffee and orange juice but after a few days I needed to add toast with honey, jelly, or marmalade. The orange juice was the only frozen product that I bought, thinking that anyone with a refrigerator could store it on top of the ice cubes.

Went to market again—found Friday's prices lower. (Is this always so?) Bought:

[illegible] cabbage	2 bunches carrot
[illegible] tomatoes (canned)	1 bunch celery
½ lb. salt pork	1 can tuna fish

and paid $1.61, bringing the total up to $6.69 spent and leaving me with $18.31 for the rest of the month. Ye gods. Ran into a friend who commented on my purchases, particularly the bag of bones. Made a terrific kettle of soup with said bones, a good starter for the project.

March 7: Made Boston baked beans and also cornmeal mix, which can be stored for as long as a month. By adding a beaten egg and water, I will be able to make corn bread quickly. Have worked out some menus for the rest of the week; I cannot afford to go to market until my allowance evens out.

The surplus foods are surprisingly useful, only I *hate* peanut butter. Mustard greatly improves the cheese, which is mild and uninteresting; also the catsup made all the difference in flavoring the soup. Miss herbs, and shall splurge on some oregano when I get a bit ahead again.

March 8 (Sunday): Bought three apples at a small Sunday market and made applesauce—a little over a pound. My loaf of bread is holding out well, almost too well as I long to make corn-bread but don't want to let anything spoil.

Have gained a pound. Horrors. The greatest change in my diet, besides no cocktails (which I can't possibly afford on 80 cents a day), is the difference in the balance between starch and protein (few eggs, little meat, lots of bread). While I don't feel hungry, I feel stuffed and uncomfortable. Must try to correct this—more raw things and protein. If possible.

March 9: From now on, I will definitely have fruit in some form every day. Did not realize that dried fruits were so expensive.

March 10: Cheap tuna fish is not as good as expensive tuna fish!

March 11: The extra pound is gone.

Made salad dressing—excellent, as did not economize on oil (imported olive oil, small bottle) and used red wine vinegar. A little goes a long way, and it may be stored in a jar.

March 12: By saving tiny leftovers, I find I can add great variety to my meals; baked beans gave an entirely different flavor to the soup (originally made a week ago, and used many times). Have been using a blender too—though this is hardly available to a family on relief; obviously you can get more mileage out of soup this way.

Made corn bread rather indifferent, and very inferior to the wheat bread. This marks the end of the first week. Have $18 left until the end of the month. Tomorrow I go shopping again—exciting. The surplus-food supplies are all holding out well, and of the rest, only the orange juice is nearly finished.

March 13 (Friday): Instead of shopping around, I go to a nearby branch of a big supermarket chain; thus I buy foods which are available to all throughout the city.

Since last Friday, have spent only 31 cents, on three apples, one egg, and a package of Life Savers. Expect to live on today's purchases even

Mrs. Stebbins, a [illegible] Bostonian, has [illegible] and [illegible] the ancient system, still [illegible] hospitals, settlement houses, and [illegible] organizations. Now in Washington [illegible] she is chairman of the Welfare Department of Public Welfare Advisory Council.



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Puerto Rico is now one of the healthiest countries on earth

Projects like this new $62 million medical center have helped raise average life expectancy to *seventy years*

N those spruce young nurses in
e picture were born, medical fa-
n Puerto Rico were second-rate.
verage Puerto Rican existed on
a day, and was lucky if he lived
ate a 50th birthday.
, no other people in the Western
here have better health care—*or*
life expectancy. Incomes have
oo. Average is now $830 per per-
year, highest in South America.

The miracles of "Operation Bootstrap"

940's, the people of Puerto Rico
d a massive program of self-help,
ion Bootstrap." Its major objec-
put an end to poverty, the root
ill health on the island.
ories were built, and handsome in-
were offered to attract new in-
Slums were torn down, and fine
houses went up in their place. As
ntry began to prosper, hospitals,
schools and parks mushroomed throughout the island.

This new medical center is a proud example of the miracles worked under the impetus of "Operation Bootstrap."

Six hospitals in one

Facilities here are equal to any medical center in the world. On its 227 acres of grounds are three general hospitals, a long-term treatment clinic, a psychiatric hospital, and a nursing home.

Among them, they have more than three thousand beds, and are equipped to handle 16,000 operations and 87,000 emergency cases a year.

There are laboratories for research of every kind; an institute for advanced medical study; a rehabilitation center.

Nuclear age equipment

One building houses the most sophisticated equipment known today for treatment and diagnosis of cancer. It uses *cobalt energy*—and few other hospitals in the world are known to have it.

One of the finest medical schools

The Puerto Ricans have reason to be proud of one other feature of the new center: its School of Preventive Medicine and Public Health. This is one of the finest built in any country since the last war.

The school is staffed by specialists in almost every field of the profession. It will serve as a training ground for doctors and nurses throughout South America.

Remember when Puerto Rico was called "the poorhouse of the Caribbean"? Things have changed.

This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: send for illustrated report on productivity, profits and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C4N, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

ses Dormitory of the new Medical Center of Puerto Rico.

longer. This is bad, in a way, since I will miss the weekend specials. A week is a good planning interval; you save time and money, and guard against spoilage. This is what I bought today:

1 pkg. prunes (39¢)	2 lbs. sweet potatoes
1 pkg. spinach	3 frozen orange juice
honey spread	1 box oregano, 1 lemon
1 green pepper	1 small rutabaga
1 pkg. saltines	1 lb. hamburger (53¢)

Total (with tax): $3.39.

Then, at the fishmarket, bought a little sea bass for 45 cents; had it filleted, but took head, tail, bones, and all home. Now have $14.16 left out of $25.

Dinner tonight was really good: fried bass, sweet potato, and raw spinach salad.

March 14: I make only half of the frozen orange juice at a time. It lasts four days and keeps fresh.

Tonight I had fish chowder, but without potatoes. It was really gourmet. Here is the recipe: Fry small amount of diced salt pork; remove pork bits and fry onions in fat until golden, with salt, pepper, and pinch of oregano. Boil fish (bones, head, etc.), reserve water. Add flour to onions, then fish water. When the mixture thickens, add milk and any pieces of fish you can find (in this case, few). Sprinkle the bits of salt pork on top of the chowder.

The oregano is making all the difference now. It is "leaf" oregano, by the way, with more flavor than ground.

March 15 (Sunday): I am still losing weight. Will start eating toast and honey with my afternoon tea, as I do get abnormally hungry, and earlier than usual, for dinner. The score is now minus 2½ pounds.

The prunes are good and have a bit of lemon in them.

March 16: Carrots at 15 cents for two bunches are a wonderful buy and they go a long way. Today, made carrot soup for a change. Recipe: Boil carrots, celery plus leaves, few cabbage leaves in water with two consommé cubes. Fry onion golden with pinch of oregano, salt, and pepper; dredge with flour; add some vegetable water; thicken. Purée vegetables in blender and add milk to taste.

March 17: Weight leveling off. Feel satisfied and not either stuffed or starved.

Lunch is always simple and very quickly got —usually a toasted sandwich and fruit, or soup made from leftovers. With all my welfare work, I am rushed in the middle of the day, and I haven't much time to get dinner either. I try to make preparations ahead of time and set aside one whole morning or afternoon a week to do some real cooking, usually on Saturday or Sunday. Making bread, for instance, takes almost five hours.

March 18: Constructed a meat loaf out of leftovers, binding it with the last of the corn bread and using both hamburger and pork (surplus meat) as well as some very finely diced celery and carrots. Catsup helped!

Have spent $10.94, and have, therefore, $14.06 left.

I miss cream in my coffee and also lettuce and watercress and a piece of good meat.

March 20 (Friday): The third week of the experiment begins. Weight is still going down. I've lost five pounds now. This is *not* because I don't have plenty to eat.

Shopping day! How I look forward to Friday and the excitement of going marketing. I plot and plan for hours and read the food ads in Thursday's paper. Today's list included:

2 bunches beets	1 acorn squash
2 bunches carrots	1 lb. onions
1 bunch celery	soy sauce, jelly
can evaporated milk	1 whole chicken

Total (with tax): $2.83. Heavy on vegetables, but I get raw things, greens with the best tops, and good soup material. The chicken is adorable and should last for several days before the soup kettle.

Am now left with $11.23 but with food enough for at least a week. My affluence has led me to purchase a small bottle of Blonde Dubonnet, worth 69 cents!

March 21: Made Boston brown bread (Fannie Farmer). Here is a recipe that every low-income family should have. Easy to put together, it is steamed (I used a tin can) on top of the stove. Another argument for distribution of surplus cornmeal.

March 22: What luck! There is enough liver in my chicken to make a meal of, on toast for lunch. Delicious.

March 23: Meals are beginning to look up. Roast stuffed chicken with gravy, for instance. The stuffing was made with bread, crackers, onions, oregano, and prunes. And beet salad, which I love.

Today, the nutritionist from the Department of Public Welfare spent two hours going over my books. She says that my diet is very well balanced, but shakes her head at the idea of getting relief recipients to eat raw spinach. It is a great problem trying to wean people away from

erybody benefits



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their usual diet, and particularly from sugar and starches—which fill the belly but lead to obesity and lack of energy. Immigrants have a doubly hard time, since their traditional dishes often cannot be made from surplus and bargain-priced American foods.

The nutritionist made me throw away the last of my hamburger, which had gone bad. This is the first thing that I have thrown out.

March 24: Ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for lunch. Survived.

March 26: Shall not go shopping tomorrow, as I have too much in the house which might spoil. Have bought some eggs and a quarter of a pound of tea. $9.18 left for the remaining ten days.

I drink a great deal of tea between meals—also accept both tea and coffee (plain)—and only these—outside. As I offer same to guests here, it cancels out on the books.

I now find this project getting on my nerves, especially using the stove at the same time the family's dinner is being prepared. Many families on relief share kitchen privileges and must find it as trying as I do. To be fair to the experiment, I feel constrained to eat at regular hours and also to serve myself plausible meals and not give way to temperament!

March 27 (beginning of fourth week): I regret very few purchases. There is quite a bit of repetition, particularly for lunch, but I've also concocted many different dishes from the same ingredients.

I will have had at least four good meals from my chicken. Am saving the bones—all of them—for the soup pot.

March 28: Went shopping and bought one half-pint cream, cabbage, two pounds apples, split peas. Total (with tax one cent): 92 cents. Subtracting 8 cents for a cake of yeast, I'm left with $8.18.

March 29 (Easter Sunday): Today we had a very special birthday at our house. In honor of it, I polished off my Dubonnet, and accepted a piece of birthday cake, a mocha layer.

Spent the whole afternoon in the kitchen, alone, thank God, and without the usual week-day interruptions. Made what is by far my most beautiful loaf of bread, soup from the chicken carcass and vegetables, applesauce, salad dressing, and cole slaw. Having all this ready gives me a good leg up on the week ahead.

My surplus supplies are now getting very low. Have almost no flour left (five pounds is not enough when all breadstuffs depend on it). It takes three cups of flour to make a loaf of bread, and more than a cup of dried milk t make a quart of liquid. Catsup, oil, and m lasses are all running low, and only two c three crackers are left. These are very impo tant for a quick snack. Also think I should b drinking more milk with meals. Doing very we with the butter, to my surprise, and with th lard, the cheese, the beans, and, God know the peanut butter!

March 30: Cold cornmeal mush, dipped i flour, and fried in lard, is very good indeed. Th cornmeal continues to be invaluable. I hav also used it for corn bread, corn crisps, Bosto brown bread, and fried fish. Both Indian puc ding and pancakes can be made from it too.

April 1: Today I bought one small box bakin soda, two oranges, one can cinnamon, one ca tuna fish.

Total (with tax): 65 cents. Also spent 15 cent for 3 eggs. Now have $7.38 left until Monday April 6.

April 2: Made orange marmalade, using *on* orange. Got almost half a jar—turned ou beautifully. Went shopping again, and cam home with:

1 pkg. saltines
pkg. dried milk
2 lbs. flour
stew beef at 65¢, cost 99¢
pkg. lemon gelatin
1 bunch broccoli
1 romaine lettuce

Total (with tax): $2.41. This leaves a balanc of $4.97 but I shall not have to buy anythin more and, moreover, expect to have quite a bi of food left.

My weight is now at four pounds unde correct. Having no ham bone, I used a piece o Spam to make split pea soup. A wonderfull welcome change in soups, and very filling. Goo to eat lettuce again, even though it's romaine

April 4 (the next to last day of the experi ment):

So far, I have thrown out nothing except th spoiled hamburger. Today, this frugality led t two dishes, one of them good. From the orang peel of the second orange (juice used to mak Jello), I made candied orange peel. This, recollect, is very expensive in the candy stores Hah! Using a quarter of a cup of sugar and th undiscarded peel, I made a nice amount for a few cents.

The second dish was a soup made from th last of the chicken stock, the vegetable juice and the leftover spaghetti. It was vile.

The stew, though, was another matter. This must describe at length because, for very littl money, it is a dish for kings. Dredge the stew beef in flour seasoned with salt, pepper,

ano, and sear it properly in a
lard over high heat. Now is the
to add sliced onion, and then
not water, but stock (made out
ouillon cubes if necessary)—it
es a difference in the richness.
carrots, celery with leaves, and
little mad with seasonings such
tsup and soy sauce. Reduce heat
cook slowly for from two to three
s, adding water if you must. The
should be very tender when
. Make lots of liquid to stretch
number of meals—serve with
potatoes, etc.

pril 5 (Sunday): Made dump-
and cooked them on top of the
. They are easy—a little flour,
ng powder, salt, sugar, milk.
or of stew even better on second

had no appetite for the last
in the project; just applesauce
tea for supper.

ing stock, I find I have enough
left for about two days, plus
od many staples and seasonings.
e remaining supplies, obviously,
d have made the following weeks
difficult for me. Probably, for
hing, I could have bought more
; I don't think I got nearly
gh during the first month. And,
urse, I could have drawn on new
hand knowledge of food plan-
, buying, cooking, and conserv-
My kitchen facilities and
ils, as well as my understanding
e principles of nutrition, would
continued, I'm sure, to be in-
nsable assets. (Why don't the
rtments of Public Welfare offer
uate instruction on nutritional
rements and see to it that fami-
on relief have the equipment
sary to fulfill them?)

t if living on relief would have
easier the second month, it
d still not have been easy. I
now that it involves painstak-
iguring and probably great per-
ve force as well (getting my
y to eat peculiar leftovers for
and dinner would have been
a job). The United States
s hardly to be guilty of pamper-
s relief recipients, and although
rvived my r onth on welfare
ns, I was delighted when it
l. For me, it was an experiment
t's over. For too many others, it
continuing way of life. [ ]



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Grandiose Plan of Conquest

by James M. Gavin

Barbarossa: The Russian-German Conflict 1941-1945, by Alan Clark. Morrow, $10.

Barbarossa, Hitler's grandiose plan for the conquest of Russia, passed before me as a panorama in a twenty-four-hour period early in May of 1945. Crushed between the 82nd Airborne Division and the Russians, the once proud and awesome Wehrmacht on our Front disintegrated. That evening I accepted the unconditional surrender of the 21st German Army Group from Lieutenant General Von Tippelskirch. Soon thereafter we came across the notorious concentration camp at Wobbelin. It had been used for political prisoners, most of whom were dead or dying, although one could not tell one from the other. To us it was shocking evidence of the brutality of Hitler's occupation of conquered territory. And finally, in the town of Grabow, Mecklenburg, I encountered the Russian infantry as it spent its fury in drunken and riotous looting of the city.

Barbarossa is the title of Alan Clark's third book on war. His first book was *The Donkeys*, a bitterly critical analysis of British leadership in World War I. His second, *The Fall of Crete*, was a thoroughly analytical study of that small but costly battle. *Barbarossa* is far more ambitious, far larger in size, and is an excellent, well documented study of the war on the Eastern Front.

It begins with a scene on a rainy Sunday afternoon in early November 1939, when the Commanding Chief of the German Army, General Walther von Brauchitsch, called on Hitler to recommend against Hitler's interference with the Army's execution of the Plan. Hitler, as Alan Clark described the scene, "started to work up a tremendous rage. He accused the Generalstab, and Brauchitsch personally, of disloyalty, sabotage, cowardice, and defeatism." This was but the beginning of a bitter struggle that raged until Hitler's death, between the Generals and the Führer with the Führer always having his way. There were other struggles going on as well, "revolving around personalities, crackbrained schemes, forgotten sectors of the economy or administration, whose numbers were to proliferate as the war lengthened."

As a professional officer, I often wondered how, even if the Wehrmacht succeeded in defeating the Soviet forces and occupying Russia, Hitler could administer his vast empire from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The seriousness of his failure was evident at the outset when party hacks, clerks, and individuals of little intelligence, and less administrative capacity, were given responsibilities far beyond their abilities. In order to rule, their recourse was to unlimited brutality, and their basic policy was that the Russians were "*untermensch*," subhuman, and not to be treated like civilized people. If there had been a chance for the Germans to obtain the support of any of the Russian people, the Ukrainians, for example, all was thrown away by the brutality of their administration.

The German armies met with overwhelming success at first. By the time they were in sight of the spires of the Kremlin, however, they had slowed to a crawl. Partisans, bad weather, worn-out equipment, and physical exhaustion were taking their toll. Then, bickering over what course of action to follow in the few precious days remaining before ter came handicapped them furt For example, there was disagreer on the basic strategy to win the —that of an all-out effort to Leningrad and its vital port facili or to seize the much-needed oi sources of Southern Russia. there were those who believed the capture of Moscow itself sh have first priority. Each cours action had its advocates.

At this critical hour, when Germans were vehemently disag ing on the several courses of a open to them and the Soviet A seemed almost doomed to defeat, came from the East. Because of excellent work of the Sorge-Ho Ozaki spy network in Tokyo, the iets began to move their Sibe divisions to the Moscow front. S working out of the German Emb in Tokyo, was a Communist spy though a member of the Nazi p Together with Hozumi Ozaki, a fidant of Prince Konoye, they able to gather sufficient informa on Japanese intentions and troop positions to assure Moscow that could safely move their Siberian sions to the West to engage the mans. As a final blow, then came dreaded Russian winter with

---

General Gavin ended his servic World War II in the ETO as C manding General of the 82nd borne Division. He had jumped paratrooper in Sicily, Italy, mandy, and Arnhem-Nijmegen 1961 he was U.S. Ambassado France. He is now chairman of board of Arthur D. Little, Inc. Cambridge, Massachusetts, and thor of "Airborne Warfare" "War and Peace in the Space A



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peratures falling as low as -60°F, vehicles freezing and weapons ceasing to function, and, to add to the miseries of the Wehrmacht, most of its members were still in summer uniforms. Hitler had begun Barbarossa on the assumption that the war with Russia would be over before winter set in. Finally, the results of the greatest Soviet achievement of all began to be felt; the Russian industrial base that had been moved east of the Urals began to produce armor and antitank guns, superior both in quantity and killing power to those of the Wehrmacht.

Barbarossa is a fascinating and at times exciting account of the most gigantic struggle in man's history. Losses on both sides were without precedent: 348,000 Russian prisoners were taken at Smolensk alone. After the high tide of the German offensive broke against Stalingrad, von Paulus surrendered his entire army of over one-quarter million soldiers. Still later, in the battle of Kursk the outcome of which, Alan Clark says, "irrevocably handed the strategic initiative to the Russians," over three thousand tanks were on the move at the same time. It was the greatest armored battle in history.

Much of Alan Clark's information is from German sources and it would be interesting to know more of what took place in Soviet war councils. Judging by the results, the troop movements prior to their major counteroffensives were miracles of improvisation and camouflage. Marshal Zhukov once told me of Soviet soldiers standing up to their shoulders in rivers, giving added support to sagging pontoon bridges as the icy waters perilously swirled around them and the guns and vehicles stormed across the bridges to carry the offensive to the Germans. It was a gigantic struggle of men and matériel with each side at times down to, figuratively speaking, the last round and the last man. *Barbarossa* is a superb account of that struggle. The maps are excellent and much of the material will be of fascinating interest to the studious reader, such as the notes on Hitler's conferences. It is the best book so far on Hitler's disastrous offensive against the U. S. S. R.

The Sacred Dwelling

by Paul Pickrel

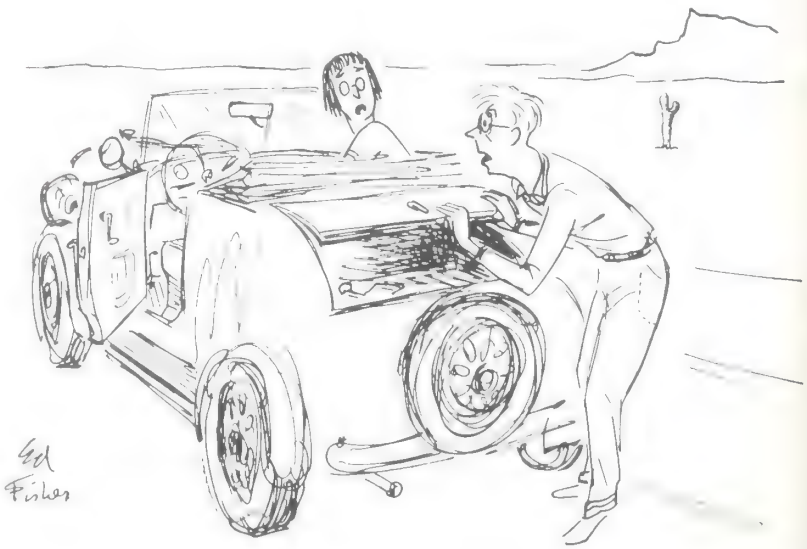
The Temple and the House, by Lord Raglan. Norton, $6.

Lord Raglan, who died a few months ago at an advanced age, was an old-fashioned literary anthropologist primarily concerned with the problem of where common sense should operate in the explanation of human behavior.

Man is torn between his desire to see the world as mysterious, a place where strange and inexplicable things go on, and his desire to see it as really all quite comprehensible, perfectly susceptible to common-sense interpretations. And perhaps because he feels both safer and more special that way, he prefers to attribute comprehensibility to others and to take upon himself the mystery of things. So we look for common-sense explanations for anything in the behavior of others that puzzles us: if the Mosaic Law forbids the eating of pork we conclude that Moses was somehow alert to the danger of trichinosis. But if we wish to attribute common sense to ourselves rather than Moses we observe that trichinosis was not discovered until the nineteenth century and that the Mosaic Law also forbids the eating of a good many foods that carry no threat of trichinosis. Then some other explanation of the Mosaic prohibitions must be sought, explanations that have nothing to do with our practical notions of hygiene.

In his most famous book, *The Hero*, Lord Raglan argued that classical heroes as Oedipus, King Arthur, and Robin Hood never existed as historical personages; accounts of their adventures are not, as common sense suggests, simply stories of men more or less like ourselves which have become somewhat muddied in passing from one illiterate teller to another. Rather, these heroes originated as figures in a religious drama; they are ritualistic roles, not men—something like the role of a sheriff in a television Western that over the years may be played by several different actors and that owes its origin not to any one of them or to any one historical man but to the audience's need to see its own impulse to order acted out before it.

In his latest and last book, *The Temple and the House*, Lord Raglan attacks the idea that the human dwelling place had a utilitarian origin, that it was simply created in answer to man's need for a place to cook and eat and sleep, to create and bear and rear the young, to be sick and die. On the contrary, he shows, in many societies some



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Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves, they can serve only as introduction to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading (on the same free-trial terms) we suggest the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Authoritative Opinions

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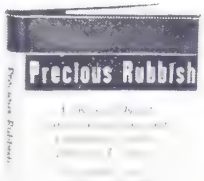
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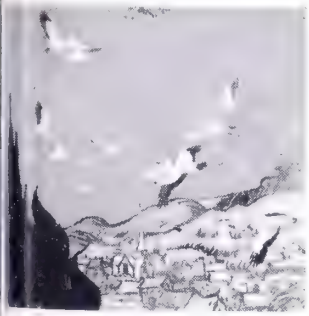
"I loved it – gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.



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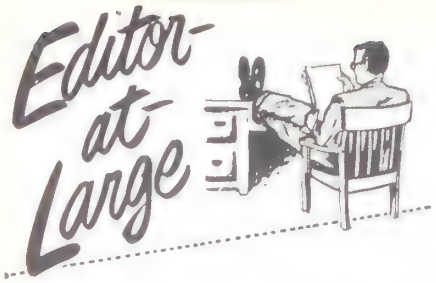
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Though this is hardly the sort of column which produces fan mail, letters do come in unsolicited. A lady wrote me a few weeks back, for example, saying that she had been reading the mutterings of the Editor-at-Large for some years and had always wondered what sort of man I am.

Well, I'll tell you: I'm the sort of man who likes books. An unremarkable description, I suppose, inasmuch as a large part of my job is to like books. But another task involves considerable nay-saying. When I find a book that really delights me, my work and my hopes come together.

The book that pleases me most this time is a dead-pan, nutty book about a modern spy. *It Can't Always Be Caviar* is the story of a reluctant hero, cast loosely in the mold (like Jello) of the Fleming and LeCarré spies. But our man, in quivering cloak and trembling dagger, finds himself somehow in the employ, simultaneously, of the German, British, and French secret services. Oh yes, also the F.B.I. Do I have to add that in the end our man bags the most deserving Soviet agent of all?

No. What I do have to add is that the novel contains two surprises. The first is recipes. The spy loves to prepare food. Whenever the plot careers us up to a meal, we are given not only the menu but cooking instructions. These are usually annotated to indicate whether they have led to a successful spying ploy or a seduction.

The other surprise is the author's talents. Light-footed, satirical books are not something for which German literature is famous, perhaps. But try some of Johannes Simmel's *Caviar*; you'll love it.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

DOUBLEDAY & CO., INC. publishes *It Can't Always Be Caviar* ($5.95) by Johannes Mario Simmel. The book is available through all Doubleday Book Shops and other leading book and department stores. To the first 25 people who write suggestions for dishes or menus suitable for inclusion in spy stories ("strangled eggs," "hangman's mousse," or "rabbit's punch," for example) I'll send a free copy of this novel. Address L. L. Day's Caviar Contest, Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

these activities quite specifically *cannot* take place in the house, and common-sense explanations of why they cannot will not bear examination. Cooking, for example, often must be done out of doors or in a separate building. Common sense suggests a fear of fire, but that consideration does not prevent a hearth in the house. Common sense also suggests an objection to the smell, but that consideration does not prevent other smelly activities. Apparently cooking is prohibited because it will somehow profane the house.

The house, then, is a temple designed for the enactment of family religious rites. It must not be polluted; it must be cleansed and purified, not for hygienic but for ritualistic reasons. And anyone who has survived an old-fa spring housecleaning (witch Raglan says, are particularly ous in the early spring and expelled) understands its ri the first time. He understa why a bride's foot must nc the threshold, the entrance temple, and why objects are in cornerstones, a survival foundation sacrifices that c sured the sacredness of the b

The Temple and the Hou pithy, learned, imaginativ highly suggestive work.

Mr. Pickrel, who has reviewe for "Harper's" for many teaches English at Yale and aging Editor of "The Yale R

Politics as a Spectator Sport

by Marion K. Sanders

Home Place: The Story of the House of Representatives, by William S. White. Houghton Mifflin, $4.

In its true inner being the U. S. House of Representatives is more nearly the home of nineteenth- and even in some ways eighteenth-century America than of that America which is well into the sixth decade of the twentieth century." So says William S. White in *Home Place*. This is the same postulate which leads such men as Senator Joseph S. Clark and James MacGregor Burns to call for drastic reforms on Capitol Hill.

Mr. White's response is more relaxed. As a pragmatist steeped in Washington folklore he likes—in his own words—"to watch politics as other men like to watch birds or plays"; or—one might add—football. So he provides us with the names and numbers of many, if not all, the players and appraisals of their performance which seldom cut deep but are always on target. Here are some samples:

> The House is an agglomeration of predominantly middle-class, middle-aged, middle-ability Americans who together form an almost perfect microcosm of nonurban America.

> A Congressman is an essenti cal official, though sent to a place called Washington.

> Truman was an excellent P and an incomparably poor p

> Carl Vinson of Georgia [l Chairman of the Commi Armed Services] was the Roman soldier to whom his owes a hardly imaginable an unimagined debt.

> Emanuel Celler of New York man of the Committee on Ju has made a contribution to ment—as distinguished from —at least ten times that of finitely more celebrated Senat his own state, Jacob K. Javit

> Any small bureaucrat—espec he is from the State Depart is welcomed, if not actually at the dinner table before a ful member of Congress. A the Congressman's actual public affairs compares to the crat's about as that of a Se of Defense compares to tha junior sanitation expert in th Corps.

Though the "other body" (rialized in his earlier book, *Th del*) remains Mr. White's tru he writes of "this old House"

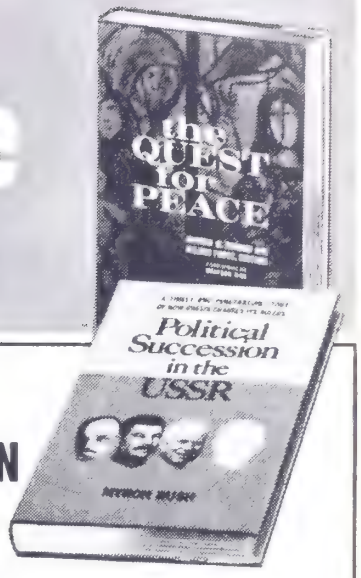
tic tolerance which embraces hose abominations of liberals ority and the Rules Committ- is fiercest adversaries, how- an scarcely dispute his con- that no foolproof alternatives een offered for these "admira- rarchical systems." He points r example, that the Rules Com- acquired its immense powers) through the exertions of in- t Congressmen bent on strip- peaker "Czar" Joe Cannon of of his authority. Now, fifty- ars later, the House has de- o curb the Rules Committee nsferring some of its author- ck to a more complaisant r. One wonders how durable eform" will be.

White sees the House as the stion of "the surviving rem- f our pastoral society" against ightening onrush of "megal- n mediocrity." And he makes case for his Jeffersonian views mple comparison of the leaders he hinterland with the urban ns of Capitol Hill. To date, at he city machines have seldom a seedbed of political distinc- But Mr. White overreaches he seeks to drive home his y citing the preponderance of sts" in the government of Is- By all accounts, the wisdom l in the kibbutz is not of the -barrel variety.

ng the House high for com- in domestic matters, Mr. concedes that "when it is into the great swampy field ld affairs the result is rarely y one." Anyone who has suf- he debilitating ordeal of House priations Committee budget gs on programs related to for- fairs must agree. Reluctantly, ght also agree that—as Mr. says—a workable accommoda- is usually reached, either h the intervention of the Sen- by immobilizing a chairman a total nincompoop. President n did, after all, contrive last outmaneuver even Otto Pass- perennial foe of foreign aid. er these costly and demeaning need forever be embedded in gislative process is another on.

this matter many would part ny with Mr. White. Yet even

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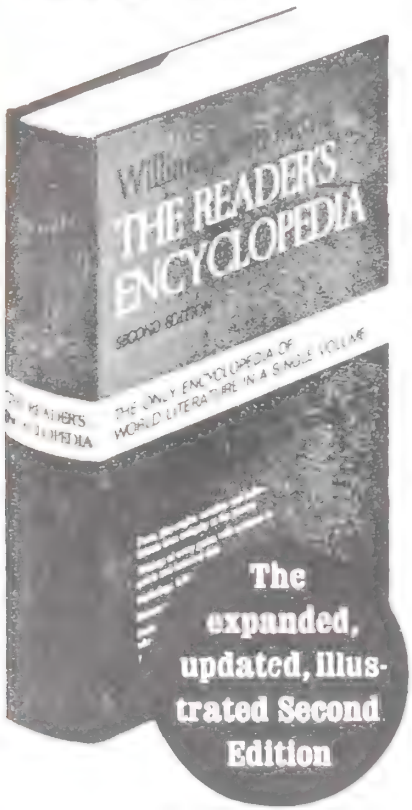
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for them his book has real utility. In it he has performed the proper function of that nearly extinct animal—the true conservative. He reminds us that before tearing an institution apart it is well to understand how it actually works. His book is an enlightening, highly readable contribution to such understanding.

Mrs. Sanders, who once ran for Congress, has written about this and other political adventures in "Harper's" and in a book called "The Lady and the Vote."

"BB" as Collector

by Leo Steinberg

The Berenson Collection. Preface by Nicky Mariano; Introduction and Catalogue by Franco Russoli. Arte Grafiche Ricordi-Milano. Published under the auspices of the Italian Commission for UNESCO and the National Commission for UNESCO of the U. S. A., 1964. 32 pages, 99 color plates. $100.

As Bernard Berenson put it himself: "It took the scattering of most private collections all over Europe to make me realize that mine was one of the best remaining." It remains intact even today, though no longer private. One can see the pictures now without the personal invitation from "BB," without having to pass his ordeal by conversation. Berenson's baronial estate at Settignano now serves Harvard University as an institute for graduate studies in Italian art, and the collection of some hundred trecento and quattrocento paintings is part of the institute's equipment.

It is here published in its entirety for the first time, comprised in a large tome, beautifully printed, but with color plates of only average quality. A few of these pictures (by Giotto, Barna, Sassetta, Domenico Veneziano, etc.) are widely known, others deserve to be, and there are some astonishingly fine minor [illegible]. There are also some very du[bious] tures, some utterly overpainte[d], some simply bad. But this was, [after] origins, a connoisseur's coll[ection] where even a lesser talent [can] have something to teach. Bere[nson] words introduce one of them: [the] most monotonous, the most spi[ritless] the most vapid of them all, S[an] Pietro." There are two of poor [Berenson] works in the collection.

Other indications of authent[icity] fessionalism are the many o[ld] painters' names which sugge[st] specialist's ground, and, in the [cata]logue, the frank remarks on [a pic]ture's condition, which sound [as if] penned by an enemy: "The [panels] are dirty and grainy; the pa[nels] warped and cracked." Yet a p[rofes]sional approach to this publi[cation] would miss its point, namely t[hat] this sumptuous volume, priced [not] common trade, is an act of [piety] age. As Russoli's introductio[n] clares: "This catalogue doe[s] intend to serve the history [of art] so much as the history and co[m]prehension of Berenson's person[ality]

That Berenson still commands loyalty proves that he gave h[is] mirers something which tran[scends] his achievements, something [more] important than his pioneer [work] of Italian painters' works, mo[re im]portant than his expertising fo[r mil]lionaire clients, and more imp[ortant] than all his writing. The outsta[nding] facts about Berenson are that [he] spired uncritical devotion in [those] closest to him, and that a very [large] number of people sought to be [close] to him. For them he seems to [have] personified "aristocracy" in its [origi]nal, literal sense, that is, as th[e] junction of power (or success) [with] ideal value.

In the old days it took an a[ristocrat] aristocrat three generations [to be] anywhere. There had to be a [rich] father to make the money—t[he] son, who received all the advan[tages] that money could buy, so th[at he] grew up better bred and sorel[y] conscious of the gulf between hi[m and] his father. And finally the gra[ndson] born to the purple, indifferent [to] wealth he takes for granted, d[evotes] to highest values alone.

Berenson was his own grand[father] and sire. He was the energetic [collector] and investor; he was the cult

aesthete and scholar, attractive omen and to men of intellect; at the last, the overbred grand- the world's most exquisite octo- ian. His actual gifts were not r out of the ordinary. But his ers read in his fragile elegance ming power to perfect himself nold his circumstances, that is y, a power over life which im- ed them like a charisma. Hence dor of cultism that permeates ook—not only the preface and ulsome introduction, but the catalogue.

t prominent on each catalogue s some utterance from BB him- perhaps only six words, such bout a Francesco di Giorgio) at most fascinating of Sienese ocentists." But they are the r's words and sit on the page aintly teeth in a reliquary. We ld that Berenson avoided writ- out his own pictures, being re- t to publicize his personal prop- The catalogue, however, reveals wherever the subject permitted, son wrote—with relish and lit- mpunction—of the pictures he . ("Readers should discount lice in favor of my own belong- but I cannot help finding my ersion more satisfactory than her.")

the disciples who compiled this Berenson's actions are paradig- so that he cannot fail. If he in an attribution, mistaking his nico Veneziano for a mere Bal- tti, this was because "the am- of increasing the value of his ion by high-sounding attribu- was not in him." (Again, the gue shows the exact opposite.) f he found no attribution at e anonymous pictures become ning, unknown companions merits could be appreciated t unnecessarily unveiling the s of their origin."

inge anomalies. Though the print on the catalogue pages Russoli often at odds with the r's opinions, his introduction ts absolute orthodoxy within lt: "One would not dare ex- e Berenson's pictures. Not only that be a ridiculous presump- ut an offense against the spirit which these works were gath- ogether." To define this spirit

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the authors deny that Berenson was a collector. His was not a "collection" because the pictures were acquired "almost exclusively to adorn my abode" (Berenson); because the pictures are the "furnishing" of a house which is "really a portrait, an objective projection of Bernard Berenson's personality" (Russoli).

Not that there is any real contradiction here. Though he was proud of his collection, proud to think himself mirrored in it, and proud to have formed it, his aristocratic aspiration for himself required that he should not have formed it—at least not within living memory. The p had to be the ancient appurten his ancestral home. This may he stopped buying forty years his death, why nothing ev moved or removed, and why r the pictures here are labeled— enson in middle years labele self—"provenance unknown." Berensonian affiliation is from everlasting.

Mr. Steinberg, art historia writer on art, is on the fac Hunter College in New Yor

A Traitor and a Queen

by H. Montgomery Hyde

Lord Haw-Haw—and William Joyce: The Full Story, by J. A. Cole. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $4.95.
Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed, by Elizabeth Longford. Harper & Row, $8.50.

The Irish-American William Joyce, known to millions of English radio listeners during World War II by the nickname, Lord Haw-Haw, was the chief speaker and scriptwriter for the English-language shortwave broadcasting service directed by Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry. In fact the nickname was originally applied to another member of the radio team, Norman Baillie-Stewart, the so-called British "officer in the Tower," who had served five years in prison before the war for betraying military secrets to Germany, to which country he had gone after his release. But the nickname was quickly transferred to Joyce, whose peculiar nasal intonation—the result of a boyhood accident to his nose—conveyed the suggestion of the decadent English aristocrat satirized by P. G. Wodehouse.

At first Joyce's effusions on the air were treated as something of a joke by his audience. But, as his shafts began to strike home, good-humored tolerance turned to irritation and then to anger. He became a legend, as he was popularly credited with means of getting news rapidly from Britain. He would announc such and such a town clock many minutes slow when it a was, and he would tell his lis that they need not trouble to a certain suburban high stre we will do it for you"—when ing, in fact, was under conside At one time the Government o ain was obliged to prosecute a ber of individuals for spreadi founded rumors, which undou owed their inspiration to Lord Haw. But with the entry of Russia and the United State the war and the consequent er ment of the military conflict detriment of Hitler, Joyce's propaganda became much less tive.

William Joyce was born in I lyn, of Irish parents, who ret to Ireland shortly afterwards, t their child with them. Althou was thus a United States natio birth and he did not divest hi of this nationality until he bec German citizen during the wa always behaved as a most rel American. Indeed, it was his pr ment of a British passport—i plying for which he falsely that he was a British subject, h (so he said) been born in Ga Ireland—that helped to secur hangman's noose around his For when he was captured at th of the war and brought back to

THE NEW BOOKS

o stand trial for high treason, s condemned by what some con- d a pretty farfetched extension e English law of treason. He eld a British passport and, al- h he had no legal right to it, it uccessfully argued that its pos- n nevertheless brought him n the narrow field in which an in certain circumstances owes nce to the British Crown, even his allegedly treasonable acts ommitted abroad. While his ial execution was approved by ritish press and Establishment, loubtful whether the majority e British people wanted Joyce d, particularly as Bailliet got off with another term prisonment.

Cole does not seek to defend s public conduct. But he does e extent explain it in this sin- y interesting book, which is on much unpublished material, ing a striking series of letters n by Joyce to his wife, who was im in Germany for most of the and remained loyal until their neeting outside the condemned oyce's earlier career in London, he was active in various Brit- 'ascist organizations, showed he was a born agitator. His ive hatred for the Jews and f communism led him to regard as the divinely chosen instru- to rid the world of what ap- l to him the most deadly evils. when he left for Berlin on the the outbreak of war and joined oebbels, it never occurred to that his subsequent actions be treasonable under English e imagined he was doing the h people a service in warning of the political dangers for they were heading as the re- f their involvement in the war. a pity that this able but men- nbalanced man could not have induced to preach a saner po- philosophy in more fortunate nstances for himself and the y of his upbringing. It is sig- t too that at the end of his life med to have no regrets, since ced his accusers bravely and with the courage of his mis- l convictions.

could have wished perhaps Mr. Cole had dealt more fully

The Swivel Chair



It is an enduring axiom in the folklore of publishing that the more celebrated literary critics have more time to read, more space to write in, and fewer books to consider after the frenzy of the Christmas season.

As an axiom it is not only enduring but capable of gathering momentum. And so January of 1965 saw the liveliest competition among the big new books of every publishing house. Christmas all over again.

But the really big books survive. J. Donald Adams said of **Full Fathom Five** by John Stewart Carter ($4.95) "at one bound, with *Full Fathom Five,* Mr. Carter takes his place among the very few — half dozen perhaps — living American novelists who are truly civilized and literate." A good back up to the editors of the Book-of-the-Month-Club who had made it a January selection and to the publishers who had awarded it the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship prize.

From the monumental Morgenthau diaries John Morton Blum carved a second volume, **Years of Urgency, 1938-1941** ($7.50). Historian Frank Freidel said "John M. Blum of Yale University has fashioned in this, his second volume, a fresh, vital account of the era as viewed from the Treasury. He has mastered materials so massive and complex that in them Morgenthau could be followed not only day by day in memoranda and correspondence, but almost minute by minute in transcripts of conferences and telephone conversations that ranged from fiscal responsibility to military policy."
— *N. Y. Times Book Review*





Oliver La Farge offered the first intimation of the extraordinary literary heritage that he left in **The Door in the Wall** ($4.95), a constellation of related stories most of them set in the mythical Talvert College. "They are quiet, bittersweet tales written with fine economy of phrase and a kind of wistful delicacy . . . A rare magic is practiced here."
— *N. Y. Times Book Review*

And with a timing worthy of the book itself Charles de Gaulle moved into the headlines just as **The King and His Court** ($5.00) by Pierre Viansson-Ponté appeared in the book pages. John Barkham said: "The author writes with characteristic verve leavened with a touch of Gallic malice . . . The pages are so rich in quotable facts and passages that one hardly knows where to begin . . . For anyone interested in contemporary France, this insider's appraisal is a must." "The fun is all in M. Viansson-Ponté's detached exactness." — *The New Yorker*



It first appeared in the pages of *The Atlantic* and then, to celebrate a world-venerated 90th birthday, as a book. **Mr. Churchill in 1940** ($3.00) by Isaiah Berlin, a portrait of a great man at a great moment.

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with Joyce's trial and the interesting legal arguments on which his condemnation turned. It is true that the trial has already formed the subject of works by two other authors, J. W. Hall and C. E. Bechhofer-Roberts; but the judicial process is of such importance that some readers may think that it deserves more space than the few pages Mr. Cole devotes to it. Generally speaking, however, Mr. Cole has produced a most readable work, which, besides throwing a novel light on wartime conditions in Hitler's Reich, covers in detail the personal and private life of a notorious character about whom almost nothing outside his public career was previously known. It is also a useful contribution to the history of psychological warfare.

"Little mysterious Victoria," as Henry James called her, was a woman of diminutive stature and superabundant temperament. Long before her record-breaking reign over Britain and the once far-flung British Empire ended, Queen Victoria had become a legend, synonymous with peace and stability and a well-ordered society. She has already been the subject of innumerable biographical studies, from the eulogistic Theodore Martin to the debunking Lytton Strachey. Now in *Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed*, Elizabeth Longford has produced the first full-scale life to be written by a woman and also the first biography in which the writer has been allowed access to the Royal Archives, including the unpublished portions of the Queen's Journals. Lady Longford has used this and much other new material to make a finely balanced work. Indeed she has put an immense amount of industrious research into this book, which is unlikely to be superseded as the standard authority on Queen Victoria's life and age for many years to come.

"How different," exclaimed one of Victoria's middle-class subjects when the curtain fell on Sarah Bernhardt's highly colored theatrical performance in the role of Cleopatra, "how different from the home life of our own dear Queen!" In fact, Victoria's private life was not as exemplary as some of her contemporaries would have us believe, although (contrary to more recent belief) there was nothing improper in the fa relations which she enjoyed aft husband's death with her Sc Highland servant John Brown

Nor was she a Constitutional arch in the modern sense; she not understand the developme the English political party sy and she openly took sides wit Conservative Mr. Disraeli a the Liberal Mr. Gladstone. time, after she had withdraw the long period of seclusion f ing Prince Albert's death, sh so unpopular that a vocal mi of her subjects thought the c would be better off as a republ boldly said as much. Yet the mond Jubilee anniversary of h cession showed to the world what deep affection she was reg by millions throughout her Er If her personal power as sov had diminished, the personal pr of the monarchy had immeas increased during the "sixty gl years" of her reign. Lady Lon thinks that the secret of her s lay in her innate common sense tainly this quality emerges p more than any other from this nating study of the greatest E monarch since the first Elizab

Mr. Hyde, distinguished E barrister and criminologist, author of "Oscar Wilde: The math" and other books.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

e son to spend a happy teen-
mmer. From the minute they
through the door, things be-
nappen and there is no letup—
lown—till the night of the
lress ball when all hell breaks
Everything seems credible be-
he three members of the fam-
such regular folk—affection-
nny, intelligent (they know
poltergeists and study up on
1 the local library), rather like
l Streeter's people in *Father*
Bride and *Mr. Hobbs' Vaca-*
. little haunting goes a long
th me but, as I say, it couldn't
to nicer people. And the
is hero, after all.

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wife of a well-to-do St. Marks-
d architect is raped (but not
ed) in the new house he has
r his family at Holcomb Hill
Boston suburbs. Is the man
ie one who is guilty of other
and some murders in the
icinity or did he have a dif-
motive from the others and,
hat, and how to capture him?
riefly, is the story.
e days following the rape when
se is full of police and detec-
ny strange things happen and
ct of the violence and intru-
the husband and wife and on
asic attitudes toward life is
and convincingly explored.
re both very real people. Any
cident is bound to involve a
amount of melodrama so it is
prising that the book is not
free of it. The shifting of
nt of view from one character
her toward the end seems to
veaken it as a serious novel.
this day of mindless violence
ntality everywhere one reads
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sentimentality, and violence
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The authors were engaged in a program of experiments with LSD and other psychedelic drugs at Harvard University, until sensational national publicity, largely concentrating on student interest in the drugs, led to suspension of experiments. Since then, the authors have continued their work without academic auspices.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

It is on the simplest level the story of a young minister in a small New England town during the first year after his wife's death in an automobile accident. It is also the dramatic saga of the young childless couple who befriend him and his small daughters and of the scandal which breaks about all their heads. There are wonderful minor characters—a Jewish woman, refugee from a concentration camp, who comes to take care of the children and in whose tragic life is compressed and distilled to the highest degree the love-hate tension of the whole book. There is a lady faith healer, and a muck-raking newspaper columnist. If there is a "message," I think it is the not so surprising one that the ways to faith are manifold and unexpected and, for this unconventional man of God, at least, are punctuated with bursts of uncontrollable laughter at himself and at the universe—laughter in which, happily, the reader shares. By the author of *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* and *A Long Day's Dying*.

Atheneum, $4.50

The Catwalk, by Richard B. Erno.

The author of *My Old Man* and *The Hunt* has tackled one of the most difficult tours de force in novel writing. He takes the reader inside the world of a lonely, good, but simple-minded man—simpleminded in the pejorative sense in which people use the phrase. And except for one or two minor episodes he not only makes the story stick; he makes it dramatic, moving, and beautiful as well.

The man, Arnold, in his early thirties, is an only child and an orphan. His family have surrounded him with love and protection and, when they died, have left him his house and a small amount to live on. He is happy in his way, fishing, riding his motorcycle, doing odd jobs, playing his banjo, talking to his one friend in the evenings, building his catwalk from which he hopes some day to see the sea monster which one or two people say they have seen in the lake. (The story is set in Michigan.) He asks very little of life, just to see and understand one strange, new, exciting thing. The world around him always eludes him somehow. He never knows whether people are laughing at him or with Where had death taken his and father? Where had the gone? So he builds a catwalk farther and buys binoculars f same reason. Then he falls i with a girl and feels he must steady job, and the story of tha cent romance is as odd and p and touching as any in any have read. And the author's d tions of nature and the seaso magical. A delightful book, n happy at all, that must be rea believed, and perhaps everyone believe. But I was charmed from start to finish.

Crown

Non-

The Faces of Five Decades: tions from Fifty Years of New Republic" 1914-1964, edi Robert B. Luce, with introduct each decade by Arthur M. inger, jr.

A friend of mine, an edito turned forty, said the other da one of his birthday present been a copy of *Harper's* of the and year in which he had beer What, we asked, were the subj was concerned with, back th 1924? There was one article, h on the narcotics problem, anot the NAACP, and a third on the lation explosion, *Plus ça chang* Reading these crisp *New Re* essays on the events of the las century one has both that se *déjà vu*, of having been here and yet at the same time a stronger than any feeling of a and mood outgrown, of cont Reading them is an evocative a hilarating experience and Mr. inger's lucid introductions pu decade in clear perspective. challenging articles are on every subject imaginable and in imaginable tone of voice—p poverty, injustice, literature, theater, personalities, histor ology, sports. And in the rep from this outstanding liberal j (or perhaps it's in the editor's c I find only one subject negle the strictly visual arts. Of cours is not *The New Republic's* field, but when the essays are s on everything else it's like fin

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t-hand report of a
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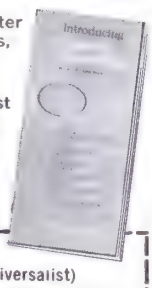


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brilliant man to be almost colorblind. There is nothing at all on architecture and only Leo Stein on Picasso, Lewis Mumford on Brancusi and Marin (both these pieces in the second decade) and David Low on Walt Disney (in the third) and Frank Getlein on Ben Shahn's exhibit of paintings of the *Lucky Dragon* (fifth). Is this a deliberate editorial omission, or is America's culture explosion indeed that new a phenomenon?

Simon & Schuster, $7.95

The Days of Dylan Thomas, a Pictorial Biography, by Bill Read. Photographs by Rollie McKenna.

Professor Read, who teaches English at Boston University, and the photographer Rollie McKenna have worked together before on a book called *The Modern Poets: An American-British Anthology*. The story of Dylan Thomas is wild and dramatic and tragic enough with no dressing up and the collaborators on this book have been wise enough to present it simply, to let it in a sense tell itself. There has as yet been no full-length biography of the Welsh poet, and this one makes no pretense of being a fully rounded literary biography, but its brief chronological presentation of the important events in his life is very readable, graphic, and moving in its anecdotal style. The photographs, vivid though unpretentious like the text, give the background not only of his life but, in the lovely pictures of his native Welsh countryside, of his poetry as well.

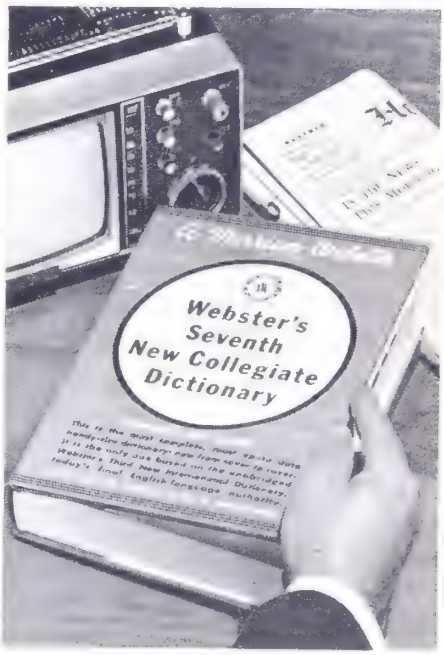
McGraw-Hill, $5.95

Herbs and the Fragrant Garden, by Margaret Brownlow. Illustrated with color plates, drawings, and diagrams by the author.

A most beautiful and useful book (though not a large, overpowering one) on the uses, care, planning, and delights of gardens of herbs and aromatic shrubs. There is history, too, but again not too much, and the color plates, carefully detailed, of flowers and leaves, are as pretty to look at as they are useful for identification. The book lacks only the smells and suggests even those.

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MUSIC *in the round*

by Discus

New Stravinsky

A fascinating display of his idiomatic style appears in these little-known choral works and in two major ballets.

Who composed *Babel*? *Zvezdoliki*? *The Dove Descending*? The chances are that only a specialist, or one who follows music very closely indeed, will be able to supply the answer: Igor Stravinsky. Every composer in history has written short and relatively unimportant pieces that usually lie fallow in his Collected Works. Stravinsky has assembled a group of choral works on a recent LP disc, and he himself conducts them, with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation Orchestra, the Festival Singers of Toronto, and various soloists (Columbia ML 6047, mono; MS 6647, stereo).

Taking them in chronological order, *Zvezdoliki (Le Roi des Etoiles)* is a cantata composed in 1911 in honor of Debussy. It is short, pungent, powerful, dissonant, and to most people will be unknown. On this disc it seems to be sung in Russian; the diction of the choral group is mushy, and the words are scarcely a model of enunciation. *Babel*, another short work, jumps to 1944. It too is a cantata, and it uses a Biblical text. One of Stravinsky's lesser works, it amounts to little more than background music, though of course Stravinsky's highly idiomatic style of writing is always in evidence.

In 1956 Stravinsky orchestrated one of Bach's works, the chorale variations on the Christmas hymn, *Vom Himmel Hoch*. He has done very few transcriptions through his long career, and it is fascinating to see what so personal a composer as the Russian does with Bach. The main outlines are followed, though there are some changes in key structure. More important, all of Stravinsky's own mannerisms—his rhythmic peculiarities, his original use of the orchestra, the way he voices individual instruments and instrumental choirs—are employed. This means that Bach is filtered through Stravinsky. It also means that this is not a transcription à la Stokowski. Rather it is a reinterpretation and, in effect, an original piece of music, just as, say, Liszt's piano fantasies on various operas (*Don Giovanni*, *Rigoletto*, and the like) are original pieces. Of course there are those who will violently object to what Stravinsky has done, just as the Liszt paraphrases are in general bad odor.

A Sermon, A Narrative, and a Prayer was completed in 1961 and has sections marking the new Stravinsky style. By then he had entered the world of post-Webern serialism, and bent it to his own will. This score is not doctrinaire serialism, but it does breathe the spirit of Webern. It is, however, a dry work and not likely to achieve much popularity. It received a few performances the first time around, and not much has been heard of it since. Perhaps its time has not yet come. Or perhaps its time has already gone. Completing the disc is the short *The Dove Descending*, composed in 1962 to words by T. S. Eliot—another work that does not seem to have much chance of ever becoming popular. Its writing is sharp and pointed, but there is a mechanical feeling to the music.

Anyway, this disc is integral to any Stravinsky collection, containin[g] it does music that has little p[er]performance, all of it recorde[d] the first time.

Period Broad[cast]

Another disc, and one that w[ill] more popular, is entitled **Stravi[nsky] Conducts Ballet Music** (Colu[mbia] ML 6049, mono; MS 6649, ste[reo]). Here we have the composer con[duct]ing the Canadian Broadca[sting] Corporation Symphony Orchest[ra] three ballet scores—*Jeu de C[artes]* (subtitled, deliciously, "a balle[t] three deals"), *Scènes de Ballet*, [and] the *Bluebird* pas de deux. The [last] named can be quickly dismisse[d]. In 1941 Stravinsky was commissi[oned] to rescore the *Bluebird*, that fa[mous] duet from Tchaikovsky's *Slee[ping] Beauty*, for small orchestra. He [does] this faithfully, and that is abou[t] one can say. What is interes[ting] about this little piece is Stravins[ky's] conducting. He has recorded m[any] but primarily his own music. [Here] he gives us a heavily-acce[nted] Tchaikovsky without much grac[e] flexibility.

There have been several [other] recordings of *Jeu de Cartes* [and] *Scènes de Ballet*, but the chances [are] that this disc will supersede a[ll] them, if only for the reason that [the] conductor is the composer. And [the] recorded sound is unusually brill[iant]. *Jeu de Cartes* was choreographe[d by] Balanchine in 1937 and has tu[rned] up a few times since then, though [not] in recent years. It is a perky, ar[ch]ing, lively score and should be [re]vived.

Scènes de Ballet was commissi[oned] in 1944 by Billy Rose for his *S[how] Lively Arts*. It is the score res[pon]sible for one of the more amus[ing] pieces of byplay in Stravinsky's [life]. As Stravinsky tells the story, he [re]ceived a telegram after the Phila[del]phia preview: "YOUR MUSIC GR[EAT] SUCCESS STOP COULD BE SENSATIO[NAL] SUCCESS IF YOU WOULD AUTHO[RIZE] ROBERT RUSSELL BENNETT RETO[UCH] ORCHESTRATION STOP BENNETT [ORI]CHESTRATES EVEN THE WORK OF C[OLE] PORTER." Stravinsky telegrap[hed] back: "SATISFIED WITH GREAT S[UC]CESS."

In his *Dialogues and a Diary* St[ra]vinsky calls *Scènes de Ballet* a per[fect] piece, a portrait of Broadway in



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last years of the war. Well, it is a period piece, and an enchanting one, but while it may be Stravinsky's Broadway it is nobody else's.

His Kinetic Quality

Stravinsky has been called the greatest composer of ballet music after Tchaikovsky; and many consider him greater. Tchaikovsky was a composer with genius who happened to write three ballets. But Stravinsky started in the ballet world from the beginning and has been associated with ballet all his life—first with Diaghileff, for whom he composed *Firebird*, *Petrouchka*, and *Le Sacre du Printemps;* then, latterly, with Balanchine. *Orpheus* of 1947 is the greatest ballet score of that collaboration. *Agon* is another important Stravinsky-Balanchine work. And Balanchine has choreographed certain of Stravinsky's scores that were not composed as ballets.

More than any composer, Stravinsky has brought a certain kinetic quality to ballet music. This quality is strongly evident in *Jeu de Cartes* and *Scènes de Ballet*. Aside from the almost patented kind of ostinato that Stravinsky invented (an ostinato is a persistently repeated phrase, usually rhythmic in nature), there is a suppleness of metrical pattern that simply screams for dance. From the very beginning Stravinsky's rhythmic innovations attracted wide attention, and those are probably his most important gift to the music of this century. Certainly he will not live as a melodist. Stravinsky's is a modern rhythm, in that there are many metrical changes from bar to bar, together with a fondness for "eccentric" counts—fives and sevens in addition to the nineteenth century's twos, threes, and fours. The dancers who first appeared in his ballets had a good deal of trouble counting those new beats. Today, of course, they are part of the rhythmic language, and are one reason why a modernist like Balanchine, who had musical training, so responds to them.

Rhythmic consideration aside, ballets like *Jeu de Cartes* and *Scènes de Ballet* exhibit Stravinsky's typically fastidious workmanship. There never is any waste, of either idea or treatment. Beautifully organized, pungently orchestrated, the scores are completely representative of Stravinsky's sharp, logical mind. The color and savagery of *Petrouchka* and *Le Sacre* have been refined to elegance and sophistication of texture, concision, and economy. Or, to put it another way, the wild young nationalist from Russia had developed into the urbane cosmopolite.

And Also . . .

Mendelssohn: String Quartets in A minor (Op. 13) and D major (Op. 44, No. 1). Juilliard Quartet. Epic LC 3887, (mono); BC 1287, (stereo).

Lovely music, played in a rather hard, fast, and unrelaxed manner. Much as one can admire the Juilliard Quartet's efficiency, it would also be nice to have some color and variation of line.

Wagner: Scenes from Die Meistersinger. Friedrich Schorr, baritone. Angel COLH 137.

A reissue of material made in the 1930s by the greatest Wagnerian baritone of the century. Those who remember Schorr will need no urging to get this disc. Those who do not will hear the definitive Hans Sachs.

Bizet: Jeux d'enfants; Fauré: Dolly; Ravel: Ma mère l'oye. Walter and Beatrice Klien, piano duettists. Vox PL 12590 (mono); 512590 (stereo).

Three French pieces composed for piano duet (four hands at one piano; not to be confused with two piano scores). Each is delightful, and the Kliens (husband and wife) play them with accuracy and spirit. One of the charming off-beat discs of the year.

Beethoven: Cello Sonatas (complete). Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, and Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Philips PHM 2-520 (mono); PHS 2-290 (stereo), both 2 discs.

Soaring, beautifully controlled performances of the five cello sonatas by Beethoven. Technically, temperamentally, and musically these two great artists are perfectly matched. No better performances of these pieces can be found.

Debussy: Jeux; Images for Orchestra. Paris Conservatory Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens. Angel 36212 (mono); S 36212 (stereo).

Supple, idiomatic perfomances. And the brilliance of Debussy's orchestration is captured by this exceptionally realistic example of modern recorded sound at its best.

JAZZ note

by Eric Larrabee

Sta

Perhaps we will just end up ing that in the 1930s all bands great. They keep turning up nowhere. Consulting the books jazz on my admittedly limited s I find only two references Cooper, one to him as a promot the other (by Whitney Ballie his band as "semi-legendary "very hot." It is that, and onl do we see how hot and when legend.

The Savoy ballroom in Harle a proving ground for the fron swing bands; they all came t Ellington, Lunceford, Basie, Hines, Goodman, and the re "cut" one another in savage co tions. Title could be won or the Savoy. It was called "the t because dancing was the mai ness, but it was also a fas slippery track for the musician

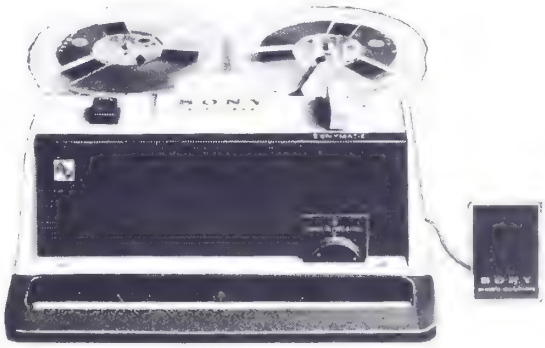
Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans w many years the house band Savoy, which is like saying tha were opening bet in a Texas oi poker game, and if the Sultan the Savoy's average it is no v the other bands had to work Their music is anonymous to t ent that none of the solois famous, but it is stamped aut and high caliber in every note

Stanley Dance, in his liner says that other bands were h to take on the Sultans. He Dicky Wells as calling the living headache to everyone. When a band like that was o tail, the night seemed to neve They didn't know the meani letting up." They weren't a go to follow. "It was," says Dizz lespie, "the swingingest banc ever was."

Marvel of marvels, it is all h the record, like the warm bl a suddenly opened oven. "*that?*" said a visitor who rupted my first hearing of it. teen-thirties stuff," I sai thought so," was the answer. can tell, can't you?"

Jumpin' at the Savoy. Al Co Sultans. Decca DL 4444.

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Cover by Janet Halverson

nts about choosing your stock oker...4 investment goals consider today...how much to vest...how to use your broker.

oose you're considering invest- d find yourself in front of a 's office, about to go in. You a sign on the door or window: ber New York Stock Exchange." re are some 3,000 member firm here and abroad, and most he sign.)

* * *

e is just an inkling of what is be- he sign—some hints about the you may choose. Could these ortant to you?

* * *

very member firm, at least one (sometimes several) is an Ex- member. (There are 1,366 mem- all, compared with 24 when the nge was started 173 years ago.)

* * *

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re are rules regarding the firm's fi- for example—maintaining ade- capital, and receiving a surprise y an independent public account- least once a year. Plus spot checks Exchange's own examiners.

And among the regulations that apply to every registered representative are two that may interest you: he had to meet standards for knowledge of the securities business when he became a member firm broker, and he must devote full time to this business. (There are about 33,000 registered representatives in all member firms, including some 1,800 women.)

Choosing a broker isn't all rules and regulations, of course. It's also important that you feel at ease with him, free to discuss your situation candidly.

* * *

A good way to start is to select an investment goal which seems most likely to fit your needs. (1) Ask your registered representative about dividends to supplement your regular income. (2) Or perhaps you're more interested in growth in the value of your stock. (3) Possibly a combination of dividends and growth. (4) Or bonds, which frequently offer greater safety for your money and more stable income from interest.

* * *

Of course you want to brighten your financial future. But first things come first—living expenses and a reserve for emergencies. A good rule is to consider investing funds for which you see no need in the near future.

Finally, the broker you choose may be the best source for facts on which to base your selection of stocks. Ask him about a company's earnings, its dividend record, its announced plans for growth, and for an opinion of its potential. He's not infallible, but perhaps he can add a point of view that has escaped you.

* * *

The risks and rewards of investing go hand in hand, of course. That is why it is so important to know that there are both right and wrong ways to go about it.

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Some striking facts about Sir Winston Churc

OVER THE PAST SIXTEEN YEARS Book-of-the-Month Club members have individually ordered—and have received—**the almost incredible total of 5,575,000 copies of the ten books that comprise Sir Winston Churchill's two great legacies of history.** This is as many copies—there is good reason to believe—as have been sold over the same period by all the bookstores in all the English-speaking world. . . . When *The Gathering Storm*—the first volume in his great series, THE SECOND WORLD WAR—was published in July 1948, it was at once designated a Book-of-the-Month by the Club's Editorial Board, which then consisted of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Christopher Morley, John P. Marquand and Clifton Fadiman. Understandably—because of its obvious importance as history and the rare quality of the writing—the same thing happened with each successive book in the series as it was published. Members always have the privilege of not taking the Club Selection if they are not interested, but with all the Churchill volumes the "acceptance" **was far higher than the average of monthly Selections ordinarily taken.** This record of wide appreciation was repeated with each of the four volumes in the next great series Sir Winston was impelled to leave as a legacy of his thought, A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. . . . After the ten volumes had been separately published they were made available under the Club's Book-Dividend system as two sets, and these also have been in great demand by members who had not previously acquired the volumes separately. . . . This seems to be a timely occasion to extend **that opportunity to newly beginning members** in the form of "advance Book-Dividends" as outlined at the right. . . . Certainly there is no more fitting honor each one of us can pay personally to this "greatest man of our time" than to have these superlative works in our library, to be read and reread as time permits, and to be passed down to our children and to theirs.



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THE SIMPLE PURPOSE of this suggested a to demonstrate two things supremely i tant for every book-reading family. Firs membership in the Book-of-the-Month Cl **certain way to keep from missing through sight or overbusyness** the particular new you fully intend to read; and second, that the Club's remarkable Book-Dividend you will be able to acquire fine, high-pric such as these—also useful and beautiful volumes—for really trifling sums. This s without any question, represents the mos nomical plan ever devised for the buildi of a prideful home library.

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urchill was alive"—*The Economist*, London

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LETTERS

Scrutinizing our Scholars

"Is There a Teacher on the Faculty?" asks John Fischer [Easy Chair, February], meaning a *stimulating* teacher for *undergraduates*. Of course there is, on almost every faculty, but the proportion runs higher at many local colleges than at most of our prestigious universities. . . .

Parents can do worse than inquiring where we faculty members are trying to send our own offspring. . . . We have begun looking for places where undergraduate teaching ability is in fact sought out and rewarded. These places may be Cow Colleges, Streetcar Colleges, Country Clubs, Football Factories, or just plain Podunks by out-of-date national reputation. More and more we are picking Podunks—the right Podunks—for our Johnnies and Susies. If even a smaller percentage of off-campus families did the same, more teachers would indeed fill more departments on more faculties. . . .

MARTIN BRONFENBRENNER
Prof. of Economics
Carnegie Inst. of Technology
Grad. School, Industrial Admin.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . The publish-or-perish system does much more good than harm. In my experience, "the lectures delivered year after year from notes compiled a generation ago" are almost always delivered by a man who has no personal contact with the frontiers of his field, and therefore nothing new with which to revitalize his lectures. In ten years of teaching, I have never given a course quite the same way twice, the reason being that I am always eager to share with the students the results of my research and the changes in approach that grow out of it. . . .

MICHAEL D. REAGAN
Prof. of Political Science
University of California
Riverside, Calif.

I must take issue with John Fischer's suggestion that Harvard College has largely solved its teaching problems. The presence of the "Confidential Guide to Courses" neither removes bad teaching nor saves students from it. Faculty members concede freely that the brochure is taken with a grain of salt by them and by the administrators.

It is most misleading to think of Harvard as progressive in any way. On the contrary, it is seriously held back by an outmoded lecture system, a meaningless exam system, a smug administration, and a poor faculty. By poor I mean talentless and indifferent. I have yet to meet an instructor, a "section man," who did not give the impression that he had much better things to do than work with students.

The students are aware of all this but they do not agitate for several reasons: first, a posture of rebellion is not approved of at Harvard. Second, the immense prestige of the college stultifies doubts about its worth. Third, the so-called "best" students are often grinds obsessed with grades alone. . . . Therefore discontent—and much-needed improvement—are more likely to remain latent at Harvard than at almost any other college.

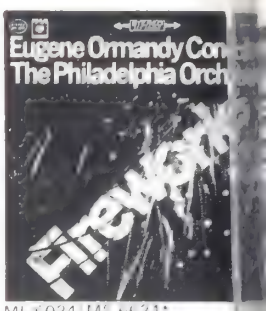
It would be unfair of me to take issue with Harvard's reputation as a citadel of scholarship. But Harvard's superiority as an *educational* institution is simply a colossal myth.

A HARVARD SENIOR

What I found underemphasized in Mr. Fischer's fine article was the question of motivation in university professors. Many of us began doctoral work out of the desire to wrestle with ideas. In graduate school one often slides, quite unawares, into the assumption that a university faculty is primarily a setting for continuing the wrestling match. Teaching then becomes the price one must pay for the privilege of continuing one's scholarly pursuits. . . . If teaching is not a major goal when one enters graduate study, the graduate student will not be devoted to teaching at the other end of his Ph.D. program.

In my last year of theological

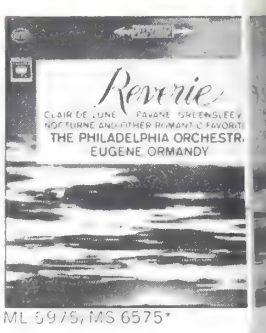
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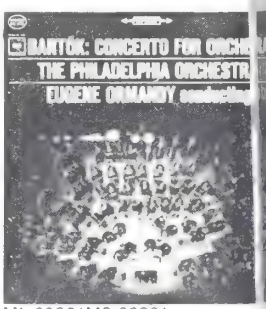
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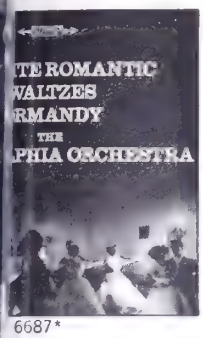


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Robert Frost, who had a New Englander's respect for thrift, said: "Strongly spent is synonymous with kept." It is our aim to make *strongly invested* synonymous with *prosperity.*

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school, my class was saddled with a professor who, though a fine preacher himself, was defensive as a person and thoroughly incompetent as a teacher. It was also the first year that we were attempting an appraisal procedure. . . . The professor got wind of what was up and went immediately to the president. That was the end of the appraisal, and I think it has not been tried since. Thus, so long as the motivation for staying on a faculty is not the opportunity to teach, reactions to appraisal will be the same as that of my professor: How dare you judge me for something I'm not even deeply committed to doing?

KENNETH R. MITCHELL, Ph.D.
The Divinity School
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

Systematic course and teacher evaluation by students, as urged by Mr. Fischer, is an invaluable beginning on most campuses. But it is only a beginning. . . . We had best commit ourselves, as students to raise hell and get academically involv faculty to teach and attend community of scholars; and ministrators to represent, e and buttress these efforts.

ROLAND I
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The college teaching situa still deplorable, but the sig promise are bright. For exam in-service training is being taken by liberal-arts colleg termined to improve undergr teaching. Colorado College honoring one outstanding member each year not by s him away on leave but by him to spend the year in dev ways in which teaching and syllabi can be improved at t lege. Earlham College will begi fall a program of critic-advis their young teachers, using s their own senior faculty or br in consultants from outside, a develop reciprocal arrangement

COMING IN THE MAY HARPER'S

The Many Faces of the Campus Cri

Two dedicated college teachers report on the tensions, goals, frustrations of student groups at opposite ends of the social economic ladder.

THE ALIENATED STUDENTS:
WHY THEY ARE DRIFTING TOWARD EXISTENTIALI

Rejecting the values of their well-heeled parents, these reb without a cause are engaged in an anguished search for authority that will make freedom meaningful.

by J. Glenn Gr
Chairman, Department of Philosop
Colorado Colle

CHICAGO'S OXFORD ON THE ROCKS

Teaching in America's least-ivied halls—an old Navy pier Lake Michigan—was both an adventure and a nightmare. N after a decade of battle with city politicians, red tape, and ru legislators, a great university for the children of city stre has finally opened its doors.

by Andrew Schil
Associate Professor of Engli
University of Illinois, Chicago Cir


Olin is a sucker for kids.
Olin makes cellophane. You know, that's that clear, crinkly stuff that makes for nice crisp potato chips and crackers and nuts. Not to mention tasty tomatoes and hot dogs and cheese. Ditto for fresh bread. Jelly rolls. And all-day suckers for kids. Get the picture?
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LETTERS

two or three other colleges. A
and Briarcliff are working o
and ingenious teacher-inter
grams. Stephens is experim
with mechanical aids—closed
TV, telephones, etc.—to b
rather than weaken the qual
live teaching.

Or take the urgent problem
loss of personal touch. Two m
urban institutions, New Yor
versity and the University of
ern California, are currently sp
ing pilot projects to break do
impersonality of those campus
The University of Massachuse
begun a program of associatir
ulty and students in house u
the integration of residentia
demic, and social life. . . .

The evaluation of teaching
ing attended to in more place
just Harvard and Berkeley. F
ample, Florida Presbyterian
teacher's classroom performan
served and evaluated by hi
leagues and members of
administration.

Quite a number of instit
now make annual awards to
excellent teachers, chosen by a
students, or the total campus
munity. . . . For three years n
Danforth Foundation has gi
national award to six outst
teachers across the country, a
appreciative response to this
effort has shown how great
desire to identify and honor
ing of superior quality. . . .

MERRIMON CUNINGGIM, Exe
The Danforth Foun
St. Louis

Embattled Uncle

As a middle-class Negro, I s
like to be spared in the future
uninformed and condescendin
mons from "intellectuals" and
erals" such as your Irving K
in "A Few Kind Words for
Tom" [February]. . . .

Mr. Kristol takes it for gr
that the "noble, Christian"
Tom, whom he says the contemp
Negro has rejected, is the lit
figure he assumes Negroes must
read about. Few Negroes could
when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was
lished in 1852; it was against th
to teach them to read and the
had little circulation where m

There is no Avis office in Moscow. ut we're working on it.



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JAPAN AIR LINES

LETTERS

the race lived. Because "boo
ing literacy" among Negroes
somewhat rare, few Negroes
generation formed their in
Uncle Tom through reading t
As a college teacher for ove
years, I have frequently po
(Negro) students as to whet
had read the book; not one
one per cent claimed to ha
so. . . .

The "new" image of Uncle
among Negroes—is as old
"Tom Shows" that soon follo
publication of Mrs. Stowe's
the hands of the strolling
Tom became a caricature; h
burlesqued comic figure seco
to Topsy. If Negroes did n
the "noble" characterization
Stowe, they did see Tom Sho
(quite rightly, I think) th
ever since detested Uncle T
an Uncle Tom.

I take other exceptions
Kristol. American Negroes ca
compared to Jews; they hav
had a homogeneity based on
mon religion, cultural tradi
even color. . . .

May I suggest that Mr.
read John Hersey's *White*
From this he may begin to
stand the nature and consequ
slavery.

HORACE M
Atlan

Something that needed to
was said uniquely well by
Kristol. The perspective of C
nobility that Booker T. Was
establishes stands irrefutabl
The man as an individual i
important than the color of h

ROBERT H
Buffal

. . . Irving Kristol's artic
[an injustice] to Jewish histo
Kristol says: "Bar-Kochba,
the revolt against Rome that
in the destruction of the Temp
Bar-Kochba's uprising occu
the years 132-135. The Tem
destroyed in the year 70. . .
Mr. Kristol introduces . . . the
Rabbi Akiba, who negotiate
the Romans in order to pre
"saving remnant." Well, Rabb
lived at the time of Bar-Koch
his chief supporter, and wa
executed by the Romans. W
Kristol seems to have in



Boosters of an Old Roman Idea.

ith circulated hot water is as ancient Roman baths.

older.

still use circulated hot water ; only now, it heats entire build- the help of circulating pumps.

ly the best-known name in cir- umps is the Bell & Gossett ump. (Over 4,000,000 of these pumps have already been installed.)

And they also can circulate water for cooling. An idea which the Romans did not have.

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ITT



A hard day's night

The life of a Venetian gondoliere is not the easiest in the world. And that's especially true if he happens to be on the night shift.

That means a pretty long stretch of poling party-goers and their playmates all up and down the Grand Canal; along the golden glittering Lido.

Worse, in this most romantic of all the world's cities, under an incredible moon surrounded by architectural and natural beauty that you really have to see to believe...he has the job of singing encouragement to couple after couple.

Can you imagine his state of mind by morning? Exhausted. Physically too!

Can't really blame him for grabbing a few winks.

When you get to Venice, though, don't waste your days sleeping. See everything. The exquisite little Venetian lace shops. The glassblowers. The gorgeous ancient palazzi still standing in a remarkable state of preservation. The beaches. And, oh yes, the night life. Live it up in Venice.

VeNICe

Complete information and travel plans are available through your Travel Agent or any Alitalia Airlines Ticket Office. (Alitalia—first and fastest way to Venice, and to all of Italy.) Write for literature to: Italian State Tourist Office, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York; Ente Provinciale per il Turismo; or Azienda Autonoma Soggiorno e Turismo, Venice, Italy.

LETTERS

Rabbi Yohanan Ben Zakai w
sixty-five years earlier at the
the destruction of the Tem
had himself spirited out of
Jerusalem and requested fr
Roman commander (anc
granted) the right to set
religious academy in Yavn
entire concept of "saving re
is beside the point in th
text. . . .

SHLOMO KATZ,
Mi
New Yor

Slumless

Your juxtaposition of P
Drucker's predictions ["A
Directions: A Forecast," Fe
next to Joseph Epstein's
analysis ["The Row over Url
newal," February] makes e
thor's argument more e
Drucker's forecast that metr
problems will become a chie
in domestic politics makes ev
curious the left wing–righ
coalition presently hacking a
renewal. If Mr. Epstein had a
its supporters as well as its
ers, his article would have
out the remarkable romance
the managerial class and ur
newal. This, coupled with D
prediction that managers wil
nate the next phase of A
politics, should cheer up r
ists. . . . Urban renewal now
survives on the support of an
and apolitical managerial cl
backing renewal, the junior
tives may build the city beau

ROGER MONT
Prof. of Archi
Dir., Urban Renewal Design
Washington Uni
St. Lou

Congratulations to Joseph I
on "The Row over Urban Re
This article is one of the fe
have placed urban renewal in
perspective.

Too often the accomplishme
possibilities of urban renew
are overlooked in understa
frustrations about segregatio
crimination, and lack of s
housing for low-income famil
problems that must be attacke
the help of, not solely by, ur
newal. Used in conjunction wit
programs as public housing, ec

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ur Pick-a-Tour Program:

astern BudJet Cruise. 21 days, countries, up to 28 fascinating cludes Aegean and Mediterra- ses. From **$1175.**

antic Alps. Change from jet to ar in Frankfurt for a 21-day tour pine countries,through such ro- ties as Rothenburg, Innsbruck, , Munich. **$975.**

kenspiel Tour. An open road blends cultural significance and scenic beauty. Visit 11 cities in Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland by U-Drive car. 21 wonderful days. **$959.**

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By Masataka Kosaka

. . . And for people thinking of a European trip, *Charles Frankel* reports on an unconventional but delightful way of traveling—down the Seine by barge.

Plus a special exploration of . . .

The Campus Crisis

See announcement on page 8.

LETTERS

opportunity, and area re
ment, urban renewal can m
needs of most cities for gre
ciency and livability.

WILLIAM L. S
Urban Renewal Comm
Housing and Home Finance
Washingt

Joseph Epstein . . . charac
urban renewal as "a simp
estate venture with a simple h
tarian thrust—to tear down
because they are unfit for
beings." Fortunately, he
dawdle over the old saw "Wh
pens to the people?" Instead
used "government" figures t
that 87 per cent of those di
now live in "standard" h
Since he works for a renewal
it was unnecessary for him
that these are self-serving
prepared by the local age
satisfy the Federal governme
there is no check on their v
that the local agency sets i
standards, . . . and that less th
half of one per cent of urban
billions has been spent rel
families. . . .

Since urban renewal mone
to just about everyone exce
people in the slums, the way t
the "row" over urban rene
readily apparent. A "dis
grant" of $4500 can be given
family dislocated. Thus, the po
are forced to move so that w
have community progress w
rewarded instead of penaliz
living in the bulldozer's path.

I trust Mr. Epstein will agr
the poor families in urban r
projects can put the money t
use—or as good use as the
lords who have gotten most
$1 billion spent so far.

ROBERT B. D
Research Associate, Prat
School of Archit
Brooklyn,

MR. EPSTEIN REPLIES:

Mr. Dennis' anger on behalf
downtrodden is admirable. I
I could say the same for his r
of my article. While I did writ
urban renewal began as "a s
real-estate venture with a s
humanitarian thrust," I cer
did not "characterize" the pr
as such. In describing the obs



Castle Combe is a village in the Cotswolds (see star on map)—just three hours by car from London.

How to village-hop in Britain—for $100 a week

A view of Castle Combe shows one of the joys of village-hopping in Britain: ineffable peace.

Sit by this stream and *listen*. The church clock rings the unhurried hours. Someone's lawn mower whirrs. Larks piccolo. Bees sigh. Surely this is what a real vacation is all about.

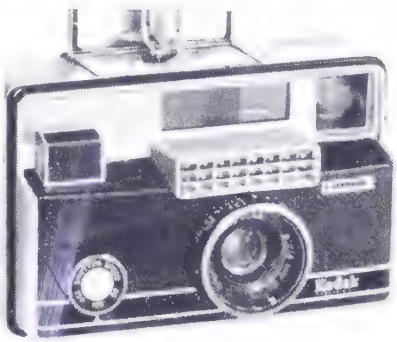
Britain is blessed with hundreds of unperturbable little villages like Castle Combe.

The best way to explore them is by small car. Point its nose down wiggly lanes and byways. Then spend each night in a village inn. There are 8,000 inns to choose from, so there's no need to tie yourself to a fixed plan.

Bed and breakfast at inns cost about $4, dinner about $2. You can rent a small car for $60 a week, mileage included.

If you travel around Britain with three friends, your *total* cost for the week needn't be more than $100 each.

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See announce...

LETTERS

n into, I prefer to think that
'acterization was anything
ble. Again, I did not try to
fact that the relocation fig-
ised were supplied by the
ent; indeed, none other are
. Let us, however, assume—
rsonally do not think it at all
ate to do so—that the vari-
urban-renewal agencies are
the extent of 50 per cent.
uld still mean that at least
cent of those relocated by
have had their situation sub-
y improved. Nothing to write
out, perhaps; yet I know of
program in the country that
l even this record. Finally,
families would need a great
re than $4,500 . . . to live
But, alas, I suspect it will
e than Mr. Dennis' diffusive
get it for them.

An End to Anarchy?

t request the opportunity to
a very severe misapprehen-
ich Larry Goodwyn propa-
"Anarchy in St. Augustine"
y]: that this Commission has
determinedly segregated
in respect to the Quadricen-
celebrations which are pro-
or St. Augustine in 1965-66.
uld not be further from the
o federal agency could take
osition in the first place. In
ond, the distinguished na-
iembers of this Commission,
g people like Henry Ford,
Grace, Chancellor Edward
d of the University of Pitts-
and Archbishop Joseph
have all associated them-
with the cause of human
and would not be involved in
riminatory activities.
ery activity which this Com-
has undertaken to date, dis-
tion has been utterly absent.
resident Johnson came to St.
ne to dedicate the first com-
rea of the Restoration, the
n committee included both
nd whites, and the dinner in
or at the historic old Ponce de
Hotel had a mixed attend-
.
ime of trouble is passed in St.
ne; its remaining problems
very city has them—are un-
structive attention by a new
and influential committee which has drawn to it the top leadership of the community.

EARLE W. NEWTON
Director-General, National
Quadricentennial Commission
St. Augustine, Fla.

From the Wrecker's Ball

Russell Lynes's article is more than just amusing. Anything we can do to save Olana would be marvelous ["Persia on the Hudson," After Hours, February]. It is strange how, all of a sudden, preservation is "in." If we had started soon enough, do you think we could have saved Pennsylvania Station? The problem with landmarks, of course, is that they are so terribly expensive, but at this time, more important than money are articles like Mr. Lynes's that will make preservation still more "in."

PHILIP JOHNSON, Architect
New York, N. Y.

The Wildest West

Like David Boroff, whose "A New Yorker's Report on New Mexico" [February] inspired this letter, I went to New Mexico as a visiting professor, but I stayed ten years.

Mr. Boroff seems to have visited only the main tourist attractions. If one wants to see New Mexico, he should go to a rodeo in Villanueva. When my wife and I went, the last section of fence was being constructed at starting time. When the hammering had finished, someone hooked up a public-address system and read a long poem in Spanish to honor the memory of a recently deceased prominent participant in previous rodeos, while a horse with an empty saddle was held with lowered head in the center of the arena. I got the impression that the victim had been killed in some rodeo, but I learned later that his tractor, not his horse, had rolled over him. . . .

One seeking color in New Mexico might do well to visit Peñasco, which contains, so far as I know, the only white house anywhere covered with light blue polka dots a foot in diameter. . . .

MINOR W. MAJOR
California State College
California, Pa.

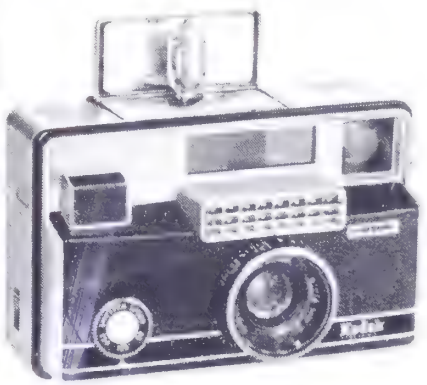
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To help you find and take advanta opportunities like these, New Englan offers a free PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTU —a collection of exclusive reports that

the early 30's?

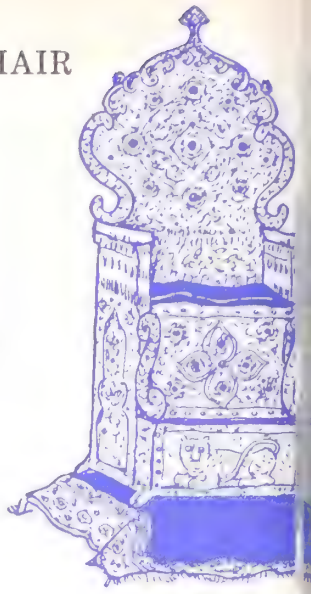


ic ways to use life insurance to strengthen financial position. These reports describe l tax situations, pension planning, and nal and corporate opportunities that your age should investigate.

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The Shah and His Exasperating Subjects

A Report from Iran, Part II

by John Fischer

Anyone who travels around Iran for a few weeks is almost sure to end up believing that the most hated man in the country is the Shah. His unpopularity is a chief topic of conversation among all the people who are likely to talk much to a foreign visitor—the local businessmen, the students and intellectuals, bureaucrats, the rich Teheran socialites, even most of the diplomatic colony. Gossip about him and his family is incessant, usually scandalous and often witty. Since one of the commonest complaints is that he runs Iran as a police state, such uninhibited scurrility seems a little odd —especially to someone like myself who has lived in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia.

The old feudal landowning families hate him because they are finally convinced that he really means to break up their estates and distribute the land to the peasants who farm it. Such families number only about two thousand, but their enmity is ominous because they have dominated the nation's politics for generations, and still control much of its wealth.

The Moslem religious leaders hate him because the Shah is trying to modernize the country—and Islam cannot thrive in a modern atmosphere.* In particular the *mullahs* resent the introduction of public schools, which threaten to break their near-monopoly of literacy, and the liberation of women from the old Koranic rules.

Most businessmen hate him because his efforts to modernize the economy have interfered—sometimes clumsily—with their ancient habits and petty monopolies. There are exceptions, notably the businessmen who have profited from the new enterprises—such as a modest plastics and petrochemical industry—which the Shah has encouraged. But more typical are the owners of the electric power plants in Isfahan. There were about twenty such plants, mostly asthmatic diesel motors hitched to little generators, each serving (in a spasmodic fashion) a few blocks of the city. When the government tried to unify them into a single system, the proprietors were outraged by this assault on free enterprise; and they resisted in typical Persian style. They shot the linesmen trying to string the new wires.

The social elite sneer at him because he does not come from one of the handful of aristocratic families which traditionally have supplied the rulers of Persia. (His father was an illiterate stable boy who enlisted in the cavalry at the age of fourteen, rose to command through a combination of courage, guile, and brute force of character, and eventually overthrew the hopelessly feeble and corrupt Qajar dynasty.)

The extreme nationalists hate him because he has made peace with the foreign oil companies, i operate in a kind of partne the Iranian government cause he has jailed their l crushed the National Fro

The Communists—ur but still influential—hat cause, if his reform progr it will ruin their chances ing Iran.

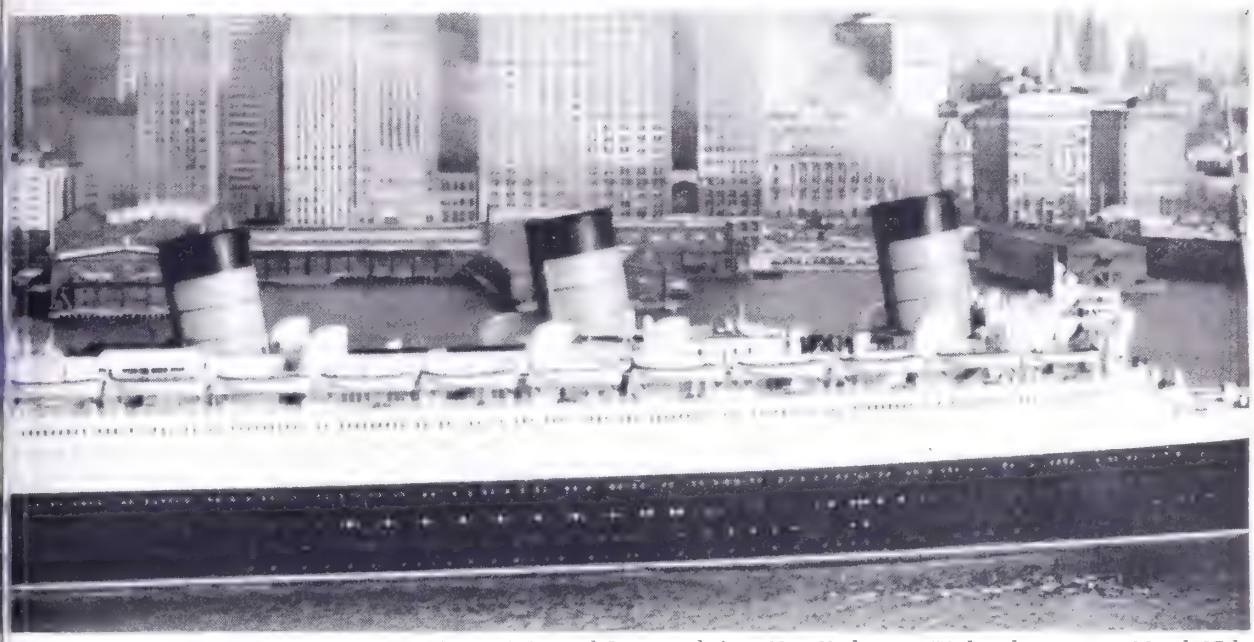
Most lamentable of all, by the group he needs m him modernize the countr tellectuals and foreign-tra nicians.

This latter group is n understand. Iran sends dents to study abroad thar Middle Eastern nation; ment it has about fifteer of them at European and universities. Those I talke going to Iran were alm mously hostile to the Shal their arguments did n strike me as coherent. A talked to returned studen I think I began to grasp, little, the reasons for thei

One is simple frustrati West they have seen natio relatively rich, open, and s ing, and they naturally wa for their own people—ri After all, Iranians are j telligent as anybody; reservoirs of untapped (o resources; they once c and managed rather efficie was then the world's great Why not now? Clearly must be holding them

* The young assassin who killed Prime Minister Hassan Ali Mansour in January apparently was a religious fanatic and follower of Musavi Khomaini, an extremist Moslem leader now living in exile.

Is bigness the reason to sail on a giant Cunard Queen?



R.M.S. Queen Mary, 81,237 tons. A Cunard Queen sails from New York every Wednesday, starting March 17th.

Well, it's one.



world's two largest superliners—the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary*—provide the room to let you lead the life you You command the vastest decks and public rooms afloat a long weekend of relaxation, bracing Atlantic air, *gourmet* ne and impeccable *British* service.

GNESS *is* a big reason to sail on Cunard Queen. Each is over),000 tons, 5 city blocks long, the largest staterooms at sea. there are over 3 acres of decks. li the facilities of a resort town: iops, gymnasiums, libraries, , salt-water swimming pools, ubs, cocktail lounges, even 's nurseries. The point is—he Queens you have the room facilities to live as you please. swim or a Turkish bath. Exercise. Play deck tennis. Take dance lessons. Or, just relax. There is always a chair for you on deck, and a steward at hand. Writing rooms provide tranquillity. The libraries stock 5,000 books. Attend the daily concert. See a new film. Go night clubbing (fine Scotch is but 30¢ a drink). Enter a bridge tournament. Even call home.

A staff of 163 chefs and helpers provides an international *gourmet* cuisine. (In First Class there is *one sitting for every meal.*) Cunard's *British* service is the kind rarely experienced elsewhere today. Every need is anticipated; each courtesy completed with a smile.

There are endless reasons for sailing on a giant Cunard Queen. Perhaps the best is that you will have an absolutely marvelous time.

Note to Executives

Business trips on the Queens make sound sense. Passage always includes a weekend, so you are only three days away from business. You have time to regain the long-view perspective and to prepare for business meetings. You have the assistance of multilingual English secretaries and modern dictating machines. You land refreshed and ready for business.

For details, see your travel agent or Cunard. Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

since the Shah is the ultimate authority, he is the obvious one to blame. By temperament, moreover, most Iranians are excitable and dramatic; they have small patience with piecemeal remedies which require twenty years of plodding labor. And their inflammability is often increased, I suspect, by the sexual frustration common to young males in Islamic lands, where most respectable women are kept under what amounts to house arrest from puberty to death.

Then, too, the intellectuals feel that the government does not trust them or know how to use their talents. For example, one able young man was sent to an American technical college to prepare himself for a responsible job in the Ministry of Agriculture. He came home well trained. "But," he told me, "for twenty-one days I reported to the ministry every morning, and no one would give me any work to do. They didn't give me any pay, either, so finally I quit in disgust." Like most other government departments, this ministry is staffed largely with elderly bureaucrats, drawn from the landowning clans, who secretly are out of sympathy with the Shah's schemes for reforms; they are expert at stifling young men who come back from abroad filled with zeal for change. (Many don't come back; once they are educated, at Iranian expense, they often settle down in America or Europe. This hemorrhage of trained intelligence is a major drain on the country.)

The Shah himself seems to distrust men of unusual ability. Repeatedly he has dismissed cabinet officers and prime ministers for no discernible reason except that they were doing too good a job. The classic case is that of Abol Hassan Ebtehaj, one-time head of the Plan Organization, who is widely regarded as the most capable and honest executive Iran has produced in this generation. He stepped on the toes of a lot of grafters and obstructionists—including some in the royal household—but he pushed forward the nation's economy faster than anyone before or since. In the process he became something of a national hero; and this was his undoing.

For the Shah is determined, apparently, that no one except himself shall build up a personal following or an independent center of power. This is understandable, in the light of Iranian history and his own experience. He remembers how his own father grabbed the throne; and no doubt he remembers even more vividly what happened in 1953 when a prime minister, Mohammed Mossadegh, put together a political combination strong enough to defy the palace. Then the Shah had to flee the country, which was sinking fast into bankruptcy, violence, and administrative chaos. He managed to return only because some of the army leaders (frightened by Mossadegh's demagoguery and Communist allies) belatedly came to his support. Since then, no politician has been permitted to rise very high in public esteem; and the prime qualification for high office now seems to be a loyal but colorless mediocrity.

That, anyhow, was one characteristic of Hassan Ali Mansour, premier while I was in Iran. He impressed me, on the one occasion when I talked to him, as an amiable and probably able technician, eager to carry out the Shah's plans as best he could without ruffling too many important feathers. Well-trained as an economist and diplomat, he headed a tiny party—the Progressive Center—which he and a few other brain trusters had formed at the Shah's suggestion. It lacked any popular following, and Mansour himself had no faintest touch of the charismatic leadership which makes a Mossadegh—or a Reza Shah, founder of the present dynasty. Perhaps I underestimate Mansour, who was assassinated before he had a real chance to show what he could do; but his successor, Amir Abbas Hoveida, reputedly is a man of much the same type: faithful, intelligent, innocuous.

Understandable as it may be, the Shah's nervousness about having strong men around him is unfortunate both for him and for the country. It means that the whole pyramid of administration remains timid, fumbling, and unwieldy. (What the bureaucracy needs most is one-tenth of its present personnel and ten times as much pay. Since government salaries are pitifully inadequate, many employees steal or hold outside jobs or both. So[me] to the office only to collect th[eir] But rarely does anyone get fi[red] it would be politically dange[rous] add to the already large [army] the unemployed.) It also mea[ns] since the Shah is afraid to [le]g much authority, decisions bo[g]e on his desk. And inevitably [he] blamed for everything th[at] wrong.

The target for all this abu[se] rather attractive man of for[ty] not tall but physically vigor[ous] hair beginning to gray and t[he] right cheek scarred by [a] wound.* We talked in his [li]room surprisingly unpretent[ious] an Eastern potentate. Severa[l Ma]son Avenue executives have [of]not very different, except [for] items: a relief map of Iran [on] one entire wall, and on the flo[or] surely must be one of th[e] splendid Persian carpets eve[r] (It has, in superlative deg[ree], three characteristics of a fine [rug] thinness—it was no heavier [than] cut velvet of an evening dres[s]; weaving—at a guess, it ran [to] than 300 knots, each indi[vi]hand-tied, to a square inch; [and] tricate pattern—the figurati[ve] dominately in a dark blue, [la]complex and almost as lumi[nous] the windows in Sainte-Chape[lle].

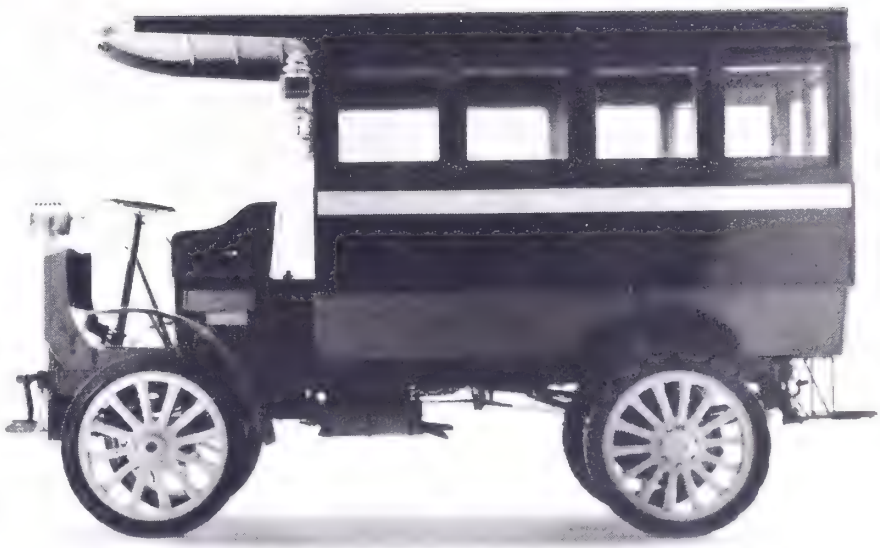
For a man with the title[s] Imperial Majesty Mohamme[d] Shah Pahlavi Shahanshah [of] the king himself was less [for]than one might expect. His d[ress] a dark business suit, inconsp[icu]well-cut; he had no attendan[ts] him, as lesser Iranian officia[ls] do when talking to foreigne[rs]; his conversation, in flawless [E]was fluent and informal. At [first] seemed wary—which was [wise] enough, since he feels that [he] been badly misrepresented [by] Western journalists. But w[hen] found that I had no question[s] about The Picturesque Orien[t] private life, he began to tal[k] and with increasing earnes[t]

Clearly he is a man who [cares]

* From an assassination att[empt] 1949; the assailant apparen[tly] both a Communist and a relig[ious] natic, a combination by no m[eans] likely in Iran.

Progress.

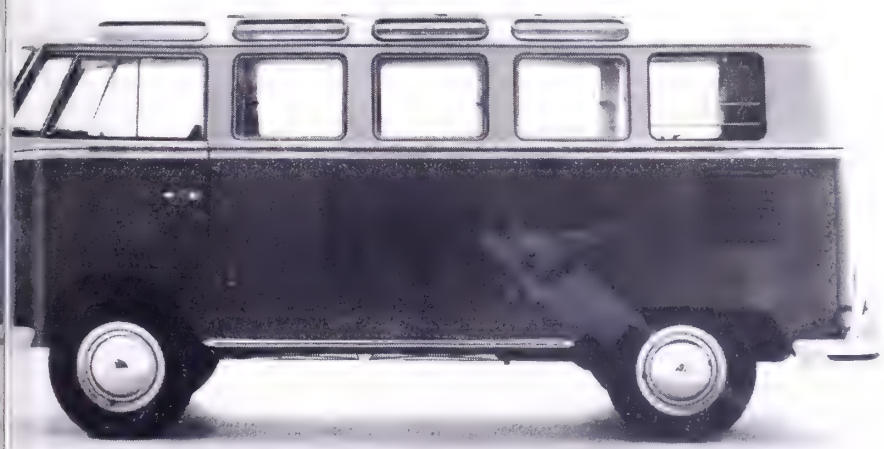
unny-looking box on the right is
ation wagons looked like in 1920.
ne sat 12 people comfortably, had
windows, and walk-in doors.
ox shape held 174 cubic feet. (About
much as most modern wagons.)
he wheel base was only 97 inches,
ould park it in small spots.
a sensible machine; too bad some-
dn't quit while they were ahead.
bject below is what station wag-
like today.
of them only hold about half the
and load of the old timer.
take a lot of room to park, and a
is to run.
en you get lots of shiny chrome
ptured lines to polish.



The first box held an even dozen.



They should've quit while they were ahead.



Where do you go from here?

The funny-looking box on the left is a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

It seats 9 people comfortably, has 21 windows, and 5 doors.

The box shape holds 170 cubic feet. (About twice the load of most regular wagons.)

And the wheel base is only 94.5 inches, so it parks in small spots.

We've improved everything on the Volkswagen from the engine to the turn signals.

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(Sometimes you make progress by standing perfectly still.)

Love Letters to Rambler



Bluegrass Farmer, Alvin Dohme, has put his Rambler wagons over tough Virginia terrain and gives this remarkable account of their performance under stress.

"Rambler wagon in near mint condition after 100,000 miles of rough, tough driving."

"Our 1959 Rambler station wagon has just turned the 100,000 mile mark. The body--which is still tight, rust-free, and rattle-free--then got its first waxing. The paint job came up shiny and smooth as new. I suppose this is not too unusual with Rambler cars...but most of the driving has been across fields and ditches. Total upkeep cost, including labor and three sets of tires: $137.50. This is the second Rambler station wagon operated here at the farm in succession--the first ran 75,000 miles--then another 50,000 under a second owner!"



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homework. He was well-informed on a formidable range of subjects, from American politics to the economics of chemical fertilizers, and he tossed out the statistics of his reform program—number of schools built, hectares of land distributed to the peasants, kilowatts of power installed—without resort to notes. (On the actual accomplishments of the program, as I found when I visited the villages, he is overoptimistic. For example, I am convinced that the Shah really believes that his land reform is all-but-finished: after all, haven't the decrees been issued, the title deeds distributed to the villagers? But in a palace, as in the White House, it is easy to forget that issuing a decree doesn't always mean that it is instantly carried out. In fact, life in the villages has barely begun to change, and the full effect of the land reform probably will not be apparent for at least twenty years.)

Only once did he show a flash of humor. When I asked why the country's students and intellectuals mistrusted him so intensely, he grinned and said: "Why not? How many Shahs have deserved to be trusted? It may take generations before these people learn to have any confidence in the throne. But at least I can try to make a beginning."

What he was most eager to talk about, however, was the supply of American weapons for his army. He wanted to make sure that I understood its importance—describing it as the only reliable force between the Mediterranean and the Pacific, and therefore the only hope of effective local resistance if the Russians should decide to thrust south, as they have so many times in the past. He realized that American economic aid would soon come to an end, and that since Iran is now recovering from the debacle of the Mossadegh regime he could manage pretty well without it. But he insisted, with heavy emphasis, that it would be folly for the United States to cut off the supply of heavy weapons to his troops.

The discussion lasted longer than I had expected, so that it was dusk when I finally left the palace, escorted through the gardens by a smart young officer with a submachine gun slung from his shoulder.

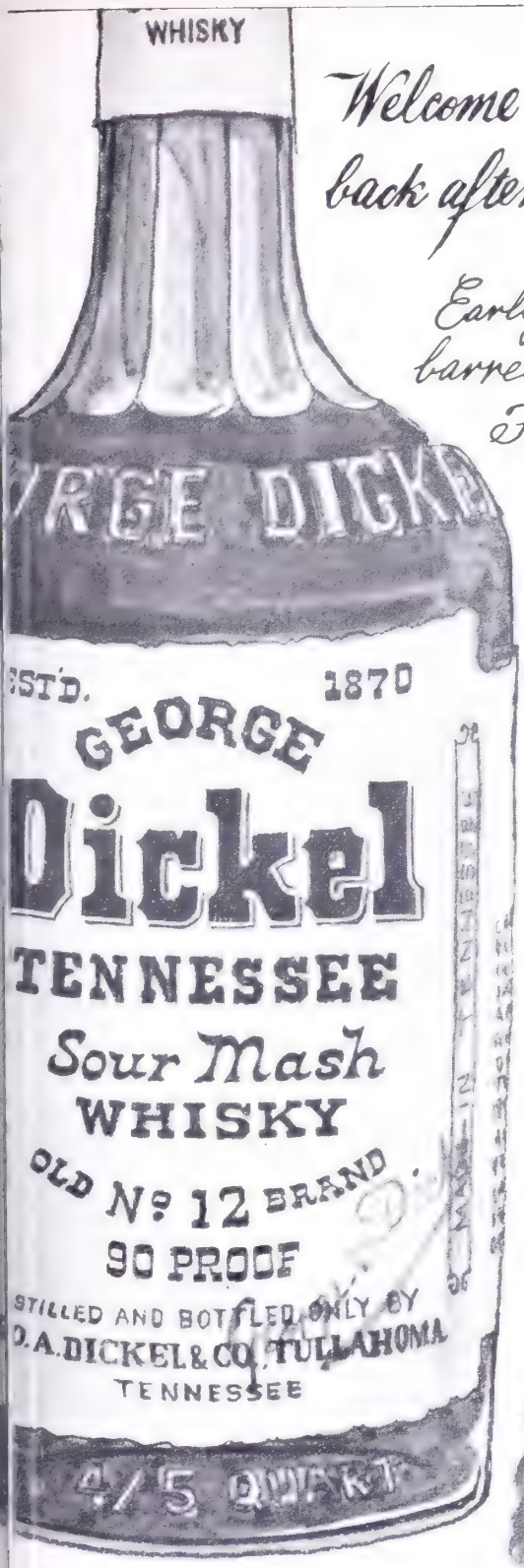
The Shah does need th
though perhaps not for
reasons he mentioned.

According to Americ
men, if the Russians s
in force, the Iranian ar
lay them for maybe th
a week—abandoning t
half of the country and
to the Zagros mountain
enough outside help arri
a line of resistance mi
bilized. But in this part
as elsewhere, the real det
Kremlin's knowledge th
sion might well touch o
war. Consequently a co
divisions, more or less,
relevant to the defense
try against open Soviet

They are sharply rel
ever, to the Shah's c
which he didn't ment
course of our conversati
has nothing to do wit
invasion. It is, quite sim
stay on the throne?

For he is now engag
ceedingly delicate and
political maneuver. He
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feudal landowning fam
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to develop a significant p
of their own. In the m
Shah is suspended in n
speak, without the sup
effective economic inte
ganized public opinion.

Except the army. I
eastern countries, of
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factor in the power equa
the Shah just now it
important. So long as he
loyalty, he is safe. Tha
not only keeps the title of
in Chief, but actively
taking a personal interes
ments down to the
level. And that is why he
weapons: nothing keeps
quite so happy as a few
and artillery pieces no
Essentially they are pol
than military weapons,
less crucial for that.

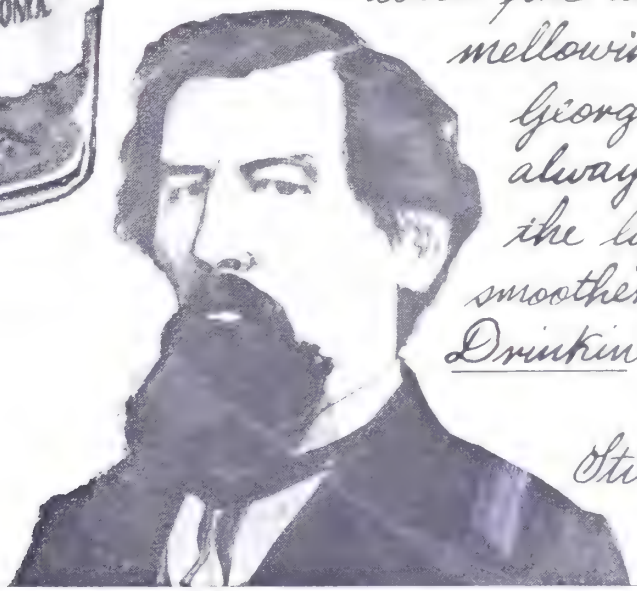


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paper (published every now and then), write to George A. Dickel Company, Dickel

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If we believe that it is in our interest to help the Shah stay on his throne, then it makes good sense for us to see that he gets those tanks and guns.

But is that really in our interest? Doesn't it put us once more in the unhappy position of supporting a corrupt, undemocratic, and unpopular government—the kind of fix which so often has proved disastrous for us, from Cuba to Vietnam?

Well, not quite. Tempting as it is to draw parallels between the Shah and a Batista, a Diem or a Chiang Kai-shek, I suspect that the resemblances are misleading. A truer comparison, perhaps, is between the Shah and Mustafa Kemal, President of Turkey from 1923 to 1938, often called the father of modern Turkey.

To begin with, I am not persuaded that the Shah himself is personally corrupt, in spite of all the stories one hears in the Teheran bars. If for no other reason: Why should he be? He has everything a man could ask for, materially speaking, including probably some getaway money tucked away in Swiss banks. What he really wants, evidently, is continuing power and an honored place in history. Stealing wouldn't help him to get them; on the contrary.

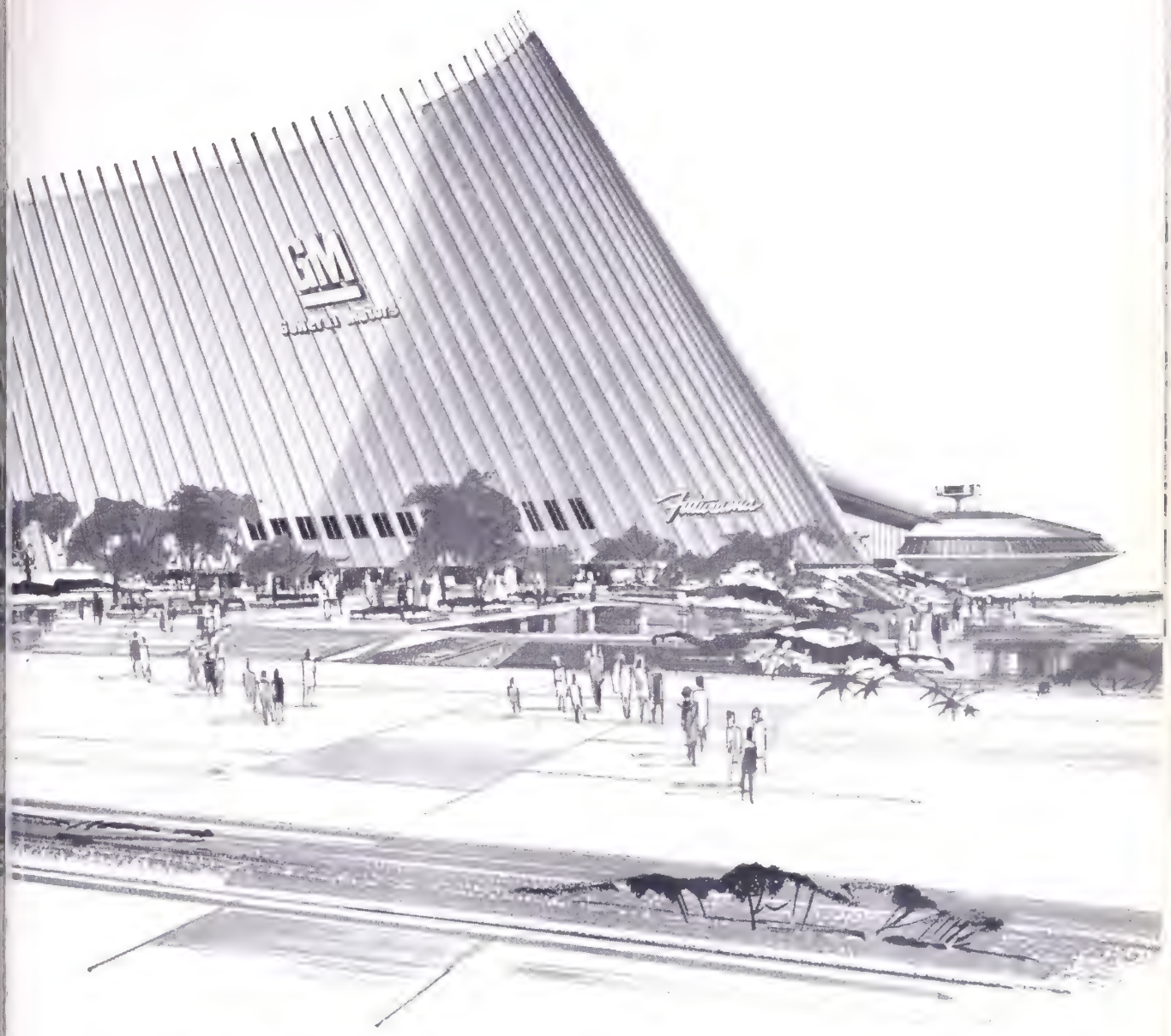
About his relatives and palace inmates, there is more room for doubt. Obviously I had no way to get to the bottom of the innumerable rumors; but they are so widely believed by Iranians (including supporters of the Shah, in positions to know) that it is hard to dismiss them all as unfounded gossip. For example, I heard the story of the Marlik Treasure from so many sources that I'm inclined to think there must be something in it.

Archaeologists digging into a tumulus near Marlik recently found an astonishing number of gold ornaments and vessels. Aside from the price which they could fetch from museums and private collectors, their scientific value was incalculable, since they seemed to be the first trace of a hitherto unknown civilization. Both elated and frightened, the archaeologists immediately telegraphed to Teheran for a detachment of gendarmes to protect them and their discoveries from the neighboring tribesmen, a rough lot. The night after the gendar a raid on the tent treasure was beaten off the archaeologists wer enough to stay on guar They presumed that t robbers were the genda hard to tell in the dark– body else then knew ab Figuring that they mi vive a second raid, the a packed up what artifac and hurried back to Te ing to return soon w reliable guard, plus th equipment needed to mak study of the site.

Mysterious delays in nels kept the new expe getting organized. Mea tribesmen were joyfully tumulus*—incidentally the strata and destroyin reconstructing the hist newfound civilization. denly, soldiers arrived the looters away. Their announced that this si with a number of sin nearby, belonged to a m royal family; and that f her agents would cond ploration. (Just when property came into the p this formidable *grande* never clear.) Apparentl digging did go forward, the subsequent finds eve in the Teheran museum reportedly show up in antiquities market. All has today is that firs artifacts—a magnificen but presumably only a sn of what the site once c

So at least goes the s not vouch for it, any mor for the stories one hear Pahlavi Foundation. Thi posedly nonprofit organiz by the Shah in 1958 for charitable purposes, ra scholarships to bridge b brother and two sisters s a lot to do with its mana

* Grave robbing is though illegal, enterprise peasants. In any bazaar y Bronze Age daggers, preh and two-thousand-year-old quite modest prices. Some probably genuine.



TOMORROW-LAND

High spot of the New York World's Fair reopening this Spring—GM Futurama!

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CITROËN

THE EASY CHA

funds are invested in mone enterprises—hotels, the fa taurant in Teheran, cen tories, banks, merchant s the income from these s doubt is used for many Go But since nobody can find much income there is, or where it goes, the foundati butt of much scandalous would seem to make e political sense for the Shah the foundation from dire control and to publish re dependent audits of its b perhaps he doesn't dare en much money to anyone o own household.

Undemocratic the govern tainly is, for the reasons here last month. But any c alternative government equally undemocratic, or w ply because Iran has nev any other kind of regime this stage in its develop not be governed for ten m democratic methods.

Unpopular? Yes, with t late members of society it s with the landlords, the int the merchants, the frustr ticians. Among the peasa make up 75 per cent of lation—the story may be They don't talk much, t from outside their own vi if they did it would ca weight with The People Wh But there is evidence that coming, slowly and suspic believe that the Shah rea their side . . . that he a putting the land into their h that he is trying to give t hope of a better life.* The they cheer him whenever h village probably doesn't me

* This will not come aut as a result of the land ref landlords or their agents hav the only skilled management, ing capital, available for Ir culture. In theory, they a replaced by cooperatives; bu at all sure that cooperatives among people as anarchically alistic as Persian villagers. they do, until the peasants a minimal skills of farm ma agricultural production is m to fall than to rise.





Sure you're confused. There are more than 1500 life insurance companies in the United States.

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THE EASY CHA

Iranians always cheer a
power. But another fact
significant: he moves amon
of peasants freely, relati
guarded; and apparently
fear of assassination, as
never dare to move in the
Teheran. My hunch is th
survives for another decad
their living standards do
rise significantly, the villa
then emerge as a politica
and will give him the effect
lar backing which he now l

Barring assassination, the
are good that the Shah
power indefinitely, if only
no alternative is in sight.

Communism is a less i
danger than in most pover
countries, because it is s
linked to Russia; and every
thinks of the Russians as hi
tary enemies. The Radical
including the old landlord
treme nationalists and
fanatics—has not yet recove
its defeat under Mossadegh.
liament, or Majlis, once s
and resistant to the Shah's
is now firmly under his th
a growing number of the s
held by landlords are now
peasants. (No doubt it is
many upper-class Iranian
that the last election was
and with an unnecessaril
hand; nevertheless the
Majlis probably is more
representative than any
predecessors.)

There is no organized op
then, of any consequence. I
intellectuals who grumble lou
generally admit, in the end, t
have no other choice to p
that, indeed, any conceivable
tive regime almost certainly
worse than the Shah's.

For the Shah, like Mustaf
does at least represent the
change. He realizes better t
one that his dynasty can sur
if he succeeds in jerking I
the twentieth century. Ag
Kemal, he often has to use r
despotic methods; but it is h
theless, who is giving the co
main push toward a new wa

Nor is he doing as badly
might think, if you listen
the Teheran gossip and see

ıagine...a week's vacation Europe for only $10 extra!

vonderful vacation "buy" ı little planning...and the nd-America Line...can get you.

ROBERTS *Photos by Bob Swenson*

noticed, in my travels, two of vacationers—those deter- any price, to exploit as fully every minute allotted them; who see a vacation not only or recreation but for *re*-crea- ll—and I mean re-creation of as well as of the spirit. these latter, I think, wind up ıch more out of every minute folks who run themselves aking every minute "count." ıtter of fact, if you look upon ı to Europe as *I* happen to it—as an opportunity to rest and enjoy yourself as well e home with 400 color slides



. Vancouver, B.C.—sculptor, sketching ..."I must travel back and forth across c quite often on business. Holland- ips seem to have a certain atmosphere ver quite find any place else. It makes y content."

your friends—I can tell you et a fabulous week's vacation for a mere $10 more than the asic transportation.

lking about going at least one *ship*. Between going by ship ing home by ship, I frankly e former—although I must ad- the latter has much to recom- Nevertheless, it seems to me g able to rest up from the daily nd pressures of just getting ready to go, which going by ship makes possible, is the best of all ways to be ready for the wonderful adventure that is Europe. At the same time, returning by ship certainly lets you recuperate from all the running around you do while there.

You decide which school to join. (Or decide to go *both* ways by ship.) Let me make clear the remarkable economics.

During Holland-America Line's thrift season—the months from August to May—jet economy class to London costs $210—one way. For that you get about seven hours aloft and two meals. For just $10 more, you can travel tourist class on the Holland-America Line's *Nieuw Amsterdam* or *Statendam* to Southampton—it's another $10 more on the flagship *Rotterdam*—and get six wonderful days at sea, a comfortable stateroom for two, gracious service, three excellent meals a day (plus morning bouillon, afternoon tea and a midnight buffet supper—all included), the chance to see first-run movies in a theater, to play miniature golf, or deck tennis, or to go swimming; entertainment and night life in a variety of cafes aboard ship, and the opportunity to shop for all kinds of fascinating merchandise (and jewelry) at duty-free mid-Atlantic prices.

Incidentally, even in the busy summer season, this $10 difference holds true; and if you win the horse races, bingo, or ship's pool for the day's run it might not even cost you *that*—you might actually save money!

On a Holland-America Line ship you get something else, too—a thing the Dutch call *gezelligheid*. This is definitely not an *hors d'oeuvre* or what you're expected to say when someone sneezes. It's a word describing a particular "feeling"—the kind of feeling you encounter specifically aboard a Dutch ship. A friendliness, an informality that adds to your enjoyment. There's no charge for this, either. As the song has it, *The best things in life are free.*

In fact, just $10 extra for all this is about as close to "free" as you can come! You can spend more if you wish for more luxurious accommodations—$20 extra, $30 extra, no matter: it buys for you an experience you'll never forget and never regret. (And if you'd like to save money, consider Holland-America's thriftliners: the *Maasdam*, or *Ryndam*. You get even *lower* rates on these.)

If you're interested, you can get literature on the subject from an authorized travel agent near you or from the Holland-America Line, Pier 40—North River, New York.



Miss Dawn Gaignat, Lubbock, Texas—receiving a golf tip from the social director—"I never dreamed there was so much to do aboard the ship. We've been having a ball from morning to night. And part of that fun has been the friendliness of the people."



Mrs. Hanne Ventillius, North Miami Beach, Florida —in the main dining room . . . "It was enjoyable and relaxing to sail the Atlantic with Holland-America. My son, too, has found so many things to do. I've especially enjoyed the continental menu and the attentive service."

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These 12 regional Federal Home Loan Banks operate under the supervision of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, a three-man bi-partisan Board appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. These banks are self-supporting and no taxpayers' funds are involved.

Year after year, these banks provide a dependable source of additional funds for their members—more than $30,000,000,000 since 1932. In this way, they serve the 36,000,000 people who save and the 9,000,000 families who finance their homes through the Insured Savings and Loan Associations throughout America.

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hungry villages. After all, the country's Gross National Product has been growing at the rate of about 6 per cent annually for the last three years (a showing somewhat better than our own). Moreover, the heavy investment of the last twenty years, from American aid and Iran's own oil revenues, is now beginning to pay off. Many projects, from schools to hydroelectric plants, are showing concrete results for the first time. It is true that some have been bungled, through graft, inefficiency, or shortsighted politics; a big nitrogen fertilizer plant near Shiraz, for example, was located for purely political reasons at a site far from both raw materials and power sources. But it is also true that many projects are working out impressively well.

The most impressive that I saw was a sort of junior Tennessee Valley Authority, built appropriately enough by David Lilienthal, father of the original TVA. Down in the wild southwest corner of Iran, his Development and Resources Corporation has supervised the unified development of a whole river basin—using Iranian money, without a penny of American aid. The heart of it is the Dez dam, the loveliest I have ever seen: a compound curve of thin concrete, like a section of eggshell, built across a narrow gorge. The water it catches is irrigating a good part of the Khuzistan desert, to such effect that some villages already are tripling their incomes within a single year. The electricity it produces will make possible a modern industrial complex, where camel caravans were plodding only yesterday; and, in combination with the billions of cubic feet of natural gas now going to waste in the Khuzistan, it could make enough fertilizer to supply the whole Middle East.

Other hopeful signs are not hard to find. One is the Literacy Corps, a band of young army officers who (much like our Peace Corps people) are teaching reading and writing to the peasants. Another is F. G. L. Gremliza, a German doctor, who is trying to introduce the elements of sanitation to villagers who have been accustomed for centuries to use the same ditch for irrigation, drinking water, laundry, and sewage disposal. Still another is the sight of sugar cane sprouting, for the time in two thousand years, on the plains of Susa, the cornucopia of Achaemenid empire until it was destroyed by Greek and Parthian invaders.*

Most encouraging of all are little indications that some Iranians are beginning to gain confidence in themselves. As I suggested in the first of these reports, an ancient mistrust—of the government, of neighbors, and of their own ability—is perhaps the Iranians' worst handicap. Now they are showing that some things, built and operated by Iranians, actually work. Lilienthal believes, indeed, that this may be the most far-reaching effect of the Khuzistan Water and Power Authority. Although Americans (and Swiss, Italian, Japanese, German, and British subcontractors) were responsible for the initial planning and supervision, nearly all the jobs have gradually been turned over to Iranian engineers, administrators, and agricultural technicians who learned on the job, working with their counterparts from the West, and they are now handling the big responsibilities with an élan exciting to watch. As Lilienthal put it, "They are showing the rest of the people in this country that it is possible for an Iranian to do something big, and do it right."

This is one reason why Iran, for all its harshness, poverty, and corruption—is such a stimulating country. It is moving, with a sense of urgency and vitality that I have seldom seen in other underdeveloped countries. The ruler is no Pericles, but neither is he Caligula either—and I am willing to venture a modest bet that in the end he and his exasperating people are going to make out all right.

* Even with the best will in the world, helping a Persian farmer is not always easy. In one village the government built a bathhouse, but the villagers refused to use it until they were given ten rials for each bath taken. As they figured it, the government men had built that bathhouse for some mysterious and probably sinister purpose of their own; so if they were to be used, they could damn well pay for the service. The notion that the government might do something *for* them, simply from benevolent motives, was entirely beyond their experience.



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, all transatlantic jets have had their engines ngs. Now comes the first really big "second n" transatlantic jet. It's totally different from t now flying. The jets are in the tail. This way are left clean, so they lift better. (The BOAC 10 gets off the ground almost 25% quicker hing now flying the North Atlantic. And it 20 mph slower.) The jets are bigger. They're versions of the Rolls-Royce Conway fan jet; world's most reliable engine. (In fact, they're powerful airline engines in the world.) And, our jets in the rear, the cabin is astonishingly can talk without raising your voice. Even the eathe is different in BOAC's Super VC 10. It's gets stuffy when you're waiting on the ground.) And then there's the new BOAC Super VC 10 seat. For the first time you get plenty of leg room, even in economy class. But don't just take our word for it. Call your Travel Agent and fly the BOAC Super VC 10. On April 1st, the first one leaves from New York for London.

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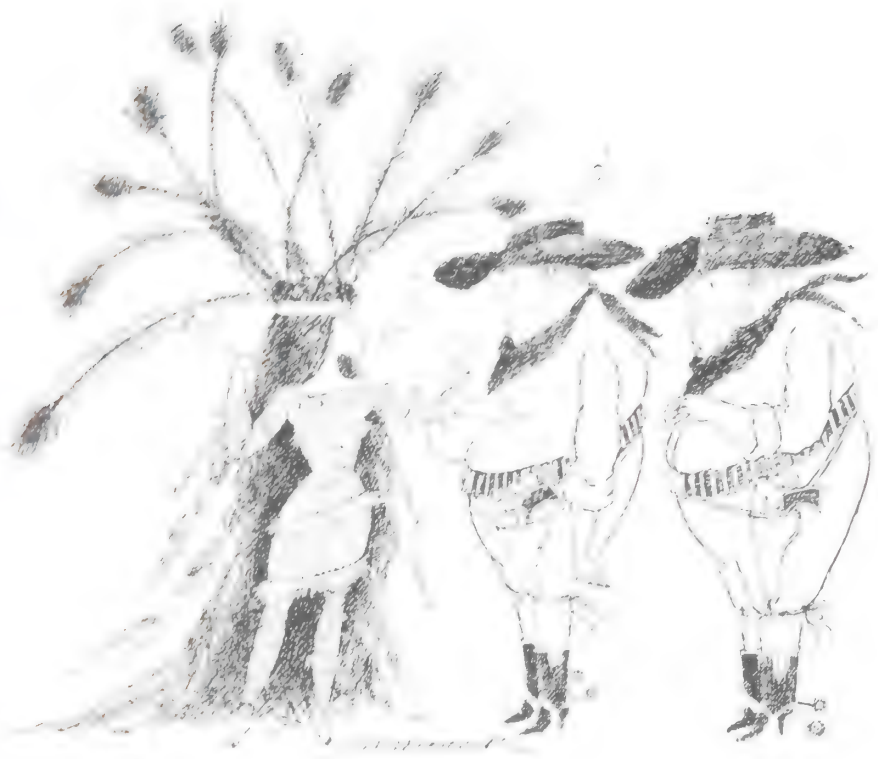
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After Hours



Getting Out from under an Image

by Albert Bermel

Rita Moreno is a leading actress of [illegible] distinction. She won an Academy Award [illegible] in the movie *West Side Story*. More recently she played the feminine lead in *The Store on Sidney Boulevard*, Preston Jones's Texas drama, perhaps the only play of the consequence on Broadway last winter. And she is one of the two American celebrities born in Puerto Rico (the other is José Ferrer).

Looking at her, one is hardly surprised at her success. She is small and notably attractive with pale skin and large brown eyes which she doesn't flutter in an actressy fashion. Her talk is quick, vivid, sometimes biting; her manner, direct without ever becoming assertive or lapsing into fake modesty. Onstage she has a fine, expressive command of comic and serious moments alike, and her diction is exemplary by the theater's present standards. She appears to be "a natural for the big time."

It didn't happen quite that easily. No magic wand was waved. She wasn't spotted in a crowd or snatched out of a hatcheck room. She worked. As a child she danced and sang in public, at a nightclub in Greenwich Village, and at private functions; on one occasion she gave an imitation of Carmen Miranda. At the age of eight she was bilingual, although she had been in this country for only two years: "When I was five my mother left Puerto Rico while I stayed with my father; my parents were divorced. She came to New York, not knowing a word of English; lived with an aunt of mine, her sister, and got a job in a factory making men's shirts. In a year she'd earned enough to return to Puerto Rico, collect me, and bring me back by boat to the States."

At thirteen Rita Moreno joined the cast of *Skydrift*, a play that floated into and out of a Broadway theater in the space of a few days. At seventeen she was cast in *Signore Chicago*, which, possibly jinxed by its name, didn't reach New York at all. However, Louis B. Mayer saw her and proffered a contract with MGM.

Long-term contracts with a [illegible] studio have scotched many a [illegible] ful career. Miss Moreno was [illegible] scotched, only obscured. She [illegible] formed in seventeen movies, m[illegible] them with titles like *So Young, So Bad*, *Untamed*, *Pagan Love* [illegible] and *Jivaro* (later re-titled *Fair Gold*, [illegible] succession of typecast roles tha[illegible] variations on "the Indian lady [illegible] feathers in her head or the Lati[illegible] who's always demeaned and [illegible] winds up with a man, especia[illegible] he's a white man. In those film[illegible] ing was always a drudge for [illegible] stood where they put the chalk [illegible] and did what the director told [illegible] do. When he said, 'Breathe he[illegible] I breathed heavily. You know, m[illegible] have a painful effect on perfo[illegible] You believe after a while—a[illegible] doesn't take long—that you [illegible] function unless you have a di[illegible] and a cameraman with the [illegible] and the lights, doing the same [illegible] over and over until it's letter-pe[illegible] You come to think that you're [illegible] a puppet. And in some way [illegible] are."

After this run of the Metr[illegible] she walked out of Hollywoo[illegible] stayed away for four years. Su[illegible] stock in La Jolla and Philad[illegible] gave her the parts of Annie Su[illegible] in *The Miracle Worker* and Cat [illegible] in *A View from the Bridge*, in [illegible] for the first time she didn't n[illegible] employ a Spanish accent. "I [illegible] also a tremendous relief not t[illegible] to speak lines like, 'You sto[illegible] people's gold.' I have nothing [illegible] world against playing a Lati[illegible] when will Hollywood make pi[illegible] about Latins who really exist?"

At the end of the four yea[illegible] was cajoled back to Hollywo[illegible] play Anita in the film of *Wes[illegible] Story*, which brought her the [illegible] for best supporting actress, re[illegible] tion (if not fame), and the [illegible] bilities of "invitations to part[illegible] flagstone home, a pool, and [illegible] places." And, of course, offers. [illegible] sort of offers? "All the same [illegible] again."

Fearful of getting buried un[illegible] image, Miss Moreno lit out fo[illegible]

Playwright, translator of M[illegible] theater critic, Mr. Bermel is e[illegible] ing his play, "Herod Who Is," produced in London this fall.

1



What's the special today, Ed?

I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.

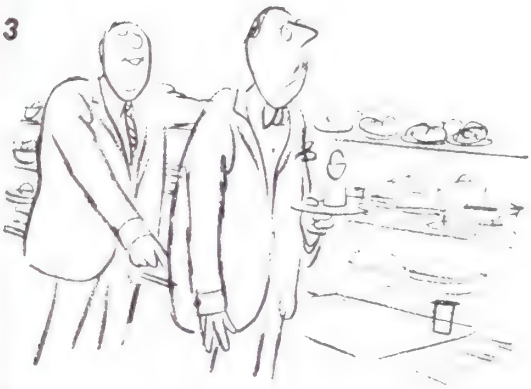
2



I thought you were a tea-and-toast man.

Please!

3



Off your feed, huh?

I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.

4



He's sick. You would've got a big bonus. Had up to a third a month.

But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?

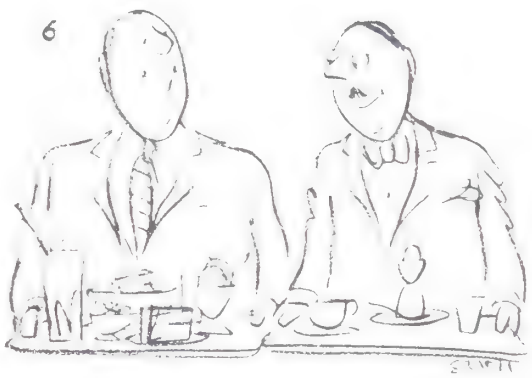
5



doesn't seem to be orrying him.

It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.

6



Not me! does Fred. But he has Equitable's Lifetime Major Medical Policy and it's taking care of most of the tab for him. His policy covers bills in the thousands caused by serious illness or accidents. And it covers eligible family members,

Say, I think I'll trade in this [illegible] for a bowl of chili

) Look ahead with Liv

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agents and their [illegible]

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diction is exemplary by the theater's present standards. She appears to be "a natural for the big time."

It didn't happen quite that easily. No magic wand was waved. She wasn't spotted in a crowd or snatched

AFTER HOURS

don, where she joined the Am musical *She Loves Me*, to becor only American in the cast. Last a friend passed on the word girl was being sought for *The S Sidney Brustein's Window*, wr by the late Lorraine Hans After some auditions and tainties she found herself wi role. The role of a non-Latin Actually, the girl Iris is descri the play as being a cross be Cherokee, Irish, and hillbilly— as Miss Moreno remarks, "is as American as you can get."

She counted herself doubly at finding a part in a play she respect; for this reason sh other members of the cas Equity's permission to take a salary in order to keep the p tion running. It opened to w euphemistically called "a reception" from the reviewer this at a time when there w another play on Broadway on an intelligent theatergoer want to squander an evenin play became, in fact, somethir cause among showbiz people. Lindfors, Paddy Chayefsky other well-meaning perso raised money for ads in the papers urging readers to go. *Brustein* persisted; it transfe a smaller theater and lasted, original expectations, into th year, though it closed soon a

Toward the end of the run, Miss Moreno at an Italian rest a block away from the theate couple of hours before one nightly performances. She w ing a plateful of zitti and wor "if it's possible to feel vulnera stage after you've eaten pasta." the closing of *Sidney Bruste* would like, she said, to go into by Chekhov or Lorca, the wrights she most admires. S hoping fervently to avoid an machine-stamped roles; those in which so many actors wi usual gifts have been com and, as often as not, broken. many Mexicans did Anthony impersonate before he fled to make *La Strada* and thereby that he was not a one-role m mentioned that there were fe formers of Puerto Rican orig have made a name for thems

At seventeen she was cast in *Signore Chicago*, which, possibly jinxed by its name, didn't reach New York at all. However, Louis B. Mayer saw her and proffered a contract with MGM.

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the theater, movies, and othe
of entertainment, especially
parison with the number
brated Negroes.

"We have many big stars
ourselves," she said, "but
you ever heard of, or that any
ican heard of. There are prof
many Puerto Rican entertai
there are Negro, but nobody
come to the top."

Why?

"We're a more isolated com
than the Negroes. Puerto Ric
now at the bottom of the soci
Yes, below the Negroes. In
Rico people take almost no
of color as such. They rang
practically albino through
When they reach this count
suddenly find themselves in a
that discriminates. Then the
to discriminate among themse
you're light-skinned here, yo
This may be why it has been
ficult to involve the Puerto
community in the civil-right
They don't, somehow, want t
openly that there is a color
or, if they do, they don't war
associated with it. Not onl
they aren't yet convinced th
will have their day. It may tak
before we develop the right
a Martin Luther King,
Farmer, a Bob Moses [of the S
There are some Puerto Rican
but nobody yet with the char
appeal. Look how long it to
Negroes, for God's sake, an
long it has taken the Jews
tegrate themselves.

"People ask me why the
Ricans aren't up in arms. I
say it takes a while; they are
ened people; they feel—they
cut off. So far only a handfu
moved up into relatively middl
circles and most of them ha
sociated themselves from
backgrounds." (She is borne o
by Nathan Glazer's observati
the New York Puerto Ricans
yond the Melting Pot.)

"Then there's the questi
schooling. Puerto Rican kids
miserable education, along w
Negroes. Only, the Puerto
children have it worse, in a w
cause of the language diffi
Many parents are tempted
back, but it takes money. An
would they go back to?

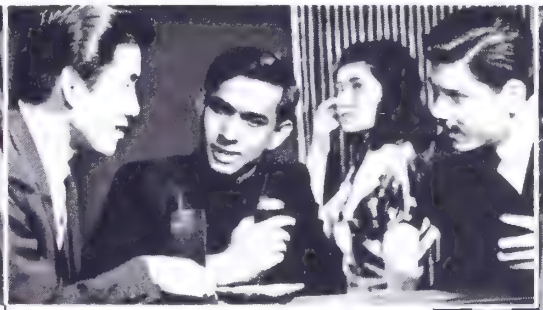
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What's going on behind that shutter on mysterious Arab Street? You should really see for yourself.

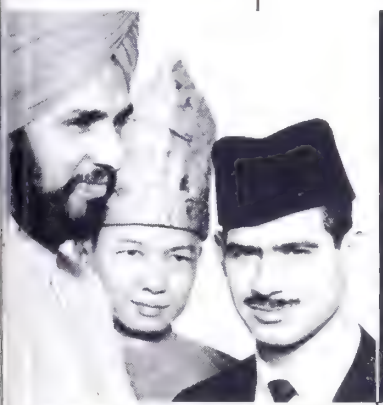


uldn't you like to meet that
itching beauty dining alone
softly lighted corner of the
h Intercontinental? Per-
s you can.



Would you dare to join those intriguing men slowly sipping gin slings beneath the spinning punkahs of the Raffles? You could—if you were there.



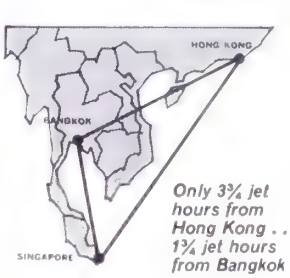


those sikhs, sheiks, sultans, or mahara-
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streets and houses, or sometimes shacks, where they'd be knee-deep in water. You can actually see children playing in water up to their little behinds. Filthy, filthy water. With debris floating about in it—tires, wood, garbage. When I hear talk about Operation Bootstrap [the program to raise the Puerto Rican standard of living by enticing American industry to the island with tax-exemption privileges], I feel like giving a horselaugh. There's still so far to go. . . ."

These remarks suggest that Rita Moreno is very much involved in the drive for asserting minority rights, and so she is. It was almost impossible for her to maintain her ties with Puerto Rico while she worked on the West Coast, but she gave lectures and took part in public discussions. Now she wants to visit Puerto Rico on a sort of a personal goodwill mission, not to play the local girl who made good so much as to boost local pride. "When I first got the Oscar there was jubilation among the community here and at home. I even received a letter in Spanish from the Puerto Rican Senate with all kinds of official stamps and seals on it. When I go to London"—the statuette is in a bank vault there—"I'll bring it back with me and give it to a Puerto Rican organization in New York."

Not that she pretends to be a heroine. She admits that Oscar Lewis, the anthropologist who is now working on a book about Puerto Rico, mentioned that some of the people he'd spoken to there felt she had "forsaken" them. And she admits that this impression rankles. It's a tricky business treading the boundary between two nationalities when they both lay claims on her and she wants to belong to both. But Rita Moreno isn't the type of girl to mope about her public "image" or private "identity," or even to dwell on them. If a Puerto Rican friend of mine who thinks she is, very simply, "the greatest actress in the world," told her so to her face she'd be gratified. What actress wouldn't? But she'd probably remind him casually that he was prejudiced. [ ]

Antidote to Nonsense

by Russell Lynes

By coincidence two comments on the current nature of art-loving, a newly popular indoor sport, arrived on my desk simultaneously. One provides a suggested antidote for the other.

The first was an account in the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, a distinguished old Denver weekly; it started as follows:

> Cheering to art-lovers, some 7,000 of them who have contributed $175,000, including benevolent school children, is the news that the hallowed Trianon is about to start moving from Colorado Springs to some undisclosed site near Denver.

The Trianon, I have learned from the *Herald*, was a mansion built shortly after the turn of the century —a replica of a better-known Trianon—which is claimed to contain "priceless art treasures" valued at "more than a million" dollars. A million isn't much of a price for anything priceless these days, of course, and there seems to be more than a little question about the authenticity of some of these treasures. Furthermore, the building, which is advertised by its guides as the creation (or recreation) of the famous Stanford White, appears to have been by quite another architect, Thomas MacLaren of Colorado Springs.

One lady who reads the *Herald*, and also had read the published catalogue of the Trianon's collection, pointed out in a letter that there is something odd about "authentic Louis XIV service plates made at the famous Sèvres porcelain works in France" since Louis XIV died in 1715, forty-one years before any porcelain was made at Sèvres.

The antidote to this kind of cultural nonsense is a book like the newly published *Art Tours and Detours in New York State*. This guide is the work of S. Lane Faison, Jr., the head of the art department of Williams College, and it was instigated by Edward M. M. Warburg, one of the Regents of the State of New York, financed by the New York Foundation, and published by Random House in both pap hard-cover editions ($2.95 an respectively).

This is not the first time t Faison has turned his hand a book nor the first time this has reported on his activi August 1958 it was noted h *A Guide to the Art Museums England* had been published a it was a delight, not only a vealed unexpected treasures likely places, but as percept criticism and history.

The format of the New Yor is much the same as the Ne land one. It does not concer with New York City but wit seventy-five "outstanding m and historic landmarks" i parts of the state. It is not companion with which to tra a tutor even for the best- Mr. Faison speaks wittily bu and knowledgeably about t range of Western and Orien African arts, and about hi artifacts.

His text is conveniently first by areas of the state (" Niagara Frontier Area," fo ple), then by cities and b vidual institutions (Buffa three, and I was astonished that the Buffalo Museum of contains a vast and remarka lection of Oriental works o There are area maps to gu tourist, and the days and ho fees (if any) of the museu historic houses are given.

Such a book as this could a model for every state in the that has treasures it wishes t with tourists. The WPA gui now out of date and there is reliable to take their places. are, however, scholars avail the university of each state of providing accurate, infor and readable guides, and I co to chairmen of art and hist partments the notion of a some of the energy of their g students to such useful ends guides could preclude nonsen the Trianon incident, but m portant they could take advan the rapidly increasing sophist of the American tourist and i his awareness and his delight heaven knows they could s and enlighten foreign touris come here in increasing numb

Are you sure you should name Cousin George as executor of your Will?



dear Cousin George really the man for the job? ll he be on hand exactly where and when he's eded? Can he handle all the responsibilities fac- him?

Let's see. As executor of your Will, he'll have ponsibilities like protecting your assets . . . com- ng an inventory . . . appraising the value of each m . . . documenting the assets . . . settling bills and ims . . . meeting cash needs . . . applying the sound- tax policies . . . making the wisest investments.

Now you know why so many people name us as executor. And as trustee.

Your plans are safeguarded by investment analysts, tax specialists and other experts. These are men who offer round-the-clock, on-the-spot talents you can't expect any *individual* executor to have.

We suggest that you and your lawyer talk with us about this important matter of naming the right executor.

And Cousin George seconds the motion.

THE FIRST & OLD COLONY

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PHOTO COURTESY ISRAEL GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

IBM computers help men find secrets in scrolls, history in the stars– and answers to literary puzzles

IN 1947, an Arab boy searching a cave for a goat stumbled upon the first Dead Sea Scrolls. They were in tatters when scholars received them. Words, even whole sentences, were missing.

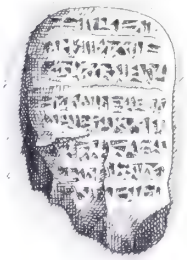
Scholars used an IBM computer and "crossword puzzle logic" to test thousands of combinations of words until they found the best-fitting meanings.

Further computer work on the Scrolls has helped shed new light on Biblical times, and the use of language 2,000 years ago.

Recently, IBM computers have helped scholars explore other fascinating subjects.

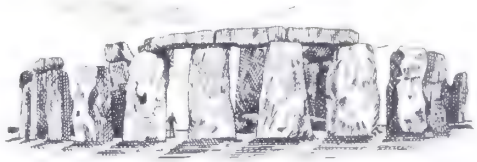
Books of clay and IBM computers

The drawing below shows one of many clay tablets on which ancient Babylonians wrote their history. Scholars could read them, but could not easily date them.



Then an IBM computer was used to chart the movements of planets over Babylonia from 600 B.C. until 1 A.D. These planetary tables could then be compared with observations of the heavens Babylonians had marked on these tablets. It is now easier to place six centuries of history in proper sequence.

Stonehenge, a huge monument in England, has mystified men for centuries. *What in the world was it for?* Recently, scholars gained a new theory as to its purpose. With the help of an IBM computer, they analyzed the curious placement of its stones.



The research showed the stones could have been used to "sight" the sun and moon *3,500 years ago*—to predict seasons and even eclipses with reasonable accuracy.

Helping solve literary puzzles

There are many unanswered questions about world literary figures, from Yeats back to ancient Homer.

Using IBM computers, scholars are getting many new perspectives on the work of these men. Disputes about who wrote what are being settled. Literary indexes that once took tedious years to complete can now be finished in weeks.

Computers are helping man fill in blank pages of his past, to gain a new understanding of that fascinating subject—himself.

IBM®

The Dead Sea Scrolls were found in caves like this; missing words were reconstructed with the help of an IBM computer. Soon, IBM's new SYSTEM/360 will help scholars do such research even more efficiently.



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Harper's
magazine

Broadcasting and the News

By Robert E. Kintner

The president of NBC tells how television learned to handle the one job it does best—and notes a few booby-traps that may lie ahead.

On Election Night, 1960, the news desk at NBC received an unexpected telephone call. The voice at the other end of the line identified itself as the Associated Press, and it wanted to ask a favor: "When you run down the board, could you keep the figures on the screen a little longer? You're going so fast we can't copy them."

Less than a quarter of a century before, the Associated Press had established a secondary service to supply radio stations with brief reports, mainly synopses of the detailed items that moved to the newspapers on the AP's trunk wires. Newspapermen in those days—and I was among them—regarded broadcasters as upstarts, whose idea of legwork was to run out and buy all the newspapers so they could read the headlines over the air.

In all fairness, as I have learned, the radio networks were trying. At the urging of William S. Paley, then president and now chairman of CBS, a Columbia News Service had been established as early as 1933, General Mills picking up half the bills, CBS the rest. Columbia News died in less than two years, but by then CBS executive Ed Klauber and news manager Paul White were planning the great staff that would dominate broadcast journalism in the 1940s—Ed Murrow, Elmer Davis, Bill Shirer, Howard K. Smith.

But nobody in the trade really took broadcast news seriously in the 1930s. I was working in the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Washington bureau and later writing a column with Joe Alsop, and he didn't even own a radio. I had one, but the only things I listened to were President Roosevelt's fireside chats, "The March of Time" on Sunday nights, and a fellow on Mutual who gave advice on family problems, a program so grotesque it was amusing.

Up until 1939 Washington newspapermen wouldn't let radio correspondents into the House of Representatives or Senate press galleries. The way we saw it, if the broadcasters wanted somebody to tell the news from Washington, they

could pay a working newspaperman to give a talk every once in a while. They did, too.

But by 1960, the press associations were admittedly getting their election figures from broadcasting. It was a milestone, though not quite the end of the road. After the 1962 election, the AP appointed a committee of managing editors to explore ways to make the wire-service reporting of election returns more competitive with broadcast coverage. Then, last June, on the night of the California primary, the AP found itself moving a midnight bulletin that Rockefeller had gone into the lead. Our NBC team had just left the air (it was three o'clock in the morning, New York time), having reported on the basis of far more complete returns that Goldwater was the winner. Forget the projections—this was the real vote. The next day, the early editions of afternoon papers in the East carried an AP election story that was, simply, wrong. Ironically, our early-morning radio news programs followed AP rather than our own people in California, so they went wrong, too.

The wire services thereupon decided that if they couldn't lick us they would join us. A few days later Wes Gallagher, general manager of the AP, and Earl J. Johnson, vice president and editor of UPI, waited outside the office of CBS News president Fred Friendly, while representatives of the three television networks met to hammer out their own agreement on a pool to gather election returns in November. When the networks had settled among themselves, Gallagher and Johnson were invited to join the meeting and to arrange for the press associations to have access to the pool as nonvoting partners and to contribute a share of the cost. In the future, the press associations will have a vote in any such syndicate, and they should have had one last year. This job must now be done collaboratively; no one company can afford the accuracy and speed the public demands and should get.

In 1936, the year of the Roosevelt landslide, the total NBC revenues for *two* networks (the Blue, now ABC, and the Red) came to $38 million. In the year of the Johnson landslide, the NBC News Division—one of the company's five operating divisions—alone *spent* $53 million. Among them, the three networks last year spent more than $125 million to present news-as-it-happened, reports on news, and special programs probing at the facts behind the stories. On election night, the Network Election Service, combining the resources of the three networks and two press associations, employed 150,000 people to gather data.

Where Do You Get Your News?

The results show. In a survey taken by Elmo Roper's organization, more people answered "television" than anything else to a question on "where you get most of your news about what's going on in the world." Even more significant, to me, were the answers to the question, "If you got conflicting or different reports of the same news story from radio, television, the magazines, and the newspapers, which of the four versions would you be most inclined to believe?" Of those who had an opinion, 44 per cent chose television and 15 per cent radio; fewer than 30 per cent chose newspapers.

Competition between newspapers and broadcasters no longer exists in a true sense. The day of the EXTRA is gone—a broadcaster can put the same news on the air, in starker detail, hours faster than a newspaper can set a banner headline and a one-paragraph bulletin, print the paper, and get out onto the newsstands. For such fast-breaking big stories as deaths, key votes in Congress, verdicts in notorious trials people are going to turn a dial rather than hang around waiting for a delivery truck.

Still, the papers can cover much *more* news than television, and do a more complete job on almost any story. The last few years have seen a rash of newspaper strikes—in New York, in Cleveland, in Detroit—and we have all learned that no amount of broadcasting makes up for the absence of the daily paper. NBC's toughest competitor, Walter Cronkite, once put it this way: "Daily newscasts can only supplement newspapers." There are time limits on the programs and on how much the average viewer wants to hear about a given story. "In the daily newscast," Cronkite said, "I rarely use a story of more than 175 words as a straight on-camera report. Even a film report seldom runs over 350 words. At the other end of the scale, a front-page story in the *New York Times* runs to one thousand words or more." NBC's experience on "The Huntley-Brinkley Report" is similar.

Since July 1958, when Robert E. Kintner became president of NBC, leadership in news broadcasting has been a major goal of the network. Mr. Kintner was Washington correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune" and author, with Joseph Alsop, of "Men Around the President" and "Washington White Paper." After war service, he joined ABC and was its president 1949–56.

Today, the principal competition between newspapers and broadcasters is for personnel. The networks have used both the papers and the wire services as recruiting grounds for their own talent—in fact, Bill McAndrew, executive vice president in charge of NBC News, doesn't like to hire people without press experience. "City editors," McAndrew says, "teach them the importance of middle initials, getting the address straight and how to write a simple declarative sentence. Without that, they're no use to us." Four to five years is usually enough, and the people the broadcasters take are the people the papers should be trying to keep.

The Quintuple-threat Man

Obviously, a man needs a lot more than a sound newspaper background to be a television correspondent. He has to be acceptable on screen. It's heartbreaking to see an excellent reporter fail as a broadcaster because he isn't articulate on his feet or his appearance is unsettling. (Or he doesn't have sense enough to keep his jacket on and wear long socks.) A top man needs other talents, too. Julian Goodman, vice president of our news division, talks about "the quintuple-threat man—he can write, report, speak, edit, and put it all on the air." Particularly in the more remote bureaus, in Africa and Asia, the reporter has to be a "producer-correspondent," taking on himself all the responsibility for the words and pictures that tell the story. Perhaps the most accomplished practitioner of this new profession was George Clay, who died in Stanleyville, murdered by the Congo rebels, on November 24, 1964.

The new breed of correspondent, as much as the extra money we are willing to spend, accounts for the great jump in the quality of broadcast journalism since the war. Many of the newscasters of the 1930s, though they might be reporters when doing other jobs, were strictly script readers on the air. Lowell Thomas is the greatest sight reader who ever lived; sometimes he would come to the studio only a minute or two before broadcast time, pick up the document, and go right to the microphone. He had been a newspaperman, of course, and he could write—but not for radio. One year he was given an award for radio writing; generously, and publicly, he turned it over to the late Prosper Buranelli, the man who actually prepared his scripts. Gabriel Heatter wrote more of his own material, but he didn't do much digging. He got his "Good News Tonight" from the Transradio News Service, whose ticker was installed in his home.

But there was something about the disembodied voice coming over the radio that made people sure they were getting inside stuff. Bill McAndrew remembers an evening when he called Congressman May, then chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, and May said, "Bill, I can't talk with you now. Gabriel Heatter is reading some manpower figures on the radio, and that's something I want to know about."

This air of omniscience, given freely by the microphone, was a terrible temptation to broadcasting columnists who really had their own chains of contacts below the surface of the news. When I took over the news division of the newly formed ABC network in 1945, its prime properties were Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell, who supplemented their newspaper earnings with once-a-week fifteen-minute broadcasts.

Winchell and Pearson, who then drew the largest pay in broadcasting news, are extremely well informed, their sources ranging from Presidents to thugs. When I went to ABC they also had the largest audiences of any commentators. They had been on NBC's Blue Network, and when the chain was sold to Edward J. Noble, the Life-Saver king, their contracts were part of the deal—some said because their broadcasts were so hard to handle. Both were politically liberal, and they expressed their opinions on the air in the strongest terms. Still, despite hundreds of threats, the record of successful libel suits against them is virtually blank.

With commentators like Pearson and Winchell, ABC needed conservatives to balance its schedule. For this purpose we had George Sokolsky and Paul Harvey from Chicago and Henry J. Taylor, who was engaged directly by General Motors. The revenues from these sponsored shows gave us a little margin to build an ABC staff that would take no sides, politically. When Elmer Davis was about to leave the Office of War Information, we hired him. We also brought in, from CBS, another top newspaperman, John Daly, to head the news department and to offer competition to NBC's John Cameron Swayze and CBS's Doug Edwards.

Bob Sarnoff and I—and, I think, Bill Paley and CBS president Frank Stanton—feel strongly that news broadcasters should not use the camera and microphone to expound their personal views. Men who prepare and present news programs should be full-time members of the news staffs, and broadcasting managements, in turn, should assume complete responsibility for the handling

of the news. I have always felt that Elmer Davis and Ed Murrow were the men who first gave broadcast journalism real stature and importance, in the early years of the war. They used a new medium to cover the news in a calm, intelligent way. Both did, at times, inject opinion in their broadcasts, but their basic commodity was hard news, carefully interpreted, and such opinion as they did express was based solidly in fact. Both found support for their positions in unusual public acceptance of their personalities.

When I came to NBC in 1957, I found the company ready to develop a big, aggressive news division. Everyone, especially Bob Sarnoff, who was then president, was annoyed and embarrassed by the general belief that CBS was doing a better job than NBC in news and public affairs. He wanted to fight and was prepared to spend money. I sometimes find myself agreeing with the critics who say that network competition in the entertainment area has bad effects on the quality of the bread-and-butter television drama or comedy series. But in the area of news and public affairs, competition is wholly beneficial. I have three television sets in my office, one for each network, built into a wall cabinet. While watching the screens, I can control the sound with a dial by my desk, and if another network has a story we don't have, or seems to be doing a story better, I like to know why. McAndrew tells me my record is thirty-five memos to him in a two-day period.

We compete for prestige, for public attention, and for public acceptance, and the rivalry among the networks has an intensity that has not been seen in American journalism since the days of Hearst and Pulitzer. Competition drives us to abandon commercial programming to cover a fast-breaking story, with or without sponsorship. It sends us after the unusual story, like the films of the Yemen royalists in battle, which ran five minutes on Huntley-Brinkley and cost $20,000. Goodman says, "We're still sending people to find Livingstone in Africa." I'd like to think we would do it even if CBS weren't breathing down our necks, but it's true that in television news, competition is the mother of initiative.

By the time I came to NBC, the bell had tolled for the original television once-a-night news show, an announcer reading bulletins and showing still pictures or films purchased from newsreel companies. Advertisers were beginning to learn that it was the better part of wisdom *not* to seek control over the content of news programs: the best answer to the complaining customer was, and is, "We have nothing to do with the show; we don't even see it before it goes on the air."

Planning NBC coverage of the 1956 political conventions, some bright lad (many claim the credit) had hit on the idea of teaming Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. That fall, they went on with their own fifteen-minutes-a-night news report, opening, incidentally, on the day when the Suez crisis broke and topped the continuing story of the Hungarian revolt. During his tenure as president of NBC, Sylvester "Pat" Weaver had launched the "Today" show, which has been deliberately and gradually news-oriented to become the most influential continuing public-affairs program on the air, partly because of its early-morning time slot, when important people can see it while breakfasting or dressing. Seven out of ten Congressmen watch "Today" as do many officers in the Executive branch.

In a relatively brief time, we have built a news gathering, processing, and presenting organization with eight hundred employees scattered throughout the world, all of whom, except for a few stringers in remote spots, are fully employed by NBC and owe no allegiances anywhere else.

Hazards of the Fast Break

Because you have to maintain speed, you particularly need responsible people on television. When I worked for the *Herald Tribune*, I'd see what everybody had said in the afternoon papers, what AP and UP and the Washington *Post* were going to say the next morning, and then I'd get started writing at six o'clock; I had all the time in the world. And editors would read it before it got into print. In television, there is little or no time to edit a fast-breaking story. You rely on the ability and judgment of the man on the scene whose "copy" goes direct to the viewers at home.

A first warning of how sensitive broadcasting could be was sounded on a Walter Winchell show in 1934. A bulletin came in and, as any broadcaster then would have done, Winchell read it—there had been a fire in a Dartmouth fraternity house, and nine students were dead. Instantly telephones rang at stations all over the country, frightened people calling to find out whether relatives or friends were among the victims.

Today, NBC will not announce a plane crash without first getting the details of exactly which flight was involved, on which airline, heading from where to where. Our news staff is alerted by an inside intercom system, but nothing goes on the air. This one can be handled by policy, but many others can't. We were the last network to announce that President Kennedy was dead.

ough I believe we had the first definite state-
ent of the fact. One of our sound men, at the
spital, got on the line with the words, "They
y he's dead." We sent him back to get positive
entification of his "they" before we would
oadcast the news.

Correspondents and producers need solid judg-
ent, too, on the question of what is and what
n't news. Every afternoon at 2:30, producer
euven Frank opens the direct line between
avid Brinkley's offices in Washington and our
ws division on the fifth floor of the RCA
ilding in New York. For two hours, a half-
zen senior people in the Huntley-Brinkley team
here are forty-one all told, employed on this
ow alone, plus the services of all other NBC
porters) debate the question of which stories
e important enough to demand inclusion that
ght, which features should be taken from the
elf, what should come out first if a story breaks
tween 4:30 and 6:30. Frank maintains what
calls a "magazine department," stories which
e or look likely to be timely, but need not run
any given evening. "Like the Spanish pressure
Gibraltar," he says, "it's not something that
ops people from eating their lunch, but it's in-
resting, and they ought to know about it."

Staged for Publicity?

Like the newspaper, the news program is the
edestined victim of events staged for publicity.
oducers have to live with this problem, decide
r themselves whether a refugee rally or an Amer-
an Nazi party is worth time on the air on a
ven day. An organization without any real
embership could picket a political convention
id stand a chance of putting itself, at least
iefly, before a huge public. A network news
vision must rely on the editorial judgment of
perienced people on the scene, whose decisions
e final because the story goes right out on the
r. Frank occupies the "slot" at national con-
entions, and decides whether the real news value
es in the interesting characters demonstrating
utside the doors or in the speech somebody is
aking inside.

The area of greatest and most complicated re-
ponsibility is that of news analysis and inter-
retation. The NBC network does not editorial-
e, and we do not employ "commentators." Our
m is to present the news with enough back-
round to make it comprehensible. But every
eporter knows that when you write the first
ord, you make an editorial judgment. Different reporters covering the same event and gathering the same information will write different stories.

Still, there is a line somewhere between interpreting and editorializing. Nobody can draw it precisely—Paul White once tried to, in a rule book for CBS, and correspondents found themselves crossing it all the time, though they were not in fact editorializing. The best you can do is hire responsible people and editors and supervisors, drill into them that you don't want their personal opinions, and then let them go.

Questions about the fairness of interpretation are most likely to arise in connection with what we call "actualities," and most people call "documentaries." Some of these programs are not controversial at all, like Lou Hazam's portraits of Vincent van Gogh and Shakespeare, Lucy Jarvis' tour through the Louvre, George Vicas' story of the French Revolution.

But often programs expose a scandal (like David Brinkley's "Great Highway Robbery" or CBS's "Biography of a Bookie Joint"), or go behind the slogans in a big fight (like Robert Northshield's and Chet Hagan's three-hour program on civil rights, Irving Gitlin's dissection of the welfare battle in Newburgh, New York, or the CBS documentary on birth control). Many programs take an important story from the recent past (the U-2 episode or the Cuba missile crisis) and try to see it for the first time under the eye of eternity.

Such programs raise hackles, and they should. Their producers' responsibility is not to be bland and unobjectionable but to present all the major angles of approach to a controversy. The correspondent should confine his comments to highlighting the issues, but, of course, the issues are what *he* sees as the issues. Like the judge addressing the jury, he does not attempt to tell the audience which witnesses to believe; he assumes that people can spot untrustworthy testimony. Editing the film, the director and producer should neither protect people from their own folly nor cut back and forth for the purpose of making someone look foolish. Men who live with a story for weeks or even months almost inevitably become identified with one side or another, and it takes great professional acumen and self-restraint to make a fair program.

We have had to defend a number of programs against attack by government officials, industry associations, political groups. In every case, I think we have done so successfully—that is, we have demonstrated not that the programs were right in every interpretation, but that they were factually correct, reasonable, and fair.

In a few cases, I think it can be said that the medium's need to simplify for a big audience—coupled with a general-news reporter's inevitable lack of expertise in a specialized subject—leaves us open to legitimate accusations of superficiality. We admit we need more experts, and we are trying to get them, even though most good reporters hate to tie themselves down to any one subject. And, of course, the big financial rewards in broadcast journalism lie in a reporter's establishing himself as a personality, which he can't do if all he reports on is, say, medicine.

TV's Finest Hours

Somewhere between the regular news show and the studied "actuality" is the program which presents events as they are happening or takes a longer look at today's news. These programs have been television's finest hours; they are what the medium is made for. They range from the glory of space shots to the tragedy of a President's assassination and a nation's mourning, from the malevolence of a Mafia renegade testifying before a Senate Committee to the good cheer of an Inaugural parade. These are done live, supplemented by tape and film, and people work on them until five minutes before they go on the air. Obviously, the authority and prestige (indeed, the legal liabilities) of the company must be given trustingly into the hands of a few producers, editors, correspondents.

Such programs can be called into being at any time—McAndrew has authority to drop the regular programming and take over the network for news whenever he feels it necessary, though normally he checks first with me. The specials are more expensive than most people realize. Beyond the costs of time and production, there is the additional, sometimes brutal, expense of preempting a scheduled, sponsored show—paying the producer for the program that didn't run. This "preemption cost" is always absorbed by the network. Without the help of Gulf Oil, which has given us a commitment to pay part of the costs for instant specials and leaves racks of commercials with us to run in such programs, the burden might be too heavy for the network to bear.

All these programs must be ours, from top to bottom. We must know all the people involved in the production; we must have someone to hold accountable for every piece of work that goes into the show. If humanly possible, we will shoot our own film, though sometimes we have to buy film from others (for example, the six hou of pictures of Communist China made by t French cameramen, which we edited down to o hour and fitted to a script by staffers). And v have an absolute rule against broadcasting a news or public-affairs shows made by outsi producing companies.

Occasionally, packagers come to us with doc mentaries and with sponsors for them, and v refuse to accept. We cannot undertake the respo sibility of presenting actualities to a nationwi audience unless we have detailed supervision. T risks are too great. We cannot know enough abo where the information came from, or about hc the cooperation of the participants was secure

Making public-affairs programs is an i mensely complicated business. You are alwa asking people for cooperation; they grant y access and spend considerable time with yo crew without being paid for it. The network mu know, more certainly than it ever can with a outsider, that the process has not compromis its integrity. We had a revealing demonstrati of this difficulty one afternoon, when a capab outside producer showed us a program he h made about American missiles. It was a good jo The producer assured us that it was ready to ru that he had already made the changes demanded b the Department of Defense.

"Oh," said Bill McAndrew. "Security?"

"No," said the producer. "Editorial." W turned down the program.

By far, the most complicated clearance arrang ments NBC News ever made were with th Soviet government, in connection with "Th Kremlin," George Vicas' brilliant exploration o the history of Russia through art treasures o the Russian sanctum. After much negotiatio the Soviet government gave us access to area of the Kremlin that had never been photographe and Soviet historians and art historians helpe with the script. They insisted on our employin Russian camera crews and technicians, but w supervised the entire activity. They wanted t develop the film themselves, but they permitte us to fly it out to Paris for that purpose becaus it was Eastman Color and they did not hav proper facilities for handling it. The cooperatio from the Red Army was superb. Russian soldier set bonfires outside the windows of the museum to help us simulate an episode from Napoleon' occupation of the city. The Red Army choru learned a Czarist hymn and sang it as a musica background for a painting of the funeral of a Czar. In return, we gave contractual guarante that the film and the script would be shown t

he Soviet government before we ran the pro-
ram and that we would make any changes nec-
ssary for historical accuracy. They would have
week in which to propose changes.

The week passed, and we did not hear from
hem. On May 8, 1963, four days beyond the
eek's limit, we received a laconic telegram from
oviet Radio and Television announcing that "we
ategorically object against the showing of the
lm in its present form." Meanwhile, Vicas in
'aris received a telephone call specifically pro-
esting the Czarist hymn and denouncing the
tatement in the script that the Palace of Con-
ress was "built with the assistance of architects
rom the Western World." Since the statement
as correct, and the hymn did not fall into the
ategory of "historical accuracy," we rejected
he protest and informed the Russians that we
ould broadcast the program as it was.

Six weeks later, a detailed memorandum of
omplaint arrived from two eminent Soviet
cholars. Mostly, they were picking nits ("About
he guns should be said not 'abandoned,' but
aken as trophies' "). Among the more general
bjections was that the program was not really
onpolitical, as we had promised, because it con-
entrated on the Czars themselves "without any
nention of the social classes and forces whose
olicy they represented and carried out." Julian
oodman wrote a reply stressing that "at no
ime in its negotiations with Soviet authorities
id NBC profess to represent Marxist posi-
ions. . . . References to NBC in current Soviet
vritings provide ample evidence of our network's
ion-Marxist character."

We went ahead. I doubt strongly that any in-
lependent packager would have done so—or
vould, indeed, have got its films out prior to com-
lete clearance by Soviet authorities. There is
n interesting comparison to be made between
The Kremlin," representing the independent
udgment of NBC News, and the various recent
locumentaries from China. These were put to-
ether by impeccably non-Communist Western
ackagers—but their bargaining position was
nuch weaker than ours.

While we were having our troubles with the Soviet Union over "The Kremlin," two of our White Papers—"The Death of Stalin" and "The Rise of Khrushchev"—turned out to be unexpectedly expensive for NBC News. We were thrown out of Russia, our correspondent was expelled, and our bureau closed. For a year and a half we were handicapped a great deal in our news coverage. CBS and ABC got things out of Moscow we couldn't get. CBS, by the way, found their victories almost as distasteful as we found our defeats. Richard Salant, then president of CBS News, called McAndrew and generously offered the use of their bureau and their people in Moscow. McAndrew turned him down because we were afraid that if the Russians got wind of it they would throw CBS out, too. Khrushchev was personally angry at NBC. One of our Russian diplomatic contacts once told us he was afraid even to reopen the discussion of whether the question should be reopened.

We were allowed to start up again in Moscow, at the beginning of this year, only through the direct intervention of Secretary of State Dean Rusk. From the beginning, Rusk took this expulsion as seriously as he would take the closing of a U.S. consulate. He negotiated the matter personally with Foreign Minister Gromyko.

Important to the President

Rusk's conversations with Gromyko show one strand of the tangled interrelationships that have grown up between government and broadcasting during the great expansion of television. It is important to the State Department that millions of Americans who rely on NBC for news coverage shall not be deprived of information from Moscow. It is important to the President that the White House be plugged directly into the nation's television transmitters. President Johnson has turned over space in the White House to be equipped as a studio by the networks. The networks are spending a million dollars on this job, and hereafter will spend half a million a year on engineers to keep the room "live" and ready for use at any moment. Washington newsmen call it "The Little Theater off Lafayette Square."

Every public figure wants to use television as much as he can, and where public figures are in conflict television is in the middle. Nobody has written precise ground rules: definition is lacking in many important aspects of television's relations with the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government at all levels. And unlike newspapers, broadcasting stations and networks live within the great penumbra of government authority.

Next month, in the second article of this series of three, Mr. Kintner will discuss the interplay between broadcasting and the world of politics.

Six English Self-portraits

By Edith Sitwell, Victor Gollancz, Henry Moore
Albert Finney, Cecil Beaton, and Evelyn Waugh

Drawings by Feliks Topolski

The distinguished British contemporaries who speak here are widely admired in the United States for the various arts in which they excel. One by one, and together, these personal statements present an unconventional profile of the creative personality in its multiple origins and individual flowering. The interviews were conducted by John Freeman for a memorable BBC television series, and edited by Hugh Burnett. They are taken from the forthcoming book of more than thirty characters, titled "Face to Face," to be published April 26 by Stein and Day.

Edith Sitwell . . . poet

I can't wear fashionable clothes. I'm a throwback to remote ancestors of mine, and I really would look so extraordinary if I wore coats and skirts. I would be followed for miles and people would doubt the existence of the Almighty.

I'm descended from the most queer and remote sources. On one side, my maternal grandmother is descended straight from the Red Rose Plantagenets, the Dukes of Beaufort—my grandmother was the daughter of the Duke of Beaufort of her time. On another side, I'm descended from an errand boy who walked barefoot from Leeds to London and built up a large fortune. I'm extremely proud of his having walked barefoot from Leeds. His niece was the woman who was known as the wicked Lady Cunningham, who was my great, great grandmother. She was so wicked she stopped the flogging in women's prisons and was going to stop the flogging in men's prisons in the army and navy, but George IV died, so this wicked woman was left to her own devices, having only prevented flogging in women's prisons.

I live with my eldest brother, Osbert, at Renishaw, in Derbyshire, and for part of the year I go with him to his Italian home, Castello di Montegufoni, an extremely romantic house outside Florence. The tower and the great castle wall were built by the Dukes of Athens, the Acciaiuolis—in eleven hundred and something—when the Dukes of Athens were thrown out of Athens by the Turks, and they came to Montegufoni. They were not always very hospitable. If people came out from Florence whom they didn't want to see, they just threw boiling oil on them from the castle walls.

My personal hobbies are reading, listening to music, and silence.

I have been, in my life, very much influenced

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the works of Mr. Stravinsky—more for excite-
nt than for being soothed.
I sit and wait for inspiration.
I have an *extremely* small income—smaller
an anyone could think—and I have always
ned my own living. I've been excessively poor.
a always supposed to be extremely rich.
My father was rather an odd old gentleman, and
ring the first war I had to take a job which
ought me in twenty-five shillings a week, and
o shillings war bonus. I did that partly out of
triotism, but partly because I was too poor to
e without it.
I don't think I'm forbidding excepting when I
solutely refuse to be taught my job by people
o know nothing about it. I have devoted my
ole life to writing poetry, which is to me a
rm of religion, and I'm not going to be taught
people who don't know anything about it. I
ink it's very impertinent. I mean, I don't teach
mbers how to plumb.
My father and mother married without know-
g anything about life at all. They were quite
ung. My mother was seventeen and, poor
ing, she didn't know anything about life. She
as just made to *marry* my father, and they just
dn't understand the first thing about each
her. My mother was very beautiful. My father
as a wild eccentric. When I was a child I was
nd of him only between the ages of thirteen
d seventeen, because he was then kind to me.
hen he suddenly turned round on me. I've never
und out why.
I was a changeling, you see. When I was born
y mother would have liked to have turned me
to a doll. It was a great disappointment to
em that I was not a boy. If I'd been Chinese I
ould have been exposed on the mountains with
y feet bound.
I don't think my mother bothered about my
ppearance. My father loathed it. He liked people
vered with curls and quite frankly, rather com-
on. You see, he'd married a lady, and it hadn't
one very well, so he didn't want any more ladies
bout. They resorted to everything which could
ossibly humiliate or hurt me.
When I was a small child, my dear old nurse
as wonderful. And then there was the fascinat-
ng Henry who came of a long line of whalers,
ho was first of all footman and then butler. He
ame when I was two years old. He used to button
p my shoes, when I was put into a perambulator,
nd he would always, in after life, come to me
nd say to me, "Look out, miss. You'd better get
ut of the back door because her ladyship's com-
ng for you."



Dame Edith Sitwell died in London at the age of seventy-seven on December 9, 1964.

Until my brothers were born, my only companions were birds. I loved the wild birds. But my pet birds—there was a peacock, and he and I loved each other very much, and I was four years old and he had a kind of feeling for time. He would fly up to the leads outside my mother's bedroom when I went to say good morning to her. And when he saw me he would give a harsh shriek, and he would then wait for me until I came out again, when he would give another scream and fly down into the garden and wait for me. We would then walk round and round the garden, as you might say, arm in arm, excepting he hadn't any arms; I would have my arm round his neck. I was four years old, and I was asked why I loved him so and I said, "Because he's proud and has a crown, and is beautiful." And then my father got him a wife, with his usual tactlessness, after which he never looked at me again, and my heart was broken. I ran away when I was five. I couldn't put on my boots, unfortunately, and so was captured at the end of the street and brought back by a policeman, whom I hit as hard as I could, but I was restored.

My father lived in the thirteenth century, where a groat was quite a lot.

I have tried in every way to avoid personal publicity, since I was of a certain age. I mean, when I was young I didn't care so much. If people make fools of themselves, all right they make

fools of themselves. Since I was very young, I have avoided it.

When I die I will be able to say that I think that I've given more devotion, and had more devotion, than most people I know.

. . . But the great sins and fires break out of me
Like the terrible leaves from the bough in the violent spring . . .
I am a walking fire, I am all leaves—

The great fire, I suppose, is a humble but u worthy love of God, and certainly a great lo of humanity. And to be an artist is a terril painful thing. I mean, the great leaves break o of me—you see, one has a perpetual resurrecti in one's life, as the art returns to one, aft long deadness. You see. And, of course, t fire's always fighting the sins, and—well, the one is.

Victor Gollancz . . . publisher



I would say I am a bit of a Jew. A very bad Jew my late father would have said, but still a bit of a Jew. I think it's always been impossible to define what being a Jew means. For me, I suppose, it means that while a great deal in traditional Judaism is not only unsympathetic but even obnoxious to me, there's a certain way of looking at things that one derives from traditional Judaism, in particular the idea that there is no real division between the holy and the unholy, the sacred and the profane. All life, and indeed every "lifeless" object, is in some sense sacred.

I don't practice any of the more obvious Jewish observances. I do practice certain things in the old traditional Judaism which I think very beautiful—such, for instance, as giving thanks every year on eating for the first time a fruit or vegetable you particularly like (with me it's asparagus). I had a little ceremony when I took possession of my country cottage, consecrati it and giving thanks for still being alive. Wh I enter a prison I say the old Jewish blessin "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who loosenest t bound." I have also on the doorpost of my Lond flat a thing called a *mezuza*—a little silver b with the first letter of the name of God showi through it—the idea being that every house holy. I like preserving things of that sort, but don't keep the Sabbath, and I haven't been in synagogue since I married in 1919.

I have no feelings of any kind about race nationality. The more variety, the more mixin the better.

Forgiving your enemies was quite a possibili in remote Biblical times, and there's a lot abo it in the Old Testament. But when Jesus told t to *love* our enemies, that was something co pletely new—it took morality into a totally ne dimension. I believe it to be the secret of life.

When I started going to St. Paul's at the ag of about thirteen I used to travel by train fro Westbourne Park Station to Hammersmith. Th houses on the left down to Latymer Road wer appalling—I mustn't be libelous, they mayn't b appalling now, but they were in those days– dreadful little houses, with all sorts of refus decaying fish heads and suchlike, in squalid back yards. And I used to think how awful it mus be for people to live like that while I would b going home after school to lie on a sofa and ea raspberry jam sandwiches. That was the origi of my socialism.

By socialism I mean something quite differen from what most people mean by it. I mean livin with a community of goods, the kind of socialism that used to be true, and perhaps still is true, o life in the *kibbutzim* of Israel. Equal incomes No. People with beastly jobs—scavengers an lavatory attendants and the like—should be pai a great deal more than anyone else.

I hate the business side of publishing—bargaining with authors, bargaining with agents, and all that. You have to do it, of course, but it's detestable.

My favorite pursuit is listening to music. I wouldn't call it a relaxation: it's an act of communion.

Corporal punishment I detested at school. I've always detested it. I've always thought it unmitigated beastliness.

We had on what used to be called, I don't know why, an "occasional" table in our drawing room in Elgin Avenue a huge quarto volume with an immensely thick blue binding, called *Sixty Years a Queen*—a record, I suppose, in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee. (My father was a great patriot, and thought very highly indeed of the Queen.) It was packed with illustrations printed on heavily coated "art" paper, and one day I happened to open it at a place where there were two facing pages of pictures, reproductions, I imagine, of drawings. On one side was the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and on the other side the Charge of the Heavy Brigade, and in one or other of them a man on a horse was slashing down with a sword at another man's head. It produced in me a feeling of the most intense horror: I felt I was having my own head slashed off, and I thought, if this is war then war is an appalling evil and we must get rid of it. This was on my sixth or seventh birthday. I have longed to get rid of war ever since.

Far and away, the cause I care most about is the abolition of capital punishment. However decayed I may become, I shall never rest until we have finally abolished it. I agree with all the rational reasons against it, of course: to believe it's a uniquely effective deterrent, for instance, is against all the psychological and statistical evidence.

But what really moves me is an entering into the feelings of the condemned man (or woman). I wait with him during those three weeks, I wait with him on that last night, I feel what he must be feeling; and that any human being should inflict such agony on any other human being seems to be so unspeakably evil that I would do anything in the world to get rid of this appalling stain on our national life.

I am an exceedingly weak human being with a great liking for the "good things" of life, and I would say a hundred times that I have compromised too much with Mammon. If I were summoned before the Heavenly Tribunal and asked to defend myself against this charge, I think I'd prefer to be silent.

Henry Moore . . . sculptor

I think I was probably about eleven when I first decided I wanted to be a sculptor. I remember quite clearly the instant. As a boy, at school, I liked the art lessons, I liked drawing. I used to get my elder brother to draw horses and other things for me from as early as I can remember. But the little incident that clinches the thing in my mind was that our parents used to send me and my younger sister to Sunday school on Sunday afternoons—to get rid of us I think mainly—and the Sunday school we went to was a Congregational chapel although we were Church of England. The superintendent every Sunday used to give a talk which always had some little moral. And one Sunday he told us about Michelangelo carving the head of an old faun in the streets—in his studio in the streets of Florence—and that a passer-by stood watching Michelangelo carving this head. And after watching two or three minutes he said to Michelangelo, "But an old faun wouldn't have all its teeth in." Michelangelo immediately, said the superintendent, took his chisel, knocked out two of the teeth, and there, he said, was a great man listening to the advice of other people even though he didn't know them.

Now this story didn't stick in my mind for its moral but merely that there was someone—Michelangelo, a great sculptor. So instead of saying, as most boys might, that one wanted to be an engine-driver and so on, this pinpointed something in my mind and I knew from then onwards.

I remember a church about two miles from our home, a Gothic church, I think, between 1300 and 1400. I drew there as a little boy of nine or ten and always looked in there when I went to visit my aunt. That's about the earliest time I noticed sculpture around me.

My first serious lessons were when I went to grammar school, a coeducational grammar school. We had an art teacher, a Miss Gostick, half French, and she was wonderfully enthusiastic about the art lessons. Most of the boys and girls didn't seem to care about it, but I found that once I went to the grammar school I knew it was the one lesson of the week that I looked forward to. She was wonderfully helpful in asking me to tea every Sunday, and showed me copies of color magazines and so on. I owe a great deal to her enthusiasm.

I was the seventh in the family. By the time I came along, one brother and two sisters had al-

ready become teachers, and this was the sort of path carved out for the rest of the family. So there was no question of me going down the pits. My father really was a remarkable man. Very ambitious for us children, and had taught himself, although I was told that he had no schooling and earned his living first of all at nine. In his youth, I think, there was very little public education, and by the time I remember him very clearly he could help me in my homework from the grammar school. He seemed to know the whole of his Shakespeare. He knew his Bible pretty thoroughly and he taught himself enough trigonometry, mathematics, and so on to pass his exam as a manager for the coal mine. So I think it was he who really helped the family. He was absolute boss, a complete Victorian tyrant. I got on with him, but at the same time one had to keep away from his chair in the corner of the room, I remember. And homework, everything else, was done on the kitchen table after the meal was cleared away. His little corner was absolutely sacrosanct. Nobody was allowed to nudge him or bump him in any way whatever. I had great respect for Father. I knew that his opinions had real foundation. For instance, when I came to want to be an artist, he said, "First become qualified as a teacher like your brother and sisters have done and then change to art if you wish. Be sure that you have some living in your hand." Well, this was very intelligent and very sensible, but by the time I got to that age I knew that I wasn't going to be a teacher, that I was going to study art.

There were two other boys at the school who ran neck and crop with me for favor with the art mistress, Miss Gostick, and we were given in turn the jobs of designing the school program for the school concert, or the scenery, and there came a time, when the war began—I was still then only, what? fifteen—and it was decided to have a school Roll of Honor for the old students who were joining up. So I carved a scroll and a little scene on the top of it. This was the first real start of my proper carving career. I believe it's still there.

I got married when I was thirty. My wife was twenty. Straight from being a student I was put on to the staff of the Royal College of Art where I was a student for four years, and for that I think I got two hundred pounds a year for two days a week. This one got married on, and before being married that two hundred was wealth. After we were married, my wife had quite a need to watch and be careful with the money when we tried to entertain friends and so on, but we never seemed to go short of anything.

A sculptor is handicapped economically, and young sculptors can't get their work cast into bronze. Bronze casting is a very expensive thing. In my case, I used to go round to the stoneyards —the stonemason's—and take odd bits which had been knocked off other pieces. Random blocks, they're called. And these I'd store in my studio, and then as one got an idea that fitted one particular piece you could use it. I still have quite a lot of the same pieces that I gathered then, that didn't fit any idea, but in that way one got material cheaply.

The biggest stone I think that either I or anybody else has carved for a long time was the stone for the UNESCO sculpture. That stone cost over £3,000. That was a huge carving, much, much bigger than anything I've done or ever will do again. Marble can cost anything from five pounds a cubic foot, and you soon mount up if you have two by four by four. It comes to quite a lot. I've known young sculptors who have stopped working because they can't afford the price of a bag of plaster, which is only fifteen shillings.

And the transport is a problem. There's one figure of mine, a reclining stone figure which was the biggest I'd done up to then, which almost made one bankrupt by having to send it out to exhibitions and pay for the transport and get it back. That was in 1931. If one were sending this to, say, a London Group exhibition or to the Leicester Galleries or to some mixed exhibition, it might cost seven to ten pounds, and this would be a big amount out of one's income.

I hate commissions.

My works have been attacked and disfigured. I think this is just the work of silly hooligans—just silly people. Often it's better that no fuss should be made of it. And this is my line, that it's better to ignore those things. And even if something does happen and the press rings me up, I pretend I don't know about it. That's the best way out of it.

My sculpture is based on an attempt to understand form. That is what a sculptor's life is built around—this use and understanding, appreciation. You've got to try to know what actual three-dimensional reality is like. And this isn't easy to know. This is something which you've got to do by steps and stages. One of the steps and stages in my attempt to understand what three-dimensional form was—that is, to try to know what the back of a thing is like when you're looking at the front—[was] to try to know what, if I'm looking at you now, what your head—what shape it displaces in space—just what sort of

gle it's at with your body. This is a chalk peb- for instance that I played about a bit on. ien you see this side it makes you guess what other side is like. Often the other side is dif- ent, but you do have this connection. And in case the hole became as important as a shape, portant as the actual material that surrounded The holes were an attempt to understand form. The reclining figure is a subject which, for me, unending. I think if I had five lifetimes I uldn't exhaust the possibilities in this theme. nay be that it also connects the human figure h landscape more easily than a standing figure ld, and landscape is one of my great obsessions, ides the human figure. I think it's a way of the o being amalgamated, but what it all means, I 't know really.

Some people have said why do I make the heads so unimportant. Actually, for me the head is the most important part of a piece of sculpture. It gives to the rest a scale, it gives to the rest a certain human poise, and meaning, and it's because I think that the head is so important that often I reduce it in size to make the rest more monumental. It's a thing that anyhow was done. The heads of Michelangelo's figures will sometimes go twelve times instead of the usual six and a half, which is the average. It is a recognized thing.

Sometimes I do things which are more—I don't know what word to use—probably more tender in their point of view, in their expression of the human figure. But other times, mostly, it's a power. It's what appealed to me as a young man about Mexican sculpture—its terrific strength, its terrific stony tension and vitality.

Albert Finney . . . actor



went to primary school, then I went to Salford ammar School. I entered Salford Grammar hool at the sort of high stream, on the high in- igence level, but for some reason, I regarded homework at the age of eleven rather as an position, and in the first term I never did any. after one term in the high stream I was put o the bottom stream, and there I remained about four years. I tried all the excuses of not ng homework. And then in the fourth term some reason I suddenly worked again, and I was put up back in the high stream. That burst of intellectual activity lasted for two terms, then I faded, and didn't work very hard after that.

I once ran away from home—I don't know if my father knows this to this day—I ran away from home because I hadn't done any maths homework, and I didn't want to go in the next day and tell the teacher because I knew this was it. I got to the station and there was no train going where I wanted to go—I was eleven—I was going to live on a mountain in Wales, which the family called Fish Mountain where we'd been for a holiday. And I discovered that no trains went from Salford Station to Prestatyn or Rhyl, so I went back home and climbed in again through the lavatory window.

I've never really wanted to play Romeo. I've played him on a record, but I've never wanted to act him on a stage. I always feel, for instance, that when he has to get out of the bedroom, the morning when he's rushing off to Mantua, I always feel he should take her with him. He should have taken Juliet with him. Then the play would end there; there would have been no play left. I always feel the end of the play is rather pointless; she should have gone with him.

When I'm in an audience and I'm watching an actor, I can be moved by an actor, but I'm also watching him. I'm watching—I count—I can count while he does something to see how his technique is working, but that's his. I've got to find out mine, the way I work. This is where

one needs more practice when one acts. All the time one is finding out how your body works—you know—it's all right for him to do it that way, but you've got to find your way, and you can learn by watching other people act. But finally it's the amount of acting, or practice, if you like, that you do within your own body, I think.

The danger is when you become successful you get a bit of money, you go round in a large car and you can live very expensively, and then eventually all the sort of people you see are sort of very servile waiters and very expensively dressed diners. You never see people. Now I'm acting—people—it's my job, my life and I've got to see them. So in a certain sense when I leave the theater, I just want to go out into the night, and be alone. Then I surely am able to watch people, feel that I can. This is important to me.

I've been in love now, I think, about four times. The first time was when I was fifteen. Four times in ten years. Is that too much? I don't know. It's been rather good.

In one's own head there's a loneliness, you know. You're not lonely for people or for company, but there's a loneliness because of what is life, of one's thoughts, of one's—what I want to do in the theater, or what one feels one wants to act, one can only communicate it really by doing it, by acting it. So in one's own head these feelings, these feelings of creation, if you like, are floating about, and you can't put them to work in company. So there is a loneliness, because there's something in one's head one can't share in company, in a room, or with people. One only can do it perhaps one day in the future, through one's work. . . .

Cecil Beaton . . . photographer, designer

There are many months in which I forget about photography entirely. I do that on purpose because I don't want to get stale at it. I've never had a studio, for instance, for the very reason that I don't want to have the responsibility to feel that I've got to clock in and take so many pictures each month. I want to try and remain an amateur at it, in order that I have the amateur's freshness and spontaneity.

I think I'm after expressing my instinct. I think I want to be creative, and I think I want to do something that I know is going to get somewhere toward my goal. And that goal doesn't really have anything to do with other people. If there is acclaim, I don't listen to it very much—I'm too busy getting on with the next job. I only wish that I did have a little more satisfaction in the things that I do.

I try to develop my intellect, but I know that it's really through my eyes that I work.

I had an idyllically happy childhood.

There are certain things one likes about people. One can dislike a person for their smell. I didn't dislike my father for his smell, but the world of the cricket pavilion and the "Pink 'Un" and his rather hearty friends that he brought back to dinner on Saturday night meant nothing to me. The sort of laughter in the billiard room was a world that I knew nothing of, and had a slight antipathy to.

I found school appalling—such a waste of time. I had my share of bullying—not violent.

Going away to school I was uprooted, I was cold, I was hungry. It was during the first world war, and there was very little in the way of rations. I remember after a bit I got papillomas on my feet which were very painful, sort of corns produced by undernourishment. And I just felt to begin with that I didn't like that sort of herding together. I hated the stink of a swimming bath in the morning. And it took some time to find one or two congenial friends, or people who I realized were hating it as much as I did.

I don't think money gave me much trouble at Harrow. I used to try and sort of slip chits with the housemaster for rather grander pajamas than was supposed to be on the curriculum, and used to go to the tuckshop and do pretty well there. I wasn't really hard up.

At Cambridge, new doors were opening to me. This was something that I'd never known before and I was thrilled by the fact that certain people would give up their life to aestheticism. I thought it was lots of fun—I think I dressed in rather peculiar garb. This hat I wear because I think it has a certain Edwardian bravura. I think its proportions in some way compensate for the deficiencies in my general geometry. And also it hides the fact that I'm going bald. I don't like to exhibit myself quite bald, you know.

Evelyn Waugh is my enemy. We dislike one another intensely. He thinks I'm a nasty piece of goods, and, oh brother! do I feel the same way about him! My friends? Cyril Connolly was a

ıy first school, and, well, I suppose there were ıany at Harrow and Cambridge. Connolly hasn't ıfluenced me, but I always respected his intelli- ence. Other influences, I think, have been the itwells, by remote control—Diaghilev enor- ıously— Aldous Huxley. In his own way, I think, 'octeau—certainly Bérard.

My father thought photography was a pretty um affair. He felt he'd given me a good expen- ive education, and the only thing that I could ome up with, having ruined his account books ı his office for about three months, was that I hould take a small house in St. James's Square nd take photographs on one floor, and design ets and costumes for plays on another. And I on't know what on the third. He thought it ounded very vague, and it was a bit of a shock; mean, twenty-five years ago, maybe it's forty- ve years ago, I don't know, photographers eren't thought of as being particularly eminent. [e didn't think that I was going to be able to get) the top of the ladder in that way. . . . He helped ıe up to a point, but I think he was pretty ex- sperated really. . . .

Success came quite by a fluke, and very un- xpectedly. I took these photographs that were ınsidered very revolutionary and fantastic, and had an exhibition of them. From the moment ıe show was on, they just clicked because they ere newspaper copy. There hadn't been photo- raphs of what is known as celebrities—photo- raphed in that particular way.

I wasn't very interested in the sitters.

I used to retouch very much more then than I) now. It was part of a feeling of the time. I ıean I created a fantasy, I created a sort of ream world, and in that dream world, you didn't ant to see crow's feet, and veins in the neck. A ew were rather appalled at the idea of being put nder a Victorian glass dome, or reflected in the d of a piano. But I really wanted to please my- lf, rather than them.

I think I prefer photographing women, but en are a cinch. One has to have a more lenient pproach to women, and to combine the verisi- ilitudes and the sort of honesty of the attack, ıd at the same time be slightly kind. I think that akes the job a little more difficult. If it were a ıestion of painting, then one would put in the arts, but the camera has a very definite way of caggerating the deficiencies. I don't approve of touching, but if you see a perfectly straight- rward photograph of a perfectly young and eautiful woman, there are certain things that 're objectionable and have to be done away with. 's a sort of politesse.

I'm still looking for the end of the rainbow.

I'm always having to do things which are too difficult for me and I think that that is the thing that keeps me going. I think that I'm not an intellectual at all, but I feel that I need the company of intellectuals, so that something may brush off on me, from them. I want to do unpleasant things, because I feel that it's good for my character. I'm a terrific disciplinarian. I mean—again my father comes into this—although I loathe it, I very often, suffering from the cold as I do, have a cold shower each morning. I think one of the reasons why I'm here on television is that it's a challenge. It would be very easy to say—no, I shall just stay at home. But, all the time I'm trying to do things in my own way that I feel in some way help a bit. I haven't been able to ride a bike. I went into a holly bush after about the fourth attempt, and I thought, well, perhaps it's easier to walk. Occasionally I fight, but I'm perfectly willing to take on any job that I think may help make me a little better as a human being.

Evelyn Waugh... novelist



"Why did you agree to appear on 'Face to Face'?"

"Poverty. We've both been hired to talk in this deliriously happy way."

The New Soviet Oligarchy

by Charles W. Thayer

The first detailed character study of Russia's new Ruling Class: the bureaucrats, managers, and professional politicians who are replacing the old Revolutionists.

Just five years ago Nikita Khrushchev told Averell Harriman and me that unlike Stalin, who thought he would live forever, he Khrushchev knew he had only a few years left—perhaps only five—before he would be forced by age to quit. Therefore, he went on, he and Anastas Mikoyan had taken the precaution of naming his successor, Frol Kozlov.

"Haven't we, Anastas?" Khrushchev chortled, seeking confirmation from his colleague across the table for his wisdom and foresight. Mikoyan nodded agreement. Sitting beside him, Kozlov beamed fatuously like a schoolboy who has just won a spelling bee.

In one respect Khrushchev was right. He had only five years of power left. But otherwise he was quite wrong. His retirement was anything but voluntary. And Leonid Brezhnev, not Frol Kozlov, was chosen to succeed him by his fellow Communists in the Central Committee, who—treating his wise forethought in naming Kozlov as bumptious arrogance—ousted him.

Khrushchev's miscalculation about Kozlov was due partly to the unpopular rigid dogmatism of his chosen successor, partly to an overestimation of Kozlov's durability. (He was later incapacitated by a heart attack, and died a few weeks ago.) A cording to the Central Committee, Khrushchev own ouster was due to his brashness, and h penchant for ill-conceived panaceas. I suspec however, that a major reason was his arroga disregard of his colleagues in the Presidium the twenty-two-man executive which rules th much larger Central Committee, and his co temptuous slighting of the Committee itself.

Whenever he called a plenary meeting of th Committee he invited a flock of outsiders to a tend in defiance of all the rules. His intent, a parently, was to dilute the Committee's authorit by interspersing among them thousands of h admirers who had no credentials except his pe sonal favor. In December 1963, for example, son 6,000 collective farmers, engineers, scientist and others shared the floor with the 175 legi imate Committee members. It all looked ver democratic but was precisely the opposite—a artificial claque to applaud his leadership. To th Committee members it was as though the Colleg of Cardinals were forced to share its proceeding with a crowd of unfrocked laymen.

But just as important as the reasons for hi ouster was the way it was accomplished—a wa devised by Khrushchev himself in 1957. At tha time, finding himself outvoted in the Presidiun he appealed successfully to the Committee as whole to support him and repudiate his opp

* For the purposes of this article I have include in the Presidium all members, candidate member and members of its Secretariat.

ents in the Presidium—Malenkov, Molotov, and Kaganovich. Even five years ago, when Khrushhev was still riding high, Harriman and I questioned whether the Central Committee members would, when his time came, abdicate their "democratic" right to choose their leader which he had conceded to them in 1957 and instead meekly accept his choice of a successor.

It would be absurd, however, to regard the Central Committee's performance in voting to throw him out as evidence of democracy at work in the Soviet Union. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. But it was a clear demonstration that unrestrained rule by one man had been replaced by an oligarchy of the Committee. Though these 175 men will not actually govern the Party and the country, it seems likely that they will hang onto their prerogative of electing the governor.

What sort of men are these electors? What were their backgrounds and upbringing? How were they educated and trained? What motivations hold them together and what conflicting interests tend to divide them?

Unfortunately, the answers to these questions are not easy to come by. Even in Czarist Russia secrecy was a national preoccupation. Under Stalin official secrets were extended to cover the most trivial data, including occasionally even a man's full name.

Don't Ask

In 1946 a roly-poly little general called Shtykov headed the Soviet delegation sent to Seoul to negotiate the reunification of Korea with the Americans. At his first and—as I recall—his only press conference, an American reporter asked Shtykov what his first name was. The general impatiently brushed the question aside. When the reporter persisted, the general angrily closed the discussion and the conference by declaring that his first name was a military secret.

Though much has changed since Stalin's death, official biographical facts about public figures are still rare and often misleading. Interested diplomats, scholars, and journalists have had to dig deep for information about the men who run the U.S.S.R. A major source of enlightenment in recent years has been a massive effort carried on in Munich under the auspices of an international research center called the Institute for the Study of the U.S.S.R. For years, researchers have been gathering every scrap of available information about currently and potentially prominent Russians. Many of the researchers are Soviet citizens who escaped within the past decade or so and have had some personal acquaintance with their country's leaders. In addition to their personal knowledge they comb through tens of thousands of Soviet newspapers and periodicals published both in Moscow and in the provinces, painstakingly noting every appointment, promotion, and "election" of nearly 60,000 individuals who have achieved some prominence.

In 1958 some of the Institute's findings were published as a *Biographical Directory.* In 1962 a fuller edition, *Who's Who in the U.S.S.R.,* contained over 4,000 biographies of leaders in every walk of life—from politicians and Party functionaries to journalists, radio commentators, teachers, and even student leaders. This spring a second edition of the *Who's Who* will appear, containing over 5,000 biographies of the current elite—the most complete such directory ever published.*

To help in the preparation of this article, the Institute's researchers assembled a mass of hitherto unpublished materials and statistics spotlighting three hundred topflight officials in the Party apparatus, the government, and the economy. These materials make possible a meaningful analysis of the Soviet Union's political and managerial elite even though—as the biographers are the first to admit—their data are by no means as complete as a *Who's Who* in a free country where most people are proud to fill out questionnaires about their backgrounds, their education, and their accomplishments.

For example, information on the social origins of important individuals is often missing. This might seem odd for, even as late as the 1930s when I first lived in Russia, social origin was as important an item in a Soviet citizen's dossier as his age or education. In those days children of the dispossessed upper classes were barred from the universities.

Most Russians classify their antecedents as "worker," "peasant," or "employee" (white-collar). As might be expected in a revolutionary

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* Issued by Intercontinental Book and Publishing Company of Montreal, in English only, $25. The United States distributor is Scarecrow Press in New York City.

society the first category—"worker"—is the most honorable and "employee" the least, since an employee is by definition not a proletarian and possibly even stems from the once-despised bourgeoisie. Nikolai Bulganin, a senior official shelved by Khrushchev, is listed, for example, as the son of an "employee." Actually, as the *Who's Who* points out, his father was the owner and manager of a large Russian shipping company.

Though the sins of bourgeois fathers are no longer visited on subsequent generations the older Soviet leaders still like to boast, especially to foreigners, of their mean beginnings.

"I started life as a pigherd until I was promoted to cowherd," Khrushchev told Averell Harriman at our meeting in 1959.

"My father was a destitute worker," Mikoyan hastened to add.

"And mine was a landless peasant," Kozlov said, joining the chorus.

"Mine was a beggar," Gromyko chimed in from the foot of the table.

Those lacking pigherds, paupers, or beggars in their family trees tend to invent them or to keep silent about their social origins.

Children of Terror

As I studied the material for the new *Who's Who* the first fact that struck me was that no child of any top Soviet leader has ever attained high position in the ruling group.

One of Stalin's sons became an Air Force general but he never wielded political influence. Oleg Troyanovsky, son of an old Bolshevik who was the first Ambassador to the United States, is a Deputy Foreign Minister, but has no real political authority. Alexei Adzhubei, after marrying into the Khrushchev family, achieved temporary glory as chief editor of *Izvestia*. However, his swift dismissal after Khrushchev's fall indicates he had no substantial political position of his own. A son-in-law of Brezhnev is reported to be a distinguished engineer, but this too is a far cry from political leadership.

The offspring of the ruling class have exploited their access to better education and many other advantages in Western democracies, and the favored environment produces famous family names like Adams, Roosevelt, and Lodge. But this does not happen in the U.S.S.R. for several reasons. For one thing, the old Bolsheviks, fearing the revival of prerevolutionary Russia's hereditary castes have scotched any hint of

important, I suspect, is the reluctance of the off spring themselves to follow in their parents unsteady footsteps. They have observed at clos quarters the high mortality rate among officia under Stalin and even under Khrushchev. S they prudently choose and, I daresay, are ofte urged by their parents to shun political caree and instead share the fringe benefits of the fathers—apartments, dachas, cars, and money without the accompanying risks and exertion

Another striking phenomenon is the great di ference in ages between the leaders today a those who fomented the revolution in the fir place. The leaders in 1920, when the Soviets we in firm control, were mostly young, fanatical Tr Believers. The oldest, Lenin, was fifty. Bukhar was only thirty-two, and the average age of t first Politburo, as the Presidium was then call was thirty-eight. Under Stalin the average a was forty-six. Today the average age of the Pr idium is over fifty-five.

For a so-called revolutionary society there also a remarkable absence of young "whiz kid who have leapfrogged to prominence. If we co sider election to Central Committee status as t threshold to eminence, hardly any of the pres members made the breakthrough until th were in their late forties or early fifties. App ently age and seniority carry as much weight the Soviet system as in more traditional societ

The past and present Soviet leaders also di significantly in their early upbringing and e cation. The Jesuits, supported by many psyc atrists, maintain that a man's character formed in his first six or seven years. Whet or not this is so, there can be little doubt t an individual's environment during his f twenty years or so weighs heavily in shaping political outlook.

The early revolutionaries were reared in turbulent years that culminated in the abor revolution of 1905. Each of them faced the ch the life of an outlaw at war with establis authority. They chose to be outlaws. Until t seized power, they spent their lives either in gal conspiracy at home or obscure exile abr They were inspired by a universal ideal they fought for a global objective pitting c

Of the present rulers, only Mikoyan and tion. The rest never made the choice betwe

ge, the Soviet regime was unchallenged and—as ıe Purges were to demonstrate—the conspira-)rial heroics of their predecessors were down-raded to criminality.

To be sure, their lives have not been easy or ithout danger. All of them lived through the reat famines of 1921 and 1932 and the fearful :ruggle for industrialization and collectivization nder Stalin's brutal dictatorship in the early hirties. Some of them were old enough to be ulnerable to the terrors of the Purges, and even ıe youngest must have been aware of the arrest nd execution or exile of friends and relations. :osygin's own brother is reported to have been ent to a Siberian concentration camp.

With such backgrounds we can assume that ıey are just as tough, just as ruthless as their redecessors of 1917 and perhaps even more dept in the battle for survival.

But, it seems to me, the goals have changed—· were changed for them by Stalin. Instead of niversal Marxism and world revolution, their nmediate aims have been more national in char-:ter. Most of them were still in their teens hen Stalin proclaimed as his goal "socialism in ıe country" and undertook to sacrifice an entire eneration to create a strong industrial, collec-vized nation.

Perhaps even more important to them was the :cond world war "for the defense of the Father-nd," as Stalin proclaimed it. That ordeal with-ıt doubt powerfully stimulated the national ıtriotism of every Russian who survived it.

Well-schooled Bureaucrats

The new leaders, of course, have all been ıoroughly indoctrinated with Marxist dogma ıd profess allegiance, with varying degrees of ınviction, to the goal of world revolution. But hile they will try, as in the past, to subvert her countries to their system, they will be act-ıg less as missionaries of Marxism than as lonizers of the Soviet empire.

The methods they will use to pursue their ›als will also, it seems to me, differ from their redecessors'. Unlike the early Bolsheviks they 're not ex-outlaws with nothing to lose. They ıe respected leaders of a stable state, personally fluent, and custodians of a huge national in-ıstrial complex.

They are likely, then, to choose more cautious, ore conservative, and, one hopes, more peaceful ays than those of Lenin's followers, who were ady to set the world on fire for Marx's sake. Confronted by their own and their adversaries' capacity to reduce the world to ashes, they are apt to think longer before they apply the torch.

There are wide differences also in the education and training of the old and the new leaders. In Lenin's 1920 Politburo only five members, so far as is known, had been to college. Among Stalin's lieutenants at the beginning of the industrialization drive, only two Politburo members are known to have had a university education.

Moreover, when Lenin's colleagues took over the government none had previously held any responsible position either in government or in industry. Nor did they seem to think experience very important. Lenin is said to have remarked that "any worker can learn to become a minister in a few days." Probably the closest any of them had come to "meeting a payroll" before the Revolution was when Stalin encountered one as it emerged from a Tiflis bank and stole it.

When the first Five Year Plan got under way, Stalin had no one in his entourage adequately trained to build and operate the great factories the plan called for. That he managed to build an industrial complex was due in part to foreign technicians, in part to the native business talents of such men as Mikoyan, an Armenian, and Kaganovich, a Jew, and partly to the fact that at that stage Russia's industrial plant was not all that complex. Nevertheless, Stalin was the first to recognize the crying need for technicians and initiated a vast expansion of the Soviet system of higher education.

Back in 1933, our first Ambassador to the U. S. S. R., William C. Bullitt, whom I served as secretary, asked Stalin if he was not educating Russia out of his job—meaning his dictatorship. Though Stalin brushed the question aside with his pharisaical smile, there is no doubt that whatever fresh intellectual winds are blowing in Russia today have their origins in the universities Stalin built up.

Of the twenty-two men in Brezhnev's Presidium nineteen finished college, chiefly higher technical institutes, and ten of them have gone to the Party's special political schools. Just two (including Mikoyan who, like Stalin, studied at a religious seminary) had only a secondary education; only Shvernik's academic record is listed as unknown. Just how much the students learned in those early university classes is difficult to say. Even today, Soviet professors tend to overlook shortcomings among undergraduates who are rising Party officials.

Brezhnev's academic career, for example, is

rather puzzling. His official biography states he went to work in a factory at fifteen. However, he apparently resumed his studies, at twenty-one, qualified as a surveyor, and worked for three years in the agricultural areas of the Urals. In 1930 and 1931 he was studying at an agricultural institute in Moscow. Stalin's collectivization drive was at its height and famine was in the offing when Brezhnev at the age of twenty-five abandoned agriculture and entered a metallurgical institute from which he graduated in 1935. After serving in the army, he got a Party job in 1937 in his native town of Dnieprodzerzhinsk. He has remained in the Party apparatus ever since.

Like Brezhnev, the majority of the men in both the Presidium of the U.S.S.R. and the presidiums of the fourteen constituent republics went directly into Party work after finishing technical universities. They remained in the apparatus with occasional excursions into government ministries. In contrast to the men of the 'twenties, they have thus had considerable experience recruiting, training, and guiding large masses of men. They are not professional revolutionaries but professional administrators or bureaucrats with a smattering of technical experience.

In this respect, Kosygin is an exception. After completing his course at a textile institute, he worked for a time in consumer industries and later became director of a textile factory. He was so conspicuously effective that when the Purges decimated the Party apparatus in Leningrad Stalin picked him to be Mayor of that city. Thereafter he continued to work in government positions chiefly as an economist. In 1940 Stalin made him a Deputy Prime Minister responsible for economic planning—a position he continued to hold through the premierships of Malenkov, Bulganin, and Khrushchev, for a period of twenty-four years. Considering the high turnover of Soviet officials, this is an extraordinary political achievement, surpassed only by wily old Mikoyan.

Kosygin's selection as Prime Minister to succeed Khrushchev was probably due at least in part to the fact that he is one of the few leaders who have devoted themselves to industry, the economy, and the government. Thus he would hardly be inclined to interfere in Party matters over which Brezhnev presides.

Since his rise to prominence, Kosygin has frequently been pictured in the Western press as a dried-up, colorless, humorless economic expert. My own impression is that he is a shrewd, hardheaded, realistic businessman, dour perhaps, but with a pleasant wry sense of humor. Though he is less jovial than Brezhnev, he appears more sophisticated and has a quiet self-assurance in dealing with Western economists and businessmen whose language he can speak when necessary.

When I first met him in 1959 he was the chief Soviet planner and was much concerned about the chaotic state of the national industrial inventory. Every factory, every piece of machinery, he said, was carried on the books at a different standard of values, which made cost accounting practically impossible. He had therefore ordered a complete reinventorying of the entire Soviet industrial plant. It was, he admitted, a stupendous undertaking but once it was accomplished, he added with a gleam of satisfaction, he would at last be able to plan realistically and efficiently for the future development of the Soviet economy.

Doubtless there have been more brilliant economists and industrial experts in the Soviet regime, but Kosygin is the first trained and experienced economist to reach the pinnacle of the government ladder. If he survives in that position he will play a key role in solving the critical problem confronting the Soviet government today—the cleavage between the political Party leadership and the industrial managers, experts, and engineers.

What's Good for the Party

In Western societies lawyers usually dominate politics but leave the running of industry to trained managers and experts. But the Soviet system provides for Party supervision of every phase of the economy, from the national planning bureau down to the smallest factory units. Indeed, on occasion, when a factory does not fulfill its plan, the Party supervisor is made the director over the head of the manager.

A Westerner visiting a Soviet factory can usually spot the two types as soon as he is escorted into the factory director's office and sits down with the staff at the ever-present green baize table. The trained director is likely to be a soft-spoken, modest man, ready to discuss his technical difficulties and the shortcomings of his plant. The Party man, in contrast, is usually jovial, loud-talking, often boastful—eager to point out the plant's superiority and its spectacular achievements because of Soviet methods.

The Institute in Munich has assembled a



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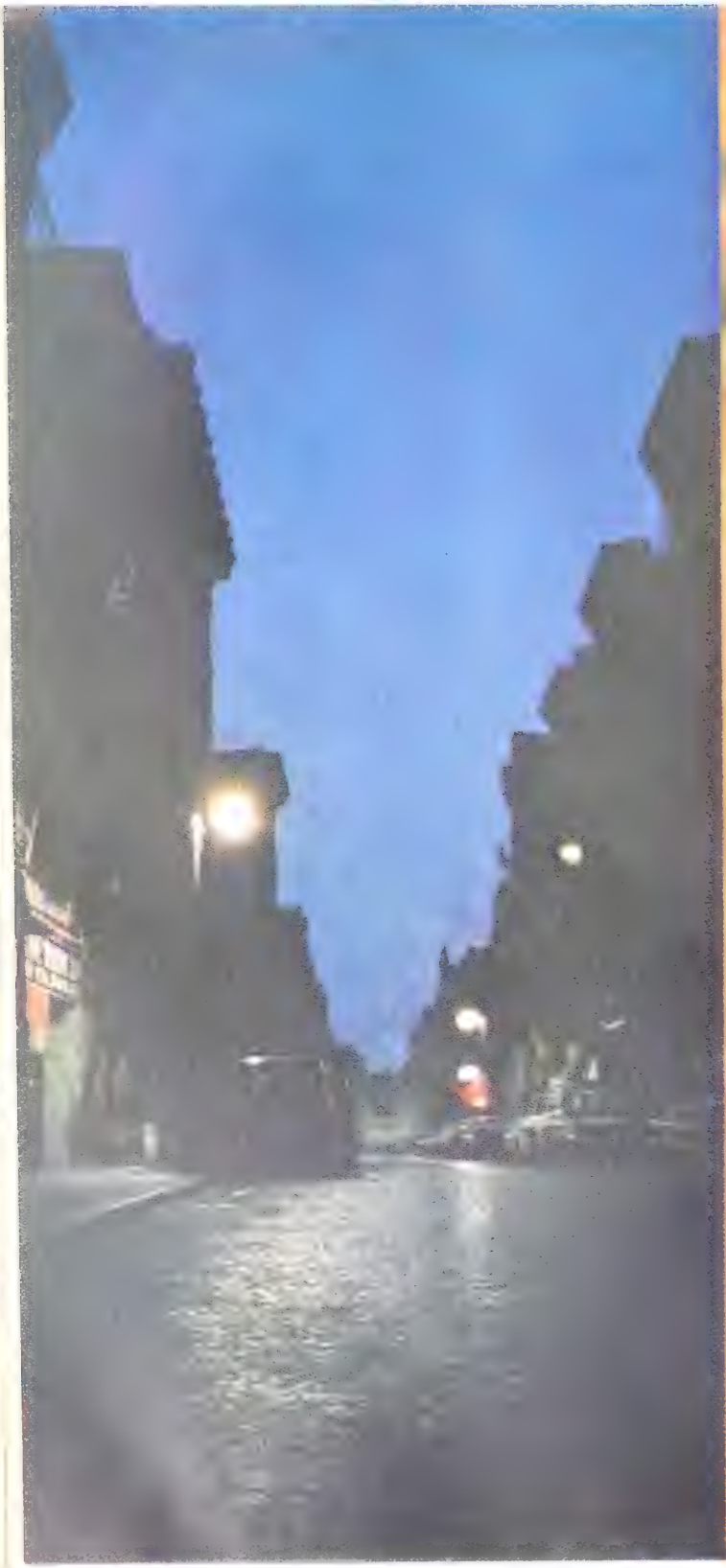


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nique mass of data which makes possible a less perficial comparison of these two types. For his purpose it has analyzed the careers of all embers of the presidiums of all the constituent publics as well as of the U. S. S. R. (a group of out two-hundred roughly comparable to the ading federal and state politicians in the United ates) and one hundred leading directors of viet industry.

Both the senior politicians and the senior managers, it turns out, are about the same age—a t over fifty-five. Practically all the managers, e most of the Party men, have finished univerty, usually a technical institute. Practically all them have joined the Party. But here a sigficant difference is apparent. The politicians ined the Party at the average age of twentyve. The managers however did not join until irty-one; less than half of them joined in their enties. This seemingly trivial discrepancy is portant in the light of conditions in the early irties when so many of both groups were fishing their educations and planning their caers.

In that period I was a student myself in Mosw and had many friends finishing up either at e university or at one of the technical institutes. Since the more ardent Party members unned foreigners, most of my acquaintances ere either not members or purely nominal ones. most invariably they spoke with ill-disguised ntempt of those of their colleagues who planned seek promotion through the Party apparatus cause they lacked the courage to face poorly id jobs as apprentice engineers in the primie industrial communities then being built yond the Urals. I think they also felt that the rty careerists were squandering their costly ucations and depriving the country of badly eded experts.

The managers—the statistics indicate—conlered the Party secondary to their professions. ntil they had made good professionally they re reluctant to assume time-consuming afterurs Party work as agitators, organizers, and opagandists. Only after they had made a start their technical careers did they join up as an pedient since promotion to higher posts even industry was then largely restricted to Party embers. Further evidence of this attitude is the ct that of the hundred managers in the present mple, only fourteen ever held Party posts—ost of them merely as factory organizers.

The picture that emerges is of a divergence fundamental allegiance, the politician to the rty, the manager to his profession. This unresolved conflict has so far stifled the initiative of the managers and thwarted the development of a progressive industrial and agricultural system.

For example, one of Khrushchev's ill-conceived panaceas was the planting of corn. In many areas agronomists knew the corn would never ripen and regarded Khrushchev's orders as a waste of both land and manpower. Though the Party's district supervisors might suspect that the agronomists were technically right, they owed their first allegiance to the Party, and insisted that the corn be planted whether it matured or not. Thus the friction between the Party and the managers and technicians was born.

Or a factory manager might read in a Western scientific journal of a production method which would cut costs, increase output, or improve the quality of his product, though it might temporarily disrupt production. The factory's Party supervisor, however, had only one supreme directive: Fulfill the Plan. Hence the innovation was rejected.

In recent years the Soviet press has begun to publicize the complaints of frustrated managers, engineers, scientists; but thus far no fundamental solution of the problem has been found.*

Is the conflict between scientific fact and Marxist dogma as interpreted by the Kremlin inherent and inevitable? The answer I think lies in the minds of the interpreters. Khrushchev himself modified some dogmas such as the inevitability of war, and the present leaders have promised that their policies will be based on careful analysis of scientific facts. They have even given token evidence of their sincerity by the demotion of such bogus Marxist scientists as the geneticist Lysenko.

But to what length are they prepared to go to fulfill these promises? Older men like Suslov are so steeped in Communist ideology that they are unlikely to abandon basic tenets just to please the disgruntled managers and technicians. Others of the middle generation profess to a more pragmatic outlook. One of these is Brezhnev, the top leader, who superficially even looks like the modern "Communist in the gray flannel suit." Unlike Stalin, who pretended humility in his severe military uniform, or Khrushchev, who posed as the common man in his floppy ill-fitting suits, Brezhnev dresses in Western fashion and obviously enjoys his reputation as the best-dressed man in the Kremlin, his shirts well starched, his pants sharply pressed. But when he

* See David W. Ewing's "The Russians Yearn for the Managerial Mind," *Harper's*, January 1965.

sits down to the dinner table and begins shoveling in the food he reverts to his Stalinist past when the Great Leader himself liquidated good manners and made rudeness, especially to subordinates, fashionable. Indeed, even today courtesy is given a low priority among Soviet officials and is reserved chiefly as a diplomatic tactic to be practiced only when expedient.

One wonders whether Brezhnev and his colleagues in their later fifties and early sixties, despite their lip service to modern realities, can indeed change their political manners any more than they can their eating habits.

At the time of the Great Purge, the men of Brezhnev's generation were old enough to be personally vulnerable to Stalin's terror. Few Party members survived without being reduced to trembling marionettes stripped of their dignity and forced like Khrushchev to dance the *gopak* before their drunken and sadistic master. Fearful of their best friends and even of their innermost thoughts, they were driven to dissimulation, false denunciation, and timid reticence. Despite subsequent de-Stalinization, these searing experiences must have left scars now masked by a veneer of joviality and apparent candor. Whatever they may profess, they are still fearful of facts, suspicious of the truth, and always ready to take refuge in subterfuge and pious prevarications.

New Frontiersmen, Soviet Style

There is, however, still a younger generation represented in the Presidium. Now the most junior, they have good prospects of rising to the top within the next ten years. Four members—Polyansky, Rashidov, Demichev, and Shelepin—were born during or after the 1917 Revolution. They were in their teens when Stalin started the Great Purge and too young to experience the terror personally. Like their elders they are well-indoctrinated in Marxist dogma and prepared when necessary to use the Leninist tactics of deception and falsehood. Yet they appear to be less fearful of realities, less awed by doctrine, more candid in their opinions.

Dmitri Polyansky, for example, has the air of a successful Western politician. Neatly dressed, with a frank, open manner he is an intelligent talker. And he seems free of the reticence or personal antagonism toward foreigners that hampers his elders and reduces conversation with them to fruitless banter like Khrushchev's absurd kitchen debate with Nixon. Unlike his elders, he is not afraid to discuss delicate subjects or to express views that seem to diverge from the Party line. A few years ago he visited the United States and on his return to Moscow unabashedly gave his opinion of America. He liked it.

Another of the more promising juniors is Sharaf Rashidov. As a member of an Asiatic minority, an Uzbek, he is not likely to rise to the very top. But he may well play an important secondary role like that of the Armenian Mikoyan. He started life as an editor, writer, and teacher and is doubtless aware of the young intellectuals' resentment of censorship by the Party ideologues. Perhaps one day he will dare to recognize their grievances.

Peter Demichev, one of the youngest members of the Presidium, was recently promoted to full membership. Educated as a chemist, for a time he was engaged in scientific research before joining the Party apparatus. How does he react when his laboratory experiments do not produce the results required by "scientific Marxism"?

Lastly, there is the enigmatic Alexander Shelepin, the youngest of them all, also recently promoted to full membership in the Presidium. Shelepin is one of the few top leaders who studied the humanities at the Moscow Institute of Philosophy, Literature, and Politics. After graduation, he became head of the Komsomol or Communist Youth League, then in one of its periodic doldrums, and his reforms were so successful that he was highly decorated. Promoted to head of the Soviet security police at the age of forty, he probably comes closer to being a "whiz kid" than any of his colleagues. Though he bossed the dread political police for three years, he still likes to make speeches about the evils of killing people. Today as head of the powerful Party Government Control Committee, he is the chief watchdog over all Party and government operations. He must be as aware as any official of the conflicts that divide the politicians not only from the managers, engineers, and technicians but from scientists, intellectuals, and artists as well.

Until the goals of the Party as interpreted by its leaders and the expectations of the Soviet population are harmonized, these conflicts will persist and continue to impede political as well as economic progress.

As yet the Soviet people have shown little inclination to modify their aspirations. But as this study indicates, there is some hope that the Party governors may eventually be persuaded to reconcile their doctrines with the rising expectations of the governed.

A Good Time at UCLA

an English view

by Richard Gilbert

resh out of Oxford, he was shocked by hat he learned teaching in Los Angeles, but he found the university more ntellectually vigorous—and more fun -than he had expected.

When I heard that eight hundred students ad been arrested at the Berkeley campus of the niversity of California in December, I felt a rong twinge of sympathy right across the six ousand miles that separated me from Califora. The arrests were the dramatic climax of a nfrontation between students and the administation that had been brewing for many months. ndeed I had witnessed the early stages of the spute from the languorous atmosphere of erkeley's sister-campus, UCLA, where I was a aching assistant for a year. In Los Angeles ost of the students looked with disdain at their ore politically conscious colleagues in Northern alifornia. "Politics," as one of my students ice remarked to me "is strictly for the birds." emonstrations and arrests are alien activities UCLA, where the students regard Berkeley ith the same suspicion that Los Angeles turns n San Francisco. "Up there it rains; down here e just have precipitation," I was told soon after y arrival.

Between the lush greenery of Sunset Boulerd, where a few film stars and many businessen live, and the spacious homes and shops of residential paradise called Westwood Village, he UCLA campus lies concealed behind thick oliage. When I first arrived on the campus to ake up my job I thought the foliage was camouflage. As soon as the sprinklers were turned on, I changed my mind. In a flash the campus was transformed into a Californian Versailles. This was only the first of many shocks I experienced during my year in Los Angeles. My adrenalin worked overtime as I absorbed the differences between British and American higher education, trying to discover what the British could learn —if anything—from the "multiversity," as Clark Kerr, the university's president, has dubbed his creation. At the time, I concluded there was much we could usefully apply in Britain. I still believe so.

In Britain the University of California is identified as Berkeley. UCLA has no public image and I was frequently asked why the Los Angeles campus has remained free of the tempests that have shaken Berkeley. Of the many reasons for this, one must surely be the difference in intellectual climate. Berkeley is—next to Harvard—the toughest American college to get into and to stay in. The IQ level of the students is high, their intellectual aspirations fierce, their involvement in the political issues of our time intense. The earnestness of the campus is fortified by the large proportion of graduates who are taking second and third academic degrees there.

At UCLA, on the other hand, the official catalogue contains the following words: "The campus is ideally located for varied recreation and entertainment. The beaches and mountain resorts are within easy distance. Hollywood is close by and the community is served by a number of fine restaurants."

Some might see this as an indictment of the campus. I, however, found such pleasure-loving honesty thoroughly attractive after the morbid,

gray academicism of Oxford. At the same time, this characteristic underlined the difference between UCLA and Berkeley, where the tradition of political activity and free speech is long and honorable. The dispute over loyalty oaths, the fights against the House Committee on Un-American Activities, against compulsory ROTC, and against racial discrimination have involved many Berkeley students and teachers in a long series of conflicts. At UCLA the students have never been so deeply involved in such issues. One of the reasons is that only a minority of them live in the university area while most Berkeley students live close to the campus. As a consequence the Berkeley students have a much greater sense of cohesion and community.

Similar differences between residential and non-residential campuses can be detected in British universities. But the dominant issue among British students over the last few years has been the Bomb; the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has derived much of its vitality from its student supporters. One issue for which both British and Californian students have agitated is racial equality. In Britain students until recently have concentrated on the apartheid policies of South Africa. Now, as in the United States, the British student is painfully discovering that race problems begin at home.

Mating and Parking Urges

I found my move from tradition-bound Oxford liberating. The Los Angeles campus, which has had a full undergraduate program only since 1924, has had little time to develop burdensome traditions. It has grown and sprawled apace with the city. It is hard to say whether the university has flourished because of or despite Los Angeles. The city which everybody loves to hate engenders an animal hedonism which some would claim is directly at odds with academic pursuits. But the combination of this holiday camp atmosphere with a determined effort to remain what UCLA's Chancellor Franklin Murphy has called "a vital necessity for a society which wishes to survive free and strong" is stimulating and oddly conducive to bouts of hard work.

The focal point of the UCLA campus is a cluster of buildings that surrounds the old library. There, Gothic, Baroque, and Romanesque styles nudge each other. At noon after morning classes and lectures the students swarm toward the library steps, the most popular meeting place on the campus. The library boasts a set of melodious bells which perform at noon every day of the term. The first time I heard them they were playing a selection from *Oklahoma*. At the foot of the steps were herds of colorful nymphets looking like film extras milling around a stage Californian campus. Brought up on a balanced diet of Hollywood spectaculars I waited for these exotic creatures to throw themselves into a soft shoe routine and chant to the chimes behind them. Unfortunately they merely dipped into brown paper bags containing sandwiches and fruit. The contrast between these creatures and the drab black-stockinged undergraduettes of Oxford was powerful. Even when the coeds wore casual clothes they looked so elegant that I sometimes found it hard to realize that UCLA was primarily a place of learning. In class many of these coeds wearing ribbons in their hair, relaxed in their seats, sucked Life Savers, chewed gum, or chain smoked mentholated, denicotinized cigarettes.

They were very honest about their reasons for coming to a university. Of course, they said, they wanted a degree but more than that they wanted to get a husband.

Many of California's luscious girls suffer some form of breakdown during their college career which may be due to the clash between their scholastic work and the compulsive need to be seen as a sexy, potential wife. Some just concentrate on the wife part; a few concentrate on nothing but the work. The majority try to combine both roles. The neuro-psychiatric unit on campus was stocked with victims of this conflict. But at least no stigma is attached to mental illness. On the contrary, it is almost a sign of maturity. I knew girls who announced that they could not come to class because they had to pay their weekly visit to their psychiatrist; they said this as if they were going to visit their hairdresser. I found such openness admirable after the narrow attitudes to be found in Britain where too often, a neurotic is given the status of a criminal.

The great fetish of UCLA students is the car. Many of the twenty thousand students arrive from their distant homes by car early in the morning and leave the campus early in the afternoon. For them, life's main preoccupation is the

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Richard Gilbert, a Londoner, went to UCLA as a teaching assistant in history, after leaving Oxford in 1961. His book about his American experiences, "City of the Angels," was published in England by Secker and Warburg. He is now working for the Overseas Service of the BBC and he revisited the U.S. at election time.

arch for a parking place. Huge parking ramps circle the campus but these are inadequate to isfy the extraordinary demand. This obsession emed to me at first inexplicable. But an informal ll revealed that parking was by far the most ntroversial issue on the campus, ranking a long y ahead of fallout shelters, the Vietnam crisis, d state and national elections.

I knew students whose whole academic career as determined by the lack of parking space. nce the chances of finding a spot were brighter the early morning, students often selected eir courses with reference only to the hours e lectures began. For example, a course that volved attendance at lectures three times a ek at 8:00 A.M. would be very popular with r drivers. The student could then cram the rest his lectures into his timetable before twelve d could leave after lunch for his job. To supere the mammoth task of parking, the campus ploys special armed policemen who spend their aking hours giving students parking tickets and atrolling the many roads that dissect the cams.

For Lack of a Good Bar

My first sight of UCLA in action was the hysrical period of registration for the fall semesr. Before any student enrolls he has to pass ie most rigorous medical examination he is ever kely to face—unless he hopes to be an astronaut. hen undergraduates and graduates have to sign n for the courses which they hope to take. Some re compulsory; most are left to the discretion f the student. But the mere expression of a wish take a course in, say, Twentieth-century merican Literature, in no way ensures acceptnce. Each course can take only a fixed number f students. As a result, violence and even riots ave accompanied the three days of registration.

My first task was to accept applications for the ourse I was going to help to teach—Introduction o the History of Western Civilization. I was told o reject the entreaties of anyone—bejeaned olitas or barefoot beats—who tried to get in fter the quotas had been filled. Rejected students alked away dazed, mumbling, "This means I on't be able to graduate next semester." Others oured out to me incantations about units, redits, and grades—the liturgy of American igher education.

Worse scenes were occurring at this time on he Berkeley campus. Students queued for over wenty-four hours for certain supremely popular courses. Outside the Physics Department ambulances had to be called to remove the victims of a riot during the registration for Dr. Edward Teller's introductory course. Such zeal I found overwhelming—a delightful contrast to the cultivated apathy of British students.

My own position at UCLA was very attractive. While nominally I was studying for a second degree, I was not dedicated to the pursuit of the elusive Ph.D. and teaching and scholastic loads were light enough to provide some leisure. On Fridays I headed with my colleagues for a scruffy bar called Rosey's Red Banjo—now defunct. This was the nearest bar to the university precincts, although it was over a mile from the campus. Beer was sold in large pitchers containing two or three pints. The floor was strewn with peanut husks, the walls decorated in imitation Toulouse-Lautrec style, flaunting the excesses of the Prohibition era. Dim lighting picked out long, bare wooden tables. From time to time a banjo band played hit songs of the 'twenties and 'thirties. There were rarely more than a dozen people there.

On a Friday afternoon the clientele was drawn almost solely from the graduate population of UCLA. Teaching assistants took the opportunity of releasing their pent-up energy, and over pints of bad beer and bowls of stale pretzels they unleashed their fury against their professors. It was hard to gather whether the participants enjoyed themselves or not, but there was something delightfully illicit in leaving a Los Angeles bar at six in the evening, beery and blissful, with the sun still blazing.

The lack of any bars on campus contributed to the centrifugal attitude of the students who were forced to look beyond for meeting places. I always maintained that a huge bar within the grounds would have brought important changes to the whole community of UCLA. It would provide a focal point where students could dally in the evenings, where graduates could congregate far from the jingling jukebox in the Students' Union cafeteria and where everyone (of statutory age) could enjoy refreshment a little stronger than a chocolate malt. I hope the next great philanthropist to the campus leaves provision for a bar in his will.

UCLA provides an extraordinary variety of courses in sixty different faculties, yet it has resisted the temptation to become merely a convenient conveyor belt for the technologists and scientists who are in such urgent demand in Southern California. No better school of African studies exists in America and the lively Theater

Arts department produces writers and actors who spurn the clutches of nearby Hollywood. The School of Music calls on the services of the many distinguished composers and musicians who have taken up residence in California. The science faculties are sprinkled with Nobel Prize winners. The School of Business Administration pours out trim executives versed in everything from sartorial elegance to expense-account dodges. The department of English contains a handful of the most brilliant teachers and lecturers I have come across anywhere.

In my own department, History, undergraduate standards were frequently very high. At the graduate level, more and much better work was done than at most postgraduate centers in Britain. Lectures were informal and delivered with a sense of humor completely absent at Oxford. This was all the more surprising in view of the obstacles in the way of every teacher. The worst of them are summed up in the phrase, "Publish or perish." A teacher can be a brilliant lecturer but if he does not churn out articles for *The American Historical Review* or the occasional book on Civil War Caves, then he is liable to be dismissed summarily. No teacher is given permanent tenure until he has completed the requirements for a Ph.D. This must be followed by a breaking-in period as an instructor at a less well known campus. Then comes an application to a leading university like California. A period of probation, a niche to be carved out, a reputation to be secured, writings to be published, involvement in departmental politics—the inventory of duties is long and onerous. At the same time teachers have to comply with an array of maddening restrictions on their personal activities. At UCLA, citizens are still expected to sign an oath of loyalty to the government of California before they can be given permanent jobs. If the teacher survives these obstacles to success he can then indulge in his real function —teaching.

In a course like Introduction to Western Civilization the professor delivers an hour's lecture twice a week. The six hundred students in the course are then divided into groups of thirty which meet for two hours every week with the teaching assistants and discuss assigned books and any problems arising out of the lectures. My job was to conduct two of these sessions—known, inaccurately, as quiz sections.

When I opened the door of my classroom for the first time, instead of thirty docile students waiting to discuss "Western Civ.," there were fifty, all demanding fawn-colored, punched IBM cards. These were the physical means of ensurir enrollment and when collected together mark the academic progress of every student. In m eagerness to please, I had put on that mornir what can only be described as an imitation gam keeper outfit. The combination of my accent ar my appearance was sufficiently grotesque to allo me to impose some sort of equity from abov The twenty students I had to reject filed out the room.

Sweety-Pie Aristotl

At exam time I learned the sad truth th Americans are at no stage in their career taug how to write. I mean this not only in the literar sense but also physically. The student who ca type beautifully on his own electric typewrite almost disintegrates when asked to put pen t paper for an hour or two in an examination. Th lack of style, the misspelling, and the idioti punctuation drove me to despair from which was only rescued by the occasional discovery c first-rate answers and the odd remarks that wer unintentionally funny.

One student, for example, called Homer's epi "The Achilliad." Another wrote that "St. Augus tine was illuminated by divine power." (I had t put the comment, "A.C. or D.C.?") In an essa on the *Song of Roland* a girl wrote: "He charge in against the dragon relying on God to help hir and if he didn't, well that's the way the cooki crumbles." Another girl throughout her answer referred to "sweety-pie Aristotle."

"Identification" with the past is a major busi ness for the American college student. One gir told me she was getting desperate in her readin of the Greek philosophers: "I can't identify witl Plato." Some phrases distinguished potentia graduate students. There was clearly a brigh future for anyone who talked about the "cross fertilization" of cultures or the "charismati authority" wielded by leaders or who casuall introduced the word "symbiosis." For these stu dents ancient peoples were either adjusted o maladjusted to their environment; their econo mies were always about to take off or to suffe recession.

The textbooks were chiefly a series of paperbacks with titles like *The Age of Adventure* and *The Age of Anxiety*. These were read in that curious way Americans have of reading books On every page about twelve lines are neatly underlined in ink. When this has been done throughout the book, it is considered read.

n his first lecture on Western Civilization, Dr. lliam Hitchcock, the skillful and superbly flu- professor who conducted the course, gave out tle orders. Eating lunch during the lectures s forbidden; smoking was not; necking was couraged. The seven teaching assistants sat the back of the auditorium—able to see the ctions of their six hundred charges. After h lecture the professor would be surrounded eager faces asking him to clear up assorted steries. "What is the difference between cul- e and civilization?" "What is the existentialist sis of modern man?" "Why were the Romans ferent from the Greeks?" The students' norance of European history was encyclopedic almost as great as Europeans' ignorance of nerican history.

Discussions that began in the lecture room ually ended in one of the restaurants in the udents' Union. This multimillion-dollar build- g looked like a cross between the Beverly lton and Macy's. Patios, split-levels—they were there with vast auditoriums, smart restau- nts, and self-service cafeterias. In game rooms, ght and day, sweat-shirted teen-agers bowled played pool, poker, or table tennis. The lower ors were occupied by an excellent bookstore, d departments to provide every necessity from st-colored suits to class rings. In the Union feteria every Friday afternoon, there were ist sessions. In one corner of the large room, uples would be gyrating through this apoca- ptic dance to music provided by the jukebox, hile, at the opposite end, other couples, sharing pizza and pie a-la-mode, read out portions of *he Communist Manifesto* to each other in prep- ration for a test on the following day.

From a very tender age UCLA students are ncouraged to think in terms of research. In ad- ition to regular exams, undergraduates are ex- ected to write "papers" each term. These are eautifully typed out and bound in folders with ilt clasps. The contents hardly deserved such vish treatment. Of the sixty I received, most ealt with safe topics—the Renaissance, Plato, r Napoleon. A few were shamelessly copied out f textbooks. A handful were original and excit- ng. Many students based their style on that of ime, Inc. . . . "Elizabeth (Call me the Virgin) egina tapped her quill on the side of the oaken able and decided that much-married Mary tuart must go. The problem? How and when." ll the papers were heavily footnoted and a vast ibliography was provided to prove academic espectability. Yet despite the pretentiousness, his writing is a useful exercise. Low standards are the result of unfamiliarity, and if the students had to write papers more frequently and take fewer exams, the results would be greatly improved.

Certainly the single most serious educational deficiency at UCLA is the obsession with grades —an obsession that destroys originality, discourages unorthodoxy, and makes students approach their work with a gigantic fear of failure. When a British student fails an exam he feels he has let himself down; when an American fails he feels he has let himself, his family, his fraternity, and his country down. The federal and state authorities do not improve matters by treating education as a national emergency. The nervous slogan, "Catch up with the Russians," is a symptom of this attitude. The missile gap has been replaced by the graduate gap. Both are equally mythical.

The exam system which goes with this grading tends to assume that there is a right and wrong answer to most questions. The best answer, accordingly, will be that incorporating the highest number of predetermined "points" in the essay. Too often, bright students have to think of themselves as educated in spite of, and not because of, this system.

Why Students Bug Out

With its twenty thousand students, UCLA can offer a wide diversity of subjects and teachers. It can afford to buy the best equipment and provide all the necessary facilities. But its large size involves much administration, and the power of these administrators has serious dangers. Committees expand and the interests of the students become subordinated to bureaucracy. The main justification, for example, of the whole system of grading is that it makes life easier for the administrators. Again, the administration has assumed the responsibility of controlling policy about student government, discipline, and recreation. Like all bureaucrats they look with disfavor on the unorthodox and the eccentric. The conflict at Berkeley was basically about the overpowerful role of the administration which had interposed itself successfully between the students and the faculties. The inaccessibility of the administrators and their remoteness from the students fortified the arguments of the student leaders who attacked the concept of the university as a factory and corporation. The multiversity whose end-product is the manufactured graduate is in danger of taking grade-point

averages more seriously than freedom of expression. The student strike which shocked so many people outside Berkeley was surely the appropriate action for those students and teachers who rejected the university as a factory. Withdrawal of labor is the last resort for factory workers with a grievance. One result of the events in the critical fall semester at Berkeley is a determination by many students and faculty members that the administration shall administer and do no more. As one professor said, "We on the faculty have allowed the administration, over the years, to take the university away from us. It isn't easy but we're going to have to try to take it back."

Although the administration at UCLA is complex and large, it is still less cumbersome than at Berkeley. The administrators are more accessible to student leaders and less protected by anonymous committees. Here lies one explanation why UCLA has never experienced the type of crisis which almost brought Berkeley to a standstill.

In Britain the absence of gigantic campuses, the small percentage of high-school graduates who go to university, the different shape of courses and examinations, and the vestigial connections between universities and the government have all ensured that British university administrators are subordinated to faculty members.

American university administrators have invented their own language to express what are basically simple ideas. At UCLA a glossary of these terms was circulated among the students. When the administration talks about "*maximizing the use of intellectual tools*," this, according to the glossary, means "working hard." "*A self-governing society should accept restraints in the context of responsibility and the reading of the social climate*" means: "We don't want any Communist speakers on campus." "*We are enhancing the viability of the dialogue with students to reorient their attitudes to the concept of the university as a community*"—in other words, "Let's discuss the location of the new swimming pool with a student committee." "*It is the responsibility of a great university to maintain a balanced program of educational activities for the benefit of the entire university community.*" The translation of this would be: "Basketball theory will be included among the courses next semester."

Although most students grow to tolerate the heavy hand of the administration, some are so depressed that they give up. The drop-out rate from UCLA is no higher than anywhere else, but in some departments this can be as high as 25 per cent. Many of these have failed their cours work. But others are the brightest students wh can stand no more of the system and, in thei own phrase, bug out.

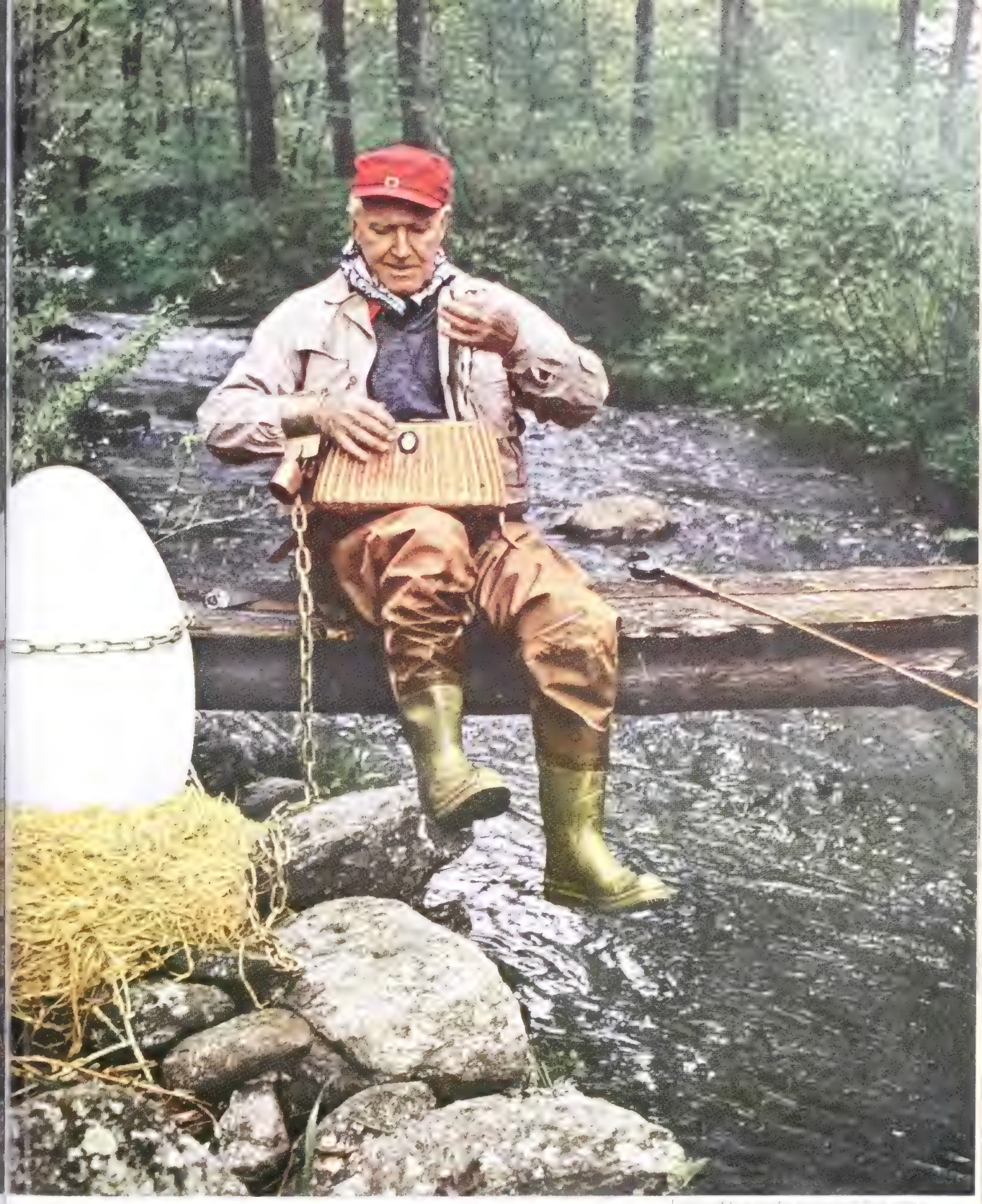
Absent from Dril

None of the political groups at UCLA ar strong, and the professional student politician i much rarer than at Berkeley.* However, the nu clear facts of life are thrust before the student as if to remind them that doomsday is alway around the corner. Dotted all over the six hun dred acres of the campus are notices givin directions to the nearest evacuation areas an blast shelters. Sirens wail every month at a se time to check on their working condition. I every office and lecture room a clinical little notic explains how many minutes' alert one is likel to receive in the event of an enemy attack. Th campus authorities take their "disaster prepared ness plan" very seriously. The civil-defens chief of the campus claimed that if "the Bom fell on Royce Hall [a central campus building no one at UCLA would be saved; if it fell down town all of us here could be saved." Every can pus building has an area where in theory th effects of a thermonuclear explosion can best b tolerated. In order to check on the university' "preparedness," the civil-defense teams hol "take-cover" drills from time to time. The purpos of these is to move about 22,000 people to shelte areas in three or four minutes. During the on full "take-cover" drill I witnessed, few of th students moved, while two hundred of ther ignored the sirens to picket the Administratio Building in protest instead. No action was take against them and the Dean of Students admitte generously that "no one can be forced to protec himself . . . but this drill is being put on for thei benefit."

In British universities there is no preparednes for nuclear disaster and the best advice tha civil-defense workers can offer householders is t suggest that they whitewash their windows an put out fires caused by a nuclear explosion witl a stirrup pump.

Yet civil defense is a very peripheral concer for the Los Angeles student. It is as nothing com

*After the Berkeley uprising there were stirring of protest at UCLA. Chancellor Murphy convened student-faculty-administrator group to discuss stu dent "restlessness." The chief cause, according t Peter Bart of the *New York Times*, was anger a "assembly-line education."



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ed with what he really worries about. Will our
ins beat the University of Southern Cali-
nia? Will I get my paper on the Sociology of
mors finished in time? Will I get at least a B
he mid-term exam? Will I be able to pin that
k at the fraternity party on Friday? Will the
kstore have my books in yet? Will I be able
et a part-time job next semester to help pay
way?

f he is a graduate student, he is worrying
ut deeper problems. Does my seminar paper
e enough footnotes? What can I possibly
ose as my Ph.D. subject which hasn't already
n investigated? When are they going to build
ses for married students? Can I afford to keep
both on this teaching assistant's salary much
er? When are they going to take the Muzak
of the Students' Bookstore? Where the hell
I going to park?

More But Not Worse

When I first arrived and digested some of my
liest shocks I wondered if UCLA could be a
ious academic community. I soon discovered
t the answer to this question was Yes.
first I laughed at the Lolitas in sprayed-on
ns and the blond surf-riders. Certainly I was
appointed at the apathy of UCLA students
ard political issues and the painful contrast
h the seething activity at Berkeley. Often I
bewildered by the search for Instant Educa-
n and its recipe for success: mix forty dif-
ent courses in a receptive skull, add a dash
anything from Eugenics to Existentialism,
w intermittently for four years, skim off
plus nonconformism, and the result is an
olluted B.A. degree.

But at the end of my time in California I was
vinced that, for all its defects, the system of
her education there had more advantages than
British system. University education in Cali-
nia has different goals from its counterpart
Britain, where the expansion of universities
always met with stiff resistance from the
ore means worse" school of thought.

The California system, on the other hand, is
propriately superior to that of every other
te in the Union—appropriate, that is,
the Number One State. There are a quarter
a million full-time students in California.
ty per cent of all California's high-school
dents go on to college—20 per cent above the
rage elsewhere in the country. The state sup-
ts not only the nine campuses of the Univer-
sity of California but also sixteen other state colleges and seventy two-year or junior colleges which offer both the curriculum of the first two years at university and vocational curricula for those students who do not want to go any further academically. As the population and wealth of California have increased, so has the state expenditure on education. But requirements for admission to the state's university are rigorous; only the top 12 per cent of high-school graduates are admitted. The remainder who want to have a university education either go to the other state and junior colleges or to private colleges.

The elaborate structure of higher education in California is based on a report that became law in 1960. This was the Master Plan for Higher Education. The most interesting result of the plan is that it attempts to cope with the problem of quantity as well as quality in higher education. British critics of American universities always smile as you tick off the facts and figures of the American system. "Ah, yes," they drawl, "the Americans have solved the problem of quantity—but only at the cost of quality." This dichotomy set up between quantity and quality assumes that a society can either educate a minority very well or a lot of people much less well but that it cannot do both. California is attempting to do both, and surely no modern society has any choice but to aim to achieve the same ends, if by different means.

Yet expansion for expansion's sake is of no value if these ends are sacrificed to the means. This is the nub of the University of California's problems. Educating a thousand students is difficult enough; educating twenty thousand on a single campus is a Herculean task. In these conditions the provision of higher education is seriously impeded if power and authority inside the university slide into the wrong hands, away from what has been called "the community of scholars." President Kerr himself has admitted that "the multiversity is a confusing place for the student. He has problems of establishing his identity. . . . The walking wounded are many."

In Britain higher education is on the verge of important expansion along lines laid down by the Robbins Report on universities. The University of California will serve as an excellent model to British educationalists who want to see simultaneously the impressive advantages and the distressing deficiencies of a giant-size university. In this way they might learn to incorporate the former and steer clear of the latter when planning new universities in Britain.



How to Complicate a Trip

by Sylvia Wright

Advice to wives (which probably will drive a lot of husbands out of their minds).

There exists a natural human tendency to complicate things. It has produced carpenter Gothic, *Finnegans Wake*, logical positivism, and the Dagwood sandwich, and is, of course, one of the glories of the human race. On the other hand, in an age such as the present in the United States, where a gadget has only to be thought of to be almost as promptly constructed, this tendency to complicate, this ramification fabrication, can become a problem.

One of modern technology's aims is to remove responsibilities from the human being and to hand them over to machines, leaving the human being free for higher things. But modern technology fails to take into account that many human beings are afraid of higher things. Some do not even like higher things, and some wouldn't know a higher thing if it dropped a hammer on them. Liberated by a machine from an onerous time-consuming chore like shoveling coal or ironing a shirt, does the human being settle in his or her chair to read Plato? No, he or s scuttles around fabricating ramifications, th is, *he* buys a motor boat, and *she* serves on t board of the local Friendly Society so as to ha something to do other than read Plato.

The more an activity is simplified, the mo likely it is to trigger ramification fabricatio Today more Americans than ever before a traveling. Thousands of dress, bottle, suitcas travel-book, and other manufacturers have be doing all they could to make traveling as easy possible. Thus the whole field of travel has be opened up for ramification fabrication, and it a great field for it, second perhaps only to ou door cooking.

Ramification fabrication appears to be perverse drive, yet it is partly explained by t fact that if things become too simplified they longer seem natural. To sit in a seat for a fe hours, watching a movie, and then stumble ou not into familiar old Main Street, but into a other civilization at an odd time of day or nig which one has not really lived up to, and on t of that to find oneself still an hour by bus fro

's hotel in town does not feel right. Harassed the discrepancy between how important it is ross the Atlantic Ocean and how trivially the ssing will take place, the traveler, to re-ablish a balance, fabricates ramifications.

)ne of his favorite forms is packing.

n the old Victorian and post-Victorian days (in latter period they no longer used the button-k, but they continued to take it along with m), packing was a leisurely process, involving reat deal of tissue paper, and a few special hniques of folding which had been handed vn from mother to daughter. These were the thods of an easygoing people whose com-ation-making urges were satisfied by how y dressed, decorated their houses, and made ıb croquettes, and who could afford to be much re relaxed than we are nowadays. They did , for example, assume that no foreigners could laundry or sell handkerchiefs. They did not sider travel so peculiar that it required cial clothes. If they wore large hats covered h flowers, feathers, ruching, veils, they put ir large hats into a hat trunk and took it ng, not bothering to rush out to find some-ng collapsible, or a little veil on a bicycle clip. ıen almost ready to leave, they took their ssing-table silver off the dressing table and ıpped it into the special slots of the dressing e. Not only did they take with them what they l (including the buttonhook), but as going-ay presents they gave each other leather boxes l folding picture frames and travel diaries h locks, leather cases with writing paper in m and shooting sticks and other ample, heavy, table objects.

As everyone knows, things are lighter and ıpler today because of the weight limitation in craft and the disappearance of porters. But ther more weight nor more porters would the traveler's laundry, so why have these two umstances provoked the phenomenon of usands of Americans, men and women alike, pping dry from Rangoon to John o' Groats? rival in a hotel room used to mean getting out 's leather writing case and sitting down to tcards and the entries in one's journal. Now means immediate anxious searching of the m for the place where you can drip-dry the ndry without ruining a carpet or a floor. One ason so many Americans visit and love Italy is t even second-class hotels have marble floors, ich are splendid for drip-drying. But there ll remains the problem of how to hang the cial stretch clothesline you were given as a ing-away present. The common solution of sticking one end over the handle of the French window and the other on the corner of the brass bedstead is not always feasible, especially if one expects to continue to open and shut the window. No clothesline is *that* stretch.

As a result of their constant search, many travelers develop drip-dry eye, a condition or rather an accomplishment similar to proof-reader's eye (developed by editors while scanning a page in search of typos) or two-year-old eye (developed by mothers of same while scanning the neighbors' coffee tables in order to remove ammunition). Some travelers develop such alert drip-dry eyes that they can spot where to hang the clothesline in a third-class hotel room in Istanbul after only one visual pass at the room. Others unable to develop drip-dry eye have been known to become so desperate that they simply take a room with a bath wherever they go, so as to be able to drip dry in the bathtub. This sounds extreme, but for such people it is anything (at all costs) to avoid having to ask the local people to do the laundry.

One might surmise that American pioneering traditions account for this determination to be self-sufficient, and that it is further encouraged by the democratic tendency to embarrassment in the presence of and at the idea of servants. But, tempting as this explanation is, it does not seem sufficient at a time when Americans have become increasingly international-minded and tolerant of foreigners *and* servants. Why then should Americans behave as if leaving the United States were like taking off into outer space prepared not only to eat but to cultivate one's own plankton?

The answer is that this is the one way for the American to make traveling as complicated as he, but more usually she, feels it should be. If she turns self-sufficiency from a virtue into a necessity, there is no end to the complications she can make for herself.

She begins, several months before the trip, picking out quick-drying, wrinkle-resistant, waterproof, spot-repellent, little-or-no-ironing polymer chemical costumes, which will virtually wash themselves in cold water in a washbasin in Azerbaijan. These costumes should also dove-

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Sylvia Wright, who has written often for this magazine on matters ranging from chicken-liver pâté to "Who Is Sylvia?", has recently been staying close to home (in Connecticut), husband, and two-and-a-half-year-old child. She plans to travel this summer and may complicate her trip by taking the boy along.

tail with each other: a dress which is just an isolated dress is not versatile enough even if it can be worn every day and drip-dried at night. Ideally it should also be a bikini for Positano and slacks for Mykonos. Several days before D(eparture)-Day, all the liquids and creams will have been transferred from glass to plastic, and items such as a nonleaking fountain pen, a retractable umbrella, and heaps of little packages of facial tissue will be on hand. Before considering a trip, she may have been an ordinarily woolly or ruffly or tweedy or silky woman, but by the time she reaches the airport, a transformation has taken place as distinct as that of the British Navy when it assumes Red Sea rig. Now she wears a neutral-colored raincoat, low-heeled shoes with mesh stockings, stretch-knit suit, and drip-dry blouse, all held together by several straps supporting bags and cameras, and in the suitcase she carries, the contents are stacked as economically as the objects in the display window of a cutlery shop and all are stuffed with little packages of facial tissues.

There is evidence here to indicate that many American women are subconsciously afraid of travel. This form of ramification fabrication might be interpreted, psychologically speaking, as showing a repressed desire for regimentation. A trip to Europe is as radical a change as joining the Army: she needs the protection of, and therefore assumes, a uniform.

How to Thwart a Husband

While it is mostly women who indulge in suitcase perfectionism, men, for reasons I am sure exist but would slow us up too much to elaborate, are much more likely to be seized by the fascinating possibilities of automobile packing. Very few women care how an automobile is packed, unless, of course, they are competing with men.

As an art, which it can be, automobile packing resembles the sculpture made of driftwood found on a beach. Materials are available. The artistry is in the arrangement. Yet automobile packing also has a likeness to architecture, for it must strike a balance between artistry and structural soundness.

What every car packer wishes is that everything, *absolutely everything* (the italics are his) that is to go into the car, be packed, closed, strapped, wrapped, fastened, and placed on the front steps before he begins packing. He wishes, naturally enough, to be able to survey the whole assortment and then organize the intricate jig saw puzzle which will bring it all into artistic an structural equilibrium. How can he make a interesting arrangement which also will not ratt if, just as everything has been taken into con sideration, there emerges from the house a larg paper shopping bag containing three half-empt boxes of crackers, a can of soup, a child's lif preserver, and the baby's cup, spoon, and bib particularly when it is quite possible to get th same brand of soup and crackers in the plac where the family is going? Even more sub versive is the wife's secret rearguard actio which he only takes in when he discovers, tucke into the corner he was carefully leaving open fo the bundle of road maps, a plastic bag contain ing the last diaper. Further, the fact that thes unplanned-for items are stored in plastic an paper bags is a gross betrayal of the whole cor cept of distinguished car packing, according t which things should be in suitcases or boxes After all, this is not a traveling supermarket.

The woman sees this process in quite a diffe ent fashion from the man, and unfortunately is one which is deeply inimical to his. She ignore male pretensions to artistry. Her attitude is rud and earthy. For her, packing the car is part of life process, a Heraclitean flux. For her, thing move into and out of the house, off the stove ont the plates into the children onto the floor int the garbage, out of the washer into the dry out of the dryer into the here, out of th everywhere and all over the room. She expec this flux to continue right out the front door in the car. For her, the car is a continuation of th house, even a *home in itself* (italics hers), in which she will settle to finish up what she didn have time for in the house, like wiping off som one's hands or stoking someone with a banan What makes sense to her is to move things o of the house in the order in which they a packed and, if possible, put them into the c so that they will emerge from it in the order i which they will be needed or need attention arrival. Thus, one of the last items to go into th car will be a bag containing several packages frozen food which will go back into a refriger tor on arrival. It can go nicely on top of th baby's stroller, which is packed neatly turn upside down in the knee-chest position.

She is quite wrong. The food bag will fall o and anyway that space is reserved for th camera case. The space *under* the stroller exactly the right size for a bag of frozen thin and it is a more intelligent place to put the because the seat of the stroller will protect the



Trials of a Word-watcher

by Charlton Ogburn, Jr.

An obsessive purist traces the cause and symptoms of his neurosis—and explains, gloatingly, how the dropping of a single hyphen recently cost two million dollars.

Recently I was at a party at which one of the guests spoke of a collision of airplanes in mid air. "Mid air," another of the guests—a magazine editor—repeated with a smile. "Airplanes always collide in *mid* air. One wonders where else in the air they could collide." His manner was amused, off-hand.* But I did not miss the working of his jaw-muscles, the clenching of his fists. Here, confronted by a pet abomination, was a fellow-martyr to that condition known by the inadequate and not very descriptive term of *purism*, defined by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as "scrupulous or exaggerated observance of, or insistence upon, purity or correctness, esp. in language or style."

Until that moment I had employed the expression *mid air* with contentment and assurance. I now felt that all my life my intelligence had been insulted by it. I experienced the exhilaration of an obsessive collector who unexpectedly acquires a prize. At the same time, my heart sank as I recognized that I had taken on another distraction, an increment to a burden under which I was already staggering. A sultan who has added a notable beauty to a harem already ruinous in its demands upon him would know what I mean.

Purism is like alcoholism or drug-addiction. Once it takes hold, the victim's most heroic efforts of will to combat it are likely to prove inadequate. I had found this out during the years I spent in the government. I was supposed to be an official charged (in government terminology) with substantive responsibilities. Yet all the while, possibly because of the kind of thing I had to spend my time reading, I found myself falling ever more deeply under the sway of an ever-proliferating array of bugaboos of syntax and vocabulary and becoming a mere compulsive proof-reader. "Can not help but believe new regime certain grow disenchanted its present internatl assocs," I would read in a telegram from an overseas post, but instead of considering whether my superiors should not be "alerted" (ugh!) to the opportunities such a development would open for the U. S., I would be sent off on a tangent by the reporting officer's English. "It is not enough that he cannot but believe," I would mutter. "It is not enough that he cannot help believing. Nothing will do but that he *cannot help but* believe!"

One does not, of course, have to be a fetishist about words to be put off by the flatulent jargon endemic in bureaucracies. ("Prior to implementation of approved directives, all concerned agencies will consult as to appropriate instrumentalities.") But worse than that, to one who suffers from morbid inflammation of the word-consciousness, are the affronts to grammar habitually employed in the government with an air of professionalism—such as, for example, "hopefully" used to mean "I hope" or "it is to be hoped." You read, "Hopefully, the government of X will see the error of its present course in time," and your morning is ruined. You start imagining where the precedent could lead: "Fearfully, the government of X will not see its error in time. . . . Expectfully, the U. S. will have to bail it out."

Then there is that "effective immediately" routine, with which notices begin. I used to have a day-dream in which I got back at my superiors who, among their other trying ways, permitted this travesty of English. In it, I would appear before them to reply to the charge of having failed to comply with an order stating, for example, *Effective immediately, all chairmen of inter-agency committees will keep this office informed of all meetings held and of the action taken.* "I am not," I would say with devastating trenchancy, "an immediately effective chairman."

While my colleagues were striving to forge new links with our partners in the Free World (work-

* The author's system of hyphenation has been followed faithfully throughout this article.

ng out "agreed positions" to be set forth in agreed texts"—as if you *could* agree a position r a text!) I was fighting the battle of "presntly." The government had been swept by a ogue for this word. "Now" was becoming almost s rare in official disseminations as "eftsoons." n a carefully controlled voice, I would explain n a drafting committee, as if I had not done so n a score of others, that "presently" did not mean at present." It meant "in the immediate future." Not only were the results of my efforts disappointng, to say the least, but one of my associates whom I *had* impressed came to me one day with n aggrieved air and a tale of having lost a ollar by betting that "presently" had just the ense I had said only to find that "at present" oomed as large as any other among the meanings iven in his dictionary. He had, if you please, ooked it up in *Webster's*! I had patiently to explain that *Webster's* would accept any usage if nough word-slingers gave it currency.

Preserved from Vainglory

The pathological word-watcher, it should be nade clear, is no more apt to rejoice in his fixtion than is the book-keeper who cannot see a ow of figures on a license-plate or railroad-car vithout adding them up. He can hardly help relizing that just as a philatelist who devotes his ife to Mauritian issues is likely to become fairly xpert in his field, so is a person who gives the etter part of his attention to the pitfalls of Engish—even if his family goes in want, as it is apt o. Actually, if he is like me—I being one who as child was sent to progressive schools, where I vas taught no formal grammar—he may be nable to parse "The cat sat on the mat" or guess what is being talked about when hanging partiiples or gerunds are brought up. He may, like ne, be unable to spell and have to depend upon his wife to catch mistakes in what he writes, usually the same ones over and over again. (Says mine, "Absense isn't going to make *my* heart grow fonder until you learn that it ends with an s-e,' not a '*c*-e.'" *) The word-watcher is also preserved from vainglory by the lack of conspicuous popular demand for what he has to offer.

"Will I type this up in triplicate?" my secretary used to ask. She was an Irish-American lass from New Hampshire. "I don't know," I would reply. "Shall you?" Her eyes would travel to the bronze paper-cutter on my desk. Before she came finally to sink it in my neck, however, she married a military attaché on home leave from Helsinki and that was the last I saw of her.

It is difficult to administer correctives in such a way as to make them appreciated; that is the point. I have heard purists resort to the device of repeating the offender's erring statement in correct form, reflectively, as if unaware that they had altered the expression but trusting him to benefit from the example. Thus, when he hears the sentence, "If the information would leak out we'd be in trouble," the purist will, after thinking it over, muse, "Umm. Yes. If it should leak out, that would be too bad." But possibly because a slight stress on the *should* is almost unavoidable, this may provoke the testy retort, "What's the matter, did I say something wrong again?"

An alternative method is for the purist to pretend to be a partner of the offender's in fallibility and interestedly speculate upon the unseemly locution as upon one he himself might well have employed. "Whether we go or not depends upon the weather," he repeats with a faint smile at the ceiling, weighing the words. "Curious, isn't it, how we put in that 'or not' after 'whether' even when it is subsumed under the word 'whether' itself; that is to say [*chuckle*], regardless of *whether or not* it is needed." I have never heard anyone get away with this.

I do not mean to imply that the purist is motivated primarily by the desire for gratitude in setting others to rights. In the case of a reiterated corruption of the language it is a matter of self-preservation. I discovered the limits of what one can take in connection with the policy papers put out by the National Security Council, the nation's supreme policy-making body in foreign affairs. For years I steeled myself to the notation at the head of these papers. It read, "The President approves NSC 168 [or whatever] and directs its implementation." But human nerves can bear just so much. In a meeting with the Secretary of the Council something inside me finally snapped. "The President directs its implementation, you say? He does nothing of the kind!" I cried. "His subordinates do that!" My voice was shrill. "What you mean is. 'The President directs that it be implemented.' Good God, man! What . . . what . . ." I threw up my hands. It was held that the prolonged crisis in Southeast Asia had been too much for me.

Why does anyone fall into this "exaggerated observance of . . . correctness, esp. in language or style"? Psychologists tell us that excessive concern with detail is a form of escapism originating in a basic sense of insecurity. They

* She says I have got it wrong again. It seems only honest for me to leave it as it is, however. —*C. O., Jr.*

are no doubt right. So are most human pursuits—coin-collecting, cigarette-smoking, reading, drinking, big-game-hunting, girl-chasing, money-making, probably even psychology-studying. Anyone who has not got a basic sense of insecurity and an over-riding desire to escape has fewer brains than a rabbit. As for why the compulsion leads in some persons to purism instead of to some less generally irritating and more socially acceptable extravagance, my guess is that it is a matter of the influences one comes under in one's formative years.

One of my early memories is of my grandfather's refusing to attend the local Methodist church any longer because of the minister's abuse of English. "'*That* much,' '*that* important,'" he scoffed. "Are we to have 'that' foisted upon us as an adverb? Is the minister's time *that* important that he cannot say 'as important as that'?" To have moved my grandparent—otherwise the gentlest, most forbearing of men—to such impatience, the offense, I judged, must have been heinous. Indeed, I conceived the notion at an early age that violations of the canons of English were almost as reprehensible as violations of the moral code, and that there were canons to right of us, canons to left of us, canons in front of us.

That does not mean I learned easily. I can still hear my father saying, time after time, "Not different *than*. Different *from*." And, "Not *in back of*. *Back of*, or *behind*." It must have taken years for such delinquencies to be extirpated from my juvenile prattle, with my mother working at it as conscientiously as my father. I remember from boyhood the astonishment in the face of a friend of mine when, upon my asking if I had to "stay home," my mother replied that I could not stay home now or ever. "Home is not an adverb. You stay *at* home." Her condemnation of the use of "place" for "where" in "eat some place" or "going some place" was (and still is) so unsparing—how can you eat a place or go a place?—that I cannot meet with the usage without a sense of imminent disaster, and I can never speak of church-goers or theater-goers without a twinge of conscience. Can you go a church? Should there not be a "to" in there somewhere? To-church-goers? Go-to-churchers?

I must be at least as hard on my children as my parents were on me. I sometimes wonder that they have not given up talking altogether, for they seldom get three sentences out consecutively without being brought up short by their mother or father. (They catch it from both sides, for the wife of a purist is either another purist or a good prospect for a divorce-lawyer.)

"Not 'I did it already.' Say, 'I've already done it.'"

"Not '*Robin* Hood.' 'Robin *Hood*.' You wouldn't say '*John* Smith.'"

"Not 'They're both alike.' 'They're alike.' It wouldn't be possible for just one of them to be alike."

"Not 'The Matthews.' 'The Matthewses.' . . . Yes, I know they've got 'The Matthews' on their mailbox. It's still wrong. One Matthews, two Matthewses."

"Not 'I feel badly.' That would mean that your sense of feeling is impaired. Say, 'I feel bad.'"

"'Escapers,' not 'escapees.'. . . I don't care what they say in school or in the newspapers. 'Employees' are persons who are employed. 'Payees' are persons who are paid. 'Escapees' would be persons who are escaped—the guards, that is."

I Just Know It—That's All

The two girls get their own back, however. Not only do I hear them correcting their friends, but they correct me.

"Why do you say 'idear' and 'Canader'?" one of the sprites asks.

"Well, it's this way," I explain. "New Englanders and Southerners, like President Kennedy and your father—and like the English—don't sound *r*'s except when they precede vowels. We say . . . let's see. . . . We say 'Baltimoah, Maryland,' but 'Baltim*orr* rand Ohio.' We separate the vowel sounds by sounding the *r*. So when we get two vowel sounds in succession, one at the end of one word, one at the beginning of the next, we tend to put in an *r* from force of habit, even when it doesn't belong there. We say 'the ide*ah* wasn't mine,' but then we're apt to say 'the ide*arr* is a good one.' Same with Canada. 'Canad*ah* goose' but 'Canad*arr* ale.'"

"But it's wrong, isn't it?"

"You could say it's colloquial."

"Wrong."

"Well, yes."

The girls are just beginning to learn that relying on my authority has its risks. For example, I know that "Do you have?" means "Do you ordinarily have?" or "Do you make a practice of having?" whereas "Have you?" or "Have you got?" means "Are you in possession of the object

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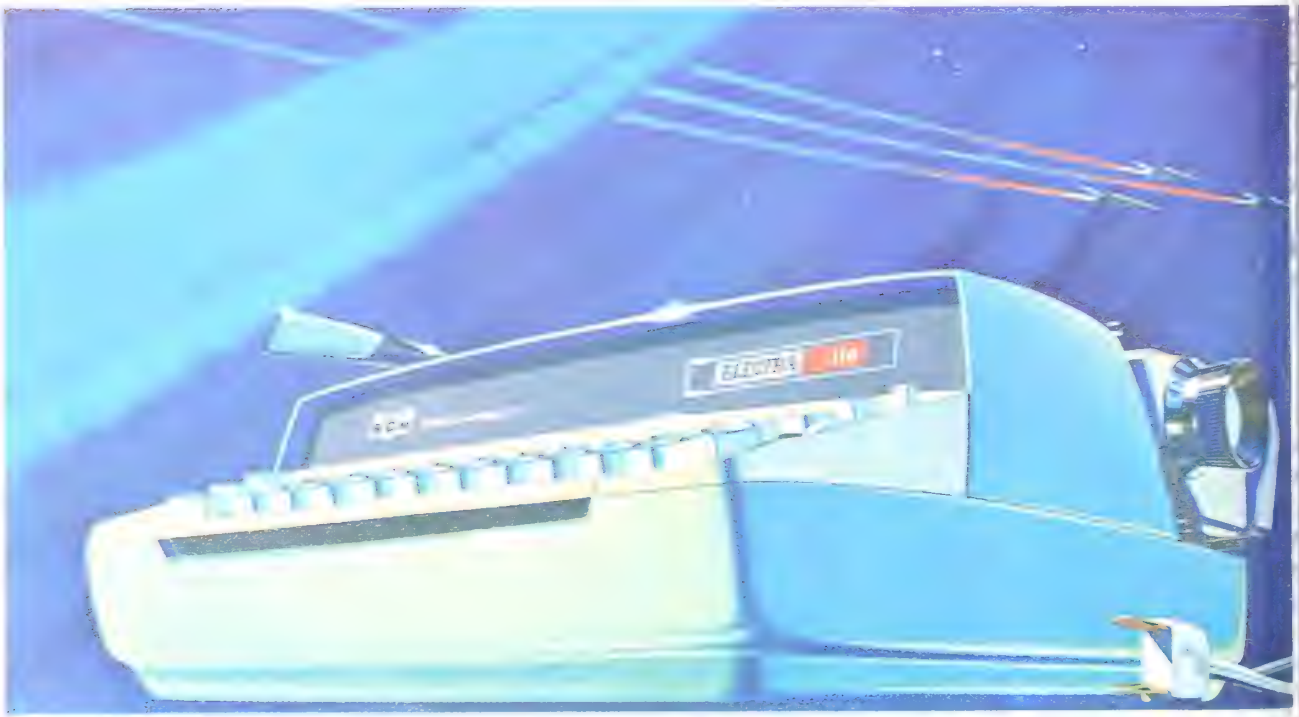
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resent?" I know it is incorrect to say, "Do have a pencil with you?" It is just as in-ect as it would be to say, "Have you [or have got] a good time in the country?" But I not cite any rules of syntax that make this so. ist know it, that's all. I know by the way it nds and because I've had it on good authority. nsist upon what you know is right, tolerating divergent opinion, when you cannot say why right, takes character. But it does not always arguments.

here is the further complicating fact that, any confirmed word-watcher, I supplement accepted rules of English with others of my devising. Or, as I prefer to think of it, I over hitherto unformulated principles. One hese is my law of A-or-An-Before-H. This law es that "a" shall be used before a word begin-with "h" if the accent is on the first syllable hat word (provided the "h" is sounded) but if the accent is on a subsequent syllable, "an" ll be used. Thus we are to speak of *a* history *an* historical novel, *a* hexagon, but *an* hex-nal figure. Neat, isn't it? I should add that law permits no exception. True, "an hotel" sound a little affected or precious, but a peo-which has the Saviour in the Sermon on the nt speaking of "an hill" (the translators of King James Bible having of course lacked the efit of my law) should certainly have the olution to say "an hotel" in a clear, unfalter-voice. I demand nothing less from my off-ing—who, by the way, regard the word tel" as a queer derivative of "motel"—and the that nobody but me recognizes my law does move me.

The Hyphen, Alas!

is the misfortune of the purist to appear gant when all he is doing is being right. haps much may be forgiven him in recogni-of his being committed to a losing cause. r sod, as the British would say, he is driven on one hand to pursue a perfection perhaps un-inable this side of the grave (at least the suspicion insinuates itself that the only ity of speech is to be found in total silence, which language is in its entirety a corruption) on the other to cling to positions that ir-stibly are eroded away beneath him; for, like noblest headlands, destined to be undermined he remorseless seas, it is the fate of language deteriorate. (I am aware that some would say ve.) I, for example, have given the best years of my life to the hyphen—and to what end?

The hyphen is being done away with—indefensibly, ruthlessly, as if a conspiracy had been formed against it. And we must understand that if the hyphen goes, so does the very conception of the structure of English.

The hyphen permits us to shorten "a railroad operated by the state" to "a state-operated railroad." But in National Intelligence Estimates costing tens of thousands of dollars each we may read "a state operated railroad" or even "a state owned and operated railroad"—a phrase in which the parts of speech are impossible to identify and one devoid of meaning. We may read of "Western oriented regimes," which can mean only Western regimes facing east, and of "white collar workers," which could mean either workers with white collars or white men who work on collars.

Writers who should know better do not show it. John Hersey gives us *The Child Buyer*, apparently believing that a child buyer is one who buys children, whereas in fact it is a child who buys. And Joseph W. Alsop in his book *From the Silent Earth* (his exciting book, I must admit) may think he is describing a helmet encrusted with boar's tusks in his phrase "a boar's tusk-encrusted helmet" but what he is actually describing is a tusk-encrusted helmet belonging to a boar. (He did use one hyphen, though.)

Where is this leading? It has already led, as I can report from my own observation, to a headline reading "Child Chasing Fox Found Rabid" and to an advertisement suggesting "For the pet lover on your Christmas list, a perfect little four-poster bed for the corner of the living room."

One would expect the nation to draw back from the brink while there is time, but I am pessimistic. The hyphen is disappearing, and neither the purist's outrage nor his lamentations will save it, I fear, or retard the degeneration of the English language into mouthfuls of words indiscriminately spewed forth. He pounds the table till his wattles shake, and it does no good.

And yet the purist—even such as I—has his vindications. Do you know why Mariner I, the "probe" aimed at Mars, went off course into oblivion? I ask you, do you know? Because, in all the complicated instructions fed into its guidance system, one hyphen was inadvertently omitted. One tiny hyphen that requires you only to extend your little finger to the upper right-hand corner of the keyboard. It cost the American people two million bucks.

And if you ask me, it served them damned well right.

There Were Pigeons in the Square

A story by Everett Greenbaum



There were pigeons in the square and they all had little whistles strapped to them and the square was filled with their music. Now this was something I had seen someplace or heard of or dreamed. I didn't know which.

I was living at the Grand Metropol Hotel on lower Broadway right after the war. I had come from Buffalo to study to be a writer under the GI bill at NYU. This old hotel was within walking distance of Washington Square and very cheap. I needed a cheap place to live until I had gotten through that short but necessary period of struggle before you become rich and famous.

Once the hotel had known greatness. Diamond Jim Brady had taken Miss Russell to parties there. I was told that Jim Fisk had been shot on the main marble staircase. All of this was easy to believe when you saw the darkening gilded plaster and mirrors in the lobby. To the unsmiling, unclean man behind the desk you paid eight dollars a week in advance. There was a sink in your room and down the hall the men's and the women's.

There was a sort of zoning system. The second floor was students, the third wrestlers, the fourth refugee rabbis, and the fifth, Lesbians. I was on speaking terms with a few of the students a one of the Lesbians. She had a Harley-David motorcycle and would let me use it now and th

Each month the GI-bill money would run about ten days too soon.

Then there were two ways to eat. The first w was to put on a dark suit and pretend to b guest at the Bar Mitzvah. There was alway Bar Mitzvah going on in the main ballroom. T was all right except that you had to dance w one or two tiresome Jewish girls who were v much like the ones my father in Buffalo h lined up for me before I had fled to New Y to be a writer.

The other way to eat was the free bar. Th actually was one in that neighborhood in th days. You had to look like a guy who had rea come in to buy a lot of whiskey and drink it. N like a guy who was going to drink a sarsapari for a dime and eat like a pig from the free tab And one kept alive. I was so full of pickles a pickled tomatoes and herring that I had an a condition. *But there were pigeons in the squ and they all had little whistles attached to th and the square was filled with music.*

igured this. I figured that if a whistle could
e ade to blow in such a tiny airstream, I could
a toy airplane with many such whistles on
hen, when you swung it around your head
string, the whistles, all different sizes,
d play together beating against each other
armonics. I would patent this idea, take it
ie of the hundred toy companies at 200 Fifth
nue and live on the royalties. This would get
through that short but annoying time of
ggle before you got rich, famous, and loved
your works.

ere were pigeons in the square and they had
whistles. . . . I started by going to whistle
.

ere were no whistle stores.

e notion of the square seemed to come from
ime in the islands not far from Japan dur-
he war. So I tried oriental stores. I made a
of myself in every Chinese and Japanese shop
ew York. Finally at the last Chinese place
ny list, I got some action. A little Chinese
exactly what I wanted. Luckily he had a
e box of them. Bamboo whistles. Very good.
valuable. I bought the whole box for five
rs. A real plunge.

clutched the box and rushed back to my
at the Metropol. They [illegible]
ing I could do would make them whistle. In
air, I put them under the bed in the Green-
Memorial Alligator Bag and [illegible],
asn't until years later in Hollywood that I
d out what they were. To get that informa-
you had to ask a man who was both an
quarian and a musician, John Scott Trotter
. They were reeds from old Chinese saxo-
es.

ere were pigeons in the square. . . . The
persisted and [illegible]
nd Queens. I was learning the loneliness of
ive pursuit. If anyone on the subway doing
things, anyone doing definite, regular things
e girl on her way to her job filing credit
s with Italian names on them, or the man
is way to a kidney stone clinic—if any of
people were to ask me "What are you
g?" and if I were to say, "Looking for pi-
whistles," they would put me right into



the class with the other people on the subway who never got off but rode all day saying "son of a bitch" to the walls.

After [illegible] I quit [illegible] Upon the [illegible] Getting out the alligator bag, throwing everything into it, and going back to Buffalo. Enough of fame and artistic triumph!

I had a visitor. My grimy window was open. A grimy New York pigeon landed on the sill and looked at me. He wanted expectantly. I suppose he thought I had food. The rabbis on the fourth floor [illegible] I put on a sort of rabbinical manner and smiled at him. This was before the days people discovered that [illegible]

"Pigeons! Where [illegible]"

I was off to pigeon stores, pet shops. Once again the wall of blank faces. Fearful faces. "What's he up to?" . . . "Should I press the alarm button under the hamster cage?"

One lady had patience and some advice. "Try the curator of birds at the Bronx Zoo," she said.

Vowing that if this didn't work out it would be the end of the whole matter, I borrowed the [illegible] and [illegible] the Bronx Zoo. I didn't get lost, but there was trouble with the [illegible]. A [illegible]

"The curator of [illegible] never lived. He spoke quietly and had great hair and glasses. You could [illegible] coming up to him and [illegible]

"Of course," he said. "I have pigeon whistles!"

---

ert Greenbaum has done a lot of writing for [illegible] the movies, but this is his first published story. With Hal Kanter he worked on the [illegible] show, and with Jim Fritzell on the [illegible] show as well as the movie "Good [illegible] Sam."

Majuro. Majuro in the Marshalls. The interpreter and I shared a tent. He was from Harvard and highly respected. The gentle Korean prisoner cleaned our tent every day, made the beds and swept the hermit crabs down to the beach. He was telling the Harvard boy something, using his hands, flapping them like birds. Later I learned that in his home there was a square and . . .

The curator of birds opened a drawer and took the whistles out. There were three or four of them. Made of polished hardwood, very thin, and the shape of flattened artichokes.

"They strap on the back," he said. "I tried them only once. Put one on the back of a pouter. The poor thing was so frightened, he flew into the side of the elephant house and broke his neck."

"Did it whistle?" I asked, selfishly overlooking the dead bird.

"Oh my, yes!" he said. "Watch this."

He attached the whistle to a length of string and swung it around his head. The music was enchanting.

"If you only knew how long I've been looking for these," I said. "Do you mind if . . . " I reached for the whistles.

"Very old," he said. "Very rare. I can't let you take them away."

Requesting tracing paper and a soft lead pencil, I sat for an hour at his desk and made tracings. The length of the tubes, the size and openings of the embouchures, the thickness of the material. I rushed to a hobby store and bought bamboo, balsa wood, and amberoid cement. Stuffing all of these things into the saddlebags of the Harley-Davidson, I raced back to the Grand Metropol.

By midnight I had made two whistles. Great success! The most delicate puff made them whistle. But I was living in a fool's paradise. By mistake I picked up a red rubber eraser and blew on it. It whistled! So did my pen knife and a roll of thread. The trouble was I wasn't just blowing, I was whistling as if I were walking down the street whistling.

I started over. Finally at two in the morning they began to work. I had been tilting the embouchures at the wrong angle. Six whistles and each one answered to a whisper of wind. I mounted them on a balsa wood plane and attached it to a string. It worked!

In another hour I had painted it Air Force colors. I had to test it in a larger space. Three A.M. in the wide hall next to the elevators I swung the thing. It shrieked! It hummed! could make it moan or howl!

The elevator door opened. A short man in wide hat paused in the act of buying the mor ing papers from the elevator operator. Thr cents above the regular price.

"What in hell is that, kid?"

."A whistling plane."

"Whereja get it?"

"Made it! Invented it! Just now!"

"All right, all right," he said. "Gimme a mi ute now." He took his hat off and rubbed h bald head, leaving smudges of newsprint. "Fi hundred all right?"

"What?"

"Ten in the morning. I'll give you five hundr cash for it."

"All right. Ten?"

"Ten. Five hundred."

"All right."

It wasn't easy to sleep. I shaved at nine that I could deposit the five hundred in t Bowery Savings Bank. Then to sixty-five a mon GI money I could add another sixty from t bank and get through the year nicely.

The man didn't come at ten. I waited un one-thirty. Had I imagined him? That was b fore the days people discovered that sniffi model airplane glue made dope fiends of litt boys. Depressed and starving, I went down the automat for brunch: oatmeal with as muc cream and sugar as possible. I sat at a sma table occupied by a man who looked as though h had already fallen down several times that day. H stared at the wall. "Son of a bitch!" he said. I w sorry to hurt his feelings but moved to anoth table. I had problems of my own.

The oatmeal made things look brighter. Aft all, I still had the whistling plane. What abo the original plan? Two hundred Fifth Aven was full of toy companies. I only needed to se it to one of them.

I ran back to my room and wrote myself letter. It contained a drawing of the plane and paragraph telling how it worked. Then I to this to the post office and mailed it to myse registered. I had read about this in *Popular M chanics* magazine. As proof of the original a it was as good as a patent in the courts. Puttin the plane in a shoebox, I was now ready for 20 Fifth.

The first two floors were all doll people. N good. The first man on the third floor came ou of his back office and listened to me.

"Looks like a good idea," he said, "but we'r cutting our line down to inflatable goods. If yo

e up with something in a rubber horsie, let
know."

thanked him and went on to the next office.
had been civil toward me. It was encouraging.
y likely there was a shortage of toy inven-
. Why hadn't I thought of inventing toys
ore? Maybe I could think up something else
r the whistling plane hit the market. A sub-
ine maybe. For the bathtub. Elastic-band
or. Wouldn't rust. Make for nine cents, sell
seventy. Think up a nice line of submarines.
to be a writer without starving. Nice life.
o one would see me in the next five offices.
couraging. Maybe the man from the elevator
been hit by a taxi just hard enough to be
yed a few hours. Maybe he was waiting for
now with the five hundred dollars. The sec-
ry in the next office asked me to sign a paper.
said it was a release. "You mean that if I
this and you decide to use it without my
mission I can't sue or anything?" I asked,
aged.

That's the idea," she said.

signed.

he wholesaler and his son came out of the
er office to watch. "Let's see what you got
e," he said.

Well, it takes a little bit of room." I said,
ng it out of the box. I caught myself. Why
the sale with negative remarks? "But this
do fine." I smiled, looking around the
vded office.

swung the plane, holding it in just a bit. It
begun to hum nicely just as it rammed a



lamp made from a large, fragile, and, I was sure, expensive vase. I was ruined!

No one spoke as I swept the parts into the shoebox. I nearly dropped everything. It was hard keeping the parts of the plane entirely separated from bits of lamp.

"Might be a good plastic item," said the wholesaler.

"Do you think it could be made of plastic?" said the son.

"Yes," I said.

"Make it up again and send it to our engineers in Chicago," the wholesaler said.

"Did you sign a release?" the son asked.

"Yes," I said.

I was learning how to handle myself in the business world.

Working all that night, I put two more whistles on the plane, doped and sanded it four times so that it was smooth as glass before I painted it silver and set it off with bright red decals. In the morning, I wrapped it carefully, packed it in excelsior, and sent it to Chicago, insured for thirty dollars.

Now came the waiting . . . much anxious checking of the mailboxes behind the desk at the hotel. Even though I stopped by ten times a day, the dirty man didn't lose patience with me. He had been impressed by my having received a registered letter.

Then one day there was a letter from Chicago. It was from the toy company! I didn't have too much blood at the time but what there was went to my feet. I couldn't open the letter in the lobby. I went to my room, lay on the bed, and tore it open.

They thanked me but didn't see a place in their line for my idea at the moment.

"Son of a bitch!" I said.

That wasn't all. When I picked up the plane at the post office, it was smashed.

"What about this?" I asked the man.

"Is it insured?" he answered.

It was. In two days I received a check for thirty dollars from the postal service.

I repaired the plane. In a week it was on its way to another toy company with an out-of-town factory. On the return trip it was again crushed. Another thirty dollars.

This happened eight times before I reached the last toy company on the top floor of 200 Fifth. I ate well right up until summer vacation. Then I returned to my father's house in Buffalo.

There were pigeons in the square and they were good to me that year.



The Big Show in Venice

by Calvin Tomkins

How Americans learned to play a winning hand in the politics and intrigue of the international art world, at the Biennale competition.

For a good many years now, the general e
ness of the U.S. government toward Ameri
avant-garde art has been an established fact.
beginning of a change in this attitude became
parent under the Kennedy Administration, b
great deal of the old suspicion remains. For
reason the recent American triumphs at inte
tional exhibitions have even more significa
than might have appeared otherwise. At the
Paulo Bienal in 1963, one of the major aw
went to Adolph Gottlieb, the New York abst.
expressionist, while at the 1964 Venice Bien
the international grand prize for painting
awarded, for the first time in the history of t
venerable institution, to an American artist,
an advanced one at that—the thirty-nine-year
post-abstract expressionist Robert Rauschenb
Moreover, since the U.S. exhibitions were s
abroad under the aegis of the United States
formation Agency, the most intriguing aspec
the situation is that the government has sh
itself to be more kindly disposed toward the n
the bold, and the "modern" in art than the
seum of Modern Art, which had formerly sp
sored both undertakings.

The Venice Biennale can be taken as a cas
point. When the Museum, for financial reas
dropped its sponsorship of the Biennale exh
tions, it was generally supposed that the US
then headed by Edward R. Murrow, would sim
foot the bill and ask the Museum's officials to
together the show as before. Instead, the age
made discreet inquiries around the art world,
then gave the job of assembling the Venice sh
to Dr. Alan R. Solomon, a highly gifted
scholar who had proved during his previous y
as director of the Jewish Museum of New Yor
be one of the most active and influential ch
pions of the new, post-abstract-expressionist
rents in American art. The Jewish Muse
granted Solomon a leave of absence and agree
act as co-sponsor of the Venice exhibition.

I had lunch with Dr. Solomon shortly before
left for Venice to start installing the show,
he told me that, far from trying to impos
cautious conservatism, the USIA had given
virtually complete freedom to do what he want
"They asked me whether I wanted to take the
sponsibility all on myself, or whether I wan
to have a committee appointed to protect m
Solomon said. "I told them I wanted to take
responsibility. They said that's what they'd ho
I'd say, and that's the way it's been." Solon
attributed the agency's open-mindedness to s
eral factors, notably the enlightened leadership
Murrow and the tact and intelligence of L

ingham, who, as Chief of the Fine Arts Section, xhibits Division, of the USIA, has been working r several years to develop greater respect ithin the government for the work of contempo- ry American artists. Most of all, though, he tributed it to the new cultural tone of the Ken- dy Administration.

Shortly after his appointment as director of the hibition, Solomon flew to Venice to confer with iennale officials about enlarging the exhibition ace for the American show. The American vilion, an uninspired Georgian box put up in 29 by Grand Central Art Galleries, which spon- red U.S. exhibits there until the Museum of odern Art took over in 1954, is one of the small- t on the Biennale grounds. He arrived in Paris e day President Kennedy was shot. "I didn't ow whether to turn around and go home right en and there," he told me. With everything sud- nly uncertain, he went on to Venice. The project enlarging the U.S. pavilion, for which the chitect Philip Johnson had already volunteered s services, was obviously out of the question w; appropriations for the job would be in doubt, d with only five months until the Biennale open- g, any delay would be fatal. The Biennale offi- als said No to Solomon's request for extra space the large Italian pavilion—too many new coun- ies were requesting space already.

Solomon then inquired about space outside the ennale grounds, which are located toward the d of the main island at some distance from the nter of the city. This was possible, he was told. e looked at several buildings, but nothing emed at all suitable until he was shown the rmer U.S. Consulate building on the Grand nal. Officially closed the month before as part of State Department economy measure, the build- g was still U.S. property. Furthermore, it was cated in the heart of town and, most important, e Consulate's series of cool, attractive salons d offices downstairs struck Solomon as being st about ideal for the paintings he wanted to hibit. Before making a final decision, he had to ake sure that any works hanging in the Con- late would be officially considered part of the S. Biennale exhibition. After receiving what considered adequate assurances on this score, took measurements of all the rooms, left fur- ther negotiations in the hands of our Embassy in Rome, and headed home feeling that the best possible solution had been found to the problem of space.

When I had lunch with Solomon last May, just before he returned to Venice, his feelings about the show went well beyond the merely personal and aesthetic; he obviously hoped that a major success at the Biennale might influence favorably the government's whole attitude toward contemporary art in America. Solomon is a slim, well-tailored young man with a neatly trimmed beard and a quiet, low-pitched voice that occasionally reveals a note of inner intensity. The USIA, he told me, had been 100 per cent cooperative during the months of preparation. There had been no change of heart under the new Administration, and no one had tried to interfere with his choice of artists or works. The exhibition would include more than ninety works representing eight of the most advanced artists of the present period: four "germinal" painters whose work had become the major sources of significant developments in U.S. art (Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Morris Louis, and Kenneth Noland); and four younger artists whose work showed the proliferation of these ideas (Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg, Frank Stella, and John Chamberlain).

Solomon disclosed that he had two major goals in mind for the Venice show. The first was that Rauschenberg should win the international grand prize for painting. "The idea hit me when I first took the job on," he said. "I suddenly said to myself, 'My God, America could win the Biennale this time with Rauschenberg.'" Of the two important international prizes at the Biennale, one usually goes to a painter and the other to a sculptor, and since the Biennale was inaugurated in 1895 only one American had ever taken one of these, Alexander Calder, for sculpture, in 1952. (In fact, the only two Americans to win *painting* prizes of any kind at Venice have been Mark Tobey in 1958 and James McNeill Whistler in 1895, the first year.) Since 1948, the grand prix for painting has gone almost without exception to School of Paris artists with impregnable reputations: Georges Braque in 1948, Henri Matisse in 1950, Raoul Dufy in 1952, Max Ernst in 1954, Jacques Villon in 1956, Jean Fautrier and Hans Hartung in 1960 (no sculpture prize that year), and Alfred Manessier in 1962. The spectacular rise of the School of New York, from Pollock and DeKooning to Rauschenberg and Johns, had not as yet received the slightest notice from the juries of the Venice Biennale.

Solomon's second major goal was to put on a

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alvin Tomkins will have two books published is spring: one, a collection of four profiles lled "The Bride and the Bachelors"; the other, out the Lewis and Clark Trail. He is a staff riter for "The New Yorker" and was formerly general editor of "Newsweek."

show that would convince Europeans of the strength and diversity of current American art. "I want this show to do for Europeans what the Armory Show did for us back in 1913," he said, with a flash of that inner intensity.

Gathering Chaos

It struck me at the time that this double-barreled assault might be overly ambitious. The usual Biennale practice, I had heard, when a country has someone it considers a candidate for one of the top prizes, is to place most of its emphasis on that artist and go all out in the behind-scene political struggles. Solomon was well aware of the political maelstrom in which he would soon be operating, but he seemed determined and reasonably confident. I wished him well, and immediately began making arrangements to go over and see how he made out.

By the time I arrived in Venice in mid-June, a week before the official opening, the rumor market was in full swing. A sizable number of artists, dealers, collectors, museum officials, art critics, and journalists had preceded me, and most of them could be found every day at noon, at 7:00 P.M., and again around midnight sitting on the terrace of the Caffè Florian at the Piazza San Marco, the headquarters of the Biennale crowd. One heard Rauschenberg mentioned again and again, but usually in an also-ran context. "He ought to get it," I kept hearing, "but he won't." The Dutch reported it had given Karel Appel what amounted to a one-man show in their pavilion, and were bringing powerful pressure to bear on the judges. "The French will threaten to boycott the Biennale next time if they don't win, the way they always do," a New York critic said sourly. I saw Leo Castelli, Rauschenberg's New York dealer, and Ileana and Michael Sonnabend, whose Left Bank Paris gallery has specialized in showing the work of the American avant-garde, and joined them for a drink.

"At least we have an American judge now," Castelli said. "That's one thing in our favor." He explained to me that Sam Hunter, the art scholar and chairman of the art department of Brandeis University, had just the day before been chosen to serve on the panel of seven judges. The process of selecting judges, it appeared, was subject to intense pressures from all sides. Nominations were made by each of the Commissioners of thirty-four participating nations (Dr. Solomon being the American Commissioner), with the final decision left to the President of the Biennale, Professor Mario Marcazzan, who was expected t make his selections with such wisdom and finess that no nation would feel its vital interests wer being slighted. At the very last moment, wisdo and finesse had dictated the inclusion of an Ame ican judge, to serve on the panel with two Ita ians, a Brazilian, a Pole, a Dutchman, and Swiss. A telegram had gone out to Hunter, wh chanced to be passing through Milan at tha moment, and his arrival was expected momen tarily. In fact, Solomon had spent most of the da meeting incoming planes, because he had no ide which one Hunter was taking.

Neither then nor at any other time during th week did the art crowd at Florian's seem to b paying much attention to Venice, which looke properly magnificent that day, with the grea square bathed in warm sunlight and the famou Venetian light playing its tricks with the foamin architecture. "You like Venice?" asked the youn Torinese painter with whom I was chatting, an whose name, I had been overjoyed to discover, wa Michelangelo Pistoletto. I nodded. "Italian Di neyland," he observed, with a shrug.

In the afternoon I took the *traghetto*, the gon dola that plies back and forth across the Gran Canal, and found my way to the Consulate. A brief stroll through the whitewashed rooms dow stairs convinced me that Alan Solomon had su ceeded brilliantly in at least one of his majo objectives. The show at the Consulate was n only stunning; it was a revelation. The large colorful, infinitely complex canvases of Rausche berg and Johns had never looked better to m than they did in those small, rather intima rooms.

So many different things are going on in eac one of these works—sensuous abstract brus work, silk-screen reproductions of images fro picture magazines, and free-swinging colla whose elements may include electric clocks, neo tubing, or even a stuffed eagle—that when sever of them hang side by side in a gallery or museu the effect is sometimes overwhelming. In the Co sulate, where they hung one to a wall and cou thus be savored individually, pictures that I ha seen many times before seemed to me entire fresh and new. More than half the space wa given over to Rauschenberg and Johns. Down th hall, one room apiece was devoted to the work Dine (large canvases with real objects—bathroo fixtures and tools—affixed to them); Stella (geo metrical abstractions); and Oldenburg (painte plaster replicas of food, limp plastic telephone a twenty-times-life-size tube of tooth paste). I a pretty inner courtyard and garden, John Chan

lain's sculptures (made from smashed auto-
bile fenders) lay rather forlornly on the
ound; several parts were missing, and a frantic
rch was being made through the thousands of
pty crates on the Biennale grounds. This bit of
elligence was confided to me by Mrs. Alice M.
nny, the assistant director of the U. S. exhibi-
n, who was on leave from her position as As-
tant Director of the Washington Gallery of
dern Art.

"That's the way it's been for three weeks," Mrs.
nny said cheerily. "Total chaos. We had every-
ng clearly marked so that the pictures that be-
ged here would come here and the Noland and
is pictures, which we're showing in the pa-
on at the Biennale grounds, would go there.
en we were told everything had to go to the
nnale grounds for customs inspection. The
gemen went on strike at one point, and we
ldn't move *anything* for two days." I had ob-
ved that in spite of everything, the show they
l put on would be hard to beat. "I think so,
," Mrs. Denny said. "The problem is to make it
cial."

One Huge Master Image

he problem, as I learned later from Solomon
l others, was a serious one. The Italian officials
the Biennale were now saying that Solomon
l misunderstood them the previous fall and
t they had never said that work hanging out-
e the Biennale grounds would be eligible for
Biennale awards. Solomon now found him-
f in a fairly excruciating position. Artistic
sitivities were involved, and a last-minute sub-
tution of Rauschenberg for Noland in the
nnale pavilion, for example, might create
isms too hideous to contemplate. His solution
d been to erect a temporary plywood structure
the courtyard of the U. S. pavilion at the Bien-
e, in which he had hung one work each by
uschenberg, Johns, Stella, Dine, Chamberlain,
l Oldenburg. It was hoped that this would
alify the six artists for official consideration by
judges. But there was no certainty as yet that
judges would even come to the Consulate to
w the rest of their work and, to be frank, there
s little hope that Rauschenberg could win the
nd prize on the strength of one small painting
the grounds.

The next day, Monday, was a day of deepening
rigue and subsurface maneuverings. Sam
nter had arrived the night before, and the
mor was that he had scored a major coup by
persuading the judges to come to the Consulate. Outside of the pro-American group, though, I began to hear criticism of the way the U. S. campaign was being handled. Solomon was too aggressive, a Canadian curator complained. Demanding extra space in the Consulate had been a mistake—if other countries started taking space outside the Biennale grounds, the whole thing would get out of hand. To my surprise, I also learned that there was a group of Italian artists and sculptors who were tremendously enthusiastic about Rauschenberg's work, and passionately eager to see him win the prize. The smart bets, though, were on Karel Appel, winner of the 1959 São Paulo Bienal and the 1960 Guggenheim International show in New York. The international grand prix for sculpture was generally believed to be a tossup between Zoltan Kemeny, the Hungarian-born sculptor showing in the Swiss pavilion, and the Frenchman Jean Ipousteguy.

Tuesday was the day of the official vernissage, or press opening, of the Biennale. All morning, the *vaporetti* plying between San Marco and the Lido discharged groups of passengers at the Giardini, the fragrant green park in which the various pavilions are situated. Inside the grounds it was clear that other countries beside the U. S. had been having their difficulties. In the big maze-like Italian pavilion, most of the paintings were in place but nothing was marked. Part of the pavilion was devoted to group shows by several of the leading modern art museums of the world; another part offered work from Latin-American countries without pavilions of their own; the rest was given over to the Italians, who appear at this period to be much more gifted in the art of sculpture than in painting.

Belgium's exhibition looked intriguing—large assemblages of displaced piano parts by Vic Gentils, and Pol Bury's constructions in which something was always in mysterious motion. The Dutch pavilion was dominated by a handsome display of Appel's thickly painted abstractions. Nothing at all hung as yet in the brand-new pavilion of Brazil, begun only a few months before, in which workmen were pouring the cement floor while a lady in a blue smock stood anxiously by. Poland, Hungary, and Romania had little to show for the thaw in Iron Curtain cultural policy, but Czechoslovakia did—large, bold paintings in the abstract expressionist manner by Jan Kotik. The pavilions of France, Britain, and Germany, which gave the impression of trying to outface one another with their marble columns and raised porticoes, were crowded and stiflingly hot inside. The ceiling of the British pavilion had collapsed a few

days before, and visitors had to peer at the paintings of Roger Hilton through the supports of a temporary scaffolding. In the French pavilion, Roger Bissière looked impressive, but Ipousteguy's sculptures were somewhat overshadowed by a memorial exhibition of Julio Gonzalez, in another room.

With a few exceptions, the art of many nations began to seem discouragingly similar to me, tending to merge into one huge, slightly viscid, master image that was interchangeable and freely convertible—the European Common Painting. "The Biennale made some sense in 1900 but not anymore," a European dealer had said to me the night before. "It's utterly stupid, all these national shows—art is international now." I saw his point. Even Japan, whose raised pavilion looked so inviting from the outside, offered the interchangeable abstraction within.

What's "American"?

There was a big crowd in the outside courtyard of the United States pavilion, where the qualifying single works by Rauschenberg and his confreres hung in bright daylight on the unpainted, raw-looking plywood partitions. In one of the pavilion's two rooms—identical in size and shape and both sweltering—were the targets, chevrons, and broad stripe paintings of Kenneth Noland; in the other, the melting, swimming colors and horizontal stripe paintings of the late Morris Louis, who died two years ago at the age of fifty. Together they constitute what Solomon considers the second major development in contemporary American painting (the first being the work of Rauschenberg and Johns)—the new chromatic abstraction in which bands of pure color interact and vibrate against one another in vast areas of empty canvas. Spying Mrs. Sonnabend in the crowd, I asked her how things were going.

"It's a little confusing," she said. "Everybody is asking, 'Where are the Rauschenbergs?' "

We were interrupted by the apparition of a stalk-thin young man carrying an open umbrella, on which were painted a series of neat small abstractions and the highly legible signature, "Gian Luigi Fini"—a novel bit of self-promotion that appeared in most of the Italian papers the next day.

The Consulate had its own vernissage that afternoon, with a cocktail party for the press to which four hundred invitations were sent out and about twice that number came. More and more young American artists had been turning up in Venice, and most of them appeared at the par (The Biennale, among other things, is a gr meeting ground and marketplace, and many sa are made there of paintings that never come Venice.) In the crush I noted Marisol, the love unsmiling sculptress, in deep conversation w Sidney Janis; James Rosenquist, a leader of wl is known in Italy as *"La Popparte"*; and Dimi Hadzi, a Rome-based American sculptor who w one of the four United States entrants in the l Biennale.

I asked Hadzi whether the 1962 affair had be any different from this one, and he said it hac "More fun, more parties, and not so commerc All you hear this time is, 'Are you selling'

Claes Oldenburg, who is large and genial, v posing for pictures with his molded foodstu while his petite, pretty wife looked on. Jo Chamberlain had pulled in that afternoon, desp the loss of his passport; Kenneth Noland w also on hand but Dine and Stella had stayed ho and Johns was in Kyoto, Japan. Rauschenbe would arrive the following day, with the mode dance company of Merce Cunningham in which was then acting as costume and set design lighting director, and stage manager, and wh was scheduled, with admirable timing, to perfo in Venice on Thursday night. The crowd at press party was so dense that nobody could the paintings, but I did observe the effect of new realism on one young Englishwoman, w drew her escort into the Dine exhibit, pointed a work that included real bathroom fixtures, a exclaimed in triumph, "There! Now *that's* Ame can toilet paper!"

Later that evening, at Florian's, the word w that the judges had come to the Consulate, h that they had decided to judge Rauschenberg o on the basis of the one small canvas on the Bi nale grounds. Throughout most of the next d Wednesday, there was deepening anxiety in Rauschenberg camp. "Some of the judges a making difficulties about the split show," I Castelli told me when I saw him briefly on Piazza San Marco, "and they want to disqual Rauschenberg." Castelli also reported a new velopment: In recognition of the superiority American painting in general, the award mi go to another American—to Noland. Solom however, had announced that if Rauschenbe were disqualified, he would remove all the Ame cans from contention.

Feeling a sudden need for aesthetic certaint I went to look at the Giorgiones in the Academ and then at the Picassos, Ernsts, and Pollocks Peggy Guggenheim's large, modern palazzo

nt to the Consulate building. It was one of
e afternoons a week when her collection is
1 to the public, and Miss Guggenheim herself
present. I asked her what she thought of the
inale. "I have nothing to do with the Bien-
," she replied, rather tartly. "I detest pop art.
painters are no good, and so the Biennale is
good, either." That seemed to be the end of
conversation. Later, several people told me it
a great shame Peggy didn't keep up with
ent trends.

The Cardinal Was Displeased

ie Biennale grounds were crowded on the last
of the vernissage. The Russian pavilion,
ch had been closed tight all week, finally
ned its doors at 5:00 P.M. Although no hint of
abstract virus could be detected in its enor-
s, socially realistic paintings of peasant girls
heat fields and athletes earnestly competing,
pastel, slightly fuzzy tones of some of the
ures suggested that Soviet painting may
e inched a trifle closer to the twentieth century;
so far as Impressionism, perhaps, but some-
re on the outskirts of the Barbizon School.
auschenberg made his first appearance that
ning at a Consulate party given by Frederick
mhardt, the American Ambassador to Rome.
painter looked fit and relaxed in spite of hav-
worked all day at the theater and having had
e sleep for the past forty-eight hours. After
eft for the theater with Merce Cunningham
with John Cage, the
poser and musical di-
of the company,
n Solomon pulled me
e and said in a tight
e. "The judges have
voted four to three
Rauschenberg on the
s of the one painting
ie Biennale grounds.
the president of the
has threatened to
gn in protest, and
're going to try to
k out something to-
row." This electrify-
news got around in
ime at all and helped
ake the Cunningham
ipe's performance
evening at La Fenice
vent of considerable
tension and excitement. Booing, loud whistling, and passionate counter-cheering swept the exquisite, gilded theater during and after each dance, and it was difficult not to feel that the cultural pride of nations was at issue.

Friday morning dawned hot and humid. The Biennale grounds were closed, and a large part of the art crowd went out to swim at the Lido, which was where Rauschenberg was headed when I ran into him in town about noon. By then a compromise had been arrived at by the jury: Solomon would transfer three big Rauschenbergs from the Consulate to the Biennale pavilion, and this would satisfy the president of the jury, who had threatened to resign rather than award the prize to work hanging elsewhere. A major scandal was thus averted. There seemed no remaining doubt about the outcome now. Rauschenberg, who had done his best to stay out of the complex struggles on his behalf, seemed a little humbled by the events of the past few hours. "I honestly don't feel much of anything," he told me.

There were a few surprises still to come. During the day, it became known that the Patriarch of Venice, Giovanni Cardinal Urbani, was so deeply displeased with some of the art at the Biennale—specifically, with some paintings in the Italian section in which miters, crucifixes and other sacred symbols were commingled with grotesquely deformed female nudes—that he had issued an order forbidding Catholic monks, nuns, and clergymen from attending any part of the exhibition. At about the same time, it was also learned that President Antonio Segni had notified



the Biennale authorities that neither he nor his Minister of Defense would be able to attend the opening ceremonies as planned. Few Venetians failed to make the obvious connection between these two developments. By nightfall, three written petitions were going the rounds at Florian's, Angelo's, and other Biennale haunts. The first voiced the displeasure of all true artists at the intervention of the church hierarchy in artistic affairs; the second protested President Segni's decision to boycott the Biennale; the third, on a more parochial level, castigated the jury's award of the two major "Italian" prizes of the Biennale to two sculptors—Andrea Cascella and Arnaldo Pomodoro—instead of to one sculptor and one painter in the traditional fashion.

Is It a Conspiracy?

The final, official word on the international grand prizes had gone out, though—Rauschenberg for painting, Kemeny for sculpture—and nothing could dampen the enthusiasm of those who had been pulling for Rauschenberg from the start. There was no doubt that this was an immensely popular decision among the group of Italian artists such as Santomaso and Cascella, who saw the award to such a young and daringly original artist as an important break with tradition and a declaration of independence from the School of Paris. Santomaso and several others collected a host of Rauschenberg's supporters for the traditional victory party at Angelo's that night, but Rauschenberg, having been invited with a few members of the Cunningham company to dine at the palazzo of a reigning Venetian aristocrat, did not show up for it. At about 11:00 P.M., the victory party left Angelo's and went over to the Piazza San Marco. When Rauschenberg finally appeared there an hour or so later, the whole group surged forward with a great shout. Seven or eight Italian artists reached him first, embracing him and shaking his hand and lifting him on their shoulders, and the young American was so surprised and so moved that for a moment he looked to be in some distress.

"I hadn't expected that," he said afterward. "Butterflies in the stomach and a big lump in the throat. It really did mean something after all."

Everyone went back to Angelo's and kept the celebration going until dawn with vodka provided by the Polish juror and champagne on the house.

Saturday was anticlimax. The ceremony went off smoothly enough, with Minister of Public Education Luigi Gui filling in for the absent President Segni. Rauschenberg was first seate far back in the audience because he did not hav the right invitation card, then reseated in th front row in time to receive the grand prize Afterward, when asked by a local reporte whether he had ever been in Venice before, h said he had, for one day, in the winter of 1953 he had stayed just long enough to see a Germa movie about the Amazon jungle, and nothing else It was the kind of answer that further endeare him to most of the young Italian artists, who ten to share Pistoletto's view of the city as a sort o archaic Disneyland.

Although it is now the fashion in certain ar circles to dismiss the Biennale as a vulgar politi cal circus, aesthetically meaningless and histori cally inane, the repercussions of Rauschenberg' Venetian conquest have been enormous. Severa well-known European artists, after seeing th show in the Consulate, confided to Alan Solomo that it had altered their whole angle of vision an made their own future course uncertain. Man more reacted with profound shock and anger. I Paris, where a declining art market and an ab sence of exciting young painters have contribute to the closing of several important galleries in th last year, the post-Biennale mood has been clos to panic. Paris art dealers and critics tend t interpret the success of Rauschenberg, and o American pop art in general, as the result of a dark international conspiracy against the Schoo of Paris—a conspiracy, moreover, in which th United States government has assuredly playe its part.

As for the government, *its* reactions to th American success are even more perplexing. I its annual budget request to Congress last Febru ary, the USIA made clear that it would withdraw from sponsoring international art shows after this year's São Paulo Bienal, in September. Such presentations, the agency stated, were "properly the concern of the art community." At the same time, there were strong indications that the government's fine-arts program might very well be transferred, instead, to an agency that was less subject than the USIA to politics, propaganda requirements, and the fear of stirring up Congressional ire. Solomon himself has heard nothing officially from Washington since the Biennale closed last fall, and he has no idea how the government really feels about the Rauschenberg victory.

"I think this has done more for America in Europe, culturally speaking, than anything that's happened in years," he said recently. "I'd like to think so, anyway. But what happens now is anybody's guess."

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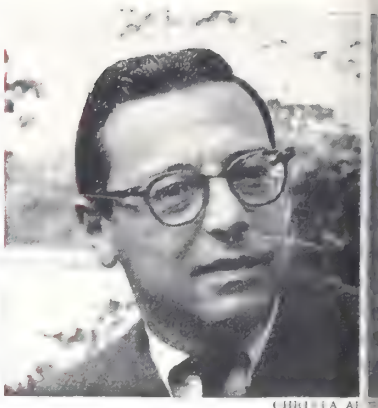
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West Wing Story

by Joseph Kraft

How the President has blended his own men with the Bureau of the Budget and two new institutions to form a unique White House staff.

The creator of Sherlock Holmes used to tell a story of a journey he made through Paris while in transit to London from a vacation on the south coast of France. He found a cab at the Gare d'Orléans, had his trunk loaded on top, and told the driver to proceed to the Gare du Nord. The driver turned to him and said, "Immediately, Mr. Arthur Conan Doyle."

Mildly surprised, Conan Doyle asked how he had been recognized. "Elementary," the driver, of course, replied. "I read in the newspaper that you were vacationing at a beach near Cannes. Your accent told me you were English. You returned just now on the train from Cannes. You are going to the station where the boat train for London departs in half-an-hour. From a worn spot on your finger, I can tell you make frequent use of a pen, and are probably a writer. On your shoes there are grains of a kind of sand to be found only on the beaches near Cannes. From all that, I could deduce your identity. Besides," the driver continued, "there was one other bit of evidence. On your trunk, in large red letters, it says, Arthur Conan Doyle."

I am reminded of that story whenever the subject of the White House staff crops up. For the best guide to that important but little understood institution is to watch the big, red letters—the obvious. Whatever the dramatis personae, whatever the table of organization, whatever the epithet in vogue, be it "brain trust" or "Irish Mafia," the central feature of the staff that occupies the West Wing is the President himself. The staff serves the President and moves in his time to meet his needs. The staff derives its power from the President, and its character and identity. In one way or another, every President creates a staff in his own image.

Franklin Roosevelt, writing a new charter of economic democracy, brought to the White House a staff highly skilled in the preparation of legislation. In Harry Truman's time, because the President was so often appealing to the country over the heads of the Congress and the bureaucracy, the staff came to be dominated by the writers of speeches and messages, centered in the office of Special Counsel. President Eisenhower, a national hero aiming to reestablish national unity, set up a staff system that harmonized views inside the government before they reached the plane of decision. President Kennedy's determination to get the country moving again found expression in a staff that shook up the bureaucracy and dazzled the nation by intellectual brilliance and social swank. During his term, the White House became a kind of court, and the staff resembled The King's Men, as Louis Heren pointed out in these columns two months ago. But present conditions are quite different.

President Johnson's proclaimed aim is to make the governmen
within the framework of a pr
ing harmony, or consensus.
concerned less with defining
than arranging means, less
changing aggregates than
tions. His method is the met
the legislative leader, the met
suspending his own commit
until the commitments of oth
are in line—until, that is, t
jority is built. "The Presiden
man who has worked closely w
says, "really doesn't know wha
going to do, until he knows ho
going to do it."

Suspending Comm

The staff requirements fo
kind of operation are ex
Mr. Johnson, like all modern
dents, needs the help of othe
in giving expression to his vi
defining obscure issues, and
tecting his freedom of mo
until his own position has
clear. At the same time, in est
ing his own position, the Pr
wants himself to be in direc
tact with the power centers i
ernment, business, labor, the
and the local communities tha
up the elements of consens
times, anyway, President J
really needs to be his own
gressional liaison man, his ow
secretary, his own speech writ
own counsel, his own everythi
is thus forever delegating pow
taking it back. And for that p
he requires a staff that moves
without getting in his way

attention, or committing his
—a staff where the right
esn't know, and doesn't ask
, what the left hand is do-

n providing such staff ma-
ate has been unkind to the
it. His two most trusted as-
Bobby Baker and Walter
have been lost to him in
ances known to everybody.
of the special conditions
ccession he was not obliged
op the well-knit team of aides
to see a man through pri-
a national convention, and a
itial campaign. The result is
hat seems to me to have no
in the past.

e core, to be sure, there is a
phenomenon: a nucleus of
hnson men who have served
sident in many ways over
ears—like the family doctor,
sometimes says. But even
re remarkable for a versa-
function and a modesty of
that obscure their roles. And
ork around three offices that
headed by Johnson men, and
ve acquired, over the years,
es more proper to fixed in-
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ie most highly personalized
ost highly institutionalized
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ider, for a starter, the role
). Moyers, the thirty-year-old
who has been working on and
Mr. Johnson since his teens.
the brightest of the bright
nen ever to come to Washing-
ick, diligent, highly political
iculate, he seems a fit successor
line of Special Counsels—in-
Samuel Rosenman under
lt. Clark Clifford under Tru-
nd Theodore Sorensen under
y—who have headed up the
tion of the President's domes-
gram. And to a degree, that is
He is in constant touch with
sident by phone and in person
substantive matters affecting
nestic program. He was the
ure in shaping up the task-
roups that laid the foundation
program. He set up and at-
most of the White House meet-
hat translated the task-force
into Presidential proposals.
ervised the messages setting

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forth these proposals. He, and he alone, went over the whole program with the President down at the ranch just before its presentation in the State of the Union message.

A Fragmented Crew

But unlike the key men of the past, Mr. Moyers shares out his duties with a large crew of assistants. Matters affecting health and education are referred to Douglass Cater, the former Washington editor of *The Reporter* magazine, who joined the Johnson staff in 1964. Richard Goodwin, a former Kennedy speech writer, handles business affecting primarily the problems of cities, of conservation, and of the arts; he has also been the original drafter of most major speeches, including the Inaugural, the State of the Union message, and the acceptance speech at the Atlantic City convention. Problems in the general field of economics are bucked by Moyers to still a third White House assistant, Horace Busby, a long-time Johnson aide who used to edit a business newsletter between stints of work for Mr. Johnson. As Moyers is not a lawyer, White House legal business and most matters affecting civil rights and the Justice Department are farmed out by Moyers to the office of Legal Counsel under Lee White, a holdover from the Kennedy staff, and Harry McPherson, a young Texas lawyer who has just come to the White House after service in the Departments of State and Army and, before that, under Mr. Johnson in the Senate.

The usually distinct job of appointments secretary presents a similar case of fragmentation. Ostensibly the post is held by Jack Valenti, a bright and engaging former Texas ad man who handled public-relations work for Mr. Johnson, and married one of his favorite secretaries. Mr. Valenti accompanies the President at almost all times. He sits near his office. He has prime responsibility for the President's schedule. He prepares for the President every evening several bulky folders of night reading. Each morning, Mr. Valenti meets with the President, reviews the decisions made on the night reading, and passes the word around to the rest of the staff, and to the relevant Departments and agencies.

But sitting between Mr. Valenti and the President is the former state chairman of the Texas Democratic party, Marvin Watson. He handles a portion, at least, of the appointments business. He is, as the appointments secretary usually is, the chief contact between the President and local and state leaders having business with the White House. He is also the channel of communication between the President and the Democratic National Committee. And he serves as a kind of general expediter, pushing business through the staff machinery.

A similar pattern is evident even in the case of the press office under George Reedy, a former wire-service reporter who has been with Mr. Johnson for fifteen years. Mr. Reedy sits in the very same office once occupied by Pierre Salinger and James Hagerty. As they were, he is usually present at the President's press conferences. Just as they did, he briefs White House correspondents twice a day, and more often during periods of intense new activity. It is said that he meets with the President before every briefing.

But the President himself is in contact with newsmen all the time, often without Mr. Reedy even knowing it. The briefing of the President before his press conferences seems to be managed, not by Mr. Reedy, but by Mr. Busby. Mr. Valenti, not Mr. Reedy, keeps the President in touch with what the columns and editorials are saying about him. In some cases, obviously important information is not even passed on to Mr. Reedy. He was not, for example, told about the President's agreement with Vice President Humphrey on disability until weeks after it was put into effect. Indeed, he denied its existence until the story was leaked through one of the President's columnist friends.

The fluidity of the staff, not to say the obscurity of its functioning, is accentuated by professional background and personality. Traditionally, White House staffers have recognizable constituencies growing out of past activities. For example, John Steelman, a former labor mediator who served on the Truman staff, was especially accessible to union leaders. But the John defies such analysis. Indeed, five of its members—Bush win, Cater, Reedy, and V have had their chief profess perience in the most gener fields, the word business. T all writers.

No Cowboys

Even the regional identity t acterizes most White Hou does not apply. There are, to a lot of Texans—Moyers, Busby, Watson, and McPher there is not a wheeler-dea cowboy, in the lot. Mr. Wa be remembered for issuing the Inaugural period, a s cautioning his fellow Texa have in a decorous man Busby, a former editor of newspaper at the Unive Texas and a leader, duri days, of a notable fight for freedom, is the very revers slim, insensitive, loudmout blunt. There can be few m minded persons in the publ than Moyers and McPherso his brief career, Moyers ha left the high road to p riches on two occasions: fi come a Baptist minister, enter the Peace Corps. M abandoned an M.A. thesis Thomas to become a lawye he felt people needed b cheaper defense against t ing of Senator Joseph M Mr. Valenti is known a Washington for his modest if there is an excess of an the White House staff, it i effacement. The President to his side people who acc easily to his demands an who tend to be always avail are uncomfortable as big is typical that Lillian R wife of the press secret said, "When I introduce Mrs. George Reedy, I feel I'm name-dropping."

But if these are the qu the inner core in the John the staff also includes repos expertise and power and s tion. It is in this connec three institutions come picture.

One of these is an old ins

SHINGTON INSIGHT

eau of the Budget. For more enty years the Bureau has ving the President as a staff the analysis of all governtivities that involve spendney. Some Presidents have n the Bureau heavily, in par- Eisenhower, and others, noruman, not so much. But if ever, has the Bureau o important a role in White work as under President

President has repeatedly to the skies the work of the Director, Kermit Gordon. don, or representatives from , were at Moyers' side, nursdomestic program into being. himself evolved, and was al- present in public, the Adtion's basic approach to the ogram. The President is in ith him and with Deputy Elmer Staats, by phone or n, dozens of times a week. r, the Bureau has had an inof 25 per cent in its own Among other things, it is ing an office for cost-effecanalysis that will bring to major projects in the nonfield the kind of examinat Secretary McNamara has ng at the Pentagon. To apply chniques, Budget has taken "whiz kids" from the RAND tion as Assistant Directors Rowen for international afd William Capron for donatters.

dition, two new institutions l inside the White House stem during the Kennedy hey are the office of National Affairs under McGeorge and the office of Congres- Relations under Lawrence . Each office represents the of a long process of organic Ever since World War I, the House has increasingly come ne theater of decision in nasecurity matters. President resident has taken into the House a trusted adviser in matters. Thus Wilson had House, and Roosevelt had s, and Truman, despite his eliance on Secretary of State Acheson, had Averell Harri- his side. Under Eisenhower, nal Security Council staff of

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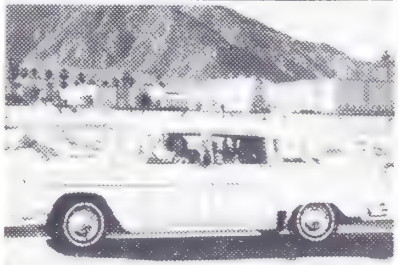
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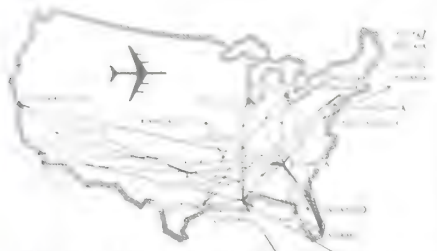
ction demonstrates to a sophistiated reader only that she went mad

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By 7:00 the President's schedule, as prepares for the President ever evening several bulky folders o night reading. Each morning, Mi Valenti meets with the President, re views the decisions made on th night reading, and passes the wor around to the rest of the staff, an

elaborate proportions was set up. Bundy, after first scrapping the old staff, has set up a new one.

New "Principals"

As to Congressional relations, a President's standing in the country has increasingly come to depend on his record in the legislature, and legislation itself has become too complicated and interrelated to be left to the undirected moods of the Congress. Before the turn of the century, Grover Cleveland could declare, "I am not here to legislate." But Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson both met regularly with Congressional leaders. Under Franklin Roosevelt White House legislative drafters also maintained contact with the relevant leaders and committees on the Hill. Eisenhower specifically charged a White House staff member—first General Wilfred Persons, next Bryce Harlow—with the job of Congressional relations. O'Brien has expanded the office.

In each case, what was once done haphazardly is now done systematically. Bundy's office keeps the White House au courant with everything that is going on in the government and abroad that affects foreign policy. For that purpose it has a staff, including specialists in Africa, Latin America, Europe, Asia, South Vietnam, international economics, and science and defense. O'Brien's office keeps the White House abreast of everything that is going on in the Congress. It includes men with ties to East and West, North and South. Both offices have staff secretariats, and frequent staff meetings. Each office, in other words, has a life of its own. They have become separate institutions, connected with, but not part of, the White House staff.

And the heads of these institutions have risen beyond the level of the White House staff. They have become principals, with a visible role in the process of decision. O'Brien, for example, sits in regularly on all the President's meetings with the Congressional leadership. As much as any man, he has a voice in the scheduling of debates and votes in the Congress. He guides Cabinet officers in their relations with the Congress. And that is not all. It was O'Brien who persuaded the President, against his own instir line up with the liberals in s ing reform of the House rule the Congress got under v January. Similarly with Bun is the fourth man in the foreign-affairs luncheon that together the President, Secre State Rusk, and Secretary fense McNamara. He played portant role, seemingly agai lead of both Secretaries, in th ident's decision to stop push project for a NATO nuclea last December. Except for th ident himself, it is hard t of anyone who could have at more public notice than Bur when he visited South Vietn February. He is not really man anymore. He and O'Brie become principals in their own

The mixture of these pri with the inner staff yields a balance. Immediately aroun the President has familiar whom he can take his ease, a button. But close by he is su to the discipline of orderly dure, rigorous analysis, and pouring of exact informati doubt, some power has been the White House staff prope chief seats of expertise lie in tions connected with, but not White House, such as the Bureau. Most of the serious sary proceedings between c ing factions within the gove now take place in these insti Because the issues are often th out at one remove from t there is always the danger th will be compromised too earl rather than bother the Pr there will be an instinct to m commodations. Moreover, the s ing out of the work gives output of the White House a quality, and a style that do always bear the President's o print. Still, the production i high. The sixteen message statements sent by the Presi the Congress in January m some kind of record. Abo things, the staff serves the dent's most important purpo masks his mode of operation. mains the final arbiter, with t ments of decision in his hand a freedom of movement such Presidents have had before h

oring the Province of the Short Story

by George P. Elliott

mons, and Others, by R. K. Viking, $6.50.
riday, by Isaac Bashevis Farrar, Straus and Giroux,

e Knows the Way, by John Random House, $5.95.
ying and Other Matters, by G. Stern. Harper & Row,

n the Lead Apron, by Jesse rcourt, Brace and World,

adier and the Golf Widow, Cheever. Harper & Row,

n Roar and Other Stories, Faust. Random House, $3.95.

g a book of short stories is ing a province. Perhaps the is small and squalid, per- s large and gorgeously var- t, whatever its nature and you respond to what you e, the author is something ıide: he introduces, he di- arranges and displays and things for you, he shows Sometimes he is more im- to you than the province, s it is so important that cely notice he is there. A e could travelogue you into Kyoto when the flowering in blossom; a good one can ı through Winesburg, Ohio, ı way as to make you want t again.

ıances of publication bring seven story collections er a considerable variety of s and guides. In each case I k of the world of the book after that of the way the as done his job as a guide; pe you may want to make these visits yourself, and pt to agree more upon what e been shown than upon like the guide who showed ıd.

rangest of these worlds by far is *Gods, Demons, and Others.* The book opens with an introduction in which Narayan explains "The World of the Storyteller": "He is part and parcel of the Indian village community, which is somewhat isolated from the main stream of modern life." Then follow fifteen mythic tales retold from ancient epics. In this world, identities are not fixed, the limits of a character's power are unclear, motives are simple and pure, both divine and human beings attain perfection of love, of vengeance, of authority. This is like a dream world, and it offers the sumptuous possibilities of dreams. But perhaps men's dreams have changed in the past few thousand generations, or perhaps the people of rural India do not dream as we modern Westerners seem to. At any rate, in these dreamlike tales, there are none of those pervasive miasmas of anxiety, none of those potent subversions of unlocalized guilt, by which our dreams are penetrated—to judge both by Freud and by some of the best writers of our culture. As a result —since there is no question of our believing in these gods—reading these tales is an escape of a gay, and also of a frivolous, sort.

For my own part, I needed more help than Narayan gave me in order to understand how these stories are connected with human concerns. The author does not suggest by his manner, much less say, that there are moral implications to be drawn from a tale. Only vague and rather vapid psychological, "human" illuminations are to be found here. In the two of Narayan's novels that I know, *The English Teacher* and *The Financial Expert,* the narrative essentials were clear. But those were more or less realistic stories about a world whose customs and connections were familiar enough to be exciting in their strangenesses, whereas the mythical tales of this new book take the reader to a realm so alien that usual meanings are not to be found. What new meanings are there, if any, the author should have assisted a Western reader to comprehend. Perhaps he could have helped us by presenting a listener for us to know and to know by means of.

What do these tales mean to one who sees the world figured forth in them? By themselves, they do not say. In the highest fiction, the structure of the story will itself contain and reveal what the story finally is about. In this mythic world of ceaseless transformations, where there is not even the anxiety of death, the stories are charming but not very shapely and the teller's voice is relaxed but lacks tension and drive: nothing seems to matter very much.

The world of *Short Friday* is less strange, for the supernatural is not overwhelmingly important in Singer's Poland as it was in Narayan's India. Even so, it is very important, and the combination of the supernatural with the customs and manners of these unassimilated Jews makes me feel an outsider in their villages too. A few of the stories, such as "Zeidlus the Pope" which is narrated by the Evil One, occur in a region as remote as any in Narayan and so afford no more than a simple, and thin, pleasure. In a few more, at the other extreme, the supernatural exists only in the beliefs of the characters and so is psychologized. The woman in "Blood" (which appeared in *Harper's* in 1964), after a life of horrendous sinning, becomes a werewolf, as the villagers of the story believe; but the action demonstrates to a sophisticated reader only that she went mad

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Mr. Elliott's poems, stories, and essays have appeared in numerous magazines, including this one. He has also written two novels and taught English on the college level.

and acted like a werewolf. However, most of the stories take place in a more ambiguous region where the supernatural elements add to the reader's delight without vitiating the tales' moral vitality.

Like Narayan, Singer assumes the role of traditional storyteller, but the tradition he works within includes a moral structure recognizable to any Westerner: sin as transgression of sacred conscience, suffering as punishment, all things judged. There is a danger to a writer in assuming so bold and familiar a moral structure; his stories may become too simple because what happens is understood too easily; they may exist for the sake of the "moral." But in Singer's best stories, all is well. The actions are seen without being merely looked at; they illuminate without being merely illustrative. The characters become people, and we are glad to know them. The title story is a lovely instance. In it, we are introduced to a pious, humble, loving couple, well along in life, on the night of their favorite day, the shortest Sabbath of the year. They make love, fall asleep, then awaken and talk. Something is wrong. They realize they have died. What the storyteller says in the last sentence is what we feel must be the case: "an angel of God had come to guide [them] into Paradise."

Here is an intrusion of the supernatural threatening to rob the story of that tension which is the life of fiction. If characters die without dread and are transported straight to heaven, what is there to be anxious about? Well, they are Jews, and if there is anything Jews are good at, it is worrying. Before the angel comes for their souls, while they still have their old identities, they talk things over, asking, "When did it happen? How?" The wife persists in being curious about what has happened to the meal she prepared before they went to sleep. "Had it been removed from the oven? Who had eaten it? But she felt that such a query would not be fitting of a corpse." Every little thing matters in Singer's world, and if these two characters die without profound anxiety, it is not because either they or their teller do not think death is dreadful, it is because exemption from that dread signifies holiness. These two are holy, yes; but also, to the health of the story, they are worried.

The stories of the other five collections are set in contemporary America. Customs are recognizable, and the supernatural, if it appears at all, is not taken seriously, is whimsical and metaphoric: from the supernatural to surrealism. Indeed, the very familiarity becomes a problem for the writer. Genuine, through-and-through realism provides at a minimum the pleasures of recognition ("it is really like that"). But what more? What life in that clay? The writer ought to answer such questions before they get themselves asked.

John O'Hara's world is doubly familiar—first because he is a naturalistic writer dealing with a large important class of people, the moneyed Eastern white Protestant mediocre Philistines who used to be and still come closest to being our ruling class; and second because he has written about them so much for the past thirty years that the world of his books has come to have a reality of its own. That world is too widely known to need mapping here. No one of the stories in *The Horse Knows the Way* stands out above the others conspicuously; singly and combined they present more of O'Hara's world, and they do it as well as his fiction was doing it twenty and thirty years ago. They also do it in exactly the same way, since only the appurtenances of life seem to have changed there, not the basic relationships. He is as good a guide as ever. And as bad.

For fifteen or more years, I have not been reading O'Hara, having lost a taste for naturalism, nor did I realize that recently he has taken to expressing his opinions at large in a syndicated newspaper column. Reading these stories with considerable freshness, I was impressed by the accuracy and humor of his observation, especially in dialogue between people in ordinary situations and also with the clumsiness with which he sets scenes and the cheap neatness with which, much too often, he closes off the stories. Each story is a segment of his world, not a little work of art to itself.

I was also impressed by the sour futility of the characters' Surely their author, and my intended them to seem figures o bitter, gloomy, half-despairin sion, stoical resignation in th of meaninglessness. "Let the out their lives according to the which have formed them, not b their ways are much good, bu because their ways will hold the a while from the disintegratio threatens everyone all the Having heard this, as I thou was shocked to discover that C in his own person as columnis zealous reactionary. He must approve of, even want to exa values of the people of his im world, who are excellent face of some of the people of the world. Perhaps he meant to b ing, as guide, "These peop leading pretty awful lives, bu they're not as bad as all those especially the newly rich and ful." If a pessimism somethin this is what he meant to con cate, he did not have the cour keep it pure: he likes mon much, as much as his charact For, stinking up the storie especially rotten in the little p he has written for the volume is buried the implication: " is the proof of success and a su of value; acquiring it is a work, justifying him." (Also fying his sleazinesses if he ing high-paid stories.) Has th come among us, gifted wit eyes and a clarion voice, just us that?

The thirteen stories in I Stern's *Teeth, Dying and Oth ters* could hardly be more d from O'Hara's. Stern's peop little power in their world, w also our city world; or if the some power, we are not show in the exercise of it. (Odd h talented fiction writers no beyond O'Hara, Cozzens, and closs, take the most powerfu class seriously into account i stories.) Moreover, Stern's are so artfully constructed th do not merge together in th er's mind to make a lands their own. By choosing with accuracy just enough experi fit the form of each story, the has kept the stories separate

their very elegance; the
hat define them keep them
Dying," for example, does not
s more experience than a
age story can accommodate
ly; it shows, with wit and
understatement, not a dy-
but a man two removes from
who is dying. A botanist
s published a few poems is
ned by a businessman whose
is dying and who works on
nist-poet to write a four-line
for her tomb. The comedy of
y is both pathetic and satiric
ne. Clearly Stern is a real
f the short story; he knows
make us look in a certain
at those byways of the world
ses to take us along. The
ntelligence of the looking is
atters most.

aps there is something odd
ne way we know one another
ys that makes it hard for a
writer to portray the power-
vious subjects for him to
nless he happens to be born
them. Stern's book includes,
ion to the stories and a play,
essay reporting his observa-
J. F. Kennedy and Richard
A large part of what he tells
difficulty in getting to them.
e observes is the great divorce
an exist between a man and
s "image." Now this is a good
tion, but the remarkable
that Stern did not transmute
e saw into fiction. Perhaps it
ard for an English teacher to
Senators and Vice Presidents
e fears he will not portray
ith artistry commensurate to
nportance. But I hope Stern
anyway, for he could.

the stories in Jesse Bier's
in the Lead Apron discover
ers approaching the edge of
sanity. (The seventh, "A
and Two Days in Cartagena,"
olly farce.) A person at the
s likely to perform antics of
ild agitation as automatically
e him interesting or at least
ject of attention—for which
nt reason most tales are about
approaching or in extreme
ons. One of the best of Bier's
, "The Slow and Easy Trans-
of Buck Sergeant Kessler,"
ns a few American soldiers in



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By Robert T. Patterson

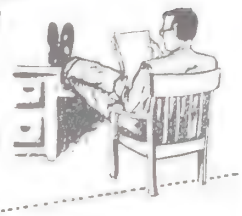
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Editor-at-Large



For too long now, the targets of our sociological sharp-shooters have been obvious bad guys like juvenile delinquents, Mafia executives, and slippery car salesmen. One occupational group has gotten by almost unscathed. I refer, of course, to the American clergy.

The man who has just scathed them is well-equipped: he is one of their number. And he has got their number, too, putting it down in a little item called *How to Become a Bishop* [illegible] *Reluctance*. The book's jacket sets the mood. Robert Osborn has drawn a cleric in swinging robes who seems to be doing, it can also be said, at least a sprightly limbo.

[illegible] may find himself consigned, unless by virtue of his guide to inglorious ascension he himself becomes a bishop. Mr. Smith offers his fellow ministers much good old Yankee know-how. Most of it would help the ambitious priest or rabbi, too, although a few passages apply mainly to the ministry. "Selecting the Clerical Wife," for example. ("A clergyman who remains unmarried for more than a year after graduation from seminary is suspected of being abnormal, immoral, or chicken." "She must not be beautiful, stylish, or sexy." "Most congregations want to go on believing that their minister's family occurred through artificial insemination . . . or immaculate conception.") But his tips on preaching the proper stirring, empty sermon; on "Picking the right Negro" for one's congregation; and on personality ("Achieving the Humility-Ability Balance") would go wherever men gather.

It pleases me that the wickedest, slyest, most cheerfully savage book of the season is by a God-but-not-man-fearing fellow named Reverend Smith.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Doubleday publishes Charles Merrill Smith's *How to Become a Bishop*, ch. 0&S SO, a fine gift for the clergyman or church-goer of any denomination except the humorless, is available through all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine book and department stores. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York.

Germany during the last days of the war, and focuses especially on the breaking down of the humane Kessler until he behaves with mad brutality. Much the worst is the title story, which discovers a man and wife, long married, on a kind of artificial honeymoon occasioned by his being accidentally exposed to heavy radiation—moonlight and roses with marshmallow topping, for he (and we) learn at the end that he isn't going to die after all, the dose was not lethal. Usually, however, Bier does not trick the reader but tells his stories straight.

The worst pitfall a writer dealing in extremes must watch out for is depersonalizing his characters. At the brink, people are apt to behave [illegible] according to their personal natures than according to human nature generally. This is fine if the adventure or excitement itself [illegible] the author want the tale to be about. But when, like Bier, he clearly intends characters to be center of the picture, then he has problems of great delicacy. "Deep Scout," for example, is so persuasively painful that the soldier who causes and endures the pain matters much less than the pain itself. However, when Bier holds the elements in balance, as he surely does in the long story "Migdone," then the rewards are enormous. We are shown an ordinary little man who begins to see people that aren't there. A childhood schoolmate, now a psychiatrist, gets involved with him because of his ailment, and the author guides us gently and affectionately to the unhappy ending of their more human than professional entanglement. The pain and danger are not so urgent as to keep the characters from revealing themselves or the writer from showing them to us in such a way as to let us come to them if and as we will.

Cheeverland is famously surprising. The ingenious improbabilities lurking at every turn are neither metaphored down nor divinized up, but at their best remain human, occasions for their author to reveal characters whom we can get to like even when they are also unlikable. To be sure, Cheever does not always avoid the traps of whimsy. In *The Brigadier and the Golf Widow*, for example, one of the stories, "[illegible] Swimmer," is about a suburban [illegible] with wife trouble who decides [illegible] summer Sunday to swim his [illegible] across county, mostly via swim[illegible] pools in the yards of friends [illegible] follow him, watch the joke peter[illegible] watch him get tired and chilly, [illegible] him pounding on the door of his [illegible] house and looking in the windo[illegible] find it empty. Perhaps the frivo[illegible]ness of the story was supposed [illegible] heighten the pathos, but what i[illegible] for me was to ironize my sympa[illegible] down and out. The story is ple[illegible] enough to idle away a *New Y*[illegible] half-hour with, but scarcely n[illegible] the dignity of hard covers. It [illegible] to me that a Cheever story [illegible] hits a bull's-eye or misses the t[illegible] The hits are marvelous.

"Clementina" is my favorite [illegible] eye in this collection. "She was [illegible] and brought up in Nascota, i[illegible] time of the wonders—the mira[illegible] the jewels and the winter o[illegible] wolves." Her wonder is never [illegible] olous as her author's often is; [illegible] for this he respects her and [illegible] her to us in such a way that w[illegible] her too. She is brought to Wa[illegible] ton as a servant by a decent e[illegible] American couple, and the wo[illegible] that she finds here become wo[illegible] for us too; for a little while ev[illegible] become wonderful in our own[illegible] Cheever is not restricted to hi[illegible] province; the middle-class New[illegible] and New England that appears [illegible] often in his fiction is, as O'Ha[illegible] not, constantly invaded by [illegible] and events from other world[illegible] sides, he often takes quick trip[illegible] where. His best outrageous effe[illegible] achieved by these very confront[illegible] and coincidences. He ob[illegible] prefers to like the people h[illegible] covers as he goes along, but [illegible] finds it very hard to. In Clem[illegible] he has found a character wh[illegible] can love for herself and who, b[illegible] ing her province and goggli[illegible] ours, provokes from him a [illegible] choly laughter that does not [illegible] her or us but embraces eve[illegible] himself included.

Irvin Faust's stories in *Roa[illegible] Lio[illegible] Roar* are about aliens, in or[illegible] New York City, who have s[illegible] into an outrageous world. I[illegible] stories, they come from outsi[illegible] city—some Jewish refugees

, three young white American
s stopping over en route to
. In most, the central charac-
e native to the city in which
e aliens—a poor Puerto Rican
youth who thinks he is im-
"Googs in Lambarene." In
ew Yorkers are in the sticks
rmont farm, a summer stock
y by a resort lake. From the
le of confrontations and grop-
nd brief joinings, emerges
various literary vitality as
than compensates for the
shortcomings.

most important of the short-
s, oddly, is the great specific-
the boroughs in which the
ers are found. That is, to a
who is not acquainted with
an radio advertising of re-
ars, "Philco Baby" is not all
most of it is there, the part
a man who listens to a radio
of knowing other people, but
t about our mass society and
nedia is fully there only for
no is already in the know.
I now read some Chekhov
written seventy or eighty
go, I do not find the appurte-
and arrangements in his prov-
s hard to comprehend as a
a seventy or eighty years
vill surely find the clutter in
province. Obviously the clut-
a sizable portion of what he
his reader to see in his peo-
orld; also obviously, unless
is specified, it has little effect
imagination of a reader. This
erary dilemma without satis-
solution. Perhaps I exag-
the limitation it imposes on
stories. I hope so, for they
only delightful and serious,
y something worth listening

ne best ones, he presents his
ers with a doubleness which
tly right: we see them *over*
nd feel with them *in here*
once. Occasionally he stays a
far off, as in the merely de-
l story "Miss Dorothy Thomp-
American Eaglet." Once or
ne stays too close, as in the
ory, in which the character, a
inspires finally too much of
ong, rehearsed emotion that
to obliterate a victim's per-
y in the reader's mind, to de-
alize him. But when we are

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L. L. Day

denomination except the humorless, is available through all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine book and department stores. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City,

simultaneously and proportionately feeling with and seeing Faust's characters, we enjoy a full fictional pleasure and also, in the very process of getting to know them, learn the nature of their world, which is the massness of our society. "The Duke Imlach Story" portrays a failure of a youth whose fantasies of greatness are nourished and shaped by the mass media; at the end, we see him being himself shaped into a mass-media image by a witch of a pseudo-Method acting teacher.

The story damns the media absolutely, as preaching or analysis could never do; for we not only look at media straight, we know and feel with the souls of people who are media. And the story rings tru me. I am helped by it to unders some people I have met, espec around theaters. Also, by adjus the content of the fantasies propriately—not a great or dif adjustment—I am helped by story more than I was by *The W Commission Report* to imagine it was like to become a not young man at a high window s ing through the back of the another young man who was f nate, powerful, and famous, th age of the most successful m the world. In other words, if read these stories you may not enjoy yourself, but also beco little wiser.

Thing of Darkness

by Paul Pickrel

An American Dream, by Norman Mailer. Dial Press, $4.95.

Like an ancient tragedy, *An American Dream* is a work of fierce concentration, with such pressures behind each scene that it risks (and occasionally achieves) absurdity. The action lasts only a little more than twenty-four hours; it takes place in a city rich and proud and powerful and wicked; it centers on a domestic crime which is also dynastic, a crime of passion which is also political in that it is enmeshed in the whole effort to maintain order in human affairs. It is an American Dream as *Oedipus the King* is a Greek dream: not the fantasying of a personal or communal ideal but the acting out of personal and communal guilt, a dramatization of those possibilities in ourselves that we starve to shadows in our waking hours and that return to raven on us in our dreams. Either it can be rejected out of hand as an obscene travesty of American life or it can be accepted as Prospero accepts Caliban: "This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine."

The central character and narrator, Stephen Richards Rojack, is half Jewish and half Protestant, an up-from-nowhere Harvard bright boy and war hero who at the e the war made a quick splash ir York politics until an alliance Henry Wallace's Progressive in 1948 put an end to that. then he has drifted into te paperback philosophy and rum New Schoolish sort of televisio gram, with solid commitmer women and alcohol on the sic present he is living alone, t for eight years he has been loc matrimony with Deborah Ca Mangaravidi Kelly, sole issue nasty marriage between the h ically devout daughter of g though seedy aristocracy and caneer who has become one richest men in the world, whose golden tentacles reach everything from the Jesuits Mafia. Deborah is a beautiful matic, infuriating woman, im in Catholicism but supers and sordid, a born player-wi probably a spy and possibly a agent.

Both characters are the n after-images (the configurat black we see after looking too something dazzling) of great can archetypes: he, of the I Alger hero, with the innocent tion replaced by knowle dread; she, of the Henry Jam oine, "the heiress of all the with the luminous sensibility rank and foul. In their final c tation and its consequences, form the action of the nov

ds of outlived and inverted meet to become nightmare. gh the idiom of the novel is y, and often brilliantly, re- (the streets named are real the old Italian gangster talks old Italian gangster, the cop e a cop), the atmosphere is The encounters between ers take place on the brink, counters between man and ır; the states of mind are ex- not rendered by psycholog- olanation but with an ex- ıary, almost unbearable im- ; it all takes place on the other side of the world from common sense and reason, in the realm of "magic, the tongue of the Devil, the fear of the Lord."

In its earlier serial publication, *An American Dream* seemed to be hardly more than a series of cheaply lurid episodes in which the middle-aged bad boy of American literature was trying too hard to shock a bourgeoisie already curled up with *City of Night* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. But now that the novel can be seen as a whole, the episodes come together in a pattern of remarkable imaginative coherence and intensity.

---

ooks in Brief

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

alous God, by John Braine. Braine has now run a sort of gamut. His first novel, *Room Top,* established a phrase, postwar career pattern, and e good fortune to be made very good movie. His second is second novels tend to be, disappointment." His third, to the first, went the way of quels. So with his fourth, he ut into the open again, as it nd it is sad to note that all romise way back in 1957 sn't been fulfilled. One doesn't ıe story's being comfortably ioned: a thirty-year-old Cath- her, still living with mother Midlands, is being constantly n to marriage or the priest- Ie is not much impelled to -until he meets an attractive n, and opts for marriage. She is a Protestant divorcee, lespite their mutual (instant) eir consciences are torn this l that, until, with a convenient ıelodrama involving the girl's and, the whole thing is neatly d up.

spiritual dilemmas have made good novels before, so the disappointment with this one is that it doesn't have much character of its own and that, in particular, it never strikes a really contemporary note, which is what one might expect from this author. But neither in the background nor the dialogue is there much sense of time or place; and when, in what seems to be a modish concession, the heroine's ex-husband is imputed to be a homosexual, it is done largely on the evidence of his using after-shave lotion. The writing throughout is unspirited and the hero's moral anguish comes over as mere religiosity. Considering that one of the most repeated themes of the book is St. Paul's highly dramatic idea of "marry or burn"—it is odd that its working out should appear so tame. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

Pretty Polly, and Other Stories, by Noël Coward.

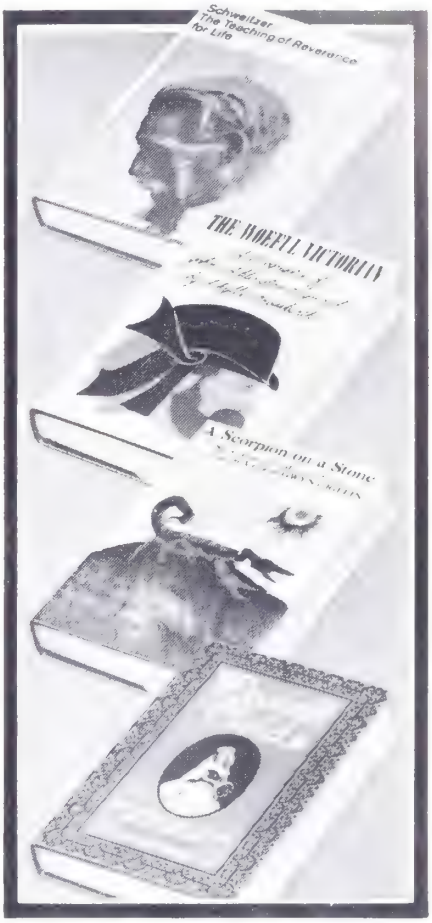
Three stories by the now classic playwright that manage to be both leisurely and crisp. The title tale, set in Singapore, tells of a myopic young English girl who finds she is suddenly by accident in possession of money, looks, and herself. Though at times flirting with the "Take off those glasses . . . but you're beautiful!" school of drama, it is a pleasantly amoral tale and the relentlessly formal dialogue of the heroine's Indian guide and would-be lover is very funny indeed.

"Mrs. Capper's Birthday" is just that—a dawn-to-dusk account of a middle-aged cleaning lady in London on her natal day. It is a straight-

---

ok is an English author who for "Harper's" and also and directs in the theater.

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forward, sentimental piece, perked up by Mr. Coward's sharp flicks at any amount of passing eccentrics.

"Me and the Girls," the last story in the book, is the reminiscence of a song-and-dance man who has had a less than dazzling career, and is now dying in a sanatorium in Switzerland, in the middle of a tour with his cabaret act. A life crowded with incident, the narrator tells it in the first person, a bright, cocky (English) vernacular, full of "in" jokes that are broad, flip, or just downright saucy. The characters in it are "colorful"—Madame Corelli, the all-in wrestler, is just one example—and it's all done with great warmth, insight, and affection, as well as at a cracking pace. The book is a welcome little addition to the works of "the Master." Doubleday, $4.50

The Sterile Cuckoo, by John Nichols.

Young (26) John Nichols has taken some pretty risky subjects for his first novel—college days, campus humor, Coke-drinker into beer-swiller, first love, first sex, and (above all) a "kooky" heroine who talks like a wild combination of Holden Caulfield and Edward Lear. However he has managed it all with a lot of style—the funny and the sad rarely overreach into farce or bittersweetness. Pookie Adams (the kook) is aggressively unattractive, aggressively verbal, and sometimes just plain aggressive, but she does have flair. One (passing) notion of hers is to invent a special pair of shoes that leave bright-red paint footprints wherever she goes, so that, as an old lady, she can go up in a plane and see all the places she has ever walked. "Footsteps are too damn incognito," she complains. Notions like this (not always *that* whimsical) plus her Lear-ish vocabulary lift this book well out of the usual varsity drag.
David McKay, $4.50

Voices of a Summer Day, by Irwin Shaw.

Irwin Shaw's first novel in five years is the afternoon reminiscences of a second-generation American, Ben Federov, concerning his family, his marriage, his adulteries, and the love he finds in each. The Jewish vs. Gentile cold war is always with him and at the end his private conclusions about the behavior of each (in the book) are no great cred either. The story hops comfort back and forth in time and is wr in a low-keyed, unsensational The strongest thing about it generally rueful feeling about splendors and miseries of most man connections. Delacorte, $

Non-fi

The Available Man: The Life hind the Masks of Warren Gam Harding, by Andrew Sinclair.

Was Harding the rock-bo President he has been assum be? This book suggests that he ably was, and then attempts to how and why he got there. author calls him "a significa mediocre, man." The signifi seems to derive from the timi Harding's term of office. His ocrity comes from the fact th Presidency "coincided with the full-scale onslaught by the Am intellectuals on the values o small town"—while Harding elected on his avowed aim to ru country as if it were a great bi sion of his hometown, Marion, The brighter people of the tim his "bungalow mind" (Wilso another flagrant example o backward "booboisie" (Menck but the nation saw him as the old-fashioned "log cabin to House" guy, an embodiment rural nostalgia people were f after World War I. As a Cle newspaper commented at the t his nomination—"The heyday kind was thirty years ago' meant it as a compliment. N ever thought he was going great, but he was the most av man for that moment. Besi *looked* so good as President.

The author, a British his and novelist, makes an exha survey of Harding's career much material drawn from t cently available private pap underplays most of the gossip his love affairs, his probable blood, and his less than p death by poisoning. It even su that he was beginning to lea job in the months before h Mr. Sinclair has an elegant, p ristic style admirably suited t ming things up. The trouble "mediocre" man like Harding

BOOKS IN BRIEF

)e summed up almost out of
e. Early in the book comes

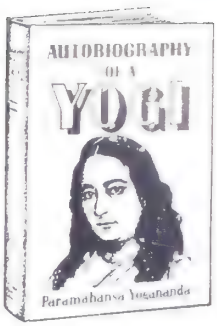
would like to have been strong,
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est, as they say, is history,
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subject. Macmillan, $6.95

erweight Society, by Peter

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mmed up in an article called
o Diet If You Have No Char-
t All."
book is an urbane and absorb-
rvey of all the reducing fads,
, and frame-ups that have
round in recent years when,
author suggests, dieting seems
e ousted the weather as a

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Would Erasmus be Marooned in Montreal?

We had planned to publish *The Colloquies of Erasmus* some time in March. The book, printed abroad, was on its way to Chicago via Montreal. Then came rumors that customs and weather might delay it.

THE PLEASURE OF WORKING with such books, however, is that we do not *have* to meet a deadline. We do not have to rush to catch the passing fancy or tie in with current events. Erasmus won't cool — or grow stale.

THE COLLOQUIES PRESENT a masterly picture of 16th-century life and of human nature in any age. *The Funeral* might well be "The Erasmian Way of Death" with grasping priests the target instead of undertakers. *The Godly Horse-Dealer* may be found in many used-car lots. *The Art of Learning* reports a book which promises "a certain method that enables a fellow to learn all the liberal arts" within fourteen days.

CRAIG R. THOMPSON, who edited and translated this first complete English edition since 1725, provides appreciative comment on this great work which was banned by the established Church but which has lived for four centuries. We are proud to bring it to the 20th-century reader — on time, incidentally.

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staple of conversation. It is a serious work, carefully researched by the executive editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, though some of the activities it discloses (like those quoted above) may strike the mercifully slim as outrageously funny. There are pocket histories of the life and time of Metrecal, Regimen, *Calories Don't Count*, and a few other 900-calorie wonders that read at times like science fiction. There is a chapter on the development of new No-calorie Non-food — presumably for 1984.

Why is it all such a feature of our times? Greater concern for health is the prime reason, says the author, plus a general urge to be physically fitter (with directives from the White House) and possibly a straight psychological reaction to the Affluent Society—you don't have to look well-fed to prove you're rich. Mr. Wyden points up the widespread confusion of ideas on how it can all be achieved, and has compiled a book that is, in the diet maker's phrase, thoroughly satisfying.

William Morrow, $4.95

Stagestruck: The Romance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, by Maurice Zolotow

The family that plays together, stays together, as a playwright is once supposed to have said. Probably the best known things about the legendary Lunts are (a) their stardom, and (b) their marriage. The length, breadth, and depth of these two achievements (in a profession not always noted for length, breadth, or depth) may be why this book is called a "romance." A young star actor, in love with the theater, met a young star actress, similarly afflicted; they fell in love with each other as well, married, and to the great good fortune of everyone they have all been living happily together ever since. That is the premise of Mr. Zolotow's chatty and informed book—and indeed there is an almost metaphysical, complementary quality about the private and public lives of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. In a sense this is the "usual" theatrical biography, except that here the cast list is so literally fabulous (Woollcott, Coward, Behrman, Kaufman, Laurette Taylor—among a pride of social lions) and there is a good description of their great work for the Theatre Guild in the 'thir and 'forties. As playwright Ro Sherwood so plausibly said, "All have to do to have a Broadway is to write a play in which the a good part for Alfred Lunt an equally good part for I Fontanne"—which makes this graphy a legitimate minor chro of the American theater.

Harcourt, Brace and World,

The Goldwater Caper, by Ric H. Rovere. Cartoons by Bill Mau

This book should be the last in Barry-baiting, which was ye day's parlor game anyway. For or three years now, Mr. Rover been following Goldwater and waterism, often literally, and is reports from time to time, main means of letters from Washi in *The New Yorker*, and articl *Harper's*. Much of this book not made quite clear how muc straight reprinting of those and witty articles about this "e tially frivolous" man. The analy "Catered Rhetoric" (or Goldw Ghosting), what happened in Francisco, and his tour of the (where, as Mr. Rovere witness managed to get through Mem Atlanta, and New Orleans w even *seeing* a Negro) are all rate. The reprinting, however led to the inclusion of a lot of party squabbles and conje which, except to students o 1964 campaign, now make less gripping reading. Oddly enoug perhaps not, considering the ou —the most engrossing chapte be the one on the campaign of L B. Johnson, shaking hands and on big crowds and "rapport" he were "an almost hopeless dog."

Was Goldwater really ambiti just energetic? Did he get wh was because of his outrageous eal naiveté, or just because double default of Rockefelle Nixon ("that connoisseur feat")? However it came Barry Goldwater's nominatio President of the United State no joke, and within this book apt cartoons by Bill Mauldin some of the most vivid explan of why—"because they thou could not happen"—it did hap

Harcourt, Brace and World,

MUSIC *in the round*

by Discus

Two Nights at the Opera

Callas sings Carmen at last, urious results; and a live re- g of "Die Meistersinger" its unfailing magic.

t three years ago Maria Callas a disc that included several from *Carmen*, and tongues im- ely began to wag. The role of n is, strictly speaking, a mezzo- o role, though such sopranos raldine Farrar achieved great s in the Bizet opera. As a soprano role, it runs a little ithout bothersome top notes. in recent years had been trouble with her high notes, verybody immediately put two vo together. Callas (said the ophers) never did anything it reason. This disc was a trial n. She was going to turn mezzo. She was going to sing Carmen in public.

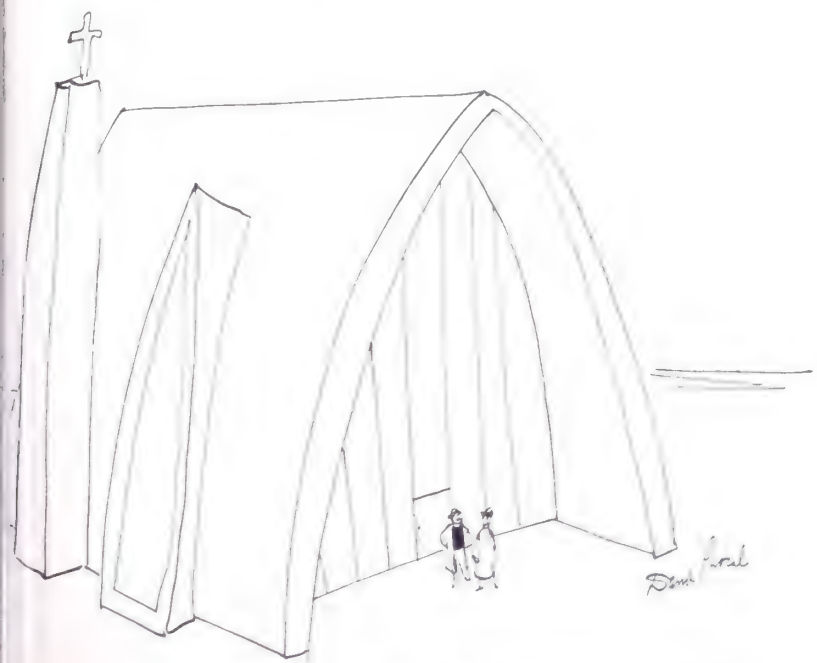
Well, Callas never did turn mezzo, and she never did sing Carmen in public. But she has just recorded Bizet's **Carmen** (Angel 3650, mono and stereo, both 3 discs) with a cast that includes Nicolai Gedda as Don José, Andrea Guiot as Micaela, Robert Massard as Escamillo, and other French singers in the lesser roles. Georges Prêtre conducts the Paris Opera Orchestra.

This album has been long awaited. *Carmen* may be one of the most popular operas ever written, and it has not lacked complete recordings. But there have been no great Carmens in our time. Either we have had singers with the temperament but without the voice, or singers with the voice but without the temperament. The role is not easy. Some singers have portrayed Carmen merely as a hoyden, missing entirely the element of fatalism that makes her great. Carmen is a subtle character. She may be amoral, but she is true to herself and she rises to tremendous heights in the last scene, where she chooses death rather than give in to a man she despises. She also is an intelligent, calculating woman, not a creature of instinct or a bitch in heat (as she is so often portrayed). In addition, Bizet created a role that demands much more than pure singing voice. Character must be suggested, and be suggested through vocal inflection.

On the face of it, Callas, with her well-known temperament, should have made an ideal Carmen. But this new album is disappointing. It is true that Callas finds the writing much more comfortable than in most operas she recently has assayed. Her low notes are warm and colorful, and she does not have to strain for the top. There is a break in her register, however. She has always had it. Previously she had three voices, and would have to shift gears to get from register to register. In *Carmen* she has two voices. The chest tones are full and secure. But the head register still gives her trouble, even though in this opera she does not have to strain as she previously had been doing.

But Callas has often triumphed in the past despite her vocal limitations. What makes her Carmen disappointing is the lack of temperament. She sings with too much care, trying for a smooth production and delivery. Her phrasing is musicianly without being very personal, and her conception is curiously tame. She has taken care to avoid a sultry Carmen. Obviously Callas thinks of the role as something a bit more aristocratic than is generally encountered. This is a valid approach but one that has to be supplemented by the spirit of a free being. There has to be the suggestion of something elemental about Carmen; and that Callas does not give us.

Thus there is yet no great recording of the opera. *Carmen* rises or falls, depending on its protagonist, not on the other singers in the cast. In this instance they are prevailingly good, especially Gedda, who sings with more color and passion than he did in the old *Carmen* set conducted



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by Sir Thomas Beecham. Prêtre, in this new set, conducts accurately and speedily, without much personality.

Illustrious Opening

Whereas there are eight currently available recordings of *Carmen*, five of them in stereo, there have been only three of Wagner's **Die Meistersinger**, none of them in stereo. Now comes a fourth, and the first stereo version. In the cast are Otto Wiener (Hans Sachs), Hans Hotter (Pogner), Claire Watson (Eva), Jess Thomas (Walther), Benno Kusche (Beckmesser), and Friedrich Lenz (David). Joseph Keilberth leads the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera (Victor LM 6708, mono; LSC 6708, stereo; both 5 discs).

One reason for the relatively few recordings of this popular opera is its expense. It is very long, it needs a large cast and chorus and a big orchestra. Victor got around this expense somewhat by recording a live performance, and a most illustrious one—the opening night of the Munich National Theater on November 23, 1963. During the war the National Theater had been destroyed. A new opera house—a replica of the old one—was started on the same site shortly after the end of the war. It was fitting that it reopen with *Die Meistersinger*, for Wagner had a long and profitable association with Munich, and his great comic opera had its world premiere there in 1868.

This performance gives a very good idea of what Wagner sounds like in German opera houses. It is cast with the usual combination of veterans and fresh young voices; and presiding over it is almost the archetype of the German Kapellmeister. Keilberth is a sound, unexciting conductor who knows the traditions and can be relied upon never to make a mistake. He also can be relied upon never to add a flash of imagination or personality to his work. But he keeps things in motion, coordinates everything in a thoroughly professional manner, and works well with his singers.

Most record companies avoid live-performance tapings, because there is relatively little control. Singers wander out of the best microphone range, there are audience noises, and there is no opportunity to re mistakes. In this *Meistersinger* formance there is the usual quot things that turn an engineer's gray. On the other hand, ther much to compensate—an immed a warmth, a feeling of being in presence of the real thing. All th considered, this album is well corded and should bother no except those persons to whom comes first, music and musical va second.

Claire Watson, the Eva, is American girl. She sings most pressively against her Amer Walther, Jess Thomas. Ther something rather intriguing in fact that *Meistersinger* in Mu on the proud occasion the tre dous opera house was reopened, two Americans in leading Thomas, a great favorite in many, has a strong lyric tenor sounds even more impressive th does at the Metropolitan. The ference is due to the respective of the two houses. Although Munich building occupies acr space, its auditorium itself is by American standards—about thousand seats. Singers op with much more comfort and dom there than they do in New

Otto Wiener, the Sachs, is greatest living exponent of the and Benno Kusche provides a ditionally venomous Beckme Vocally, the weakest in the ca Hans Hotter, a noble interpret Pogner, whose voice by now is a of shreds and patches. But one vocalist in so large a cast is a p good average. This is on the wh superior *Meistersinger*, easil good a one as will be encoun anywhere in the world today.

And is it necessary to exto virtues of this opera? Even *Tristan*, *Gotterdammerung*, and *sifal* in mind, many Wagner-l would unhesitatingly select *Meistersinger* as the supreme tillate of Wagner. And the "Fliedermonolog" or "W Wahn!" or the Quintet comes or the "Johannisnacht" or for matter the Prelude, one floats hypnotically, time, space, and breathing suspended. Ten, tw thirty years of close acquain with the opera make no differen exerts its magic every time. [



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SCOPE The Topaway to Stereo

JAZZ note

by Eric Larrabee

Compa

The *Partisan Review* for W 1965 contains a sympathetic severe critique of Whitney liett's two books of collected *Yorker* jazz columns, by Wi Youngren, who quotes a pa about Coleman Hawkins as a ample of Balliett's "fancy" vividly descriptive writing. Haw tenor sax vibrato, Balliett had ten, "suggested the wingbeats big bird and his tone, halls with dark velvet and lit by fires. . . . He never fluffed a not tone never shrank or overflowe did Chu Berry's, say . . ."

Youngren maintains that "i happen to know how Col Hawkins sounded . . . and, inci ally, how Chu Berry sounded i ting him," then what will strik about Balliett's account is n fanciness but its "astonishin scriptive accuracy," and he go to recommend that his reader hold of records by the musi Balliett writes about and list them as they read him, as rea (I agree) they should.

An opportunity to follow Y ren's advice is provided by Mainstream company, which ha reissued recordings made by Hawkins and Berry on the Co dore label in 1940-41. The per ances are fully comparabl dimension and style, and i several of them share the trumpeter, Roy Eldridge. But t Berry solely as a Hawkins im would be like hearing Eldridge as an Armstrong imitator, an as senseless.

One of the persistent vices o criticism is invidious compa as though no man could be bu except by tearing down anothe one of the great virtues of Bal descriptive method is its opport to avoid offhand point-scoring Berry was light where Hawkin heavy, diffident where Hawkin direct; that Hawkins dominate scene is no dishonor to those shared it with him.

Meditations. Coleman Hav Mainstream 56037. **Sittin' In.** Berry. Mainstream 56038.

THE SOUTH TODAY

A **Harper's**
Special Supplement
April 1965





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Foreword

ONE hundred years ago this month, on April 9, 1865, Robert E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered to General Grant. The ending of the Civil War still strikes deeply into our consciousness as Americans. Where did defeat lead the vanquished? What of the heirs of the victors? "The country that has a 'history,' dramatic, moving, tragic, has to live with it," D. W. Brogan wrote in *Harper's* five years ago, "—with the problems it raised but did not solve, with the emotions that it leaves as a damaging legacy, with the defective vision that preoccupation with the heroic, with the disastrous, with the expensive past, fosters."

To the rest of the country and to much of the outside world, the South today is more important and perhaps more obsessive than it has been at any time in the last century. It is the most written about area of America, subject to the most apocalyptic interpretations; it is perpetually ending or coming into its own, with a character that oscillates from doom to mere eccentricity.

This collection of essays, while placing the last hundred years in historical perspective, has as its main emphasis the South as it has become—the present relationship between South and North, between Southern white and Southern Negro, the moods and fears of the Southern people, the changing faces of the land and the cities. The contributors—writers, historians, journalists—were encouraged to draw intimately upon the experiences of their own lives in describing the changes they have witnessed and the kind of future they foresee. Together, despite the inevitable contradictions, they have created a reliable composite portrait of present-day Southern society.

One will find in these essays a Southern white exile returning as a novelist to seek out the setting of an afternoon, years ago, of violent death; a historian showing how the North has helped buttress and condone racial segregation; a Southern conservative admitting that his fellow white "is just beginning to comprehend his own cruelties"; a Negro observing the changes among both races in his hometown; an editor arguing that Southern industrial growth, even with its advances, still makes victims of people. But if there is a dominant human theme here, it lies in the personal, the institutional agonies, the subterfuges and cruelties which have in the past prevented or discouraged Southern whites and Southern Negroes from recognizing one another as "fellow Southerners," as children and victims of a common heritage. "The racial misery is within inches of driving us mad," William Styron writes; the Negro "may feel that it is too late to be known . . . but to break down the old law, to come to *know* the Negro, has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner."

The editors hope that this supplement will illuminate for non-Southerners the interaction of North and South, and make it more clear that the assignation of regional guilt or failure is each day becoming a more subtle and complex question. And if Southerners have not had a sharp enough awareness of the moral nuances of their own society, or if they have often been too reluctant to probe beneath its surface mysteries, an honest self-examination in this centennial month would be a monument to the tragic years which closed at Appomattox.

—WILLIE MORRIS, *Editor of the Supplement*

From the First Reconstruction to the Second

by C. Vann Woodward

To the most distinguished of our Southern historians, author of "The Strange Career of Jim Crow" and "The Burden of Southern History," the 1950s and 1960s have in many respects been a historical flashback to the 1860s and 1870s. The South has been "reliving an old trauma." But it may very well be, Woodward believes, that the Second Reconstruction has finally turned a corner.

e difficulty in putting the century since mattox into satisfactory historical perspec- is that it ended with a decade strongly niscent of the one with which it began. ts of the last decade have altered and are changing our perspective on the rest of entury and much that went before. Looking over the past hundred years and beyond, one find no period of such concentrated change e South since Captain John Smith disturbed ranquillity of the aborigines at the dawn of eventeenth century.

mittedly that takes in a good deal of time territory and depends much on what one s by change. It also provokes the skeptical enge of how much change, in view of the n's determined resistance and fervent al- nce to the past, has really taken place. And e historically minded the claim for the recent as the high point of change immediately calls ind other periods traditionally regarded as aled peaks of revolutionary transformation. f these is the period of Secession and Civil and another is its sequel, the period of nstruction.

ewed realistically, however, both of those celebrated episodes may be described as revolutions that failed, elaborate plans for fundamental change that resulted only in temporary or superficial change. They were revolutions manqué. This is more obviously true of the South's hopes for Secession and Civil War than for the North's hopes for Reconstruction. No major collective effort in American history came such a cropper as the South's struggle to gain independence. As for Reconstruction, the argument is less self-evident. On the face of it the North had its way. The Rebel states were restored to the Union on the Union's own terms, the Rebels were penalized in various ways, the slaves were freed, the freedmen were made citizens, and the new citizens were granted the franchise and equal civil rights.

The catch was that these were changes in the law rather than in social realities. The sweeping new laws and Constitutional amendments were to some extent intended to result in social change, but in fact they rarely did. Other plans and purposes of Reconstruction, less firmly and formally expressed, included a redistribution of property and a reorganization of the South's economy to bring it into line with the needs and convenience of the North's economy. The Southern economy

did lapse into a tributary and quasi-colonial relationship to the dominant region. But the Southern people of both races continued after Reconstruction to live much as they had before. If anything, old status lines were rigidified. Yet status change, we are told, is the essence of social change. The First Reconstruction, for all the political upheaval and the deep trauma it left on the mind of the South, was abortive and confined, a period of little basic change.

Alienated and Defiant

By comparison the Second Reconstruction is assuming the proportions of a galloping revolution. Like the First, the moral objectives of the Second are crosshatched with lines of economic disturbance that are only tangentially related. This time, however, the way people live, where they live, and how they make their living are changing massively and with unprecedented speed. In the single decade of the 'fifties the South's urban population increased nearly as much as it had during the preceding decades, and in the previous decade Southern metropolitan areas grew more than three times as fast as comparable areas in the rest of the country. The Negro exodus has lowered the black-white ratio to one in five and the South's share of Negro population to less than 50 per cent. In the meantime the percentage of the labor force employed in agriculture (more than 50 per cent in 1920) had dropped to 10 per cent by 1960, and employment in manufactures expanded faster in every Southern state but one than it did in the nation as a whole. Old cities took on new life, new ones sprouted magically, and the money rolled in. The old gap between Southern poverty and national wealth was not closed, but it was markedly narrowed. In these ways the South was shedding penalizing disparities and traditional distinctiveness, and becoming more and more indistinguishable from the rest of the country. By all the canons of economic determinism the South should at long last be swinging into the mainstream of national life, joyfully embracing the American Way.

Instead of this, the South since 1954 has been more deeply alienated and thoroughly defiant than it has at any time since 1877. In these respects the 1950s and 1960s were a historical flashback to the 1860s and 1870s. Once again the South was isolated, the last defender of a discredited and outlawed institution. It had lost its appeal to the conservative North, to the Constitution, to the President, and to Congress. Southerners automatically assumed hereditary roles and postures and repeated lines from the historic script that sprang to their lips from memory. Reconstruction legends, as Gunnar Myrdal remarked, are prime "symbols of regional allegiance." And recent events have evoked these legends as never before. The South has been reliving an old trauma.

An essential ingredient of resistance morale in the First Reconstruction was the legend of betrayal, a breach of faith. Having laid down their arms under honorable conditions of surrender, so goes the legend, the vanquished were then forced when helpless to submit to a dishonorable change of terms. The legend has its counterpart in modern charges of broken faith. It is not merely that the North has torn up the Compromise of 1877, but that it has compounded the betrayal by overturning successive reavowals in the *Civil Rights Cases* of 1883, in *Plessy v. Ferguson* of 1896, in a dozen party platforms of the Progressive Period, and in scores of time-honored accommodations, prerogatives, and rulings in Senate and House, in department and bureau, in Army and Navy, and in state and federal relations down through the second world war that had proclaimed and repeatedly acknowledged to the world that this country was dedicated to white supremacy and stood prepared to bring to bear federal authority to enforce it.

A graph of the South's rise from the misery of rejection in the seventy-odd years between the two eras of Reconstruction would start at the bottom in the 1870s. The line would describe a slow curve upward through the last quarter of the nineteenth century and level off at a relatively high plateau of acceptance through the first four decades of the twentieth. The long pull up from the depths of rejection anxiety left its mark on the Southern personality structure. The old image of the arrogant, mettlesome, overbearing Southerner was replaced by a genial, easygoing, deferential, and glad-handed Southerner noted for talents of compromise and accommodation. It was easier to accept and harder to resist.

The accommodations came in the form of concessions and retractions from above the Potomac, reconciliations between white men at the expense of black men. Once the admission was publicly made that all those fine-sounding, idealistic Civil War commitments to equality were impulsive, ill-advised, and not to be taken literally, the rest came without much difficulty. The sections had never been far apart on race policy, anyway, only on slavery. Once the country embarked on overseas imperialism and the rule of colored people beyond its borders at the end of the 'nineties

Caribbean and the Philippines, little more heard about the wickedness of Southern The twentieth century dawned on a new f harmony between the dominant whites of n and South, East and West. Civil rights id the color line became virtually a dead , Negro disfranchisement enjoyed federal val, segregation was the law of the land, progressivism was for whites only. The ern Way had become the American Way.

And Then Truman

it was that the South emerged from pariah- and marched unchallenged into the pro- ive movement under the banner of white macy. It arrived with a sense of acceptance meness with the national temper such as it not enjoyed since the Jacksonian period. euphoria of approval and release from ty was enhanced by the Presidency of row Wilson, a Southerner even if he was of nern residence. Relieved of the crippling ob- n with race problems, now swept under the f national consensus, the old reform im- s that had been repressed in the Populist urst out in the New Freedom to provide pensable support for Wilson's domestic re- s. Identification with Wilsonian foreign es came easy, and the South took the lead in rting intervention, backing war measures, ustaining the losing fight for the League of ns. Regional identification with Franklin D. velt presented no insuperable problems, for many Southerners he seemed another n, the New Deal a replay of the New Free- And when Roosevelt turned from domestic m to foreign crisis, as Wilson had done be- him, the South was once more in the ard of interventionists and internationalist rescuing the extension of the draft law, ng the war program with enthusiasm, and ing through with the United Nations as if re the final vindication of Wilson's League "Internationalism" was thought to have l its home below the Potomac.

e South came through the second world war wearing its feeling of acceptance and be- ng, if anything more secure in its possession before. This security was founded on nearly f-century of experience in which the South built up the expectation and assurance of nued national approval. Only with the ex- tions of that period in mind can one under- l the outburst of rage, the hysterical shock of disappointment, and the cry of betrayal and bad faith that followed—the charge that the North had changed the rules.

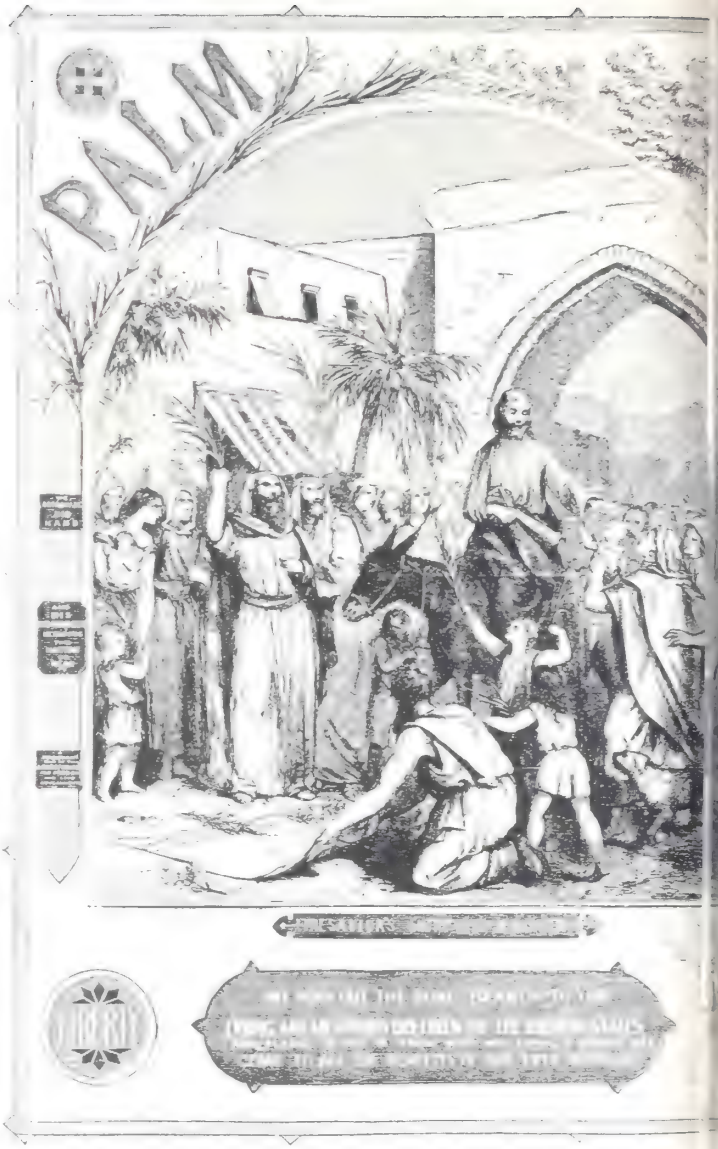
There had been warning tremors, but the first real crack in the national consensus came when Harry Truman backed the recommendations of his Committee on Civil Rights at the Democratic Convention of 1948. The implications were ominous and immediately apparent. This meant a return to principle, a shift from "uplift" to rights, from paternalism to equality, the breakup of compromises, accommodations, and concessions that dated back to 1877. The Solid South shuddered to its roots and split, and remains split to this day.

The radical phase of the Second Reconstruction really did not start until 1954, for until May 17 of that year segregation was still the law of the land. The *Brown v. Topeka* decision and its sequel in 1955 ended legal claim of white monopoly of schools and other civil institutions. Judicial reconstruction was supplemented by Congressional reconstruction with the Civil Rights Acts of 1957, 1960, and 1964, opening up one private door of exclusion and discrimination after another. And in 1962 *Baker v. Carr*, the decision on legislative redistricting, threatened the whole domain of rural white political privilege that sustained the white man's rule. In the meantime Southern whites witnessed what to their inflamed historical imagination was the flesh-and-blood materialization of ancestral nightmares that had troubled their sleep since childhood. Negroes at the ballot boxes, federal bayonets in the streets, a rebirth of scalawags, a new invasion of carpetbaggers, and battalions of abolitionists and Yankee schoolmarms in the form of Freedom Riders and sit-ins and CORE and SNCC and COFO.

The old regional syndrome of minority psychology and rejection anxiety had settled down on the minds of much of the South by 1954. In its grip debate and dissent were stifled. It is a mistake to dismiss the reaction as calculated or cynical, for it was often deeply felt and deadly serious. A besieged minority instinctively felt it could not afford the luxury of internal division. It was essential to close ranks, to set up an intellectual blockade. Looking out upon a world they felt to be critical or hostile, many Southerners yielded to impulses of withdrawal, to suspicion of all outsiders, and to fear of all outside ideas, movements, and opinions. In the extreme instance these paranoid impulses resulted in what Professor James W. Silver has described as "the closed society" of Mississippi.

In the modern revival of the Reconstruction

melodrama, Southern voluntary defense associations outnumbered those of the original. The modern counterparts of the Knights of the White Camelia and the Ku Klux Klan included the White Citizens' Councils, White America, Inc., Grass Roots League, Inc., States Rights Council of Georgia, National Citizen's Protective Association, Individual Liberties, National States Rights Party, Society for the Preservation of State Government and Racial Integrity, not to mention the enfeebled revival of the Ku Klux Klan. With a license to lawlessness from responsible leaders who defied the law and denounced the courts, the hoodlum element and their allies in the constabulary laid about with club and gun and kerosene and dynamite sufficiently to lend realistic blood-and-thunder effects to the reenactment of Reconstruction.

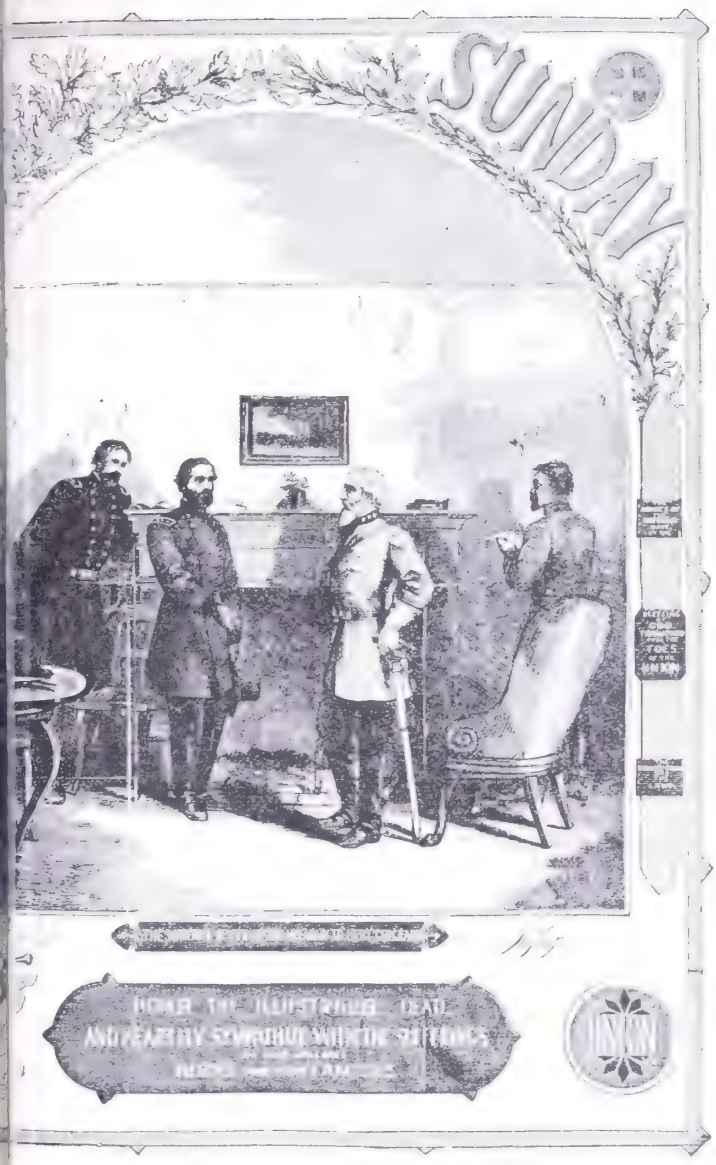


Drawing by Thomas N

Southern politics of the last decade, fulfilling its role in the drama, became a game of historical charades, elaborate parodies of Confederate stratagems: nullification, interposition, massive resistance. Congressional manifestoes, filibusters, tickets of independent Presidential electors, calculated defiance of federal law, and north of the Potomac the mobilization of the concurrent majorities of the backlash, the new model Copperheads. Never did the South act more "Southern," nor have more melodramatic actors for the standard roles—a Thurmond of South Carolina, a Faubus of Arkansas, a Barnett of Mississippi, a Wallace of Alabama. "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny," declaimed Governor Wallace in his inaugural address. And the camera eye soon found him "standing in the schoolhouse door." Adolescent, to be sure. But millions thrilled to the sight, even in remote Wisconsin and Indiana and Maryland.

The search for a new compromise began early and with plausible expectations of success. Reformers have rarely been able to sustain the zeal of their followers much longer than a decade. Protracted enthusiasm is a terrible strain. torically, all such sectional clashes had resolved in the end by compromise. All save There was no compromise in 1861. But no thought of resort to war in the 1960s, and seriously contemplated military occupatio more than a temporary and rare expedient. prospects for an accommodation were not couraging. In far weaker circumstances, aft crushing defeat, years of military occupa and extensive disfranchisement, the South been able to negotiate on favorable tern compromise that outlasted all the others, Compromise of 1877. Why not another? S Compromise of 1964?

This one might well become known inforr



m Harper's Weekly, *May 20, 1865.*

privately as the Compromise of Tokenism. It
d assume, in the classical manner, nominal
oliance without fundamental change. It might
nought of as a sort of Lincoln Plan for the
nd Reconstruction. It was an old American
ition to appease reformers with impressive
ites and then neglect or forget about their
ementation. After ten years of school de-
egation at "deliberate speed" only 2 per cent
ne Negro pupils in the old Confederate states
in schools with white children, and nearly
of those were in Texas. Yet all these states
now proudly marked on the newspaper maps
desegregated." It was surprising how much
oval and congratulation these minimal ges-
s won from outside. Perhaps token desegre-

gation, Southern style, or perhaps *de facto* segregation, Northern style, would do. Or perhaps an ingenious blending of the two models.

Signals of reaction in North, East, and West were auspicious. The Supreme Court had fallen under severe attack for several reasons and in many quarters, including some highly respectable ones. The conservative press swelled the outcry. On the racial front Northern chickens began to come home to roost in disturbing fashion in the early 'sixties. For many years the Southern Negro exodus had been augmenting the big city slums until many of those cities had accumulated as large a percentage of Negro population as Southern cities—sometimes even larger. It now began to dawn upon those cities that this time Radical Reconstruction was going to apply to them as well as to the South, and they appeared no more eager to embrace it.

Trade unions set up an indignant outcry against Negro demand for admission. Employers bitterly complained against infraction of their freedom to hire and fire. Homeowners, organized for protection or aggression against unwanted neighbors, took ugly and violent forms of action. White parents demonstrated more numerously and noisily against integration than Negro parents did for desegregation. Militant defenders of "neighborhood schools" adopted extreme measures. Tensions over school integration began to run higher outside the South than inside. While legal segregation of schools was retreating more and more placidly by inches down South, *de facto* segregation and "resegregation" were gaining by leaps in some quarters up North.

The surge of national sympathy for the civil-rights movement (even when described as the "Negro Revolution") that sprang up in response to the demonstrations of 1963 and the savage reprisals against them in Birmingham and elsewhere began to recede rapidly. In the summer of 1964 mob violence raged in cities of the North-

east, most furiously in the black ghettos of New York, Jersey City, Rochester, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia. Looting, pillaging, and property destruction continued night after night beyond control in some cities. White reaction fed on these outbursts to whet the rising revolt of the Radical Right that was currently sweeping the country. "The Negroes have gone too far," was the cry. Here was the potential electorate of backlash Copperheadism that the Southern resistance had been looking for. Governor Wallace was scoring sensational successes among them. At the height of the reaction a determined minority succeeded in aligning the Republican party with the racist movement.

Had it been left up to the white man, North and South, the Second Reconstruction possibly would have already gone the way of the First—the way of compromise, conciliation, and appeasement into frustration and failure. It would have been the old story of white men resolving their differences at the expense of black men. The will was present on both sides, and incentives and opportunities abounded. But this time it was not left up to the white man. The Negro himself was a decisive participant, not an instrument of white [illegible].

The Negro was not as fully enfranchised as he had been in the 1860s, but the voting power he did have was more strategically located. He was better led and better organized and, what was more important, the leaders and organizations this time were his own. And he was inspired by a new consciousness of power, supported more resolutely by his white allies, dedicated minorities in the North and smaller but important ones in the South itself, and he was conscious of an alert and involved world audience for his struggles instead of an indifferent one as before.

Johnson's Opportunity

It is too early to fix upon a decisive turning point in the fate of the Second Reconstruction, but it is not too much to say that its future was in considerably more doubt before the Presidential election of 1964 than after. The impact of the Negro vote in that election will long be remembered, and it may loom larger in long-term perspective. It was virtually unanimous in the South, unprecedentedly so, for General Grant scarcely polled the Negro vote so solidly as President Johnson. In the eleven Southern states, it clearly made the difference between victory and defeat in at least four states, Virginia, Tennessee, [illegible] and probably a fif[illegible] Carolina as well. Texas was the only o[illegible] of the eleven Southern states he carried with[illegible] white majority. The five Goldwater states[illegible] the lower South were those with the lowest Neg[illegible] registration. And yet with solid Negro supp[illegible] Johnson won more than 51 per cent of the to[illegible] vote in the old Confederacy.

Things could never be quite the same in [illegible] South again. The striking change is the sha[illegible] constriction of die-hard resistance to the lo[illegible] South. The First Reconstruction had the effect [illegible] bringing the Border states into the South's orb[illegible] making them more "Confederate" after the Ci[illegible] War than before. The Second Reconstruction h[illegible] had just the opposite effect. The Border sta[illegible] deserted early in the game and have drif[illegible] farther and farther away. Now the upper So[illegible] along with Texas and Florida have defected [illegible] well. Ralph McGill has remarked that the "st[illegible] isolation" of the five Southern Goldwater sta[illegible] "may prove in the long run to be a necess[illegible] therapy," for they have now "so isolated th[illegible] selves that they cannot fail to see how terri[illegible] and irrevocably alone they are."

Even so, the majority of states and the m[illegible] jority of voters in the old Confederate South [illegible] now on record in support of a President who [illegible] gone further—"nothing less than the full assi[illegible] lation of more than twenty million Negroes in[illegible] American life," he said) in public commitm[illegible] to the protection and extension of Negro rig[illegible] than any one of his thirty-four predecessors, [illegible] cluding all those elected by what was once kn[illegible] as the party of emancipation and Negro rig[illegible] Moreover, he was one of their own, the first Pr[illegible] dent of Southern birth and residence elected to [illegible] office in 116 years. That is a fact of profo[illegible] if imponderable significance for the future of [illegible] Second Reconstruction. It was not of itself eno[illegible] to win the votes of a majority of his fe[illegible] Southern whites. On the other hand, it was [illegible] enough to prevent the solid support of South[illegible] Negroes.

The Negro vote is not tied to Lyndon John[illegible] but it *is* tied to civil rights, and the only prob[illegible] trend of Negro registration is up. All prev[illegible] experiments of massive Negro participation [illegible] Southern politics—notably in Radical Re[illegible] struction, in the independent party revolts of [illegible] 'eighties, and the Populist revolt of the 'nine[illegible] —have ended in polarizing politics along r[illegible] lines and isolating the minority race. Advoc[illegible] of a new polarization of races have already [illegible] peared on Left and Right. Johnson has a gre[illegible] opportunity than any native Southern le[illegible]

ıce the Populists to forge a political union of
e two races and prevent the racial polarization
Southern politics.

The Second Reconstruction has turned a corner.
is not yet out in the clear. It is likely to suffer
:backs and backlashes in the North and sure
meet new resistance in the South. But it would
em to be fairly out of the dark part of the woods
which the big sellouts of sectional compromise
ve traditionally been made. As halting as its
ogress has been, as cynical as tokenism can be,
d as brutal as extremists still are, the Second
construction has already scored up more
ievements of durable promise than the First
er did. For all the fine idealism of the few and
e impressive heritage of legislation, the accom-
shments of the first round of Reconstruction
re largely rhetorical. The freedmen continued
roughout to knock at the back door for whatever
portunities were opened to them. And the
ites, Northern as well as Southern, rarely un-
ıt in their assumption of racial superiority.

This prognosis for the Second Reconstruction
es not include the prospect of millennial fulfill-
nt. It only suggests that the South is moving,
infully to be sure, toward an approximation of
ıditions in the rest of the country. It would be
ll to ponder those conditions soberly before
ping to naïve optimism about the South. The
nt at which token desegregation in the South
rges indistinguishably with *de facto* segrega-
n in the North falls somewhat short of utopian
egration. But what of those "vast impersonal
ces" such as industrialization and urbaniza-
n, referred to earlier, as working powerfully
the South? What of their "inevitable conse-
ences"? There are indeed certain contradic-
ns between smooth industrialization and racial
ıction. Even an editor of Philadelphia, Missis-
pi, recently observed that "prospective indus-
alists will surely pass us by if we show signs
ıt we won't obey the law. . . . They don't want
uble in their plants and among their em-
yees." But racial felicity has not proved to be
inevitable consequence of the profit motive.
ere has been a good deal of urbanization and
dustrialization up North without impressive
ısequences of this character.

Even if the South moves more rapidly toward
tional standards, racial and industrial, it will
ll be destined to endure for a time the slings
d arrows of rejection. It is back in the old
nbo, nursing new bruises to pride and licking
l wounds to self-esteem. The wounds are kept
en by attacks that are just, as well as some that
e less than that. The national press has license to use "redneck" and "cracker" in a way it is strictly and rightly restrained from using equivalent epithets for the other race. For the South is judged not by the gains that have been made in large areas of the region. Defiance makes the headlines, not compliance. The South is judged by what happens in Mississippi and Alabama. And what happens there surely provides enough odium for the whole region, perhaps for the whole country. There is, however, understandable complaint about how the burden of guilt is distributed.

Mutual Discovery

The South has lately had its "Epitaph" written and its "Mystique" debunked. The implication would seem to be that the South's disputed "distinctiveness" and Southern identity inhere essentially in retrograde racial policies and prejudices. With the gradual disappearance of these, Southerners are expected to lose their identity in a happily homogenized nation. Quite apart from the South's preferences, there are other reasons for skepticism in this matter. The South has long served the nation in ways still in great demand. It has been a moral lightning rod, a deflector of national guilt, a scapegoat for stricken conscience. It has served the country much as the Negro has served the white supremacist—as a floor under self-esteem. This historic role, if nothing else, would spare the region total homogenization, for the national demand for it is greater than ever.

Up to the time of the Second Reconstruction the Southerner who rejected racism looked mainly to the past to establish his regional identity. He looked to the collective experience of the Southern people with defeat and failure, frustration and poverty, guilt and tragedy that made his heritage unique in the nation. These dark, Faulknerian themes are not going to vanish in the light of the new day. They will continue to play a part in defining a Southerner. The Negro Southerner shared that heritage deeply without accepting it consciously, without even acknowledging fully that he was a Southerner. In the new era Southerners of both races are looking increasingly to the future instead of the past, to action instead of memory, to define who they are. In this new search for identity the Negro is fully engaged. In fact, he has taken the initiative and the white man reacts to him. Their discovery of each other will define a distinctively new period of Southern history and a new Southern identity.



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This Quiet Dust

by William Styron

In one of his most powerful pieces of writing, the author of *Lie Down in Darkness* and *Set This House on Fire* makes a memorable journey home to Virginia. He describes here his own private attempt as a novelist to understand and re-create Nat Turner, that "dim and prodigious black man" who alone in the history of American slave uprisings achieved a certain triumph.

mought be rich as cream
drive you coach and four-horse team,
you can't keep de world from moverin' round
Nat Turner from gainin' ground.

your name it mought be Caesar sure
got you cannon can shoot a mile or more,
you can't keep de world from moverin' round
Nat Turner from gainin' ground.

—Old-time Negro Song

. y native state of Virginia is, of course, more ı ordinarily conscious of its past, even for the th. When I was learning my lessons in the -1930s at a grammar school on the banks of James River, one of the required texts was story of Virginia—a book I can recall far e vividly than any history of the United es or of Europe I studied at a later time. It in this work that I first encountered the e Nat Turner. The reference to Nat was ; as a matter of fact, I do not think it un- y that it was the very brevity of the allusion nounting almost to a quality of haste—which ured my attention and stung my curiosity. n no longer quote the passage exactly, but I ember that it went something like this: "In , a fanatical Negro slave named Nat Turner led a terrible insurrection in Southampton County, murdering many white people. The insurrection was immediately put down, and for their cruel deeds Nat Turner and most of the other Negroes involved in the rebellion were hanged." Give or take a few harsh adjectives, this was all the information on Nat Turner supplied by that forgotten historian, who hustled on to matters of greater consequence.

I must have first read this passage when I was ten or eleven years old. At that time my home was not far from Southampton County, where the rebellion took place, in a section of the Virginia Tidewater which is generally considered part of the Black Belt because of the predominance of Negroes in the population. (When I speak of the South and Southerners here, I speak of *this* South, where Deep South attitudes prevail; it would include parts of Maryland and East Texas.) My boyhood experience was the typically ambivalent one of most native Southerners, for whom the Negro is simultaneously taken for granted and as an object of unending concern. On the one hand, Negroes are simply a part of the landscape, an unexceptional feature of the local scenery, yet as central to its character as the pinewoods and sawmills and mule

teams and sleepy river estuaries that give such color and tone to the Southern geography. Unnoticed by white people, the Negroes blend with the land and somehow melt and fade into it, so that only when one reflects upon their possible absence, some magical disappearance, does one realize how unimaginable this absence would be: it would be easier to visualize a South without trees, without *any* people, without life at all. Thus at the same time, ignored by white people, Negroes impinge upon their collective subconscious to such a degree that it may be rightly said that they become the focus of an incessant preoccupation, somewhat like a monstrous, recurring dream populated by identical faces wearing expressions of inquietude and vague reproach. "Southern whites cannot walk, talk, sing, conceive of laws or justice, think of sex, love, the family, or freedom without responding to the presence of Negroes." The words are those of Ralph Ellison, and, of course, he is right.

Yet there are many Souths, and the experience of each Southerner is modified by the subtlest conditions of self and family and environment and God knows what else, and I have wondered if it has ever properly been taken into account how various this response to the presence of the Negroes can be. I cannot tell how typical my own awareness of Negroes was, for instance, as I grew up near my birthplace—a small seaside city about equally divided between black and white. My feelings seem to have been confused and blurred, tinged with sentimentality, colored by a great deal of folklore, and wobbling always between a patronizing affection, fostered by my elders, and downright hostility. Most importantly, my feelings were completely uninformed by that intimate knowledge of black people which Southerners claim as their special patent; indeed, they were based upon an almost total ignorance.

For one thing, from the standpoint of attitudes toward race, my upbringing was hardly unusual: it derived from the simple conviction that Negroes were in every respect inferior to white people and should be made to stay in their proper order in the scheme of things. At the same time, by certain Southern standards my family was enlightened: although my mother taught me firmly that the use of "lady" instead of "woman" in referring to a Negro female was quite improper, she writhed at the sight of the extremes of Negro poverty, and would certainly have thrashed me had she ever heard me use the word "nigger." Yet outside the confines of family, in the lower-middle-class school world I inhabited every day, this was a word I commonly used. School segregation, which was an ordinary fa of life for me, is devastatingly effective in a complishing something that it was only periphe ally designed to do: it prevents the awarene even of the existence of another race. Thus, wha ever hostility I bore toward the Negroes w based almost entirely upon hearsay.

And so the word "nigger," which like all r schoolmates I uttered so freely and so often, h even then an idle and listless ring. How cou that dull epithet carry meaning and convicti when it was applied to a people so diligent isolated from us that they barely existed exce as shadows which came daily to labor in t kitchen, to haul away garbage, to rake up leave An unremarked paradox of Southern life is th its racial animosity is really grounded not up friction and propinquity, but upon an almo complete lack of contact. Surrounded by a s of Negroes, I cannot recall more than once—a then briefly, when I was five or six—ever havi played with a Negro child, or ever having spok to a Negro, except in trifling talk with the co or in some forlorn and crippled conversation wi a dotty old grandfather angling for hardsh crabs on a lonesome Sunday afternoon ma years ago. Nor was I by any means unique sheltered. Whatever knowledge I gained in r youth about Negroes, I gained from a distan as if I had been watching actors in an all-bla puppet show.

* * *

Such an experience has made me distrust a easy generalizations about the South, whet they are made by white sociologists or Neg playwrights, Southern politicians or Northe editors. I have come to understand at least much about the Negro after having lived in t North. One of the most egregious of the Southe myths—one in this case propagated solely Southerners—is that of the Southern whit boast that he "knows" the Negro. Certainly many rural areas of the South the cultural clim has been such as to allow a mutual understan ing, and even a kind of intimacy, to spring between the races, at least in some individu instances. But my own boyhood surroundin which were semi-urban (I suppose suburban the best description, though the green little v lage on the city's outskirts where I grew up w a far cry from Levittown), and which have become the youthful environment for vast numb of Southerners, tended almost totally to preclu any contact between black and white, especia when that contact was so sedulously proscri by law.

et if white Southerners cannot "know" the ro, it is for this very reason that the entire ual myth needs to be reexamined. Surely a ain amount of sexual tension between the es does continue to exist, and the Southern te man's fear of sexual aggression on the t of the Negro male is still too evident to be ored. But the nature of the growth of the an, modern South has been such as to impose more effective walls between the races. ile it cannot be denied that slavery times duced an enormous amount of interbreeding th all of its totalitarianism, this was a free-all atmosphere far less self-conscious about ual mingling than the Jim Crow era which an in the 1890s) and while even now there t logically take place occasional sexual con-s between the races—especially in rural areas re a degree of casual familiarity has always tined—the monolithic nature of segregation raised such an effective barrier between tes and Negroes that it is impossible not to eve that theories involving a perpetual sexual sion" have been badly inflated. Nor is it pos-e to feel that a desire to taste forbidden fruit ever really caused this barrier to be breached. m the standpoint of the Negro, there is in-erence or uncomplicated fear; from that of white—segregation, the law, and, finally, in-erence, too. When I was growing up, the older s might crack wan jokes about visiting the ro whorehouse street (patronized entirely, I r discovered, by Negroes plus a few Scandi-an sailors), but to my knowledge none of n ever really went there. Like Negroes in eral, Negro girls were to white men phantoms, lows. To assume that anything more than a and sporadic intimacy on any level has ted in the modern South between whites and roes is simply to deny, with a truly willful empt for logic, the monstrous effectiveness hat apartheid which has been the Southern of life for almost three-quarters of a cen-.

have lingered on this matter only to try to erline a truth about Southern life which has n too often taken for granted, and which has efore been overlooked or misinterpreted. Most thern white people *cannot* know or touch black ple and this is because of the deadly intimida-of a universal law. Certainly one feels the sence of this gulf even in the work of a writer upremely knowledgeable about the South as liam Faulkner, who confessed a hesitancy ut attempting to "think Negro," and whose ro characters, as marvelously portrayed as most of them are, seem nevertheless to be meticulously *observed* rather than *lived*. Thus in *The Sound and the Fury*, Faulkner's magnificent Dilsey comes richly alive, yet in retrospect one feels this is a result of countless mornings, hours, days Faulkner had spent watching and listening to old Negro servants, and not because Dilsey herself is a being created from a sense of with-inness: at the last moment Faulkner draws back, and it is no mere happenstance that Dilsey, alone among the four central figures from whose points of view the story is told, is seen from the outside rather than from that intensely "inner" vantage point, the interior monologue.

Innumerable white Southerners have grown up as free of knowledge of the Negro character and soul as a person whose background is rural Wisconsin or Maine. Yet, of course, there is a difference, and it is a profound one, defining the white Southerner's attitudes and causing him to be, for better or for worse, whatever it is he is to be. For the Negro is *there*. And he is there in a way he never is in the North, no matter how great his numbers. In the South he is a perpetual and immutable part of history itself, a piece of the vast fabric so integral and necessary that without him the fabric dissolves; his voice, his black or brown face passing on a city street, the sound of his cry rising from a wagonload of flowers, his numberless procession down dusty country roads, the neat white church he has built in some pine grove with its air of grace and benison and tranquillity, his silhouette behind a mule team far off in some spring field, the wail of his blues blaring from some jukebox in a backwoods roadhouse, the sad wet faces of nursemaids and cooks waiting in the evening at city bus stops in pouring rain—the Negro is always *there*.

Their Own Negro

. . . SEGREGATION has worked brilliantly in the South, and, in fact, in the nation, to this extent: it has allowed white people, with scarcely any pangs of conscience whatever, to *create*, in every generation, only the Negro they wished to see. As the walls come down they will be forced to take another, harder look at the shiftless and the menial and will be forced into a wonder concerning them which cannot fail to be agonizing. It is not an easy thing to be forced to reexamine a way of life and to speculate, in a personal way, on the general injustice.

—James Baldwin, *Harper's Magazine*, October 1958.

No wonder then, as Ellison says, the white Southerner can do virtually nothing without responding to the presence of Negroes. No wonder the white man so often grows cranky, fanciful, freakish, loony, violent: how else respond to a paradox which requires, with the full majesty of law behind it, that he deny the very reality of a people whose multitude approaches and often exceeds his own; that he disclaim the existence of those whose human presence has marked every acre of the land, every hamlet and crossroad and city and town, and whose humanity, however inflexibly denied, is daily evidenced to him like a heartbeat in loyalty and wickedness, madness and hilarity and mayhem and pride and love? The Negro may feel that it is too late to be known, and that the desire to know him reeks of outrageous condescension. But to break down the old law, to come to *know* the Negro, has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner.

II

I suspect that my search for Nat Turner, my own private attempt as a novelist to re-create and bring alive that dim and prodigious black man, has been at least a partial fulfillment of this mandate, although the problem has long since resolved itself into an artistic one—which is as it should be. In the late 1940s, having finished college in North Carolina and come to New York, I found myself again haunted by that name I had first seen in the Virginia history textbook. I had learned something more of Southern history since then, and I had become fascinated by the subject of Negro slavery. One of the most striking aspects of the institution is the fact that in the 250 years of its existence in America, it was singularly free of organized uprisings, plots, and rebellions. (It is curious that as recently as the late 1940s, scholarly insights were lagging, and I could only have suspected then what has since been made convincing by such historians as Frank Tannenbaum and Stanley Elkins: that American Negro slavery, unique in its psychological oppressiveness—the worst the world has ever known—was simply so despotic and emasculating as to render organized revolt next to impossible.) There were three exceptions: a conspiracy by the slave Gabriel Prosser and his followers near Richmond in the year 1800, the plot betrayed, the conspirators hanged; a similar conspiracy in 1822, in Charleston, South Carolina, led by a free Negro named Denmark Vesey, who also was betrayed before he could carry out his plans, and who was executed along with other members the plot.

The last exception, of course, was Nat Turn and he alone in the entire annals of Americ slavery—alone among all those "many thousa gone"—achieved a kind of triumph.

Even today, many otherwise well-inform people have never heard the name Nat Turn and there are several plausible reasons for su an ignorance. One of these, of course, is that t study of our history—and not alone in the Sou —has been tendentious in the extreme, and h often avoided even an allusion to a figure like N. who inconveniently disturbs our notion of a sla system which, though morally wrong, was co ducted with such charity and restraint that a organized act of insurrectory and murdero violence would be unthinkable. But a gene ignorance about Nat Turner is even more und standable in view of the fact that so little left of the actual record. Southampton Coun which even now is off the beaten track, was that period the remotest backwater imaginab The relativity of time allows us elastic defi tions: 1831 was yesterday. Yet the year 1831, the Presidency of Andrew Jackson, lay in t very dawn of our modern history, three years b fore a railroad ever touched the soil of Virgin a full fifteen years before the use of the te graph. The rebellion itself was of such a catacl mic nature as practically to guarantee confusi of the news, distortion, wild rumors, lies, a finally, great areas of darkness and suppressio all of these have contributed to Nat's obscuri

As for the contemporary documents the selves, only one survives: the *Confessions of N Turner*, a brief pamphlet of some five thousa words, transcribed from Nat's lips as he awai trial, by a somewhat enigmatic lawyer nam Thomas Gray, who published the *Confessions* Baltimore and then vanished from sight. Th are several discrepancies in Gray's transcr but it was taken down in haste, and in all ma respects it seems completely honest and reliab Those few newspaper accounts of the time, fr Richmond and Norfolk, are sketchy, remote, fil with conjecture, and are thus virtually worthle The existing county court records of Southan ton remain brief and unilluminating, dull lis a dry catalogue of names in fading ink: the wh people slain, the Negroes tried and transport south, or acquitted, or convicted and hanged.

Roughly seventy years after the rebellion 1900, which by coincidence was the year Virgi formally adopted its first Jim Crow laws), t single scholarly book ever to be written on t

ir was published—*The Southampton Insur-ion,* by a Johns Hopkins Ph.D. candidate ed William S. Drewry, who was an unrecon-cted Virginian of decidedly pro-slavery lean- and a man so quaintly committed to the *en régime* that, in the midst of a description he ghastliest part of the uprising, he was to reflect that "slavery in Virginia was not to arouse rebellion, but was an institution h nourished the strongest affection and piety lave and owner, as well as moral qualities hy of any age of civilization." For Drewry, Turner was some sort of inexplicable aber-on, like a man from Mars. Drewry was close gh to the event in time, however, to be able nterview quite a few of the survivors, and e he also possessed a bloodthirsty relish for il, it was possible for him to reconstruct the nology of the insurrection with what appears e considerable accuracy. Drewry's book (it course long out of print) and Nat's *Con-ons* remain the only significant sources about nsurrection. Of Nat himself, his background early years, very little can be known. This is disadvantageous to a novelist, since it allows to speculate—with a freedom not accorded istorian—upon all the intermingled miser- ambitions, frustrations, hopes, rages, and es which caused this extraordinary black to rise up out of those early mists of our ry and strike down his oppressors with a of retribution unequaled before or since.

* * *

was born in 1800, which would have made at the time of the insurrection thirty-one s old—exactly the age of so many great utionaries at the decisive moment of their gency: Martin Luther,* Robespierre, Dan- Fidel Castro. Thomas Gray, in a footnote to *Confessions,* describes him as having the Negro face" (an offhand way of forestall- n assumption that he might have possessed white blood), and he adds that "for natural igence and quickness of apprehension he is ssed by few men I have ever seen"— a lofty te indeed at that inflammatory instant, with antebellum racism at its most hysteric pitch. Although little is known for certain of Nat's childhood and youth, there can be no doubt that he was very precocious and that he learned not only to read and write with ease—an illustrious achievement in itself, when learning to read and write was forbidden to Negroes by law—but at an early age acquired a knowledge of astronomy, and later on experimented in making paper and gunpowder. (The resemblance here to the knowledge of the ancient Chinese is almost too odd to be true, but I can find no reason to doubt it.)

The early decades of the nineteenth century were years of declining prosperity for the Virginia Tidewater, largely because of the ruination of the land through greedy cultivation of tobacco—a crop which had gradually disappeared from the region, causing the breakup of many of the big old plantations and the development of subsistence farming on small holdings. It was in these surroundings—a flat pastoral land of modest farms and even more modest homesteads, where it was rare to find a white man prosperous enough to own more than half a dozen Negroes, and where two or three slaves to a family was the general rule—that Nat was born and brought up, and in these surroundings he prepared himself for the apocalyptic role he was to play in history. Because of the failing economic conditions, it was not remarkable that Nat was purchased and sold several times by various owners (in a sense, he was fortunate in not having been sold off to the deadly cotton and rice plantations of South Carolina and Georgia, which was the lot of many Virginia Negroes of the period); and although we do not know much about any of these masters, the evidence does not appear to be that Nat was ill-treated, and in fact one of these owners (Samuel Turner, brother of the man whose property Nat was born) developed so strong a paternal feeling for the boy and such regard for Nat's abilities, that he took the fateful step of encouraging him in the beginnings of an education.

The atmosphere of the time and place was fundamentalist and devout to a passionate degree, and at some time during his twenties Nat, who had always been a godly person—"never owning a dollar, never uttering an oath, never drinking intoxicating liquors, and never committing a theft"—became a Baptist preacher. Compared to the Deep South, Virginia slave life was not so rigorous; Nat must have been given considerable latitude, and found many opportunities to preach and exhort the Negroes. His gifts for preaching, for prophecy, and his own magnetism seem to

* ee Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther* for a nt study of the development of the revolution- mpulse in a young man, and the relationship of mpulse to the father-figure. Although it is best wary of any heavy psychoanalytical emphasis, annot help believing that Nat Turner's re- ship with his father, like Luther's, was tor- d and complicated, especially since this person not have been his real father, who ran away Nat was an infant, but the white man who l and raised him.

have been so extraordinary that he grew into a rather celebrated figure among the Negroes of the county, his influence even extending to the whites, one of whom—a poor, half-cracked, but respectable overseer named Brantley—he converted to the faith and baptized in a mill pond in the sight of a multitude of the curious, both black and white. (After this no one would have anything to do with Brantley, and he left the county in disgrace.)

At about this time Nat began to withdraw into himself, fasting and praying, spending long hours in the woods or in the swamp, where he communed with the Spirit and where there came over him, urgently now, intimations that he was being prepared for some great purpose. His fanaticism grew in intensity, and during these lonely vigils in the forest he began to see apparitions:

> I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened; the thunder rolled in the heavens and blood flowed in streams . . . I wondered greatly at these miracles, and prayed to be informed of a certainty of the meaning thereof; and shortly afterwards, while laboring in the fields, I discovered drops of blood on the corn as though it were dew from heaven. For as the blood of Christ had been shed on this earth, and had ascended to heaven for the salvation of sinners, it was now returning to earth again in the form of dew . . . On the twelfth day of May, 1828, I heard a loud noise in the heavens, and the Spirit instantly appeared to me and said the Serpent was loosened, and Christ had laid down the yoke he had borne for the sins of men, and that I should take it on and fight against the Serpent, for the time was fast approaching when the first should be last and the last should be first . . .

Like all revolutions, that of Nat Turner unaspects of many worrisome hesitations, false 250 years of its existence, 1830, had been one of singularly free of organized uprisings, delays (with appropriate rebellions. (It is curious that as recently as the fell sick and late 1940s, scholarly insights were lagging however, could only have suspected then what had 31, Nat, been made convincing by such historians as he had Frank Tannenbaum and Stanley Elkins: in the American Negro slavery, unique in its psycho time, cal oppressiveness—the worst the world has com- known—was simply so despotic and emasculating ion. as to render organized revolt next to impossible. he There were three exceptions: a conspiracy by the slave Gabriel Prosser and his followers near Richmond in the year 1800, the plot betrayed, the conspirators hanged; a similar conspiracy in 1822, in Charleston, South Carolina, led by a free Negro named Denmark Vesey, who also was betrayed before he could carry out his plans, and

ward, gathering black recruits on the way unt the Great Dismal Swamp was reached—a snak filled and gloomy fastness in which Nat believe with probable justification, only Negroes cou survive, and no white man's army could pen trate. The immediate objective, however, w the destruction of every white man, woman, a child on the ten-mile route to Jerusalem; no o was to be spared; tender infancy and feeble o age alike were to perish by the axe and the swor The command, of course, was that of God A mighty, through the voice of his prophet Ezekie *"Son of Man, prophesy and say, Thus saith t Lord; Say, a sword, a sword is sharpened, a also furbished: it is sharpened to make a so slaughter . . . Slay utterly old and young, bo maids and little children, and women . . ."* It w a scheme so wild and daring that it could only ha been the product of the most wretched desper tion and frustrate misery of soul; and of course was doomed to catastrophe not only for whites b for Negroes—and for black men in ways whi from the vantage point of history now seem most unthinkable.

* * *

They did their job rapidly and with mercile and methodical determination. Beginning at t home of Travis—where five people, including six-month-old infant, were slain in their beds they marched from house to house on an ea ward route, pillaging, murdering, sparing no o Lacking guns—at least to begin with—they e ployed axes, hatchets, and swords as their to of destruction, and swift decapitation was th usual method of dispatch. (It is interesting th the Negroes did not resort to torture, nor w they ever accused of rape. Nat's attitude towa sex was Christian and high-minded, and he h said: "We will not do to their women what th have done to ours.")

On through the first day they marched, acr the hot August fields, gaining guns and amm nition, horses, and a number of willing recrui That the insurrection was not purely racial, b perhaps obscurely pre-Marxist, may be seen the fact that a number of dwellings belonging poor white people were pointedly passed by. midday on Monday their force had more th tripled, to the amount of nineteen, and nea thirty white people lay dead. By this time, t alarm had been sounded throughout the count and while the momentum of the insurgent ba was considerable, many of the whites had fled panic to the woods, and some of the farmers h begun to resist, setting up barricades from wh they could fire back at Nat's forces. Furthermo

quite a few of the rebels had broken into the brandy cellars of the houses they had attacked and had gotten roaring drunk—an eventuality Nat had feared and had warned against. Nevertheless, the Negroes—augmented now by forty more volunteers—pressed on toward Jerusalem, continuing the attack into the next night and all through the following day, when at last obstinate resistance by the aroused whites and the appearance of a mounted force of militia troops (also, it must be suspected, continued attrition by the apple brandy) caused the rebels to be dispersed, only a mile or so from Jerusalem.

Almost every one of the Negroes was rounded up and brought to trial—a legalistic nicety characteristic of a time in which it was necessary for one to determine whether *his* slave, property, after all, worth eight or nine hundred dollars, was really guilty and deserving of the gallows. Nat disappeared immediately after the insurrection, and hid in the woods for over two months, when near-starvation and the onset of autumnal cold drove him from his cave and forced him to surrender to a lone farmer with a shotgun. Then he too was brought to trial in Jerusalem—early in November 1831—for fomenting a rebellion in which sixty white people had perished.

* * *

The immediate consequences of the insurrection were exceedingly grim. The killing of so many white people was in itself an act of futility. It has never been determined with any accuracy how many black people, not connected with the rebellion, were slain at the hands of rampaging bands of white men who swarmed all over Southampton in the week following the uprising, seeking reprisal and vengeance. A contemporary estimate by a Richmond newspaper, which deplored this retaliation, put the number at close to two hundred Negroes, many of them free, and many of them tortured in ways unimaginably horrible. But even more important was the effect that Nat Turner's insurrection had upon the institution of slavery at large. News of the revolt spread among Southern whites with great speed: the impossible, the unspeakable had at last taken place after 200 years of the ministrations of sweet old mammies and softly murmured Yassuhs and docile compliance—and a shock wave of anguish and terror ran through the entire South. If such a nightmarish calamity happened there, would it not happen *here?*—here in Tennessee, in Augusta, in Vicksburg, in these bayous of Louisiana? Had Nat lived to see the consequences of his rebellion, surely it would have been for him the cruelest irony that his bold and desperate bid for liberty had caused only the most tyrannical new controls to be imposed upon Negroes everywhere—the establishment of patrols, further restrictions upon movement, education, assembly, and the beginning of other severe and crippling restraints which persisted throughout the slaveholding states until the Civil War. Virginia had been edging close to emancipation, and it seems reasonable to believe that the example of Nat's rebellion, stampeding many moderates in the legislature into a conviction that the Negroes could not be safely freed, was a decisive factor in the ultimate victory of the proslavery forces. Had Virginia, with its enormous prestige among the states, emancipated its slaves, the effect upon our history would be awesome to contemplate.

Nat brought cold, paralyzing fear to the South, a fear that never departed. If white men had sown the wind with chattel slavery, in Nat Turner they had reaped the whirlwind for white and black alike.

Nat was executed, along with sixteen other Negroes who had figured large in the insurrection. Most of the others were transported south, to the steaming fields of rice and cotton. On November 11, 1831, Nat was hanged from a live oak tree in the town square of Jerusalem. He went to his death with great dignity and courage. "The bodies of those executed," wrote Drewry, "with one exception, were buried in a decent and becoming manner. That of Nat Turner was delivered to the doctors, who skinned it and made grease of the flesh."

III

Not long ago, in the spring of the year, when I was visiting my family in Virginia, I decided to go down for the day to Southampton County, which is a drive of an hour and a half by car from the town where I was born and raised. Nat Turner was of course the reason for this trip, although I had nothing particular or urgent in mind. What research it was possible to do on the event I had long since done. The Southampton court records, I had already been reliably informed, would prove unrewarding. It was not a question, then, of digging out more facts, but simply a matter of wanting to savor the mood and atmosphere of a landscape I had not seen for quite a few years, since the times when as a boy I used to pass through Southampton on the way to my father's family home in North Carolina. I thought also that there might be a chance of visiting some of the historic sites connected with the

insurrection, and perhaps even of retracing part of the route of the uprising through the help of one of those handsomely produced guidebooks for which the Historical Commission of Virginia is famous—guides indispensable for a trip to such Old Dominion shrines as Jamestown and Appomattox and Monticello. I became even more eager to go when one of my in-laws put me in touch by telephone with a cousin of his. This man, whom I shall call Dan Seward, lived near Franklin, the main town of Southampton, and he assured me in those broad cheery Southern tones which are like a warm embrace—and which, after long years in the chill North, are to me always so familiar, reminiscent, and therefore so unsettling, sweet, and curiously painful—that he would like nothing better than to aid me in my exploration in whatever way he could.

* * *

Dan Seward is a farmer, and prosperous grower of peanuts in a prosperous agricultural region where the peanut is the unquestioned monarch. A combination of sandy loam soil and a long growing season has made Southampton ideal for the cultivation of peanuts; over 30,000 acres are planted annually, and the crop is processed and marketed in Franklin—a thriving little town of 7,000 people—or in Suffolk and Portsmouth, where it is rendered into Planters cooking oil and stock feed and Skippy peanut butter. There are other money-making crops—corn and soybeans and cotton. The county is at the northernmost edge of the cotton belt, and thirty years ago cotton was a major source of income. Cotton has declined in importance but the average yield per acre is still among the highest in the South, and the single gin left in the county in the little village of Drewryville processes each year several thousand bales which are trucked to market down in North Carolina. Lumbering is also very profitable, owing mainly to an abundance of the loblolly pines valuable in the production of kraft wood pulp; and the Union Bag-Camp Paper Company's plant on the Blackwater river in Franklin is a huge enterprise employing over 1,600 people. But it is peanuts—the harvested vines in autumn piled up mile after mile in dumpy brown stacks like hay—which have brought money to Southampton, and a sheen of prosperity that can be seen in the freshly painted farmhouses along the monotonously flat state highway which leads into Franklin, and the new-model Dodges and Buicks parked slantwise against the curb of some crossroads hamlet, and the gaudy, eye-catching signs that advise the wisdom of a bank savings account for all those surplus funds.

The county has very much the look of the New South about it, with its airport and its shiny new motels, its insistent billboards advertising space for industrial sites, the sprinkling of housing developments with television antennas gleaming from every rooftop, its supermarkets and shopping centers and its flavor of go-getting commercialism. This is the New South, where agriculture still prevails but has joined in a vigorous union with industry, so that even the peanut when it goes to market is ground up in some rumbling engine of commerce and becomes metamorphosed into wood stain or soap or cattle feed. The Negroes, too, have partaken of this abundance—some of it, at least—for they own television sets also, and if not new-model Buicks (the Southern white man's strictures against Negro ostentation remain intimidating), then decent late-model used Fords; while in the streets of Franklin the Negro women shopping seemed on the day of my visit very proud and well-dressed compared to the shabby stooped figures I recalled from the Depression years when I was a boy. It would certainly appear that Negroes deserve some of this abundance, if only because they make up so large a part of the work force. Since Nat Turner's day the balance of population in Southampton—almost 60 per cent Negro—has hardly altered by a hair.

"I don't know anywhere that a Negro is treated better than around here," Mr. Seward was saying to the three of us, on the spring morning I visited him with my wife and my father. "You take your average person from up North, he just doesn't *know* the Negro like we do. Now for instance I have a Negro who's worked for me for years, name of Ernest. He knows if he breaks his arm—like he did a while ago, fell off a tractor—he knows he can come to me and I'll see that he's taken care of, hospital expenses and all, and I'll take care of him and his family while he's unable to work, right on down the line. I don't ask him to pay back a cent, either, that's for sure. We have a wonderful relationship, that Negro and myself. By God, I'd die for that Negro and he knows it, and he'd do the same for me. But Ernest doesn't want to sit down at my table, here in this house, and have supper with me—and he wouldn't want me in *his* house. And Ernest's got kids like I do, and he doesn't want them to go to school with my Bobby, any more than Bobby wants to go to school with *his* kids. It works both ways. People up North don't seem to be able to understand a simple fact like that."

Mr. Seward was a solidly fleshed, somewhat rangy, big-shouldered man in his early forties



HEAVY BLOOD

with an open, cheerful manner which surely did nothing to betray the friendliness with which he had spoken on the telephone. He had greeted us —total strangers, really—with an animation and uncomplicated good will that would have shamed an Eskimo; and for a moment I realized that, after years amid the granite outcroppings of New England, I had forgotten that this *was* the passionate, generous, outgoing nature of the South, no artificial display but a social gesture as natural as breathing.

* * *

Mr. Seward had just finished rebuilding his farmhouse on the outskirts of town, and he had shown us around with a pride I found understandable: there was a sparkling electric kitchen worthy of an advertisement in *Life* magazine, some handsome modern furniture, and several downstairs rooms paneled beautifully in the prodigal and lustrous hardwood of the region. It was altogether a fine, tasteful house, resembling more one of the prettier medium-priced homes in the Long Island suburbs than the house one might contemplate for a Tidewater farmer. Upstairs, we had inspected his son Bobby's room, a kid's room with books like *Pinocchio* and *The Black Arrow* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*, and here there was a huge paper banner spread across one entire wall with the crayon inscription: "*Two . . . four . . . six . . . eight! We Don't Want to Integrate!*" It was a sign which so overwhelmingly dominated the room that it could not help provoking comment, and it was this that eventually had led to Mr. Seward's reflections about *knowing* Negroes.

There might have been something vaguely defensive in his remarks but not a trace of hostility. His tone was matter-of-fact and good-natured, and he pronounced the word Negro as *nigra*, which most Southerners do with utter naturalness while intending no disrespect whatsoever, in fact quite the opposite—the mean epithet, of course, is *nigger*. I had the feeling that Mr. Seward had begun amiably to regard us as sympathetic but ill-informed outsiders, non-Southern, despite his knowledge of my Tidewater background and my father's own accent, which is thick as grits. Moreover, the fact that I had admitted to having lived in the North for fifteen years caused me, I fear, to appear alien in his eyes, *déraciné*, especially when my acculturation to Northern ways has made me adopt the long "e" and say Negro. The racial misery, at any rate, is within inches of driving us mad: how can I explain that, with all my silent disagreement with Mr. Seward's paternalism, I knew that when he said, "By God, I'd die for that Negro," he meant it?

Perhaps I should not have been surprised that Mr. Seward seemed to know very little about Nat Turner. When we got around to the subject, it developed that he had always thought that the insurrection occurred way back in the eighteenth century. Affably, he described seeing in his boyhood the "Hanging Tree," the live oak from which Nat had been executed in Courtland (Jerusalem had undergone this change of name after the Civil War), and which had died and been cut down some thirty years ago; as for any other landmarks, he regretted that he did not know of a single one. No, so far as he knew, there just wasn't anything.

For me, it was the beginning of disappointments which grew with every hour. Had I *really* been so ingenuous as to believe that I would unearth some shrine, some home preserved after the manner of Colonial Williamsburg, a relic of the insurrection at whose portal I would discover a lady in billowing satin and crinoline, who for fifty cents would shepherd me about the rooms with a gentle drawl indicating the spot where a good mistress fell at the hands of the murderous darky? The native Virginian, despite himself, is cursed with a suffocating sense of history, and I do not think it impossible that I actually suspected some such monument. Nevertheless, confident that there would be something to look at, I took heart when Mr. Seward suggested that after lunch we all drive over to Courtland, ten miles to the west. He had already spoken to a friend of his, the Sheriff of the county, who knew all the obscure byways and odd corners of Southampton, mainly because of his endless search for illegal stills; if there was a solitary person alive who might be able to locate some landmark, or could help retrace part of Nat Turner's march, it was the Sheriff. This gave me hope. For I had brought along Drewry's book and its map which showed the general route of the uprising, marking the houses by name. In the sixty years since Drewry, there would have been many changes in the landscape. But with this map oriented against the Sheriff's detailed county map, I should easily be able to pick up the trail and thus experience, however briefly, a sense of the light and shadow that played over that scene of slaughter and retribution a hundred and thirty-four years ago.

Yet it was as if Nat Turner had never existed, and as the day lengthened and afternoon wore on, and as we searched Nat's part of the county—five of us now, riding in the Sheriff's car with its huge star emblazoned on the doors, and its

radio blatting out hoarse intermittent messages, and its riot gun protectively nuzzling the backs of our necks over the edge of the rear seat—I had the sensation from time to time that this Negro, who had so long occupied my thoughts, who indeed had so obsessed my imagination that he had acquired larger spirit and flesh than most of the living people I encountered day in and day out, had been merely a crazy figment of my mind, a phantom no more real than some half-recollected image from a fairy tale. For here in the back country, this horizontal land of woods and meadows where he had roamed, only a few people had heard of Nat Turner, and of those who had—among the people we stopped to make inquiries of, both white and black, along dusty country roads, at farms, at filling stations, at crossroad stores—most of them confused him, I think, with something spectral, mythic, a black Paul Bunyan who had perpetrated mysterious and nameless deeds in millennia past. They were neither facetious nor evasive, simply unaware. Others confounded him with the Civil War—a Negro general. One young Negro field hand, lounging at an Esso station, figured he was a white man. A white man, heavy-lidded and paunchy, slow-witted, an idler at a rickety store, thought him an illustrious racehorse of bygone days.

The Sheriff, a smallish, soft-speaking ruminative man, with the whisper of a smile frozen on his face as if he were perpetually enjoying a good joke, knew full well who Nat Turner was, and I could tell he relished our frustrating charade. He was a shrewd person, quick and sharp with countrified wisdom, and he soon became quite as fascinated as I with the idea of tracking down some relic of the uprising (although he said that Drewry's map was hopelessly out of date, the roads of that time now abandoned to the fields and woods, the homes burnt down or gone to ruin); the country people's ignorance he found irresistible and I think it tickled him to perplex their foolish heads, white or black, with the same old leading question: "You heard about old Nat Turner, ain't you?" But few of them had heard, even though I was sure that many had plowed the same fields that Nat had crossed, lived on land that he had passed by; and as for dwellings still standing which might have been connected with the rebellion, not one of these back-country people could offer the faintest hint or clue. As effectively as a monstrous and unbearable dream, Nat had been erased from memory.

It was late afternoon when, with a sense of deep fatigue and frustration, I suggested to Mr. Seward and the Sheriff that maybe we had better go back to Courtland and call it a day. They were agreeable—relieved, I felt, to be freed of this tedious and fruitless search—and as we headed east down a straight unpaved road, the conversation became desultory, general. We spoke of the North. The Sheriff was interested to learn that I often traveled to New York. He went there occasionally himself, he said; indeed, he had been there only the month before—"to pick up a nigger," a fugitive from custody who had been awaiting trial for killing his wife. New York was a fine place to spend the night, said the Sheriff, but he wouldn't want to live there.

As he spoke, I had been gazing out of the window, and now suddenly something caught my eye—something familiar, a brief flickering passage of a distant outline, a silhouette against the sun-splashed woods—and I asked the Sheriff to stop the car. He did, and as we backed up slowly through a cloud of dust, I recognized a house standing perhaps a quarter of a mile off the road, from this distance only a lopsided oblong sheltered by an enormous oak, but the whole tableau—the house and the glorious hovering tree and the stretch of woods beyond—so familiar to me that it might have been some home I passed every day. And of course now as recognition came flooding back, I knew whose house it was. For in *The Southampton Insurrection*, the indefatigable Drewry had included many photographs—amateurish, doubtless taken by himself, and suffering from the fuzzy offset reproduction of 1900. But they were clear enough to provide an unmistakable guide to the dwellings in question, and now as I again consulted the book I could see that this house—the monumental oak above it grown scant inches it seemed in sixty years—was the one referred to by Drewry as having belonged to Mrs. Catherine Whitehead. From this distance, in the soft clear light of a spring afternoon, it seemed most tranquil, but few houses have come to know such a multitude of violent deaths. There in the late afternoon of Monday, August 22, Nat Turner and his band had appeared, and they set upon and killed "Mrs. Catherine Whitehead, son Richard, and four daughters, and grandchild."

The approach to the house was by a rutted lane long ago abandoned and overgrown with lush weeds which made a soft, crushed, rasping sound as we rolled over them. Dogwood, white and pink, grew on either side of the lane, quite wild and wanton in lovely pastel splashes. Not far from the house a pole fence interrupted our way; the Sheriff stopped the car and we got out and stood there for a moment, looking at the

place. It was quiet and still—so quiet that the sudden chant of a mockingbird in the woods was almost frightening—and we realized then that no one lived in the house. Scoured by weather, paintless, worn down to the wintry gray of bone and with all the old mortar gone from between the timbers, it stood alone and desolate above its blasted, sagging front porch, the ancient door ajar like an open wound. Although never a manor house, it had once been a spacious and comfortable country home; now in near-ruin it sagged, finished, a shell, possessing only the most fragile profile of itself. As we drew closer still we could see that the entire house, from its upper story to the cellar, was filled with thousands of shucked ears of corn—feed for the malevolent-looking little razorback pigs which suddenly appeared in a tribe at the edge of the house, eying us, grunting. Mr. Seward sent them scampering with a shied stick and a farmer's sharp "Whoo!" I looked up at the house, trying to recollect its particular role in Nat's destiny, and then I remembered.

* * *

There was something baffling, secret, irrational about Nat's own participation in the uprising. He was unable to kill. Time and time again in his confession one discovers him saying (in an offhand tone; one must dig for the implications): "I could not give the death blow, the hatchet glanced from his head," or, "I struck her several blows over the head, but I was unable to kill her, as the sword was dull . . ." It is too much to believe, over and over again: the glancing hatchet, the dull sword. It smacks rather, as in *Hamlet*, of rationalization, ghastly fear, an access of guilt, a shrinking from violence, and fatal irresolution. Alone here at this house, turned now into a huge corncrib around which pigs rooted and snorted in the silence of a spring afternoon, here alone was Nat finally able—or was he forced?—to commit a murder, and this upon a girl of eighteen named Margaret Whitehead, described by Drewry in terms perhaps not so romantic or farfetched after all, as "the belle of the county." The scene is apocalyptic—afternoon bedlam in wild harsh sunlight and August heat.

"I returned to commence the work of death, but those whom I left had not been idle; all the family were already murdered but Mrs. Whitehead and her daughter Margaret. As I came round the door I saw Will pulling Mrs. Whitehead out of the house and at the step he nearly severed her head from her body with his axe. Miss Margaret, when I discovered her, had concealed herself in the corner formed by the projection of the cellar cap from the house; on my approach she fled into the field but was soon overtaken and after repeated blows with a sword, I killed her by a blow on the head with a fence rail."

It is Nat's only murder. Why, from this point on, does the momentum of the uprising diminish, the drive and tension sag? Why, from this moment in the *Confessions*, does one sense in Nat something dispirited, listless, as if all life and juice had been drained from him, so that never again through the course of the rebellion is he even on the scene when a murder is committed? What happened to Nat in this place? Did he discover his humanity here, or did he lose it?

I lifted myself up into the house, clambering through a doorway without steps, pushing myself over the crumbling sill. The house had a faint yeasty fragrance, like flat beer. Dust from the mountains of corn lay everywhere in the deserted rooms, years and decades of dust, dust an inch thick in some places, lying in a fine gray powder like sooty fallen snow. Off in some room amid the piles of corn I could hear a delicate scrabbling and a plaintive squeaking of mice. Again it was very still, the shadow of the prodigious old oak casting a dark pattern of leaves, checkered with bright sunlight, aslant through the gaping door. As in those chilling lines of Emily Dickinson, even this lustrous and golden day seemed to find its only resonance in the memory, and perhaps a premonition, of death.

> This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies,
> And Lads and Girls;
> Was laughter and ability and sighing,
> And frocks and curls.

Outside, the Sheriff was calling in on his car radio, his voice blurred and indistinct; then the return call from the county seat, loud, a dozen incomprehensible words in an uproar of static. Suddenly it was quiet again, the only sound my father's soft voice as he chatted with Mr. Seward.

I leaned against the rotting frame of the door, gazing out past the great tree and into that far meadow where Nat had brought down and slain Miss Margaret Whitehead. For an instant, in the silence, I thought I could hear a mad rustle of taffeta, and rushing feet, and a shrill girlish piping of terror; then that day and this day seemed to meet and melt together, becoming almost one, and for a long moment indistinguishable.

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The Impending Crisis of the Deep South

by D. W. Brogan

The leading British authority on the United States, author of "Politics in America" and "The American Character," and professor of political science at Cambridge, offers this critical outside view of the political behavior and exaggerated legendry of the Deep Southern states. The region, he argues, has been nothing less than a scandal to America. Will it be allowed to remain so?

It is not from laziness that I have chosen to borrow the title of Hinton Rowan Helper's tract, the only rival to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the Southern *Index Expurgatorius* of the doom-laden period just before the outbreak of "The War Between the States." For that the Deep South is in a crisis can hardly be doubted. Its traditional social order is being threatened from the outside and, rather covertly, from the inside, and it is being defended by methods that may be as revolutionary as any suggested by internal or external critics—and far more disastrous.

The crisis which we may, for convenience' sake, date from the desegregation decision of 1954 has been made suddenly even more acute by further court decisions—those that threaten rural political dominance, for instance—and by the political secession of five Southern states (South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi) from the Union in the 1964 elections. For the election results are novel and ominous. It is not merely that Georgia for the first time has voted Republican—and that Vermont for the first time has voted Democratic. It is that over a great part of the Deep South, effective rational political leadership has been defeated (where it existed); that what, in many ways, was a promising development, the rise of a two-party South, has been parodied; and that in a Gadarene rush the Deep South, the archaic South, has imitated, has, indeed, surpassed the follies of 1860 and 1861.

Of course, the political folly is only a symptom of a deeper refusal to accept or reject the modern world. Yet the political failure makes a convenient diving board for the rash speculator who wonders what has happened, what *can* happen to a region so blind to its economic and social realities as well as to its material interests. To "call a nettle but a nettle and the faults of fools but folly" is not really very helpful. We must understand, if we can, the why as well as the how of the parody of national politics as exemplified in the Deep South last November. We must try to comprehend the nature of "the impending crisis." We cannot understand if we do not continually tell ourselves: There but for the grace of God go I.

In addition to the general difficulties of the outsider, I am not only not a Southerner, I am not an American. I have no direct concern with the American "image," although as a citizen of a Western nation allied to the United States, I do have a great indirect interest. But being a

foreigner, if it is a grave handicap, has some advantages. One is on the outside looking in; it is not that one sees deeper, but that one sees differently. The foreigner is less likely to erect temporary and accidental social arrangements into natural laws (as Croce said Aristotle did in *his* defense of slavery). He is more likely to see that much that is wrong with the South and that most embitters the critical minority (I am talking of the white minority; I know next to nothing about the Negro minority) is not peculiar to the South, can be paralleled from recent or indeed contemporary history, and is part of the price that has to be paid for belonging to "the so-called human race."

Shutting Out the World

Let us take, first of all, one of the primary obstacles to a rational entry of the Deep South into the modern technological world, in good order and with the preservation of the many things of repute that the region has and ought to preserve, the more that some of them are in short supply in the triumphant North, not to speak of censorious Europe. (I have in mind its genuine tradition of civility that has survived such defiances as the Bull Connors and the Jim Clarks and the Wallaces, some skepticism of the more foolish promises of the prophets of a technological paradise, some feeling for the tragic side of history which the North has not experienced and consequently does not realize it needs.) The obstacle is ignorance.

I am not trying to stress the fact that the South, partly because of poverty, is formally and, if you like, innocently ignorant, because of the defects of its institutional system. It was with astonishment that I read in Professor James Silver's admirable book, *Mississippi: The Closed Society,* that he *had* to write to a presumably literate citizen of the state that, "if you have the feeling that the University of Mississippi has any prominent position in the educational field at the present time, you are sadly misinformed." Yet Professor Silver knows far better than I what *is* believed in Mississippi about the academic status of Ole Miss. And the trouble is and has been, not the result of poverty only, but mainly the result of a desire to shut out completely the hostile, critical, or nonadmiring outside world.

Mississippi, or for that matter the other Deep Southern states, are not alone in this desire. Verwoerd's South Africa cannot risk television or a critical Afrikaans university life. An absence of television may not be a great loss, but a mental state of siege is a very serious one. And it is not long since a very learned Irish Catholic, member of a famous Irish family, one who knows at first hand the universities of Ireland, told me of his sad conclusion that "you can't have a real university in a Catholic country." I think he was wrong, but you can't have a real university where such prelates as the present Archbishop of Dublin are criticized only in discreet speech or in foreign papers. And you can't have a real university where all is subordinated to the defense of one position, even if that position is highly defensible —and the Southern position is not. So I was not surprised to learn that many people in the Deep South really believed that Mr. Goldwater had a good chance of victory, that Governor Wallace had actually made converts in the North, that *Brown v. Topeka* could be ignored or repealed, and that Appomattox had never happened.

Similar illusions, that the North wouldn't fight, that the Yankees were cowards, that "Cotton is King," were dearly paid for between 1861 and 1865. Yet Frank Owsley, a good critical historian when he wrote of the political incompetence of the Confederacy, blew his top when he contributed his hysterical article to the famous manifesto of 1930, *I'll Take My Stand.* It was a sign of the disastrous effects of the Southern siege mind that so distinguished a scholar could write of the leaders of the South before the War: "Their skirts were clear. Let the blood of slavery rest upon the heads of those who had forced it upon the South." Surely, Lincoln's acceptance of the guilt of North *and* South is both better history and better wisdom. But Owsley was on the defensive, *his* section needed an excuse for its defeat and it fell back, or was invited to fall back, on an heroic and maligned past and was warned against an odious and literally demoralizing future.

If we are to consider what holds the South back from the modern world in so graceless and often base a way, we must allow for the survival of the Confederate legend. This legend is now less an heroic memory than poison in the blood; it recalls less Chancellorsville, or even Nashville, than Oxford, Mississippi, with Ross Barnett as the poor man's Jefferson Davis. Of course, Southern pride in its military glory is natural, for it is all that the South salvaged in 1865. And the glory is genuine. Yet, politically, that cult of glory is one of the South's great handicaps today. The South did suffer, but in this bloody century so many nations have suffered more. Why should

a citizen of Berlin or Rotterdam or, for that matter, London, listen with patience to the tale of the burning of Columbia or Atlanta or the fire at Charleston? It can become as tedious as Irish lamentations over "the Troubles." Should a world that has been witness of the siege of Leningrad waste much time on the qualified heroism of the defenders, military and civilian, of Vicksburg? Should the victims of Hitler and of the Red Army really be expected to stand the retelling of the crimes of Sherman? Should the survivors of Hiroshima be interrupted in their memories by what is now very ancient history?

Tragedy and Farce

If this military cult is excessive, it is at least based on a reality. But the political cult is based on a dangerous fiction. One of the most disastrous illusions of the antebellum South was that it was the home of statesmen; at best it was the home of rhetoricians and pedants. Did the antebellum South produce any seriously competent political leader after President Polk? It is very doubtful. I think it is true that Jefferson Davis was the best political leader the South could find, but what a commentary on the South that is! And Davis, we should remember, was not a fire-eater, not a forerunner of Wallace or Barnett—or of Goldwater. The South in 1861 showed more prudence in choosing leaders than it has been doing of late. It chose the best it had; they were not good enough. Even the saboteurs of the war effort, the fanatics of States' Rights—Brown of Georgia, Vance of North Carolina—were more respectable characters than the most vehement defenders of "the Southern Way of Life" today.

It is, and has been for a long time, the South —"Christian," "conservative," "constitutional," "Anglo-Saxon"—that has produced the buffoons, the liars, the merest demagogues, the adroit exploiters of the passions and ignorance of the ill-educated Southern voters. One may assume that a man who was a successful trial lawyer like Governor Barnett must know the folly of "interposition," and that a former president of the American Bar Association like Mr. John Satterfield must know more than he permits himself to say. But possibly Governor Paul Johnson of Mississippi and Governor Wallace of Alabama *do* believe the historical and legal nonsense they preach and, up to the point of danger, practice. They are the equivalents of the Barnwell Rhetts of the period before the War, of the rabid doctrinaires who made even Jefferson Davis have doubts about the political sagacity of his section.

But where are the leaders in the Deep South who *do* know better, who are at the intellectual level of President Lyndon Johnson of Texas? They are mostly silent or, when they give a lead, however discreetly, are disowned. South Carolina has preferred the lead of Senator Strom Thurmond to the lead of Governor Donald Russell, as it preferred the lead of John C. Calhoun to the lead of James L. Petigru or Benjamin Franklin Perry. History, said Marx, *does* repeat itself; once as tragedy, then as farce.

But it is not only the present generations of leaders—and led—that have much to answer for. It is the survival of the bad tradition which made any adjustment between the victors and the vanquished impossible in 1865. It is in the nature of things that Mississippi was the leader in the rush of the conquered states to vote themselves victory by enacting the Black Codes. The South might have been better off if it had *really* been reconstructed, if the federal government had both imposed a new political pattern and given the equivalent of Marshall aid.

Not all the follies or sins were on one side. But many of the wrongs of Reconstruction, exaggerated and lied about as they were, were earned by the South. Folly has its price. To undo the "wrongs" inflicted by the Treaty of Versailles most Germans rallied behind Hitler and landed themselves in a political and moral disaster from which it is not at all certain that the German state will recover in this century. To undo the wrongs inflicted by the so-called victors in "the War of Northern Aggression," to borrow a phrase I picked up in Richmond a couple of years ago, the leaders of the South encouraged organized violence, organized lawlessness, organized mendacity. By these methods and by the aid of Northern moral laziness and greed, the South was "redeemed"—that is, a large part of the population of the South was by law, custom, education reduced to peonage, taught to see and comport themselves as "niggers," taught their place by physical outrage that has had its parallels in this dreadful century in the crimes of the Nazi SS, of the French "*milice*," of the Red Army, of the French "forces of order" in Algeria, and, as an earlier trial run, in British massacres in India and murderous and organized crime in Ireland. The South is not alone in its sins, but it is nearly alone in not admitting them to be sins.

You cannot organize a reign of terror for a generation, you cannot be silent when the Old Adam or Old Nick breaks out, without paying

A Summation

AN old man wet with tobacco juice and furtive-eyed summed up the result: "Wal, the bottom rail's on top and it's gwiner stay thar." . . . The election of demagogues horrifies nobody. The intelligent are cynically amused, the *hoi polloi* are so accustomed to victory they no longer swagger. The voters choose their representatives in public life, not for their wisdom or courage, but for the promises they make.

—William Alexander Percy, *Lanterns on the L— . . .*, 1941.

a price. The personal price does not matter, but the sectional price does. The sight of Senator James Eastland as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee (by the grace of Northern Democratic votes) may strike some people as merely as scandalous as pious Catholics may have thought the sight of Alexander VI celebrating High Mass in St. Peter's. But it is symptomatic in an ugly sense. The necessary adjustment of the South to the modern world is hindered, possibly made impossible, by political phenomena like Senator Eastland. He matters; Senator Thurmond (Rep., S. C.) does not.

In what way does such a political incongruity matter in 1965? It matters because the adjustment to the modern world is not simply a question of getting modern industry—largely federal government industry—into the South. It is a matter of getting a climate of opinion in which the white people of Mississippi, of Alabama, of rural Georgia, can make the kind of revolutionary change in their public political attitudes that must be made if the Deep South is not to remain a sore and a scandal for the United States, a society that is getting sicker. It must get better or worse; it can't simply stew in its own juice.

It would be easy and tempting to let it go at that. We all like to "compound for sins [we] are inclined to by damning those [we] have no mind to." But it is not a mere matter of avoiding censoriousness, for we should first of all ask ourselves if, in fact, we *do* have no mind to? I recall one of the wisest sayings on the race question in the South, made thirty years ago by that acute observer and critic, Mr. Thomas Sancton. "Every white man is at heart a sahib." This is true of the South, and I am sure that Mr. Sancton meant it to be true of more than the South. He was right. The temptations of race superiority, of any conspicuous and accepted badge of superiority, like a "good accent" in England, are nearly irresistible. The intellect, the moral sense, may bid us reject them, but our wicked and corrupt hearts say "take them."

We have seen in England a safe Labor seat lost in Parliament on a "white backlash" vote of the kind that Governor Wallace failed to deliver in Gary, Indiana. I take it that Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, the former Foreign Secretary who lost two safe seats, would be less inclined than most Labor MPs to be condescending about the race problems of the U. S.; and, of course, race is not the only prejudice. One reason for the slight Labor majority in England is that certain districts of the Liverpool area have at last gone Labor because the descendants of Irish Protestants there no longer vote simply against the Pope. Labor would have a more manageable majority if the Protestant voters of Ulster voted their interests instead of their prejudices.

I could multiply the instances of nonracial prejudice that afflict advanced and complacent societies like Britain. But race is more powerful as a distorter of the democratic process. Race is visible; the race that is denied equality has known the greater inferiority of slavery. Its inheritance is ambiguous. The Negroes are Americans, but what *kind* of Americans? Are they complete Americans? The Southern tradition says No. Prejudice is there, is in some degree natural, is comfortable, and is, for some people, profitable. It may be that as Professor W. H. Hutt of Cape Town has ingeniously argued about South Africa, racial segregation is unprofitable, even a dead loss, to the segregators. But the South Africans don't know that, or the most noisy of them don't.

Ruling classes in all countries have been inclined for many centuries to encourage the lower orders to entertain dividing prejudices. Catholics in Ireland are kept from dangerous thoughts that might have awkward social consequences. The Tsardom encouraged or winked at pogroms. The best people in Germany professed to believe that they could use Hitler; that way Auschwitz lay. The Southern ruling class, the decaying planters, the rising businessmen, afraid, with faint reason I think, of an alliance of poor whites and blacks, let the nigger-haters have their head.

This involved a lot of foolish and some odious nonsense. The history of Jim Crow, as C. Vann Woodward has pointed out, is nasty, brutish, and short. It produced such impudent absurdities as banning until 1959 the Atlanta public library to all Negroes, thus barring W. E. B. Du Bois, the most distinguished intellectual ornament of Atlanta. (I, although a fairly frequent visitor to Atlanta, didn't know Negroes were barred, and

many intelligent Atlanta whites didn't know either. After all, it was no skin off our noses.) In Florida, there is a natural "wonder," the property of the state, a series of pools of exceptionally clear water over which you sail in glass-bottomed boats. Half of these boats are driven by Negroes, but no Negro can be a passenger—or could not be till quite recently. They *could*, however, go half a mile away and from the top of a lane look at their betters gliding over the water owned by the state of which they were citizens! Instances of such ignominious brutality could be multiplied. And they are not as serious as notorious inequalities in the administration of the law, the toleration of murder as an instrument of government in Mississippi, bad schools, economic inequality enhanced by law and custom; nor are they possibly as serious as the congenital and sacred bad manners of some whites to Negroes. (Again, the sin is not purely Southern; if it is only now that a Negro in court is beginning to be called "Mister," it was a long time before Methodist ministers in England established the right to be called "Reverend.") It may be that the defense, to this day, of these absurd and degrading exclusions is part of what Messrs. Killian and Grigg in their highly intelligent book on the *Racial Crisis in America* call the "patriarchal" tradition, but patriarchal is an ambiguous term. The most hard-shell Baptist would not today hold up the patriarch Lot as a pattern.

But what has all this to do with the adjustment of the Deep South to modern society? I am not innocent enough to think that certain types of technical progress cannot be made in a society in which freedom, in our sense, is rare or unknown. The Sputniks were the product of an unfree society; so were Dr. Wernher von Braun's rockets. (I see no reason why Dr. von Braun should not work happily in Alabama; he has served a worse society with no known discomfort.) But American society is not quite like that of Stalin's Russia or Hitler's Germany. By far the great part of the intellectual leaders of America are committed to the "liberal" position. They do not feel at home in the Deep South. For that matter, intelligent Southerners do not feel at home there. They get out or are pushed out. Those who stay show heroic virtue.

That they go into exile or are exiled is a pity. But they run more than the risk of persecution if they stay; they run the risk of being infected by the local madness. I know a man, of a really aristocratic family, a Sartoris not a Snopes, who has been a scientific servant of the federal government, who has inherited wealth and made it much greater, who is above all economic pressure and socially far above a "new man" like Jefferson Davis, to name only the dead. Yet he is a sophisticated supporter of Governor Wallace. The politicians in Arkansas or Mississippi like Brooks Hays and Frank Smith who have shown what the Germans call "civil courage" have been duly punished. Even silence may not save Senators Sparkman or Hill of Alabama. His name may not, in a year or two, save Senator Long of Louisiana if madness still rules.

Salvation must come from the outside. It can come from men who have the decency to see the sins of their own side—as William Buckley displayed it in his reproach to the leaders of Mississippi who had not adequately denounced and punished the outrages against Negroes and Negro churches there. (Mr. Goldwater displayed a discreditable unwillingness to shoot the ducks that lay electoral eggs.) Most of the United States, indeed most of the South, has rebuked the follies —worse than follies—of the Goldwater campaign. It *is* an age in which anything, including some good things, may well seem possible. But if there should be no return to the spirit of Andrew Johnson's "treason must be made odious," there might be an amended version: treason must cease to be politically profitable.

"Children of Appomattox"

In a few years the United States may put a man on the moon. It will be an anomaly if it cannot effectively guarantee the rights of American citizens in Mississippi, and if the Democratic party, which may by then be the only national party left, cannot dislodge a man like Senator Eastland. The Deep South can continue to try to secede inside the Union. The Union can prevent it if it wishes to; it can begin the political education too soon abandoned after history made sure that "the War Between the States" would be "the War of the Rebellion."

In an admirable speech on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln, Senator Lyndon Johnson, as he then was, said: "We are all children of Appomattox." The choice must be made, between the spirit and achievement of Appomattox and the spirit of the proclamation of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, ominously, in Montgomery. Then it was said that the hour and the man had met. In a disastrous sense they had. The hour is here and a much more sagacious Southern leader is here. Will they meet?

Georgia Boy Goes Home

by Louis E. Lomax

Louis E. Lomax has been an acute observer of the Negro revolt in his many books and articles. From the moment he met Martin Luther King, Jr., in the Atlanta airport to the day he gave the sermon in his uncle's church in Valdosta, he was struck by the uneasy juxtaposition of intransigence and change in his native land. What emerges is an intriguing portrait of a Southern town.

I came home to Georgia by jet. The flight from New York to Atlanta was uneventful, but as the plane taxied toward the terminal I felt slightly uneasy. Georgia had just gone for Goldwater; Georgia was still Georgia. Walking along the corridor to the main lobby, I heard cracker twangs all about me; these, in my childhood, were the sound of the enemy, so that even now I react when I hear them, and I immediately suspect any white man who has a Southern drawl. Yet I could see no signs telling me where I should eat, drink, or go to the rest room. The white passengers seemed totally unconcerned with me. I could see a change in their eyes, on their faces, in the way they let me alone to be me.

I was on my way to the Southern Airlines counter to confirm my reservation to Valdosta. Suddenly I saw a brown arm waving at me from a phone booth. There, in the booth, was Martin Luther King, Jr. Martin's family and mine had been Negro Baptist leaders in Georgia for almost fifty years; I first got to know him when I was in college and he was in junior high school. Now I was on my way home to Valdosta for *Harper's* to write about the changes in my town and to give a sermon in my uncle's church; Martin was on the way to the island of Bimini to write his Nobel Prize acceptance speech.

Martin and I stood in the lobby and tried to talk, but to no avail. We were continuously interrupted by white people who rushed over to shake his hand and pat him on the back. I could hardly believe that I was in Atlanta, that these were white people with twangs, and that they were saying what they were saying. Many of them asked for Martin's autograph; a few of them recognized me from television or from the dust jacket of a book and asked me to sign slips of paper. They were an incredible lot: a group of soldiers, five sailors, three marines, a score of civilians including the brother of the present Governor of Georgia, and three Negro girls. One stately old white man walked up to Martin and said, "By God, I don't like all you're doing, but as a fellow Georgian I'm proud of you."

My flight home was several hours away, and I had made a reservation at a motel near the airport. As Martin and I were parting, the loudspeaker announced that the motel bus was waiting for "Dr. Lomax." A Negro porter gathered my baggage and led me to the bus; he put my bags on the ground and I tipped him. A few seconds later I saw the white bus driver, and I knew I had reached a moment of confrontation. It seemed an eternity as I glanced up and down, from the white driver to my baggage; I remem-

bered all those years I had spent serving white people as a bellboy, a shoeshine boy, a waiter. The driver, however, couldn't have cared less about me or my color. He picked up my bags and put them in the bus. This is what the Republic has done to me and twenty million like me—I never felt so equal in all my life when I saw that white man stoop down and pick up *my* bags. "Get right in, sir," he said.

The motel people were the same. They acted as if there had never been such a thing as segregation. I ate and drank where I pleased. Later I had to break away from three white men and their woman companion who latched onto me in the motel dining room and insisted that I party with them until my plane left.

II

I came back home to the land tilled and served by my fathers for four generations. Valdostans, like most people, are children of fixity; as individuals and as a tribe they find a crag, a limb, a spot of earth—physical or emotional or both—and they cling on for dear life. They change without growing, and the more they change the more they remain the same. What frightens them, as with most people, is the sudden discovery that what they are—how they have lived all their lives—stands somehow in the path of history and of progress.

One can go home again if he remembers and accepts the land of his birth for what it was, if he understands what that land has become and why. The homecoming is more complete if one admits that he and his land have shaped each other, that from it springs much of both his weakness and his strength. Only as I walked down River Street toward the place I was born did I realize how much of a child of this land I am: its mud squished through my toes as I romped on unpaved streets and alleys; its puritanical somnolence settled over my childhood dreams and all but choked me into conformity. It was on the corner of River and Wells Streets, when I was eight years old, that a white man ordered his bulldog to attack me simply because I was a Negro. Judge J. G. Cranford and his wife lived in the big white house on the corner. They saw the incident from the front porch, and Mrs. Cranford ran into the street to my rescue and drove the man away with shame.

River Street has grown old without changing very much. The weed field that stretched between here and Jackson Street Lane is still a weed field; the old warehouse that stood at the foot of the hill is now a surplus food distribution center. The houses are the same houses they were when I was a child.

R. F. Lewes, as I shall call him, lived on this block. The summer before my junior year in college I was a handyman in his shop. Mr. Lewes would entertain his customers with dramatic descriptions of lynchings he had attended. His favorite story was about the night three Negroes were killed in a swamp near the Florida line. Lewes would advise his customers to get to a lynching early and stake out a choice spot on the killing ground. "But if the crowd is already there when you get there," he would add, "get down on your all fours and crawl between their legs so you can get up close to the nigger." One night I was cleaning the store when three of Mr. Lewes' cronies came in. "By God," he said to them, "this has been a rough day. Let's get a pint of moonshine and find some nigger bitches and get our luck changed."

Finally the stories became too much, and one day I threw down my shoeshine rag and went home. (After all, I was almost a junior in college and an official in my campus NAACP.) Lewes' son drove to our house and insisted that I return to work. My grandfather, the minister of the Macedonia First African Baptist Church, flatly said I didn't have to work in a place where my race was abused. R. F. Lewes, Jr. assured Grandfather that he would see to it that his father stopped telling lynch stories while I was in the shop. I had hardly returned to work when Lewes walked up to me and put his arms around my shoulders. "Louis," he said, eyeing me as if I were a wounded animal, "I wouldn't hurt *you!*"

During my visit home I saw Mr. Lewes on the street. He is very old and walks with a stick. A few weeks before, a Negro man had sat on a bench on the courthouse lawn next to him. Recoiling in anger, Lewes began jabbing the Negro in the ribs with his walking stick. The Negro called the police, and they told Lewes that the courthouse bench was for all the people, and either to calm down or move on. Mr. Lewes moved on.

III

Ours was a curious ghetto. Jackson Street Lane was the boundary line between the Negro and white sections along River Street. For one block Negroes lived on the north side of the street; the south side was completely white. To compound the oddness—the kind of thing that keeps the



BOB ADELMAN

Birmingham, 1963

South on the thin edge of insanity—the first two families in our block were white. I remember how their menfolk ran into the street rejoicing the night Max Schmeling defeated Joe Louis.

The two white houses are still there, but I cannot for the life of me account for the white people who had lived in them. They were of another world; I did not know their names, who they were, or what they did. For that matter, I can't recall a single white person in the entire town whom I *really knew* when I was a boy. There were a few white people—R. F. Lewes and the man whose bulldog attacked me—whom I truly feared and, more than likely, hated. There were a few white people, Mrs. Cranford for example, whom I trusted and, perhaps, loved. But whatever understanding I had of all of these people was based on nothing more than surface encounter.

The house where I was born is torn down, the land covered with brush. The corner grocery store, built by a grocery chain on land leased from my grandfather, is now an eyesore and a public hazard. This land still belongs to us. My Uncle James, now the preacher at the Macedonia Baptist Church, and I are the last of the Lomaxes. Soon we must sit down and decide what to do about the land. Where my grandmother's living room once was, there are wild weeds; thistles cover the place where my grandfather used to retire on Saturday nights to prepare his sermon. There are tall bushes in the potato patch and creeping vines in the bait bed.

There are other changes. The new freeway that runs from Atlanta to Jacksonville has ruined the sucker and catfish hole where Grandfather and I used to fish. The new city hall and its grounds sprawl over the homesites of more than twenty families, Negro and white. The mud swamp on the Clydesville Road is now the airport, and the Dasher High School from which I was graduated twenty-five years ago is now the J. L. Lomax Junior High School, which is named after my Uncle James.

When I walked these streets as a boy I prided myself in the fact that I knew exactly how many people there were in the town—14,592. (My grandfather used to say that this figure included "Negroes, white people, chickens, cows, two mules, and a stray hound dog.") By 1960 the population had more than doubled, and it is predicted that there may be 75,000 people living here by 1980. Since I was a child the number of

eople working in agriculture has decreased hreefold; the corresponding increase in trades, echnical, professional, and government employes is expected to continue.

Despite the occasional new sight, Valdosta, like ost American cities and towns, is old and tired nd falling down. A few weeks ago, not far from y old home, a chimney fell from a dilapidated uilding and killed a small child. In October of ast year the city manager pleaded with the mayor nd the city council for power to initiate a comrehensive housing code. His research showed hat 33 per cent of Valdosta's housing is either ilapidated or deteriorating, that less than half f the town's dwelling units are owner-occupied, nd that only slightly more than five hundred new ousing units will be erected during the rest of he 1960s. The city manager wanted to force the wners of deteriorating properties to fix them p, the owners of dilapidated buildings to tear hem down under the threat that if they don't he city will. He wanted to do something about he lack of recreational facilities for young peole. So far he has not succeeded, but he is still rying.

A referendum that would have levied two bond ssues for parks and recreation recently was deeated, with about 10 per cent of the registered oters participating. But in October a one-milion-dollar school bond issue won the voters' approval, although less than wo thousand of the city's ight thousand registered women voters bothered to go to the polls.

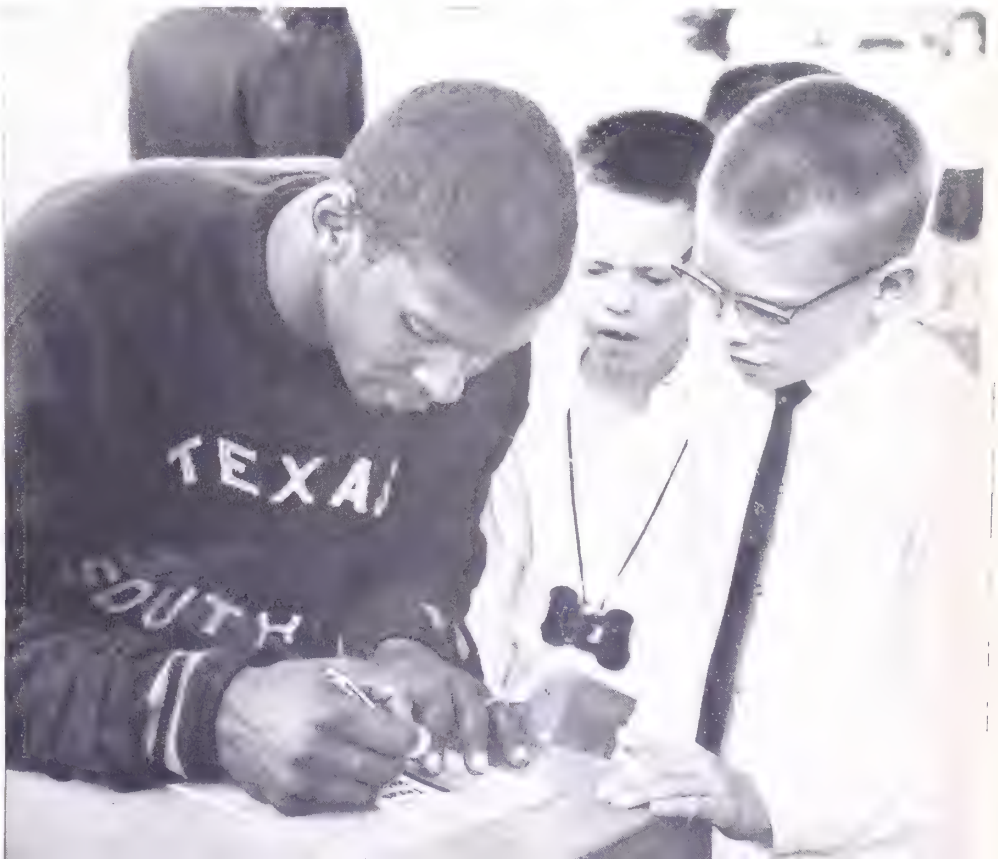
Apathy plagues the town. The people, both Negro and white, seem to have run out of gas. They simply don't care about civic improvements. The referendum for parks and recreation would have given the city two swimming pools. It was defeated by seventeen votes. Yet one night I walked up and down Patterson Street, the white mecca, and saw scores of boys and girls slinking into darkened store alcoves and alleys. Then I went down along South Ashley Street, the Negro section, and saw even more young people darting into back streets, petting in open lots, dancing to funky music in questionable "soda and ice cream parlors."

IV

As far as public accommodations go, Valdosta is an open town. I ate where I chose and went where I pleased, talking with whomever I wished of both races. Like most Southern towns, this one had moments of racial tension during the first days of integrated cafés, lunch counters, and theaters. But a well-disciplined law force invoked the law of the land. While police chiefs in other Southern towns were rousing the white rabble, the Valdosta police chief was traveling through the swamp farmlands on the town's outskirts telling white men who were most likely to get likkered up and come to town to keep calm. The Negroes were told to eat, not just demonstrate, and the whites were warned to keep the peace. They both did just that. Whenever and wherever Negroes have pressed their case there has been compliance with the Civil Rights Act.

This did not happen all by itself. A loosely organized interracial council arrived at reasonable, step-by-step goals. I think the major preventive act took place when the white power structure

Texas Relays, Austin, 1962



yielded to demands for Negro policemen. The sight of Negroes whom they knew and trusted policing their community gave Valdosta's Negroes a pride and a sense of personal security they had never had before. My town has not made ugly national and international headlines because the white power structure, led by three key men, took a long look at the turmoil that confronted so many places in the South and decided it would not happen in Valdosta.

E. M. Turner, the seventy-two-year-old editor of the local paper, took the same position with me. I was both astounded and angry. He had been the editor of the paper since I was a child. I had wanted to be a reporter and a writer, to learn the fundamentals of my craft, but I couldn't even get a job as a delivery boy. The first essay I ever wrote won me an honorable mention in a contest sponsored by the paper; they announced that I was a Negro and they misspelled my name. Yet E. M. Turner sat with me now for almost an hour and a half. He traced the rise of Valdosta from a one-crop town that trembled at the thought of the boll weevil to a town which changed its economy to one based on turpentine, pine trees, and resin. He sketched out the semi-industrial era that lies ahead for the town.

Our talk moved on to the race issue. "I've never had any trouble with nigras," Turner said. "I may not like the Civil Rights Bill, but it's the law of the land and it must be obeyed. But let me tell you this," he said. "I talked to my cook; she is a sweet old nigra woman who has been with us for years and she told me she didn't want her grandchildren going to school with white children."

I heard E. M. Turner well, and I thought to myself that I have yet to meet a white man, in the South or the North, whose cook believed in integration. Yet I wondered how, without integrated schools, such a man as Turner expected us to turn out Negroes equally prepared for the American job market. I decided to ask a significant question:

"Would you hire a Negro reporter if he was qualified?"

Turner did not hesitate. "I've never been faced with the issue," he said. "I'm not sure what I would do."

Later that day, when I had a talk with a local businessman, I saw something of the anguish that afflicts many white Valdostans of my age. His brother-in-law lives in Colombia and is married to a Colombian woman darker than most Negroes. The brother wanted to bring his wife to Valdosta for a visit; the proposed visit was, of course, vetoed with vigor. "Lord, how ashamed I am," he told me. "I'm afraid to have my own brother and sister come to my home."

He is a devout member of a Protestant church in Valdosta. His church raises money each month to keep an impoverished Negro church of the same denomination going. "We raise that money," he told me, "to keep the Negroes from coming to our church. I was just horrified when I saw how my fellow white Christians reacted when the question of integrating the two churches came up."

But it was another realization that really troubled him. "Now take you," he said. "I'd like to have you in my home, to sit down to prayer and break bread with my family. My wife feels the same way. But we'd be afraid to invite you."

"I'd invite you to my home," I told him. "I'm not afraid."

"But I'd be afraid to *come*," he shot back, pounding the desk with anger at his world and himself.

"In other words," I said, "there is a sense in which I, a Negro, have more freedom than you have."

"That's true," he replied. "Everything is so confused down here. They wouldn't bother you and your Uncle James if you invited my family to your home. But they would get after *us* if we came." He turned in his chair, dropping me out of his sight as he faced the wall and let his eyes drift toward the ceiling.

"But I did vote for Goldwater," he added, speaking more to himself than to me. "Somebody has just got to stop the Communists from taking over the world."

V

The Goldwater victory hung like a frightening cloud over the well-meaning white Valdostans who were trying to find a way out of the racial wilderness. One of the men most responsible for Goldwater's carrying Valdosta was George C. Cook, the seventy-three-year-old owner of the radio station. Cook came to town thirty years ago and became a leader in the business community; he has been president of the Chamber of Commerce and has spearheaded the drive to get more industry—"particularly those that will give these nigger women on relief something to do," he explained to me—into Valdosta. He made his station the voice of Goldwater conservatism and the White Citizens' Council. The week before the election, Cook encountered one of Valdosta's most respected Negroes in the post office. "Doctor,"

Cook said to the Negro, "I want you to go home nd call all your friends and tell them to tune in n my station tonight at seven-thirty. We're going to give the niggers and Jews hell tonight and sure want you and your people to hear it."

I talked with Cook for more than an hour. "Now came out for Goldwater, but I ain't no Republian," he said. "I'm a Democrat. That," he went n to say, pounding his chest, "is in here, in my eart. I could no more be a Republican than I ould fly. But I just couldn't stomach that Kenedy-Johnson crowd and the way they are taking ver the rights of the states and the individual.

"Now as for this integration business, I don't ee what all the hell's about. We never had any rouble with niggers. I was against the Civil ights Bill but when it became the law of the nd I felt we'd better try and live with it. One f my friends called me up and told me he'd gotn word that the niggers were coming to his unch counter to demonstrate. He said he was oing to feed them if they came there. I told im, by God, to feed them niggers and he'd find ut that once he fed them, and they had made heir point, they would never come back. And you now," he added, bursting into laughter, "that's xactly what happened. Them niggers ate, then hey left and ain't a one of them black sonsaitches been back there since.

"Let me tell you something, Louis," he said uddenly. "I lived with niggers all my life; I rew up with them and played with them; there asn't a bit of trouble. Why a sweet, old black igger woman helped raise me; she was as sweet woman as God ever let live. And if and when I et to heaven I'm going to look up that nigger oman and kiss her on the cheek.

"There ain't going to be no trouble here," he aid. "A few young niggers and young white rash might try to start something; then the old eads, nigger and white, will keep things under ontrol. What we need in this town instead of gitation is some new industries with nigger obs, so these nigger men can feed their famies, so these nigger women on relief can make a ay check. That's what we need to keep Valdosta oing. Why, the niggers are pouring into town y the carloads every day, and if we don't find omething for them to do we are going to have ne hell of a mess in this town before too long. es sir, that's what this town needs: nigger jobs, or nigger men and women."

On the subject of jobs, Comer Cherry, a diametrical opposite to Cook among the business ommunity, feels the same way. Cherry has been resident of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club, and a prime mover behind the biracial commission. He is representative of the new thinking among white Valdostans. "The way I see it," he says, "the economy of the nigra community is the root of the problem. Once the nigra can earn a respectable pay check, most of the agitation will die down."

The median income for a Valdosta white family in 1960 was $4,360; for Valdosta Negro families, $2,364. And there is a chilling prophecy in a recent economic study of the town. The study predicts that by 1980 the median income of Valdosta white families will be $9,500, while the income of Negro families will reach only $4,250—more than twice the present disparity. Comer Cherry and George C. Cook have a point. Somebody, somehow, had better do something about Negro income in Valdosta or there will be real trouble in the future.

VI

I found no tension whatsoever in the Valdosta Negro community. The Negro masses undulate along the streets, oblivious to what is going on in the Congo, in Red China, or in Mississippi. The county hospital has been completely integrated, and the authorities have shut down the old back entrance marked "colored." Yet despite the fact that the leaders have told local Negroes to use the front door, one witnesses the pathetic spectacle of their going to the same place to find a back way in. What mainly struck me is that there are more of them, and that they are growing in geometric proportions. They are the citizens of "Niggertown," the habitués of juke joints, of pig-foot alley and crumbling shanties. Their children pour into school, only to drop out. Talking with these dropouts one comes away knowing that they never really dropped in. They don't know anything; they can't do anything. Here, among the black masses, is the greatest monument to my town's—the South's—wickedness. It is a society which continues to grind out hundreds, thousands, millions who are totally defeated, who are alienated from that society from the day they are born.

The Valdosta black bourgeoisie serve the black masses. They teach them in school, pull their teeth, prescribe medicine for their livers, tell them about Jesus on Sunday morning, sell them life insurance when they are young, and bury them when they die. That is the way it was thirty-five years ago; that is the way it is now. Their only saving grace—and this is true all over

Black Bourgeoisie,

has a gold tooth, sits long hours
on a stool thinking about money.
sees white skin in a secret room
rummages his sense for sense
dreams about Lincoln(s)
conks his daughter's hair
sends his coon to school
works very hard
grins politely in restaurants
has a good word to say
never says it
does not hate ofays
hates, instead, him self
him black self

by LeRoi Jones

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the country—is that they are willing to accept, without recourse to background, any person who can traverse the maze that leads from Shantytown to professionalism. I was born to the black bourgeoisie; I stumbled and floundered for twenty years; and there were grave doubts that I would ever validate my heritage. Yet I had schoolmates who were up from the trash pile; some of them made it, and they are now solid members of the Valdosta Negro middle class.

It would be wrong for me to say that they don't care about the black masses. They do care; they care, at times, almost to the point of nervous breakdown. Their problem, essentially, is the same as that of the concerned white men of Valdosta: the monster created by the Southern way of life is so terrifying, and becoming so gargantuan, that nobody knows what to do or where to start doing it.

Meanwhile, the Valdosta black bourgeoisie are becoming more and more comfortable, their world more and more secure. They are the ones who can afford to dress up and go out for dinner once a week to a previously "white only" restaurant, who can travel during their vacations and take advantage of the integrated motels, hotels, and travel facilities. Yet few of them have actually contributed to the Negro revolution that has made these things possible. The Valdosta black bourgeoisie are largely schoolteachers. Despite their new freedom, they must plod away in schoolrooms that are still separate and unequal; they must keep quiet about integration or be fired.

"I'm doing all I can do and still keep my job," one third-grade Negro teacher told me. "When my principal isn't around, I teach my children that four pickets times nine pickets is thirty-six pickets. I just hope and pray they grow up and get the message."

Part of the tragedy of my town is that there is no real Negro leadership to translate to the masses the message this teacher is trying to deliver. Negro leadership in Valdosta is nothing more than ten or twelve men with incomes rooted in the ghetto, who sporadically gather to try to muster general support for programs each of them has presented to the town's white fathers when his fellow Negro spokesmen were not looking. A dozen of these Negro leaders—most of whom I have known since childhood—met with me to discuss the plight of the Valdosta Negro and to describe what they planned to do about it. The more they talked the more it became apparent, as one of them had the courage to say, that Negro leadership was about the same as it was when I was a little boy. There is no NAACP in Valdosta, no Urban League. Nobody would dare let Martin Luther King, Jr., preach in their church, and CORE is something they read about in the newspaper and hear about on television. The Negro leaders, such as they are, turn on each other and accuse one another of being disloyal, apathetic, and indifferent.

VII

What, then, is the next step forward for Valdosta, not just toward integration, but into the world as it really is?

Although the Negro population is 36 per cent, not a single public school is integrated in the town. However, the all-white board of education is ready to accept Negro pupils into any schools they can establish their legal right to attend. Moreover, the white power structure knows precisely where these schools are, and the white students have been prepared for the probability that their schools will one day be integrated. Even more, the white students have accepted the idea and wish the Negroes would get it over with so everybody concerned can settle down to learning his lessons.

White Valdosta businessmen have jobs waiting for Negroes; these jobs will never be filled until Negro leaders stop fighting each other and draw up a unified job program to place before the biracial commission.

At a state college located in Valdosta, I was told, there were only two Negro students, and

"Black Bourgeoisie," © 1967 by the New York Chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality.

se were financed by some of the Negro leaders o met with me. No other Negroes had enrolled two years. This could be changed if Negro kesmen would unify and make the right de- nds. There is an integrated county technical l industrial school on the outskirts of Valdosta t is begging for Negro students. There are all few Negro applicants. The brunt of the burden, egret to say, rests with the town's Negro mid- class. But they, like so many of their white rs, are consumed by fear.

The Valdosta Negro middle class, then, is on verge of becoming a tribe; its members are cely proud of themselves and their own; they ldn't care less about socializing with white ple. At a large party given for me one night, vas able to locate only one Negro friend—a nan—who had a social relationship with a ite person. She and a white woman have a ncheon friendship," largely at the urging of white woman. Even that almost collapsed en the white woman invited other white women join.

The other white women smiled dryly at me," said, "and I was ready to say, like, forget it. husband makes more than her husband and asn't about to grovel just to have some white ch dates."

I know what you mean," a county school prin- al said. "These phony white liberals are about itch. They say they love us, that they want to ient relations, that they want to overcome the t that there has been no communication be- en us and them, and then they get in that n voting booth and . . ."

Vote for Goldwater," several people shouted.

You think you got problems," a doctor broke "I was walking down Patterson Street a few ks ago and a white man fell to the sidewalk h a heart attack right in front of me. I forgot was white and tried to help him. A crowd hered and became hostile because I was a ro!"

Did you go away and let him die?" somebody uted from the back of the room.

No," the doctor replied, "I did the best I could the sonofabitch and sent him off to the hos- l." Everyone, of course, laughed.

he party music played, but there was surpris- y little drinking or dancing. I was home; se were my brothers and sisters. They knew and were glad to see me. We talked of the s when we were children, of our fathers and hers and grandparents who pushed us so far g the way. We told the "in" jokes. Nobody tioned white people; nobody wanted or needed them there. We would have stayed all night if it had not been Saturday. But at church the next morning one of the school principals was scheduled to sing a solo. One woman was to play the organ, another the piano. Another school principal was to handle the collection, and I was to deliver the sermon.

VIII

The next day I stood in the Macedonia Baptist Church pulpit that has been occupied by a Lomax for more than half a century; some of the people who sat in the congregation had known me before I knew myself. Tribal middle-class pride was running high. Just the Sunday before, Calvin King, one of my younger childhood schoolmates who went on to get his doctorate in mathematics, had been the guest preacher. Uncle James had listened with pride as Calvin told of his travels in the Holy Land, of his work in helping launch a new university in Nigeria.

I told the congregation about my experiences in Africa, behind the Iron Curtain, and in American cities where racial troubles had erupted. White Christianity, I said, had become synonymous with white oppression all over the world, and the black Christians were about all Jesus had left. We were the only ones who could now go about preaching the words of Jesus without being suspected of questionable motives. My plea was that we black Christians become more militant, that we take a courageous stand for human rights, to clarify Christ's name if for no other reason.

It is significant that when I had finished there was a loud congregational "amen." A few white people had come to the service, and one of them was crying. Uncle James issued the invitation for the unchurched to come up and join. But that was not the hour for sinners. Rather, I think, it was a time for the believers to reassess what they were in for.

* * *

Change is coming. Having seen many of the troubled places of Africa, America, and the Caribbean, I know social dynamite when I see it. But Valdosta will make it peacefully into tomorrow, partly because the whites themselves are slowly changing, partly because the Negroes are not really pushing. Time nudges them both along. They—the black and the white of my town—are now looking across at each other in estrangement against the day when they might join in frank friendship.

A Conservative Prophecy: Peace Below, Tumult Above

by James Jackson Kilpatrick

A influential Southern conservative, editor of the Richmond "News Leader" and author of such books as "The Southern Case for School Segregation," believes that the South will solve its racial problems quicker and with greater maturity than the North. Although the editors take issue with many of his views, we present them here as a position which is widely shared throughout the region.

Appomattox sleeps eighty miles to the west of Richmond. The unpretentious house where Lee surrendered, now a national shrine, sits on a small knoll, the grass clipped, the fences all in neat repair. Few visitors come; the parking lot is seldom filled. Beyond the park area lies the rolling country of Southside Virginia. In the autumn the leaves form a Persian carpet, dull reds, dark greens, lemon yellows, stretching as far as the eye can see. In the spring the view from the porch is of dogwoods soft as whitecaps in a pale green sea. There is indeed, as Bruce Catton wrote, a stillness here. The windows of McLean House gaze blankly on the countryside Lee saw a century ago; an old cannon, frozen like a setter on point, is no more than harmless heraldry. Here the fighting stopped.

Some months ago, in the fall, I drove past Appomattox, and paused to look around before driving on. Two days later, business took me to New York and, on impulse, I went through the teeming streets of Harlem. The bleak afternoon was heavy with the threat of rain, and the dark faces on the sidewalks seemed charged with the same oppressiveness. "This is where the riot was," the cab driver said. He was being informative, a good host. Here in Harlem, I reflected, the fighting goes on.

The stillness of Appomattox, and the noise of rioting in Harlem, speak of a contrast too sharp to go unmarked. My thesis is the improving health of the South and the sickness of the North, the rising hope for peace below the Potomac, the certain prospect of tumult above. The time approaches—it will come as surely as the tides—when the South will solve its racial problems and contrive, for white and black alike, a not intolerable way of life. And this hour will come while the bottles still rain from the tenement roofs of Harlem.

Three premises support my argument. One arises out of history, another from economics, a third from contemporary politics. Together they speak of a better South evolving.

What does the South bring to the racial crisis of our time? The overlooked answer is that it

t brings these hundred years since Appomat-
; and it brings more than two hundred years
ore that. Alone among the regions of this
ntry, the South has lived with the Negro—
d in terms of massive "integration," in town
country and city, in love and hate, hostility
affection, indifference and concern. And the
gro has also lived with the South, grown used
ts many faces, fashioned patterns of existence.
our lives we have known the same landmarks.
wing through our storms we look up now and
n and catch a glimpse of something shared.
have mapped old points to steer by. And if
Negro's legacy has also been that of indignity
hurt, we all of us have a mixed inheritance
ood and ill. The white Southerner's life is no
of gardenias either.

n many ways, these years have been fearfully
d on the Southern Negro. The Southern white
n is just beginning to comprehend his own
elties. The grim record of humiliation, insult,
rivation, and injustice, never having been
ciently understood by the white South, is
now being acknowledged in this same quar-
But if the years have been hard in many
s, they have not been hard in all, and I sus-
this truth is not generally perceived beyond
Potomac. Happiness for the Southern Negro
ot necessarily a desegregated unit in a public
sing project in New York. Disgraceful as the
ul thought may seem, happiness can be a soft
rnoon on the banks of the bayou, with the
warm and the catfish biting.

know, I know: it will be said that the per-
ing sin of the South's treatment of the Negro,
ting every hour, is the denial of self-respect,
inescapable stain of discrimination based
n color. "The Negro does not want the public
sing unit," we are told. "He wants only to be
ted as a human being." Precisely so. But in
e areas of this everyday life, the Southern
ro has for years lived, loved, worked, and
ed as a human being, and if he has known
h hurt and misery, he has known much hap-
ss too. Along the banks of the bayou, all
ermen are equal. There may be discrimina-
in the morning and discrimination in the
ning, but life also knows its long and placid
rnoons. Today's doctrinaire abolitionists do
understand this. They have not caught enough
ish.

What have these more than three hundred
's of living together taught the Southern
te man of his black brother? James Baldwin's
y is "nothing at all." I believe, on the con-
y, that the white man has learned a good deal; he is learning more, in new and more significant ways, and the pace of his learning is accelerating. At the very least, these generations of living together have dulled the edge of novelty. Many areas of the United States are just now experiencing a sudden consciousness of race. The phenomenal Negro migration from South to North is chiefly a development of the past twenty years. Call it prejudice, or call it human nature, or call it what you will, the interracial adjustment of white persons to Negro persons, in large numbers, takes time—more time than twenty years. The South has experienced this time, and doubtless in some ways the South has used it poorly. But Rochester never had known the time. By and large, its Negro people had no sense of roots, no sense of place. They did not share in that love of one's community which is the first link, as Burke said, in the series by which we proceed toward a love to our country, and to mankind.

Small Expectations

The South—and here I mean the whole of the white and Negro South—has learned this too: we have learned not to expect too much of one another. This is a lesson, elementary in human relationships, which the rest of the country has yet to master fully. Doubtless it is an oversimplification to say that the white employer expects his Negro hand to be shiftless, and is pleasantly amazed at evidence of industry; while the Negro worker expects his white boss to treat him as an inferior, and is pleasantly astonished to sense no sign of racial prejudice. I do not intend to be unkind; I do intend to be realistic, and the realities are that, in a great many economic activities, Negro workers as a group simply are not as reliable or as intelligent as white workers as a group. The building contractor who uses Negro labor, as Southern builders do, automatically contracts on a Monday morning for 10 or 20 per cent above the normal working force, because experience has taught him that 10 or 20 per cent of his colored hands will not show up. He condones this mild delinquency, because he understands that nothing whatever is to be gained by firing the missing men. They will be back of a Tuesday. And life goes on.

The years have taught the white South other lessons. It is fashionable these days to insist that racial characteristics as such do not exist. Out of its history, the South would deny this. We have learned, or think we have learned, something of the Negro's great capacity for patience,



BOB ADELM

loyalty, humor, and affection. And perhaps we have learned, with exasperation, something of his capacity for fouling things up. We have learned something of his shrewd sense of indirection, his easy tolerance of disorder. These understandings and impressions come by osmosis, over a period of generations; it is an inheritance of observation and experience.

My own feeling, confirmed by travels throughout the South in recent years, is that the relationship of Southern white and Southern Negro is altering with remarkable speed. This change is not constant over the region as a whole. It is rapid in parts of Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida; slow in most of Alabama and nearly all of Mississippi. But the current is in motion. It may be useful to try to explain why this is happening, and why I believe this tide holds such promise of tranquillity. It is because many Southerners, reared to a nonthinking accepta of a certain way of life, abruptly and unco fortably have begun to think about certain pects of that way of life from the Negro's p of view. It is a point of view that never had q occurred to them before.

"Massive Calamit

It was not until after World War I that m of us began to look at these matters with a and suddenly perceptive eye. Little by little, are comprehending the injustice inherent in tain ancient customs. Where once we acce segregation in public transportation as a sin way of life, now such a practice is widely vie as simply absurd. In my own city of Richm whites and Negroes sit indifferently on the bu

ıere they please, and no one pays the slightest ention. Most of us were raised to the custom segregated libraries. The Negroes had branches their own. Now the idea of a segregated li- ıry seems grotesque. In the same fashion, we ve become accustomed to Negro police, Negro emen, Negro clerks, Negro operators of con- uction equipment. And all of these changes ve been grafted solidly onto a body of some ee hundred years of history.

At the same time we have also comprehended at so many of our liberal friends refuse to nprehend, that in terms of the whites' social l cultural values, the Negro people, as a peo- , are in truth today not equal to the white ple, as a people, and that overnight "integra- n," predicated upon imagined equality, is the elest illusion of all. In most rural Southern nmunities, massive integration of public ools would mean massive calamity. Where ite persons constitute a political minority, as y do in 140 Southern counties, the wholesale ension of the franchise overnight would mean ruption of order. No law, and no court decree, and of itself, can produce "equality." Exclud- all arguments about heredity, nothing but ıe can produce the home environments that tribute to excellence in education. Today's groes are three hundred years from African gles; but the whites, by God's grace, are two usand years from Greece and Rome.

This is, of course, the American dilemma, and South's dilemma. As Garry Wills has re- rked in *National Review*, the problem is to uire the patience "of the bewildered parent o recognizes himself in the odd behavior of his wing son, and not expect invariably adult posure from people only now being allowed to rcise some of their legitimate adult rights." e point is that, by and large, the Negro has not ched social adulthood. We compound error by tending that he has; and we should understand t the process of growth and maturity cannot hurried by artificial stimulations.

The Color of Money

My second premise, in believing that the South find a *modus vivendi* sooner than Harlem, ns from the economic opportunities that will available to the Southern Negro. Profit will n doors for him that custom has kept closed. f we of the South can resolve these questions race, *and we can*, there is no visible limit to region's economic potential. We are like an underdeveloped nation just awakening to the prospects of tourism, research and development, light manufacturing, the new technology. We have uncrowded cities, inviting land, congenial people, a productive climate. In most of its urban areas, the South is growing far more rapidly than other parts of the country; and while there is much "guv'mint money" in this growth, there is much venture capital also.

The Negro is bound to share in all this. Every year his educational opportunities improve. Twenty years ago, it was fair to say that all Negro schools were unequal. Today some Negro schools remain so but, at least in terms of physical facilities, a great many Negro schools are superior to their white counterparts. White and Negro teaching staffs are equally certified in terms of academic degrees. They are equally paid. And one step at a time, without the racist lunacies of "busing," desegregation of schools advances cautiously across the South. We understand more and more that, in the strange new world of cybernetics and control machines, Negro youths must be educated to find productive employment. The alternative is the loss of buying power and the expense of a welfare roll.

In 1940, the median income of the American Negro, amounting to less than $500, was about 41 per cent of the white median. By 1960, the Negro's median income had grown to $3,075, six times the 1940 figure and amounting to some 60 per cent of the white. There have been further improvements in the past four years. Across the South a new Negro middle class is evolving, buying homes, furnishings, automobiles, appliances. A new generation of white merchants is interested not in the color of the Negro's skin, but in the color of his money.

This is not cupidity or venality or exploitation; it is becoming good business. The more

What It Took

'WHO else could have declared a war against a power with ten times the area and a hundred times the men and a thousand times the resources, except men who could believe that all necessary to conduct a successful war was not acumen nor shrewdness nor politics nor diplomacy nor money nor even integrity and simple arithmetic but just love of land and courage—'

'And an unblemished and gallant ancestry and the ability to ride a horse,' McCaslin said. 'Don't leave that out.'

—From *The Bear*, by William Faulkner.

money the Negro has to spend, the more he will find restaurants, stores, and home-builders competing for his trade. The 1960 census reported 97,000 Negro home-owners in Alabama, 90,000 in Georgia, 79,000 in Mississippi. They were part of nearly two million Negro home-owners in the country as a whole. The next census will find these figures notably enlarged, and some of the most encouraging increases will be in the South.

New Tenants

The foundations of history and the forces of economics will be accompanied by a third factor working in the Negro's behalf. He is coming into his own, as a voter, at the very time the South is experiencing political upheaval. Politically, the Negro never used to matter in the South. If he voted at all, he voted Republican. Even in the largest cities, until quite recently, white candidates for public office seldom bothered to campaign in Negro wards. And there were no Negro candidates.

It is astonishing—and unsettling—to note how swiftly this has changed. Democratic primaries, which once were "tantamount to election," are not nearly so tantamount now. A genuine two-party system is being developed. With the abolition of the poll tax in federal elections, Negroes are voting by the thousands. The Southern Regional Council has estimated that 2,250,000 Negroes in the old Confederacy states were registered to vote last year. These colored legions are voting in disciplined and cohesive blocs. Sometimes they are electing candidates of their own race. In the confusion of Democratic and Republican contests, they move by tentative steps toward an occasional balance of power. There is substance in the Negroes' assertion that only their votes kept such states as Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida in the Johnson column last November.

This new political power is principally an urban phenomenon, but the South gets more urban all the time. Some strangely unfamiliar alliances are forming between liberal Democrats and the new Negro voters. A great many conservative Democrats in public office have begun to think seriously about an outright shift in party affiliation. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina made this dramatic switch last fall. Others inevitably will follow his lead. It is not at all improbable that the next ten or fifteen years will see a South as solidly Republican, in certain urban areas, as it once was solidly Democratic. The conservative-oriented majority will have aban doned the house of its fathers to some new ten ants. The Negro is moving in.

Those of us who have lived all our lives in th South as members of the "dominant white ma jority"—as conservatives, as segregationists—find it an amazing time. Change comes at a pac that may seem slow to others, but swift indee to us. Within the professional communities an within many business communities also, Negr doctors, educators, bankers, insurance men, real estate dealers are gaining admission to the or dinary intercourse of ordinary men. We mov beyond the old era of stilted "biracial commit tees," where everyone was on his best behavio guarded as ambassadors at tea; and very gradu ally we explore new relationships. It is a proces of infinitely slow discovery; we grope with grea caution, often out of sight of one another, an now and again we retreat from offensive Negr militancy, or find a path closed by hated federa coercion, or see tranquillity destroyed by som idiot who bombs a Negro church. But we tend t find more clearings than we used to.

A Certain Receptivit

The process is helped in the South, ironicall enough, by the very migration that has contrib uted to the North's problems. It is reasonable t surmise that the Negroes who have left the Sout are the dissatisfied, the restless, the ambitiou the militant. As they have moved out, they hav left behind a relatively larger proportion of th contented, the indifferent, the nonmilitant. Ther remain in the South many aggressive Negr leaders, but there are not quite so many aggres sive followers, hot for revolution, ready to li down in streets and throw bottles at the cop Southern Negro communities, for all the in migration from farms, are growing more stabl On both sides of the racial barrier good manner survive.

Doubtless many Negro families who have le the South will find happiness in Northern cities—better income, better education, and communit acceptance. The Lord be with them. But my gues is that the outflow of Southern Negroes will tape off in coming years, and the next census ma even show signs of an occasional return of di illusioned expatriates to the land of their birt They will find no paradise—not many perso ever do—but they will find in the emerging Sout a certain receptivity and maturity that promis for both races a better time ahead.

Voices from the South

by Robert Coles

child psychiatrist I have
uch of the last several years
South studying the effects
gregation on the human be-
volved, trying to learn how
uals manage under severe
ressures. The following para-
are the words of some of the
f the South, recorded on tapes
ten to others or me during
ie:

gro boy recollecting his ex-
e as a pioneer in the desegre-
of Little Rock's schools: *"It
bad that we figured it
get worse, so if we could
t out it would have to get
and then it did."*

ite boy in Atlanta comments
feelings at the sight of a
in his classroom: *"I felt as
history was crumbling right
our eyes. First I couldn't
it, and then I didn't think it
ast. . . . Now I think we for-
ut it most of the time."*

acher in a North Carolina
in school: *"I never thought
to see colored children in
ool; but to be truthful, after
I think we have to remind
s that a colored child is
."*

egregationist woman telling
she was just that, and why
pulled her child out of a
leans school when it was de-
ted: *"If I didn't believe in
tion my children soon would
getting the difference, and
play with them in school and
their level. . . . Who ever
heard of making white and colored
mix? If they did that a long time
ago you and I wouldn't be white."*

A tall, blond, ruddy-faced former sharecropper now become a migrant worker: *"We never much needed money, but then we couldn't buy clothes for the kids, and the bills came knocking on us . . . so we couldn't keep on the farm, and we decided we'd just go where there was the money, even if we had to keep following it."*

A Negro sharecropper in Mississippi: *"I'd like to get me and my family out of here, but I doesn't know how and I doesn't know where to."*

In Georgia a white child wrote in a Negro classmate's yearbook: *"I hope you will forgive those of us who have been mean and ugly. . . ."*

In Mississippi a policeman said to me after a home had been dynamited and two summer volunteer students working on voter registration injured: *"You're lucky you can treat them this time. Next time they might need the coroner."*

In his home in an Alabama city a doctor talks: *"I think you're studying the wrong people. The Negroes have lasted through slavery, so they're certainly going to survive desegregation. . . . And those segregationists screaming in mobs are just the rabble let loose by a dying, confused society. But what about all the scared well-meaning people of the South? I wonder how our minds survive it . . . the lying we do and the shame we have to live with. . . ."*

Finally, a white woman of Louisiana is trying to explain why—in spite of a mob and a nearly complete boycott—she defied threats on her life and her children's lives in order to keep them in a school that had admitted one little six-year-old Negro child: *". . . my heart is divided, and at the worst of it I thought we'd die, not just from dynamite, but from nervous exhaustion. I wasn't brought up to have nigras at school with me or my children. I just wasn't. . . . If I had to do it over, I wouldn't have made this system, but how many people ever have a say about what kind of world they're going to live in? . . . I guess in a sense I did have my way with those mobs. But I didn't plan to, and we were near scared to death most of the time. . . . People blame the South for the mobs, but that's just part of the South. If I did right, that's part of the South, too. . . . They just don't know how a lot of us down here suffer. We didn't make all this, we just were born to it, and we don't have all the opportunity and money down here that they do in the North. . . . I told my children the other day that we're going to live to see the end of this trouble, and when we do I'll bet both races get on better down here than anywhere else in America. . . . Why? Because I think we're quieter down here, and we respect one another, and if we could clear up the race thing, we really would know one another better. . . . We've lived so close for so long. . . ."*

Mississippi: The Fallen Paradise

by Walker Percy

With the collapse of the moderates and the victory of the Snopeses, can it ever be possible for this obsessed and tortured state to emerge from its long nightmare? How is one to explain both its kindliness and its unspeakable violence? The author, member of a courageous Mississippi family, won the National Book Award in 1962 for his novel, "The Moviegoer."

A little more than one hundred years ago, a Mississippi regiment dressed its ranks and started across a meadow toward Cemetery Ridge, a minor elevation near Gettysburg. There, crouched behind a stone wall, the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac waited and watched with astonishment as the gray-clads advanced as casually as if they were on parade. The Mississippians did not reach the wall. One soldier managed to plant the regimental colors within an arm's length before he fell. The University Grays, a company made up of students from the state university, suffered a loss of precisely one hundred per cent of its members killed or wounded in the charge.

These were good men. It was an honorable fight and there were honorable men on both sides of it. The issue was settled once and for all, perhaps by this very charge. The honorable men on the losing side, men like General Lee, accepted the verdict.

One hundred years later, Mississippians were making history of a different sort. If their record in Lee's army is unsurpassed for valor and devotion to duty, present-day Mississippi is mainly renowned for murder, church-burning, dynamiting, assassination, night-riding, not to mention the lesser forms of terrorism. The students of the university celebrated the Centennial by a different sort of warfare and in the company of a different sort of General. It is not frivolous to compare the characters of General Edwin Walker and General Lee, for the contrast is symptomatic of a broader change in leadership in this part of the South. In any event, the major claim to fame of the present-day university is the Ole Miss football team and the assault of the student body upon the person of one man, an assault of bullying, spitting, and obscenities. The bravest Mississippians in recent years have not been Confederates or the sons of Confederates but rather two Negroes, James Meredith and Medgar Evers.

As for the Confederate flag, once the battle ensign of brave men, it has come to stand for raw racism and hoodlum defiance of the law. An art professor at Ole Miss was bitterly attacked for "desecrating" the Stars and Bars when he depicted the flag as it was used in the 1962 riot —with curses and obscenities. The truth was that it had been desecrated long before.

No ex-Mississippian is entitled to write of the tragedy which has overtaken his former state with any sense of moral superiority. For he cannot be certain in the first place that if he had stayed he would not have kept silent—or worse. And he strongly suspects that he would not have been counted among the handful, an editor here, a professor there, a clergyman yonder, who not only did not keep silent but fought hard.

What happened to this state? Assuredly it ed difficult times after the Supreme Court ision of 1954 and subsequent court injunc- ns which required painful changes in customs long standing. Yet the change has been made cefully in other states of the South. In orgia over 39 per cent of Negroes of voting e are registered to vote. In Mississippi the ure is around 6 per cent.

What happened is both obvious and obscure. hat is obvious is that Mississippi is poor, gely rural, and has in proportion the largest gro minority in the United States. But Georgia res these traits. Nor is it enough to say that ssissippi is the state that refused to change, hough this is what one hears both inside and side the state. On the contrary, Mississippi s changed several times since the Civil War. ere have been times, for example, when dis- t was not only possible but welcome. In 1882 orge Washington Cable, novelist and ex-Con- erate cavalryman, addressed the graduating ss at the University of Mississippi:

> We became distended—mired and stuffed with conservatism to the point of absolute rigidity. Our life had little or nothing to do with the onward movement of the world's thought. We were in danger of becoming a civilization that was not a civilization, because there was not in it the element of advancement.

s address was warmly received by the news- pers of the region. It is interesting to specu- e how these remarks would be received today Ole Miss, if indeed Cable would be allowed to ak at all.

Two significant changes have occurred in the t generation. The most spectacular is the total eat of the old-style white moderate and the sequent collapse of the alliance between the od" white man and the Negro, which has ired more or less prominently in Mississippi itics since Reconstruction days. Except for oasis or two like Greenville, the influential ite moderate is gone. To use Faulkner's *per- ae*, the Gavin Stevenses have disappeared d the Snopeses have won. What is more, the opeses' victory has surpassed even the gloomiest pectations of their creator. What happened men like Gavin Stevens? With a few excep- s, they have shut up or been exiled or they e running the local White Citizens' Council. t even Faulkner foresaw the ironic denoue- nt of the tragedy: that the Compsons and Sar- ises should not only be defeated by the Snopeses t that in the end they should join them.

Faulkner lived to see the defeat of his Gavin Stevens—the old-style good man, the humanist from Harvard and Heidelberg—but he still did not despair because he had placed his best hope in the youth of the state. Chick Mallison in *Intruder in the Dust*, a sort of latter-day Huck Finn, actually got the Negro Lucas Beauchamp out of jail while Gavin Stevens was talking about the old alliance. But this hope has been blasted, too. The melancholy fact is the Chick Mallisons today are apt to be the worst lot of all. Ten years of indoctrination by the Citizens' Councils, racist politicians, and the most one-sided press north of Cuba has produced a generation of good-looking and ferocious young bigots.

The other change has been the emigration of the Negro from Mississippi, reducing the Negro majority to a minority for the first time in a hundred years. At the same time great numbers of Negroes from the entire South were settling in Northern ghettos. The chief consequence has been the failure of the great cities of the North to deal with the Negro when he landed on their doorstep, or rather next door. Mississippi has not got any better, but New York and Boston and Los Angeles have got worse.

Meanwhile there occurred the Negro revolution, and the battle lines changed. For the first time in a hundred and fifty years, the old sectional division has been blurred. It is no longer "North" versus "South" in the argument over the Negro. Instead there has occurred a diffusion of the Negro and a dilution of the problem, with large sections of the South at least tolerating a degree of social change at the very time Northern cities were beginning to grumble seriously. It seems fair to describe the present national mood as a grudging inclination to redress the Negro's grievances—with the exception of a few areas of outright defiance like north Louisiana, parts of Alabama, and the state of Mississippi.

Words Without Meaning

It is only within the context of these social changes, I believe, that the state can be understood and perhaps some light shed upon a possible way out. For, unfavorable as these events may be, they are nevertheless ambiguous in their implication. The passing of the moderate and the victory of the Snopeses may be bad things in themselves. Yet history being the queer business that it is, such a turn of events may be the very condition of the state's emergence from its long nightmare.

During the past ten years Mississippi as a society reached a condition which can only be described, in an analogous but exact sense of the word, as insane. The rift in its character between a genuine kindliness and a highly developed individual moral consciousness on the one hand, and on the other a purely political and amoral view of "states' rights" at the expense of human rights led at last to a sundering of its very soul. Kind fathers and loving husbands, when they did not themselves commit crimes against the helpless, looked upon such crimes with indifference. Political campaigns, once the noblest public activity in the South, came to be conducted by incantation. The candidate who hollers nigger loudest and longest usually wins.

The language itself has been corrupted. In the Mississippi standard version of what happened, noble old English words are used, words like *freedom, sacredness of the individual, death to tyranny*, but they have subtly changed their referents. After the Oxford riot in 1962, the Junior Chamber of Commerce published a brochure entitled *A Warning for Americans*, which was widely distributed and is still to be found on restaurant counters in Jackson along with the usual racist tracts, mammy dolls, and Confederate flags. The pamphlet purports to prove that James Meredith was railroaded into Ole Miss by the Kennedys in defiance of "normal judicial processes"—a remarkable thesis in itself considering that the Meredith case received one of the most exhaustive judicial reviews in recent history. The "warning" for Americans was the usual contention that states' rights were being trampled by federal tyranny. "Tyranny is tyranny," reads the pamphlet. "It is the duty of every American to be alert when his freedom is endangered."

Lest the reader be complacent about Mississippi as the only state of double-think, the pamphlet was judged by the *national* Jay Cees to be the "second most worthy project of the year."

All statements become equally true and equally false, depending on one's rhetorical posture. In the end even the rhetoric fails to arouse. When Senator Eastland declares, "There is no discrimination in Mississippi," and, "All who are qualified to vote, black or white, exercise the right of suffrage," these utterances are received by friend and foe alike with a certain torpor of spirit. It does not matter that there is very little connection between Senator Eastland's utterances and the voting statistics of his home county: that of a population of 31,020 Negroes, 161 are registered to vote. Once the final break is made between language and reality, argument generate their own force and lay out their ow logical rules. The current syllogism goes some thing like this: (1) There is no ill-feeling i Mississippi between the races; the Negroes lik things the way they are; if you don't believe i I'll call my cook out of the kitchen and you ca ask her. (2) The trouble is caused by outsid agitators who are communist-inspired. (3 Therefore, the real issue is between atheisti communism and patriotic God-fearing Missi sippians.

Once such a system cuts the outside wires an begins to rely on its own feedback, anythin becomes possible. The dimensions of the traged are hard to exaggerate. The sad and still in credible fact is that many otherwise decent pe ple, perhaps even the majority of the whit people in Mississippi, honestly believed tha President John F. Kennedy was an enemy of th United States, if not a communist fellow-travele

How did it happen that a proud and decen people, a Protestant and Anglo-Saxon peopl with a noble tradition of freedom behind them should have in the end become so deluded tha it is difficult even to discuss the issues with them because the common words of the language n longer carry the same meanings? How can re sponsible leadership have failed so completel when it did not fail in Georgia, a state with similar social and ethnic structure?

The answer is far from clear, but several rea sons suggest themselves. For one thing, as Jame Dabbs points out in his recent book *Who Speak for the South?*, Mississippi was part of the wil west of the Old South. Unlike the seaboar states, it missed the liberal eighteenth centur altogether. Its tradition is closer to Dodge Cit than to Williamsburg. For another, the Populis of the eastern South never amounted to muc here; it was corrupted from the beginning b the demagogic racism of Vardaman and Bilbo Nor did Mississippi have its big city whic might have shared, for good and ill, in the cu rents of American urban life. Georgia had it Atlanta and Atlanta had the good luck or goo sense to put men like Ralph McGill and Mayo Hartsfield in key positions. What was lacking i Mississippi was the new source of responsibl leadership, the political realists of the mature city. The old moderate tradition of the planter lawyer-statesman class had long since lost it influence. The young industrial interests hav been remarkable chiefly for their discretion When, for example, they did awake to the foll of former Governor Barnett's two-bit rebellion



BOB ADELMAN

as too late. And so there was no one to head the collision between the civil-rights move- it and the racist coalition between redneck, agogue, and small-town merchant. The re- was insurrection.

Death of an Alliance

he major source of racial moderation in Mis- ippi even until recent times has been, not ulism, but the white conservative tradition h its peculiar strengths and, as it turned out, fatal weakness. There came into being after onstruction an extraordinary alliance, which sisted more or less fitfully until the last world , between the Negro and the white conserv- e, an alliance originally directed against the r whites and the Radical Republicans. The ts of this "fusion principle," as it is called, surprising. Contrary to the current myth- y of the Citizens' Councils, which de- s white Mississippians throwing out the car- baggers and Negroes and establishing our sent "way of life" at the end of Reconstruc- , the fact is that Negroes enjoyed consider- more freedom in the 1880s than they do . A traveler in Mississippi after Reconstruc- reported seeing whites and Negroes served he same restaurants and at the same bars in kson.

his is not to say that there ever existed a len age of race relations. But there were ght spots. It is true that the toleration of Old Captains, as W. J. Cash called them, was politically motivated and paternalistic, but s not necessarily a derogation to say so. A is a creature of his time—after all, Lincoln a segregationist—and the old way produced e extraordinary men. There were many fe- ies in their relation with the Negro—it was all Uncle Tomism, though it is unfashion- to say so. In any case they lost; segregation firmly established around 1890 and lynch became widespread. For the next fifty years state was dominated, with a few notable ex- tions, by a corrupt Populism.

What is important to notice here is the nature the traditional alliance between the white erate and the Negro, and especially the logical basis of the former's moderation, be- se this spirit has informed the ideal of race tions for at least a hundred years. For, what- r its virtues, the old alliance did not begin to e the resources to cope with the revolutionary rents of this century. Indeed the world view of the old-style "good" man is almost wholly irrelevant to the present gut issue between the Negro revolt and the Snopes counterrevolution.

For one thing, the old creed was never really social or political but purely and simply moral in the Stoic sense: if you are a good man, then you will be magnanimous toward other men and especially toward the helpless and therefore especially toward the Negro. The Stoic creed worked very well—if you were magnanimous. But if one planter was just, the next might charge 80 per cent interest at the plantation store, the next take the wife of his tenant, the next lease convict labor, which was better than the sharecropper system because it did not matter how hard you worked your help or how many died.

Once again in recent years dissent became possible. During the depression of the 'thirties and afterward there were stirrings of liberal currents not only in the enthusiasm for the economic legislation of the Roosevelt Administration but also in a new awareness of the plight of the Negro. Mississippi desperately needed the New Deal and profited enormously from it. Indeed, the Roosevelt farm program succeeded too well. Planters who were going broke on ten cent cotton voted for Roosevelt, took federal

money, got rich, lived to hate Kennedy and Johnson and vote for Goldwater—while still taking federal money. Yet there was something new in the wind after the war. Under the leadership of men like Hodding Carter in the Delta, a new form of racial moderation began to gather strength. Frank Smith, author of the book *Congressman from Mississippi*, was elected to Congress. Described by Edward Morgan as "a breath of fresh air out of a political swamp," Smith was one of the few politicians in recent years who tried to change the old racial refrain and face up to the real problems of the state. But he made the mistake of voting for such radical measures as the Peace Corps and the United Nations appropriation, and he did not conceal his friendship with President Kennedy. What was worse, he addressed mail to his constituents with a Mr. and Mrs., even when they were Negroes. Smith was euchred out of his district by the legislature and defeated in 1962 by the usual coalition of peckerwoods, super-patriots, and the Citizens' Councils.

But the most radical change has occurred in the past few years. As recently as fifteen years ago, the confrontation was still a three-cornered one, among the good white man, the bad white man, and the Negro. The issue was whether to treat the Negro well or badly. It went without saying that you could do either. Now one of the parties has been eliminated and the confrontation is face to face. "I assert my right to vote and to raise my family decently," the Negro is beginning to say. His enemies reply with equal simplicity: "We'll kill you first."

Yet the victory of the Snopeses is not altogether a bad thing. At least the choice is clarified. It would not help much now to have Gavin Stevens around with his talk about "man's struggle to the stars."

The old way is still seductive, however, and evokes responses from strange quarters. Ex-Governor Ross Barnett was recently revealed as mellow emeritus statesman in the old style, even hearkening to the antique summons of noblesse oblige. A newspaper interview reported that the Governor was a soft touch for any Negro who waylaid him in the corridor with a "Cap'n, I could sho use a dollar." The Governor, it was also reported, liked to go hunting with a Negro friend. "We laugh and joke," the Governor reminisced, "and he gets a big kick out of it when I call him Professor. There's a lot in our relationship I can't explain." No doubt, mused the interviewer, the Governor would get up at all hours of the night to get Ol' Jim out of jail. It is hard to imagine what Gavin Stevens would make of this new version of the old alliance. Unquestionably something new has been added. When Marse Ross dons the mantle of Marse Robert, Southern history has entered upon a new age. And perhaps it is just as well. Let Governor Barnett become the new squire. It simplifies matters further.

Public vs. Private

Though Faulkner liked to use such words as "cursed" and "doomed" in speaking of his region, it is questionable that Mississippians are very different from other Americans. It is increasingly less certain that Minnesotans would have performed better under the circumstances. There is, however, one peculiar social dimension wherein the state does truly differ. It has to do with the distribution, as Mississippians see it, of what is public and what is private. More precisely it is the absence of a truly public zone, as the word is understood in most places. One has to live in Mississippi to appreciate it. No doubt it is the mark of an almost homogeneous white population, a Protestant Anglo-Saxon minority (until recently), sharing a common tragic past and bound together by kinship bonds. This society was not only felicitous in many ways; it also commanded the allegiance of Southern intellectuals on other grounds. Faulkner saw it as the chief bulwark against the "coastal spew of Europe" and "the rootless ephemeral cities of the North." In any case, the almost familial ambit of this society came to coincide with the actual public space which it inhabited. The Negro was either excluded, shoved off into Happy Hollow, or admitted to the society on its own terms as good old Uncle Ned. No allowance was made—it would have been surprising if there had been—for a truly public sector, unlovely as you please and defused of emotional charges, where black and white might pass without troubling each other. The whole of the Delta, indeed of white Mississippi, is one big kinship lodge. You have only to walk into a restaurant or a bus station to catch a whiff of it. There is a sudden kindling of amiability, even between strangers. The salutations, "What you say now?" and "Yall be good," are exchanged like fraternal signs. The presence of fraternity and sorority houses at Ole Miss always seemed oddly superfluous.

One consequence of this peculiar social structure has been a chronic misunderstanding between the state and the rest of the country. The state feels that unspeakable demands are being made upon it while the nation is bewildered by

e response of rage to what seem to be the dinary and minimal requirements of the law. call, for example, President Kennedy's gentle peal to the university the night of the riot ıen he invoked the tradition of L. Q. C. Lamar d asked the students to do their duty even as was doing his. He had got his facts straight out the tradition of valor in Mississippi. But fortunately, the Kennedys had no notion of the ial and semantic rules they were up against. hen they entered into negotiations with the vernor to get Meredith on the campus, they oceeded on the reasonable assumption that even the arena of political give and take—*i.e.*, deals words bear some relation to their referents. ch was not the case. Governor Barnett did t double-cross the Kennedys in the usual sense. e double cross, like untruth, bears a certain ation to the truth. More serious, however, was e cultural confusion over the word "public." e Miss is not, or was not, a public school as the rd is usually understood. In Mississippi as in gland a public school means a private school. hen Meredith finally did walk the paths at Ole ss, his fellow students cursed and reviled him. t they also wept with genuine grief. It was as he had been quartered in their living room.

It is this hypertrophy of pleasant familial ace at the expense of a truly public sector ich accounts for the extraordinary apposition Mississippi of kindliness and unspeakable lence. Recently a tourist wrote the editor of e Philadelphia, Mississippi, newspaper that, al- ough he expected the worst when he passed rough the town, he found the folks in Philadel- ia as nice as they could be. No doubt it is true. e Philadelphia the tourist saw is as pleasant as said. It is like one big front porch.

A Place to Start

ow can peace be restored to Mississippi? One uld like to be able to say that the hope lies in tting into practice the Judeo-Christian ethic. the end, no doubt, it does. But the trouble is t Christendom of a sort has already won in ssissippi. There is more church news in the kson papers than news about the Ole Miss tball team. Political cartoons defend God inst the Supreme Court. On the outskirts of ridian a road sign announces: "The Largest rcentage of Churchgoers in the World." It is a igion, however, which tends to canonize the isting social and political structure and to and as atheistic any threat of change. "The trouble is they took God out of everything," said W. Arsene Dick of Summit, Mississippi, founder of Americans for the Preservation of the White Race. A notable exception to the general irrelevance of religion to social issues is the recent action of Millsaps College, a Methodist institution in Jackson, which voluntarily opened its doors to Negroes.

It seems more likely that progress will come about—as indeed it is already coming about—not through the impact of the churches upon churchgoers but because after a while the ordinary citizen gets sick and tired of the climate of violence and of the odor of disgrace which hangs over his region. Money has a good deal to do with it too; money, urbanization, and the growing concern of politicians and the business community with such things as public images. Governor Johnson occasionally talks sense. Last year the Mayor and the business leaders of Jackson defied the Citizens' Councils and supported the token desegregation of the schools. It could even happen that Governor Johnson, the man who campaigned up and down the state with the joke about what NAACP means (niggers, alligators, apes, coons, possums), may turn out to be the first Governor to enforce the law. For law enforcement, it is becoming increasingly obvious, is the condition of peace. It is also becoming more likely every day that federal intervention, perhaps in the form of local commissioners, may be required in places like Neshoba County where the Ku Klux Klan is in control and law enforcement is a shambles. Faulkner at last changed his mind about the durability of the old alliance and came to prefer even enforced change to a state run by the Citizens' Councils and the Klan. Mississippians, he wrote, will not accept change until they have to. Then perhaps they will at last come to themselves: "Why didn't someone tell us this before? Tell us this in time?"

Much will depend on the residue of good will in the state. There are some slight signs of the long overdue revolt of the ordinary prudent man. There must be a good many of this silent breed. Hazel Brannon Smith, who won a Pulitzer Prize as editor of the Lexington *Advertiser*, recently reported that in spite of all the abuse and the boycotts, the circulation of the paper continues to rise. The Mississippi Economic Council, the state's leading businessmen's group, has issued a statement urging compliance with the Civil Rights Act and demanding that registration and voting laws be "fairly and impartially administered for all."

It is not difficult to make a long-range prophecy about the future of the state. The short-term out-

look is certainly dark. Most thoughtful Mississippians agree that things are going to get worse before they get better. The vote in the national election, with its bizarre seven-to-one margin in favor of Senator Goldwater, attests to the undiminished obsession with race. It would not have mattered if Senator Goldwater had advocated the collectivization of the plantations and open saloons in Jackson; he voted against the Civil Rights Bill and that was that. Yet there is little doubt that Mississippi is even now beginning to feel its way to what might be called the American Settlement of the racial issue, a somewhat ambiguous state of affairs which is less a solution than a more or less tolerable impasse. There has come into being a whole literature devoted to an assault upon the urban life wherein this settlement is arrived at, and a complete glossary of terms, such as alienation, depersonalization, and mass man. But in the light of recent history in Mississippi, the depersonalized American neighborhood looks more and more tolerable. A giant supermarket or eighty thousand people watching a pro ball game may not be the most creative of cultural institutions, but at least they offer a *modus vivendi*. People generally leave each other alone.

A Southerner may still hope that some day the Southern temper, black and white, may yet prove to be the sociable yeast to leaven the American lump. Meanwhile he'll settle for the Yankee *pax* and be glad of it. I believe a Negro has as much right to be alienated as anyone else. It is at least a place to start.

A Vanishing Era

is vanishing.

my mother who took me back to the store when

work. Even though he was president of the Lin-

to the cunning of a character out of William Dean

Father would set out each semester to recruit

self-sufficient citizen. The first thing Father did

who the colored man was—the one Negro in the place oblivious to intimidation and having no fear for his safety. This person—all the better if he

around the country with my father to give weight to his pleas for school recruits. All this was because the Southern ethos at the time tended to keep the Negro male down and the Negro family as consciously disorganized after slavery as it

No such subterfuge would be required by my father today. Recent reports of the gains by Negro men in the professions and skilled trades

gallant young men of the Southern civil-rights movement have broken with the custom of the nonexistent black man and will go on to strengthen Negro family life.

More and more, these young men are remaining in the South. When I graduated from college in 1941, there was no graduate school in Kentucky which I could attend. Like so many others, I left Kentucky, and I have never returned except for visits. In my early adult years, the South was still chasing out its best leadership—black men who could not learn and white men who could not live under such a system. Now that many state and privately supported universities have been opened, I foresee a growing body of Negro intellectuals who will choose to remain, and who will elect to make their homes in the cosmopolitan urban centers where racial barriers in public places and in employment are dropping.

I recall, as a young man, a motel on Highway 41 between Atlanta and Nashville; in front was a sign advertising "Cold Beer" for whites and "Cool Beer" for Negroes. These and other less humorous proclamations to servitude never allowed us to forget our inferior status. In my college days, when I worked washing dishes for Louisville's Seelbach Hotel, now the Sheraton, I could only ride the service elevator. Today, when the Urban League holds a convention there, I am offered the presidential suite in the same hotel; my brothers and I are treated with every respect. The disappearance of the many outward signs of segregation prompted by the Civil Rights Act is certain to encourage more Southern Negroes to remain Southerners. If most of the South has a farther way to go than the rest of America, I believe it is at least going there quicker.

Notes on the Literary Scene: Their Own Language

by Louis D. Rubin, Jr.

To what extent is Southern writing still "regional"? How have the younger writers departed from the traditions of Faulkner's generation? Louis D. Rubin, Jr., professor of English at Hollins College, has written or edited eight books about the South.

What was instrumental in touching off the Southern literary renascence in this century was the impact of the modern American industrial society upon a somnolent, traditional region of small towns and farms, fixed social castes and classes. The Civil War had so devastated and impoverished the South that after Appomattox it existed as something of a colonial backwater. It was not until well into the twentieth century that factories, payrolls, mass production, and mass communications began to make important inroads. The first world war provided the initial heavy influx of new capital, new people, and new viewpoints. The Southern community, tightly-knit, self-sufficient, began to break up.

Most of the writers who reached prominence in the post-World War I years grew up when this transition in the South was just getting under way. Reared in one kind of world, schooled in its beliefs and attitudes, they saw that world changing into something quite different. They viewed the old responses with the eyes of a new generation, yet they also observed the new ways with instincts springing from the older values. The result, as Allen Tate has said, was a kind of historical perspective in which past and present helped to define each other—a quality which characterizes much of the work of such writers as Faulkner, Wolfe, Warren, Porter, Welty, Tate, and Ransom. This perspective has not been wholly accessible to the post-World War II writers.

The process of change has continued in the South. Today it is difficult to distinguish the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia, and Paterson, New Jersey. Each evening the people of Charleston and Denver watch the identical television programs. Southern life is now predominantly urban, and in these days of good highways, television, and rural electrification, even rural does not mean what it once meant. Cotton is no longer the chief economic product. The country club is also different; new people, from the North, the Midwest, and some from across the tracks, have moved in to stay. The South today is a much less stratified, a much more open and fluid society.

The region was moving in this direction as the literary generation of Faulkner and his contemporaries were growing up, and their fiction and poetry are filled with its imagery. But by the 1920s and 1930s, these changes were generally and universally in process; it is doubtful that

the crumbling of cultural and social patterns has been present for the newer writers in anything like the absolute terms which confronted their predecessors.

Of the leading post-World War II writers, the dominant background has been urban. William Styron comes from Newport News, Virginia, a shipbuilding center; Carson McCullers from Columbus, Georgia; Randall Jarrell and Walter Sullivan from Nashville; Peter Taylor from Memphis; James Dickey from Atlanta; Flannery O'Connor from Savannah; James Agee from Knoxville; Truman Capote and Shirley Ann Grau from New Orleans; George Garrett from Orlando, Florida.

A brief examination of the works of two of the post-World War II writers suggests how Southern fiction has begun to depart from many of its own traditions.

It is William Styron's ability to realize his own experience in fiction, to liberate himself from a too-restrictive reliance upon traditional Southern modes, that has helped to make him the outstanding member of the post-World War II generation of Southern writers. The plight of Peyton Loftis in *Lie Down in Darkness* and Cass Kinsolving in *Set This House on Fire* is thoroughly contemporary. Although Styron has obviously read his Faulkner well, a close look at the best books by the two reveals some significant differences in the generations. At first glance *Lie Down in Darkness* seemed to have been written after the Faulknerian pattern; there were numerous similarities with *The Sound and the Fury* as well as with other Faulkner novels.

But Styron's novel was not simply the Faulknerian manner and perspective carried into a new generation. *The Sound and the Fury* was a dynastic tragedy; it portrayed the degradation and collapse of a once-mighty Southern family when confronted with the modern world. In its impact, and its implications, it was reminiscent of the fall of the House of Atreus. Styron's tragedy, however, was essentially personal and bourgeois—a failure of parental love, not of outmoded values carried into a different age, led to Peyton Loftis' suicide. The collapse of the Compsons of Yoknapatawpha County was measured against the primitive but enduring religious values typified by the moral strength of the Negro servant Dilsey. But in *Lie Down in Darkness*, certainty derived from religious belief is largely absent. In both novels, as the white families disintegrate, the Negro servants turn to a Negro preacher. The Reverend Shegog in Faulkner's novel is a man of strength; Daddy Faith in Styron's is a clever charlatan.

In Styron's fiction, attitudes which seem implicitly accepted in Faulkner undergo searching scrutiny. *Set This House on Fire* is even more radically different. Much of the action takes place in Paris and Sambuco, Italy. The Southern protagonist, Cass Kinsolving, knows that a man must believe in something; in what, he isn't sure, but this much is certain: nothing in his past, nothing in his familial or regional history, nothing in the community around him, nothing in the several varieties of Protestantism to which at one time or another he has been exposed, can give him any clue. There *isn't* any community for him to be alienated from; Styron's people have no dynastic identity in a region, and their plight cannot be measured in terms of their alienation from it. Quentin Compson of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* is obsessed with a set of values and beliefs that have become outmoded and obsolete, divorced from reality; this obsession drives him to suicide. Styron's characters have no such memory at all. They must seek whatever salvation they can hope for in the modern world, without reference to the past.

Among Styron's younger contemporaries, the comic extravagancies of John Barth, a native of the still-very-Southern Eastern Shore of Maryland, represent an even greater break with traditional modes. His first novel, *The Floating Opera*, depicted the vagaries of a nautical showboat which plied the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay; but it was far from being a mere exercise in local color, for its protagonist, Tod Andrews, was engaged in a highly existential quest for survival. His second novel, *The End of the Road*, moved through realism to the fantastic in exploring the suffering and the comedy of an adulterous relationship on a college campus.

Yet these two books were at best only imperfect indications of the richness of imagination which Barth displayed in his third and most important piece of writing, *The Sot-weed Factor*. This extravagantly original novel, in length almost the size of *War and Peace*, was utterly unlike anything produced by any of his contemporaries. Embroidering upon the adventures of a little-known colonial Maryland poet, *The Sot-weed Factor* was a fantastic spoof of all historical novels, an outrageous compendium of seventeenth-century bawdry and pornography after the manner of Rabelais, a burlesque of colonial travel

aries, a wild recreation of early American life, nd—equally as important—a bewildering in- uiry into the nature of human identity in time. For Barth the line of demarcation between medy and tragedy, between the heroic and the surd, is blurred in its everyday manifestations. n the wake of the great tragedies of Faulkner nd Warren, here was a young Southern writer ho saw his experience as a Don Quixote might e it. Although Southerners have been tilting ith windmills and trying to turn barber's bowls to golden helmets for years now, comedy of is kind is all too rare in the works of the st-World War II Southern writers.

To what extent, one wonders, is Southern litera- re still regional in nature? Much has been anged; but much also remains. Many charac- ristics one has come to associate with Southern riting in this century are still in evidence—the lish for rhetoric and the uninhibited commit- ent to the full resources of the language both oken and written, the strong sense of the in- ads of time, the feel for landscape and place. bove all, the human image is still of one who ultimately finite and dependent, for whom ality is larger than one's private consciousness a man who can rise to human tragedy and abody genuine comedy. The things which have produced these attitudes may have changed in the South, but the attitudes themselves remain and flourish.

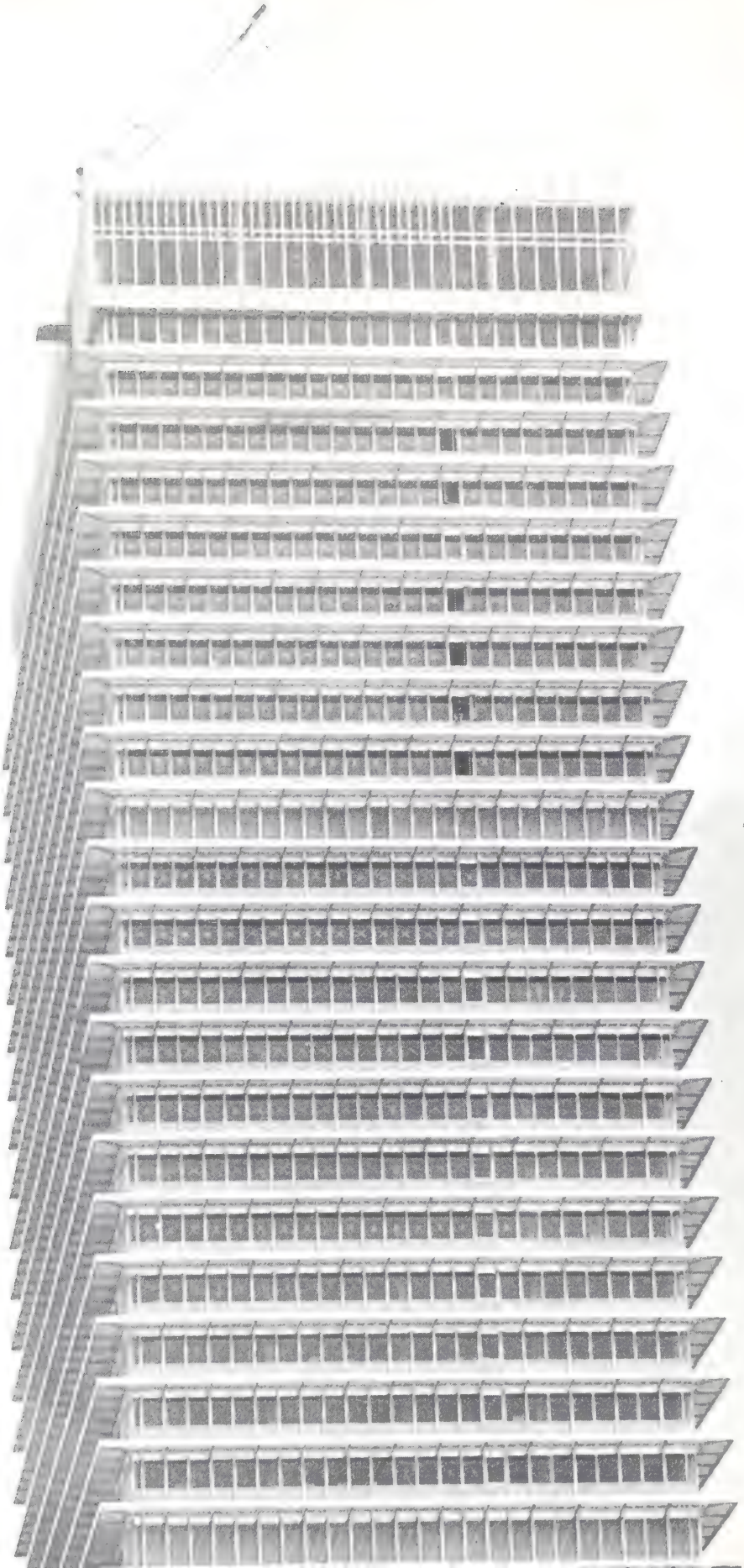
When one generation of writers follows so closely upon another of such distinction, it will take time for the new generation to find its own language. The young Southern writer must absorb what his great predecessors have shown him without being restricted by it. Faulkner's example, in particular, is so massive and overpowering that it is difficult for the young Southern writer not to view through Faulkner's vision his own experience, his own time and place. As the late Flannery O'Connor once remarked about writing under the shadow of Faulkner, "Nobody likes to get caught on the tracks when the Dixie Special comes through."

What the great Southern writers of the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s created was the image of a changing South. Faulkner and his contemporaries were able to draw, out of the life they knew, a perspective in which the everyday actions and concerns of men took on the order and clarity of universal experience. Now a younger generation of writers is striving to accomplish the same thing, but their experience has been importantly different, and they must continue to seek their own images to describe it.

The Escape

In relation to their Southern background, the cultural history of Negroes in the North reads like the legend of some tragic people out of mythology, a people which aspired to escape from its own unhappy homeland to the apparent peace of a distant mountain; but which, in migrating, made some fatal error of judgment and fell into a great chasm of mazelike passages that promise ever to lead to the mountain but end ever against a wall. Not that a Negro is worse off in the North than in the South, but that in the North he surrenders and does not replace certain important supports to his personality. He leaves a relatively static social order in which, having experienced its brutality for hundreds of years—indeed, having been formed within it and by it—he has developed those techniques of survival to which Faulkner refers as "endurance," and an ease of movement within explosive situations which makes Hemingway's definition of courage, "grace under pressure," appear mere swagger. He surrenders the protection of his peasant cynicism —his refusal to hope for the fulfillment of hopeless hopes—and his sense of being "at home in the world" gained from confronting and accepting (for day-to-day living at least) the obscene absurdity of his predicament. Further, he leaves a still authoritative religion which gives his life a semblance of metaphysical wholeness; a family structure which is relatively stable; and a body of folklore—tested in life-and-death terms against his daily experience with nature and the Southern white man—that serves him as a guide to action.

—Ralph Ellison, *Harper's Magazine*, August 1964
(from *Shadow and Act*, Random House, 1964).



Why I Returned

by Arna Bontemps

At our request Arna Bontemps, whose books include "American Negro Poetry," "Story of the Negro," and "100 Years of Negro Freedom," explains why he finally came South to live. These reminiscences of his father, his Uncle Buddy, the Scottsboro trials, and the early assaults on Jim Crow provide a fresh perspective on the present struggle for Negro rights.

The last time I visited Louisiana, the house in hich I was born was freshly painted. To my ırprise, it seemed almost attractive. The present ·cupants, I learned, were a Negro minister and s family. Why I expected the place to be run own and the neighborhood decayed is not clear, ıt somewhere in my subconscious the notion ıat rapid deterioration was inevitable where egroes live had been planted and allowed to row. Moreover, familiar as I am with the gloomr aspects of living Jim Crow, this assumption d not appall me. I could reject the snide in·rences. Seeing my birthplace again, however, ·ter many years, I felt apologetic on other rounds.

Mine had not been a varmint-infested childood so often the hallmark of Negro American ıtobiography. My parents and grandparents ıd been well-fed, well-clothed, and well-housed, lthough in my earliest recollections of the corner t Ninth and Winn in Alexandria both streets ere rutted and sloppy. On Winn there was an ominable ditch where water settled for weeks t a time. I can remember Crazy George, the town ·ot, following a flock of geese with the bough f a tree in his hand, standing in slush while ıe geese paddled about or probed into the muck. o fascinated was I, in fact, I did not hear my randmother calling from the kitchen door. It as after I felt her hand on my shoulder shaking me out of my daydream that I said something that made her laugh. "You called me Arna," I protested, when she insisted on knowing why I had not answered. "My name is George." But I became Arna for the rest of her years.

I had already become aware of nicknames among the people we regarded as members of the family. Teel, Mousie, Buddy, Pinkie, Ya-ya, Mat, and Pig all had other names which one heard occasionally. I got the impression that to be loved intensely one needed a nickname. I was glad my grandmother, whose love mattered so much, had found one she liked for me.

As I recall, my hand was in my grandmother's a good part of the time. If we were not standing outside the picket gate waiting for my young uncles to come home from school, we were under the tree in the front yard picking up pecans after one of the boys had climbed up and shaken the branches. If we were not decorating a backyard bush with eggshells, we were driving in our buggy across the bridge to Pineville on the other side of the Red River.

This idyll came to a sudden, senseless end at a time when everything about it seemed flawless. One afternoon my mother and her several sisters had come out of their sewing room with thimbles still on their fingers, needles and thread stuck to their tiny aprons, to fill their pockets with pecans. Next, it seemed, we were at the railroad

HOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL LEE

station catching a train to California, my mother, sister, and I, with a young woman named Susy.

The story behind it, I learned, concerned my father. When he was not away working at brick or stone construction, other things occupied his time. He had come from a family of builders. His oldest brother had married into the Metoyer family on Cane River, descendants of the free Negroes who were the original builders of the famous Melrose plantation mansion. Another brother older than my father went down to New Orleans, where his daughter married one of the prominent jazzmen. My father was a bandman himself and, when he was not working too far away, the chances were he would be blowing his horn under the direction of Claiborne Williams, whose passion for band music awakened the impulse that worked its way up the river and helped to quicken American popular music.

My father was one of those dark Negroes with "good" hair, meaning almost straight. This did not bother anybody in Avoyelles Parish, where the type was common and "broken French" accents expected, but later in California people who had traveled in the Far East wondered if he were not a Ceylonese or something equally exotic. In Alexandria his looks, good clothes, and hauteur were something of a disadvantage in the first decade of this century.

He was walking on Lee Street one night when two white men wavered out of a saloon and blocked his path. One of them muttered, "Let's walk over the big nigger." My father was capable of fury, and he might have reasoned differently at another time, but that night he calmly stepped aside, allowing the pair to have the walk to themselves. The decision he made as he walked on home changed everything for all of us.

My first clear memory of my father as a person is of him waiting for us outside the Southern Pacific Depot in Los Angeles. He was shy about showing emotion, and he greeted us quickly on our arrival and let us know this was the place he had chosen for us to end our journey. We had tickets to San Francisco and were prepared to continue beyond if necessary.

We moved into a house in a neighborhood where we were the only colored family. The people next door and up and down the block were friendly and talkative, the weather was perfect, there wasn't a mud puddle anywhere, and my mother seemed to float about on the clean air. When my grandmother and a host of others followed us to this refreshing new country, I began to pick up comment about the place we had left comment which had been withheld from me while we were still in Louisiana.

They talked mainly about my grandmother's younger brother, nicknamed Buddy. I could not remember seeing him in Louisiana, and I now learned he had been down at the Keeley Institute in New Orleans taking a cure for alcoholism. A framed portrait of Uncle Buddy was placed in my grandmother's living room in California, a young mulatto dandy in elegant cravat and jeweled stickpin. All the talk about him gave me an impression of style, grace, éclat.

That impression vanished a few years later however, when we gathered to wait for him in my grandmother's house; he entered wearing a detachable collar without a tie. His clothes did not fit. They had been slept in for nearly a week on the train. His shoes had come unlaced. His face was pockmarked. Nothing resembled the picture in the living room.

Two things redeemed the occasion, however. He opened his makeshift luggage and brought out jars of syrup, bags of candy my grandmother had said in her letters that she missed, pecans and filé for making gumbo. He had stuffed his suitcase with these instead of clothes; he had not brought an overcoat or a change of underwear. As we ate the sweets, he began to talk. He was not trying to impress or even entertain us. He was just telling how things were down home, how he had not taken a drink or been locked up since he came back from Keeley the last time, how the family of his employer and benefactor had been scattered or died, how the school teacher friend of the family was getting along, how high the Red River had risen along the levee and such things.

Someone mentioned his white employer's daughter. A rumor persisted that Buddy had once had a dangerous crush on her. This, I took it, had to be back in the days when the picture in the living room was made, but the dim suggestion of interracial romance had an air of unreality. It was all mostly gossip, he commented, with only a shadow of a smile. Never had been much to it and it was too long ago to talk about now. He did acknowledge, significantly, I thought, that his boss's daughter had been responsible for his enjoyment of poetry and fiction and had taught him perhaps a thousand songs, but neither of these circumstances had undermined his life-long employment in her father's bakery, where his specialty was fancy cakes. Buddy had never married. Neither had the girl.

When my mother became ill, a year or so after

dy's arrival, we went to live with my grand-
her in the country for a time. Buddy was
e. He had acquired a rusticity wholly foreign
is upbringing. He had never before worked
of doors. Smoking a corncob pipe and wear-
oversized clothes provided by my uncles, he
mbled a scarecrow in the garden, but the dry
and the smell of green vegetables seemed to
good for him. I promptly became his compan-
and confidant in the corn rows.

t mealtime we were occasionally joined by
father, home from his bricklaying. The two
eyed each other with suspicion, but they did
quarrel immediately. Mostly they reminisced
t Louisiana. My father would say, "Some-
s I miss all that. If I was just thinking about
elf, I might want to go back and try it again.
I've got the children to think about—their
ation."

Folks talk a lot about California," Buddy
ld reply thoughtfully, "but I'd a heap rather
lown home than here, if it wasn't for the
litions."

bviously their remarks made sense to each
r, but they left me with a deepening ques-
. Why was this exchange repeated after so
y of their conversations? What was it that
e the South—excusing what Buddy called the
litions—so appealing for them?

here was less accord between them in the at-
des they revealed when each of the men talked
ne privately. My father respected Buddy's
ity to quote the whole of Thomas Hood's "The
on of Eugene Aram," praised his reading
spelling ability, but he was concerned, almost
bled, about the possibility of my adopting
old derelict as an example. He was horrified
Buddy's casual and frequent use of the word
er. Buddy even forgot and used it in the
sence of white people once or twice that year,
was soundly criticized for it. Buddy's new
nds, moreover, were sometimes below the level
olite respect. They were not bad people. They
e what my father described as don't-care folk.
top it all, Buddy was still crazy about the
strel shows and minstrel talk that had been
y of his young manhood. He loved dialect
es, preacher stories, ghost stories, slave and
ter stories. He half-believed in signs and
ns and mumbo-jumbo, and he believed whole-
edly in ghosts.

took it that my father was still endeavoring
unter Buddy's baneful influence when he sent
away to a white boarding school during my
h school years, after my mother had died.
w don't go up there acting colored," he cau-
tioned. I believe I carried out his wish. He sometimes threatened to pull me out of school and let me scuffle for myself the minute I fell short in any one of several ways he indicated. Before I finished college, I had begun to feel that in some large and important areas I was being miseducated, and that perhaps I should have rebelled.

How dare anyone, parent, schoolteacher, or merely literary critic, tell me not to act *colored*? White people have been enjoying the privilege of acting like Negroes for more than a hundred years. The minstrel show, their most popular form of entertainment in America for a whole generation, simply epitomized, while it exaggerated, this privilege. Today nearly everyone who goes on a dance floor starts acting colored immediately, and this had been going on since the cakewalk was picked up from Negroes and became the rage. Why should I be ashamed of such influences? In popular music, as in the music of religious fervor, there is a style that is unmistakable, and its origin is certainly no mystery. On the playing field a Willie Mays could be detected by the way he catches a ball, even if his face were hidden. Should the way some Negroes walk be changed or emulated? Sometimes it is possible to tell whether or not a cook is a Negro without going into the kitchen. How about this?

In their opposing attitudes toward roots my father and my great uncle made me aware of a conflict in which every educated American Negro, and some who are not educated, must somehow take sides. By implication at least, one group advocates embracing the riches of the folk heritage; their opposites demand a clean break with the past and all it represents. Had I not gone home summers and hobnobbed with Negroes, I would have finished college without knowing that any Negro other than Paul Laurence Dunbar ever wrote a poem. I would have come out imagining that the story of the Negro could be told in two short paragraphs: a statement about jungle people in Africa and an equally brief account of the slavery issue in American history.

So what did one do after concluding that for him a break with the past and the shedding of his Negro-ness were not only impossible but unthinkable? First, perhaps, like myself, he went to New York in the 'twenties, met young Negro writers and intellectuals who were similarly searching, learned poems like Claude McKay's "Harlem Dancer" and Jean Toomer's "Song of the Son," and started writing and publishing things in this vein himself.

My first book was published just after the Depression struck. Buddy was in it, conspicuously, and I sent him a copy, which I imagine he read. In any case, he took the occasion to celebrate. Returning from an evening with his don't-care friends, he wavered along the highway and was hit and killed by an automobile. He was sixty-seven, I believe.

Alfred Harcourt, Sr. was my publisher. When he invited me to the office, I found that he was also to be my editor. He explained with a smile that he was back on the job doing editorial work because of the hard times. I soon found out what he meant. Book business appeared to be as bad as every other kind, and the lively and talented young people I had met in Harlem were scurrying to whatever brier patches they could find. I found one in Alabama.

It was the best of times and the worst of times to run to that state for refuge. Best, because the summer air was so laden with honeysuckle and spiraea it almost drugged the senses at night. I have occasionally returned since then but never at a time when the green of trees, of countryside, or even of swamps seemed so wanton. While paying jobs were harder to find here than in New York, indeed scarcely existed, one did not see evidences of hunger. Negro girls worked in kitchens not for wages but for the toting privilege—permission to take home leftovers.

The men and boys rediscovered woods and swamps and streams with which their ancestors had been intimate a century earlier, and about which their grandparents still talked wistfully. The living critters still abounded. They were as wild and numerous as anybody had ever dreamed, some small, some edible, some monstrous. I made friends with these people and went with them on possum hunts, and I was astonished to learn how much game they could bring home without gunpowder, which they did not have. When the possum was treed by the dogs, a small boy went up and shook him off the limb, and the bigger fellows finished him with sticks. Nets and traps would do for birds and fish. Cottontail rabbits driven into a clearing were actually run down and caught by barefoot boys.

Such carryings-on amused them while it delighted their palates. It also took their minds off the hard times, and they were ready for church when Sunday came. I followed them there, too, and soon began to understand why they enjoyed it so much. The preaching called to mind James Weldon Johnson's "The Creation" and "Go Down Death." The long-meter singing was from another world. The shouting was ecstasy itself. At a primitive Baptist foot washing I saw ben walking for the first time, and it left me brea less. The young woman who rose from her s and skimmed from the front of the church to t back, her wet feet lightly touching the tops of pews, her eyes upward, could have astounded no more had she walked on water. The memb fluttered and wailed, rocked the church with th singing, accepted the miracle for what it was

It was also the worst times to be in northe Alabama. That was the year, 1931, of the ni Scottsboro boys and their trials in nearby De tur. Instead of chasing possums at night a swimming in creeks in the daytime, this group kids without jobs and nothing else to do h taken to riding empty boxcars. When they fou themselves in a boxcar with two white girls we ing overalls and traveling the same way, th knew they were in bad trouble. The char against them was rape, and the usual finding Alabama, when a Negro man was so much as motely suspected, was guilty; the usual penal death.

To relieve the tension, as we hoped, we dr to Athens one night and listened to a program music by young people from Negro high scho and colleges in the area. A visitor arrived fr Decatur during the intermission and report shocking developments at the trial that day. O of the girls involved had given testimony abo herself which reasonably should have taken t onus from the boys. It had only succeeded in i furiating the crowd around the courthouse. T rumor that reached Athens was that crowds we spilling along the highway, lurking in unseen places, threatening to vent their anger. After t music was over, someone suggested nervous that those of us from around Huntsville leave the same time, keep our cars close together we drove home, be prepared to stand by, possib help, if anyone met with mischief.

We readily agreed. Though the drive home w actually uneventful, the tension remained, and began to take stock with a seriousness comp rable to my father's when he stepped aside for t Saturday night bullies on Lee Street in Alexa dria. I was younger than he had been when l made his move, but my family was already larg by one. Moreover, I had weathered a Northern well as a Southern exposure. My education w different, and what I was reading in newspape differed greatly from anything he could ha found in the Alexandria *Town Talk* in the fir decade of this century.

With Gandhi making world news in India while ıe Scottsboro case inflamed passions in Alabama ıd awakened consciences elsewhere, I thought could sense something beginning to shape up, ɔssibly something on a wide scale. As a matter fact, I had already written a stanza foreshadving the application of a nonviolent strategy to ıe Negro's efforts in the South:

> We are not come to wage a strife
> With swords upon this hill;
> It is not wise to waste the life
> Against a stubborn will.
> Yet would we die as some have done:
> Beating a way for the rising sun.

Even so, deliverance did not yet seem immi-ent, and it was becoming plain that an able-ɔdied young Negro with a healthy family could ɔt continue to keep friends in that community if ı sat around trifling with a typewriter on the ıady side of his house when he should have been orking or at least trying to raise something for ıe table. So we moved on to Chicago.

Crime seemed to be the principal occupation of ıe South Side at the time of our arrival. The ɔenness of it so startled us we could scarcely ·lieve what we saw. Twice our small apartment as burglarized. Nearly every week we witnessed stickup, a purse-snatching, or something equally smaying on the street. Once I saw two men get ıt of a car, enter one of those blinded shops ·ound the corner from us, return dragging a ·sisting victim, slam him into the back seat of ıe car, and speed away. We had fled from the ıngle of Alabama's Scottsboro era to the jungle Chicago's crime-ridden South Side, and one as as terrifying as the other.

Despite literary encouragement, and the hearti-ess of a writing clan that adopted me and bol-ered my courage, I never felt that I could settle ·rmanently with my family in Chicago. I could ɔt accept the ghetto, and ironclad residential ·strictions against Negroes situated as we were ıade escape impossible, confining us to neighbor-ɔods where we had to fly home each evening be-ɔre darkness fell and honest people abandoned ıe streets to predators. Garbage was dumped in leys around us. Police protection was regarded a farce. Corruption was everywhere.

When I inquired about transfers for two of our hildren to integrated schools which were actually ıore accessible to our address, I was referred to person not connected with the school system or he city government. He assured me he could rrange the transfers—at an outrageous price. This represented ways in which Negro leadership was operating in the community at that time and by which it had been reduced to impotence.

I did not consider exchanging this way of life for the institutionalized assault on Negro personality one encountered in the Alabama of the Scottsboro trials, but suddenly the campus of a Negro college I had twice visited in Tennessee began to seem attractive. A measure of isolation, a degree of security seemed possible there. If a refuge for the harassed Negro could be found anywhere in the 1930s, it had to be in such a setting.

Fisk University, since its beginnings in surplus barracks provided by a general of the occupying army six months after the close of the Civil War, had always striven to exemplify racial concord. Integration started immediately with children of white teachers and continued till state laws forced segregation after the turn of the century. Even then, a mixed faculty was retained, together with a liberal environment, and these eventually won a truce from an outside community that gradually changed from hostility to indifference to acceptance and perhaps a certain pride. Its founders helped fight the battle for public schools in Nashville, and donated part of the college's property for this purpose. Its students first introduced Negro spirituals to the musical world. The college provided a setting for a continuing dialogue between scholars across barriers and brought to the city before 1943 a pioneering Institute of Race Relations and a Program of African Studies, both firsts in the region.

From Protest to Politics

THE civil-rights movement is evolving from a protest movement into a full-fledged *social movement*—an evolution calling its very name into question. It is now concerned not merely with removing the barriers to full *opportunity* but with achieving the fact of *equality*. From sit-ins and freedom rides we have gone into rent strikes, boycotts, community organization, and political action. As a consequence of this natural evolution, the Negro today finds himself stymied by obstacles of far greater magnitude than the legal barriers he was attacking before: automation, urban decay, *de facto* school segregation. These are problems which, while conditioned by Jim Crow, do not vanish upon its demise. They are more deeply rooted in our socio-economic order; they are the result of the total society's failure to meet not only the Negro's needs, but human needs generally.

—Bayard Rustin, *Commentary*, February 1965.

When a nationally known scholar told me in Chicago that he found the atmosphere *yeasty*, I thought I understood what he meant.

We had made the move, and I had become the Librarian at Fisk when a series of train trips during World War II gave me an opportunity for reflections of another kind. I started making notes for an essay to be called "Thoughts in a Jim Crow Car." Before I could finish it, Supreme Court action removed the curtains in the railway diners, and the essay lost its point. While I had been examining my own feelings and trying to understand the need men have for customs like this, the pattern had altered. Compliance followed with what struck me, surprisingly, as an attitude of relief by all concerned. White passengers, some of whom I recognized by their positions in the public life of Nashville, who had been in a habit of maintaining a frozen silence until the train crossed the Ohio River, now nodded and began chatting with Negroes before the train left the Nashville station. I wanted to stand up and cheer. When the Army began to desegregate its units, I was sure I detected a fatal weakness in our enemy. Segregation, the monster that had terrorized my parents and driven them out of the green Eden in which they had been born, was itself vulnerable and could be attacked, possibly destroyed. I felt as if I had witnessed the first act of a spectacular drama. I wanted to stay around for the second.

Without the miseries of segregation, the South as a homeplace for a Negro of my temperament had clear advantages. In deciding to wait and see how things worked out, I was also betting that progress toward this objective in the Southern region would be more rapid, the results more satisfying, than could be expected in the metropolitan centers of the North, where whites were leaving the crumbling central areas to Negroes while they themselves moved into restricted suburbs and began setting up another kind of closed society.

The second act of the spectacular on which I had focused began with the 1954 decision of the Supreme Court. While this was a landmark, it provoked no wild optimism. I had no doubt that the tide would now turn, but it was not until the freedom movement began to express itself that I felt reassured. We were in the middle of it in Nashville. Our little world commenced to sway and rock with the fury of a resurrection. I tried to discover just how the energy was generated. I think I found it. The singing that broke out in the ranks of protest marchers, in the jails where sit-in demonstrators were held, in the mass meetings and boycott rallies, was gloriously appropriate. The only American songs suitable for a resurrection—or a revolution, for that matter—are Negro spirituals. The surge these awakened was so mighty it threatened to change the name of our era from the "space age" to the "age of freedom."

The Southern Negro's link with his past seems to me worth preserving. His greater pride in being himself, I would say, is all to the good, and I think I detect a growing nostalgia for these virtues in the speech of relatives in the North. They talk a great deal about "Soulville" nowadays, when they mean "South." "Soulbrothers" are simply the homefolks. "Soulfood" includes black-eyed peas, chitterlings, grits, and gravy. Aretha Franklin, originally from Memphis, sings, "Soulfood—it'll make you limber; it'll make you quick." Vacations in Soulville by these expatriates in the North tend to become more frequent and to last longer since times began to get better.

Colleagues of mine at Fisk who like me have pondered the question of staying or going have told me their reasons. The effective young Dean of the Chapel, for example, who since has been wooed away by Union Theological Seminary, felt constrained mainly by the opportunities he had here to guide a large number of students and by the privilege of identifying with them. John W. Work, the musicologist and composer, finds the cultural environment more stimulating than any he could discover in the North. Aaron Douglas, an art professor, came down thirty-four years ago to get a "real, concrete experience of the touch and feel of the South." Looking back, he reflects, "If one could discount the sadness, the misery, the near-volcanic intensity of Negro life in most of the South, and concentrate on the mild, almost tropical climate and the beauty of the landscape, one is often tempted to forget the senseless cruelty and inhumanity the strong too often inflict on the weak."

For my own part, I am staying on in the South to write something about the changes I have seen in my lifetime, and about the Negro's awakening and regeneration. That is my theme, and this is where the main action is. There is also the spectacular I am watching. Was a climax reached with the passage of the Civil Rights Act last year? Or was it with Martin Luther King's addressing Lyndon B. Johnson as "my fellow Southerner"? Having stayed this long, it would be absurd not to wait for the third act—and possibly the most dramatic.

The Ever–Ever Land

by Jonathan Daniels

In this lively appraisal of the myths of the Southern industrial bonanza, the outspoken editor of the Raleigh, N.C., "News and Observer" reminds us that the South remains the poorest, most exploited region in America. What is demanded is a more humane and realistic leadership, devoted to the uplifting of both races.

Nothing is now more precious in the South, so ıg supposed to be clinging to legends of the st, than myths about tomorrow. Across the ntury since surrender the region has always eded the romanticized recollections of great ys gone to sustain its dignity in poverty. Now desperately requires what may be a new myth- ıgy of unequaled economic advance.

The old agrarian South which fell before the ising industrial North a hundred years ago has metimes seemed to have as its latter-day okesman such a nation-stomping segregationist Governor Wallace of Alabama. Change, Wal- e said, was not going to come through *his* ıoolhouse doors, but the South had become, declared, "the industrial mecca of the Free orld." Some outsiders, with different ideas out a Free World, have seemed shaken by the eeding industrialization of Dixie. One such nkee witness was John F. Kennedy. "Every ınth of the year," he once said as Senator from ssachusetts, "some New England manufac- er is approached by public or private interests ering various inducements to migration south- rd. Other manufacturers warn their employees it they must take pay cuts to meet Southern mpetition or face plant liquidation."

Later, as President of the entire nation, Kennedy could see this situation, not as a new North-South conflict, but as a contribution to increasing national productivity. He could rejoice with others, North and South, in such statements as the one in *U.S. News and World Report*: "The Deep South is moving into a new period of stability and growth. A social and economic revolution, twenty years in the making, now is coming of age."

Few have even contemplated, however, the economic paradoxes in the South as a whole. Certainly Samuel I. Newhouse, the greatest collector of newspaper properties in America today, considered the region a rich market when he paid more for the two New Orleans papers than Thomas Jefferson did for the Louisiana Purchase. Yet from the Gulf to the Potomac and to the Ohio, the South still remains the American region of lowest per capita income, least education, and most limited hope. Few who hail the new industrial South have paused to consider that last year's roar of rioting in Northern cities might have been the extension of the despairing cry which came from deserted Southern villages and the emptier fields around them—the new, new, ever new South.

Historically there is hardly a more frayed fantasy than that embodied in the phrase, "the

New South." Credit for it generally goes to Henry Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. There was praise at home and abroad for Grady in 1886 when he eloquently hailed the true reunion of the nation and asked for the same kind of industrial development that the region now seeks. However, he spoke shortly before the great depression of the 1890s flung the South back into even deeper poverty than it had known before. Further, the efforts in those hard times of white men and black men working together in radical Populist politics to escape their difficulties led only to greater rigidities of segregation.

An earlier leader who engaged himself in the creation of a new South when it was desperately needed was Edmund Ruffin, gentleman farmer of Virginia. The "Old South" already seemed over when Ruffin came to the management of his ancestral acres on the James River in 1813. More than a century of exploitation of the land in tobacco farming had left the soil washed-out, much of it covered with briers and brush. George Washington's Mount Vernon was becoming an agricultural ruin. Thomas Jefferson, who considered himself the agrarian philosopher, was trying in vain in his debt-plagued old age to find a purchaser for his lands who would pay enough to meet his liabilities. Nobody wanted Southern seaboard land. And from Virginia's barren ground "an emigrating contagion resembling an epidemic disease" spread among the people. Those planters who did not move to fresh acres in the frontier Southwest were beginning in reluctance, sometimes in shame, to sell their "people"—their surplus slaves—to this new Deep South.

Ruffin, though at first regarded as foolish by his neighbors, discovered that the worn soil of the older South could be revived by the application of common fossil shells. After amazing success with his own land, in 1833 he began to preach his methods to others. The land values of Tidewater Virginia increased by millions of dollars. Ruffin was called to South Carolina, where similar wonders were required. He was serving an old land but he wanted—as some do now—not only a revitalized South but one separate and secure in its own ideas.

Slavery seemed to him natural, good for man and master; he was eager far earlier than most of his neighbors for secession. He prophesied a short, devastating war in which the South would suffer from a blockade but Northern merchants would become bankrupt, their cities overwhelmed by mobs of "undigested foreigners." The West, he predicted, would break with the North and join the South. The end he saw was a South—a "New South" of course—rising to vitality in independence, adding industry to its agriculture and trading directly with Europe.

Ruffin preached his dream like a man calling for a crusade. As more Southerners came to his extreme views, Charlestonians gave the Virginian the honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter. Afterwards, of course, he saw his fantasy fall apart; his prophecy came only to unbearable prostration. Just a century ago this summer, two months after Lee had surrendered, Ruffin killed himself on a plantation he had brought from infertility to plenty—and at last to pillage by Union soldiers who scrawled insulting words on his walls.

No such violent shattering of a dream is in prospect now. Reluctantly Southern politicians who proposed to close the schools rather than submit to integration have recognized that this would have been secession, not from the Union, but from civilization. Also, the understanding grows in the South that in the event of a new secession by South Carolina, no brief defense of Fort Sumter would be necessary. It would suffice to close the Charleston Navy Yard.

Welcome to Carpetbaggers

Never before has there been such a welcoming, with bands and banquets, of carpetbaggers. Some of these Yankee newcomers are gentlemen of a kind that any region would be happy to have; others are characters eager only to find out how little they have to pay for the sewing of a shirt. Some have been ready to bite the hands of those who beckoned them. And, as always, some native Southerners still operate on the theory that a Yankee is worth more than a bale of cotton and twice as easy to pick.

This kind of courtship of outsiders did not begin in the South, though it is as old there as post-Civil War campaigns to "bring the cotton mills to the cotton fields." Other states and communities, North and South, were seeking such industry long before Governor Hugh White of Mississippi provided a sort of model by launching his "Balance Agriculture with Industry Plan" in 1936.

White was a pudgy old-time lumberman who, after the fashion of his craft, made stumpy deserts of the forests he stripped, never dreaming of the modern miracles in woodland care and woodland profits from which Dixie benefits now. He wanted industry not only to supplement a lopsided cotton-growing economy, but also to take



BOB ADELMAN

Racial Economics

I WONDERED what it was like to live. . . . Countless nights I cried myself to sleep. . . . Sometimes mother would see the tears falling from my eyes. When she asked me what was wrong I told her that something stuck in my eyes or a bug was in them. I must have asked God why a thousand times but I never got an answer. Was nine of us kids in the family and we all had to work. I stayed out of school a lot of days because I couldn't let my mother go to the cotton fields and try to support all of us. I picked cotton and peanuts for two cents a pound. I went to the fields six in the morning and worked until seven in the afternoon. When it came time to weigh up, my heart, body, and bones would be aching, burning, and trembling. I stood there and looked the white men right in their eyes while they cheated me, other members of my family, and the rest of the Negroes that were working. There were times when I wanted to speak, but my fearful mother would always tell me to keep silent. The sun was awful hot and the days were long. . . . The cost of survival was high. Why I paid it I'll never know.

—Statement by a sixteen-year-old Southern Negro boy, quoted in *SNCC: The New Abolitionists,* by Howard Zinn (Beacon Press, 1964).

Long View: Negro

by Langston Hughes

100 years—Emancipation:
Sighted through the
Telescope of dreams
The end result looms larger,
So much larger, so it seems,
Than truth can be.

But turn it around,
Look through the larger end—
And wonder why
What is so large
Becomes so small again.

---

the place of shut-down sawmills where all the trees had gone. His BAWI plan was frankly based upon an appeal to Northern industry to run away from troublesome Northern unions to the promised docility of low-wage Southern labor. People were ready to be docile for very little in Mississippi in the 'thirties, when the average per capita spendable income in White's own county was $198 a year. The first plant he got had previously been hiring convicts in Wisconsin. Free men were cheaper in Mississippi.

Seldom is the appeal quite as crude as when Hugh White stated it, although some folks in Mississippi are still not as well quartered and well fed as convicts in Wisconsin. A softer Southern voice speaks in welcome now. More golf courses and magnolia trees, crinolined girls and juleps on the piazza, are offered in advertisements and presentations. Cheaper labor is never entirely concealed. Fortunately, however, much of the South can be more discriminate these days in the kind of industry it seeks. And in paper, chemicals, electronics, space-age industries, and other fields, companies are coming South intent upon productivity, not exploitation.

Now the time comes to count the economic growth.* One enthusiastic source upon which Southern development agencies depend *(The Record of Southern Progress)* reports that from 1939 through 1962 the eleven Southeastern states (in general, the old Confederacy) gained 24,416 new plants providing 1,630,894 new jobs in industry. That is a lot of plants and a lot of jobs, even if in roughly the same period there was an increase of 14,500,000 jobs in states outside the South which have by no means collapsed in the face of Southern competition. Undoubtedly the new industrial jobs in the South have also spread employment in beauty parlors, shopping centers, and the building of the new suburbs. Obviously, however, a lot more jobs are needed.

The reduction of acres in farm programs has been accompanied by a multiplication of farm machines. Automation and urbanization, both coming late in the South, have explosively altered the area. Not only has country come to town. The movement from the South, particularly of Negroes though by no means of Negroes alone, has been an exodus hardly ever equaled.

Great differences mark the movements in the old Confederacy. Florida, which a century ago the New York *Herald* called "the smallest tadpole in the dirty pool of secession," has become the fastest-growing state in the nation. Ruffin's Virginia has received more and more suburbanites from that centralized government about which Southern politicians, including its own Senator Harry Byrd, complain. In the decade 1950 to 1960 these two states alone gained 1,632,000 people. But the nine other Southeastern states lost 2,712,000 people to other regions. The Southern need for jobs may be measured by the 1,291,000 who got new ones against the 2,712,000 who left to look elsewhere. The need is even greater than these figures suggest. In the two decades between 1940 and 1960, Southern farm population declined by 7,700,000 people—almost as many of them whites as Negroes. Certainly industry has done little for these agriculturally dispossessed. The great migration still leaves millions behind, economically bereft.

Keeping People Down

The Southern industrial boom, then, has by no means produced bonanza for all. Indeed, the very eagerness to build up industry has often been accompanied by an insistence on keeping people down. Along with the reports of new factories are stories of children in rural counties coming hungry to school. Some landlords, while recognizing the economic virtue of their own

* In space-age development some of the South's growth undoubtedly has been given a boost by the presence of persuasive Southerners at the heads of the Armed Services Committees of both House and Senate. Senator Richard Russell of Georgia recently saw the American defense effort threatened by a proposal to close an air base in Georgia. Other Senators would stand guard over the Army basic missile center at Huntsville, Alabama, and, if necessary, at Cape Kennedy in Florida.

sidies from federal agricultural programs, e prevailed upon county commissioners not istribute food to the poor from agricultural pluses; free food might make the colored folks in the limited periods in which their labor ow needed. And every Southern state except tucky "protects" its workers by "right to k" laws which, of course, are devices to make ard to unionize.

s a result, most Southern workers are any- g but opulent. In 1964 North Carolina had e manufacturing workers than any other hern state, but their average wage was the st in the South—and in America ($1.60 an r compared to the U.S. average of $2.58). manufacturing wages last year were the best he Dixie economy. The average annual per- l income for Southerners in 1963 was $1,820, pared with $2,449 in the nation. Such figures ar to explain the northward migration in re- years.

o cry of "good riddance" will alter the fact these emigrants leave behind a weaker h. Not only are customers departing and ds and muscles slipping away; the young and educated leave first and fastest. The emigra- also deprives the South of power at the time n some of its politicians bluster the most. In onal elections the vote of Harlem is more ed than the vote of Alabama. And in 1960 the es of Arkansas, Alabama, Kentucky, Mississi- pi, and North Carolina lost a total of six seats the national House of Representatives and Electoral College. In terms of Southern power he nation the result was the same as if South olina, the old bellwether of secession, had n dropped into the sea.

his could be a sort of secession by recession. situation, however, suggests that if the th, a hundred years after defeat, is to grow greatness, it is time for a different kind of w South." There are signs of hope.

he migration from the South has slowed. e imaginative projects have attracted crea- people. In North Carolina in the 1950s there a growing awareness that advancing re- rch about materials and methods was becom- an industry in itself, requiring the know- ge and labors of highly trained technical men. result was the Research Triangle, with its rts at the intellectual reservoirs of nearby e University in Durham, and the two big ches of the Consolidated University of North olina in Raleigh and Chapel Hill. In the non- Research Triangle Institute there and in boratories of private businesses beside it, studies go on in a variety of fields from fibers to computer processes in industry, microminiaturized electronic systems, pesticides, and cancer-retarding chemicals—even the seismicity of the Southeastern states.

The North Carolina Research Triangle is unique only as it was designed by a combination of academic, business, and state officials. They created a nonprofit institute as a part of a total research complex including industrial and governmental facilities. Somewhat similar institutions exist at Birmingham and Richmond. On the borders of the Southeast are the Southwest Research Institute in San Antonio and Spindletop at Lexington, Kentucky. Proposals in the same field have been made in Georgia, Louisiana, and even Mississippi. All these projects are inspired not merely by the special research preoccupation of this generation in the nation and the world. They are also motivated by an effort to develop new Southern industries less tied to the low-wage history of textiles, tobacco, and lumber products. There is an increasing understanding that just any kind of industry paying any kind of wage is not enough.

The pursuit of industry goes on. In 1962 more than 40 per cent of all the money spent in the nation by state agencies to advertise industrial advantages was spent by Southeastern states. Industry hunters have become the most petted state officials. Eager politicians join in their quests for industry—often called "raids"—in other states. North Carolina's former Governor Luther Hodges, until recently Secretary of Commerce and now the new chairman of the board of the Research Triangle Foundation, organized and led a safari of businessmen and boosters to Europe, ready if they could to move the Saar to the South. Hodges was also glad to have his picture taken for national publication while putting on a pair of drawers from a manufacturer wise enough to make his underwear in the Tar Heel State.

Other, Wiser Men

There is a South which is neither in the brochures of the promoters nor the news reports of racial violence. The region has not been taught only by demagogues and exploiters. Old Governor Hugh White with his BAWI plan has not been its only prophet. The present South has been shaped, too, by other, wiser men.

There was Howard W. Odum, who came from Bethlehem in Walton County, Georgia. He

began his researches in the social sciences long before anyone dreamed of a Research Triangle in North Carolina. Without the aid of computers he collected as no one had ever done before the significant facts and statistics about the Southern region. No automated procedures since have produced so clear an inventory of the people, the poverty, the promise of the South.

David Lilienthal came as a stimulating stranger to the Tennessee Valley Authority in its first exciting days to harness a river for power, flood control, conservation, transportation, and recreation—and all for people. Here was at last a dream that Odum's brooding statistics could be mobilized to build a more protected, prosperous land. (It is perhaps an irrelevant item in the Southern story that Lilienthal also presided over the use of TVA power in the fission of the atom.) Even now, almost unnoticed, more river developments are planned with local initiative to protect valleys, provide industrial demands for water, and end pollution.

An enlightened concern for people remains too. This concern is shown more and more by younger native politicians not caught in the senility of seniority upon which the South has too much depended in Congress. And at home, court-ordered legislative reapportionment runs against the rule of the rednecks. The Presidential election of 1964 did not so much demonstrate a South broken by civil-rights furies as one in which the majority South declined to be ruled by them.

Younger politicians are facing the facts. They want industry. They know their region's desperate need for it. But basically they want to lift a people to the level of capacity required in a technical age—not merely to attract industry to exploit their limitations. And such men, in a South composed of both white and Negro people, are concerned for the welfare and advance of both races, for a better chance in equal dignity for all. This can still be a hazardous enterprise for a politician. Yet a century after surrender, such concern provides the only hope for a South truly transformed in the achievement of decency for all.

It is not necessary for a Southerner to go back to Civil War times to recognize the contempt with which "po' whites" in the South were once regarded by more fortunate Southerners. They were a recognizable, almost untouchable breed. They are seldom seen anymore. Beauty parlors at the branch heads have made their girls indistinguishable from debutantes on the streets. The new, almost pathetic eagerness for schools is doing more. Slower but as certainly, improve- ment in the appearance and the confidence o Southern Negroes is taking place.

But the fact remains that both black and whit are still too poor together. Their poverty n only shames a region but threatens the natio too. The South unfulfilled will not stay home l quality.

The Dispossesse

A century is a long time. The Confederate fla is often just confetti in careless hands now. O Edmund Ruffin's creative labors, twisted by bi terness, only led him to the unbearable sight o Southern catastrophe. Sometimes the work o another scientist, Dr. Charles Herty—in his di coveries about the production of paper fro Southern pines which spread the forests to whe cotton grew—has seemed only to dispossess pe ple. That is not the present probability. greener South can be a better South if th tended forests run by the fields to the fringe of the expanding cities. But there must be new places for people in the towns teeming with fo from so many declining rural counties. Th almost revolutionary movement from the rur South remains a greater problem than any sin ple black and white one with which so muc Southern and national thought has been preo cupied.

The South may be taught its way to a happie destiny by those whom it has always regarde as its least and last. Sixty years ago my ow beloved father, Josephus Daniels, a man who i many ways was regarded as a radical by c servatives in the South and the nation, helpe set loose the outcry against a professor who ha said that Booker T. Washington was the grea est Southerner since Robert E. Lee. Perhaps run the risk the professor took. But I think m father will forgive me if I admit the eminenc of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. We shall n soon dismiss him. He and others like him hav dramatized the antique inequalities Negroes ha suffered in Southern and American life.

Yet none but the blind can believe that i the South the unfortunate and the dispossesse are only of one color. Despite the widely adve tised gains of the few, the truly New So waits upon the release of the many from squa and neglect. And on this waits that other lon postponed ideal which also has so often seeme pretension—the fulfillment of the America dream.

Harper's Magazine, April 1

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Salvation on the Campus

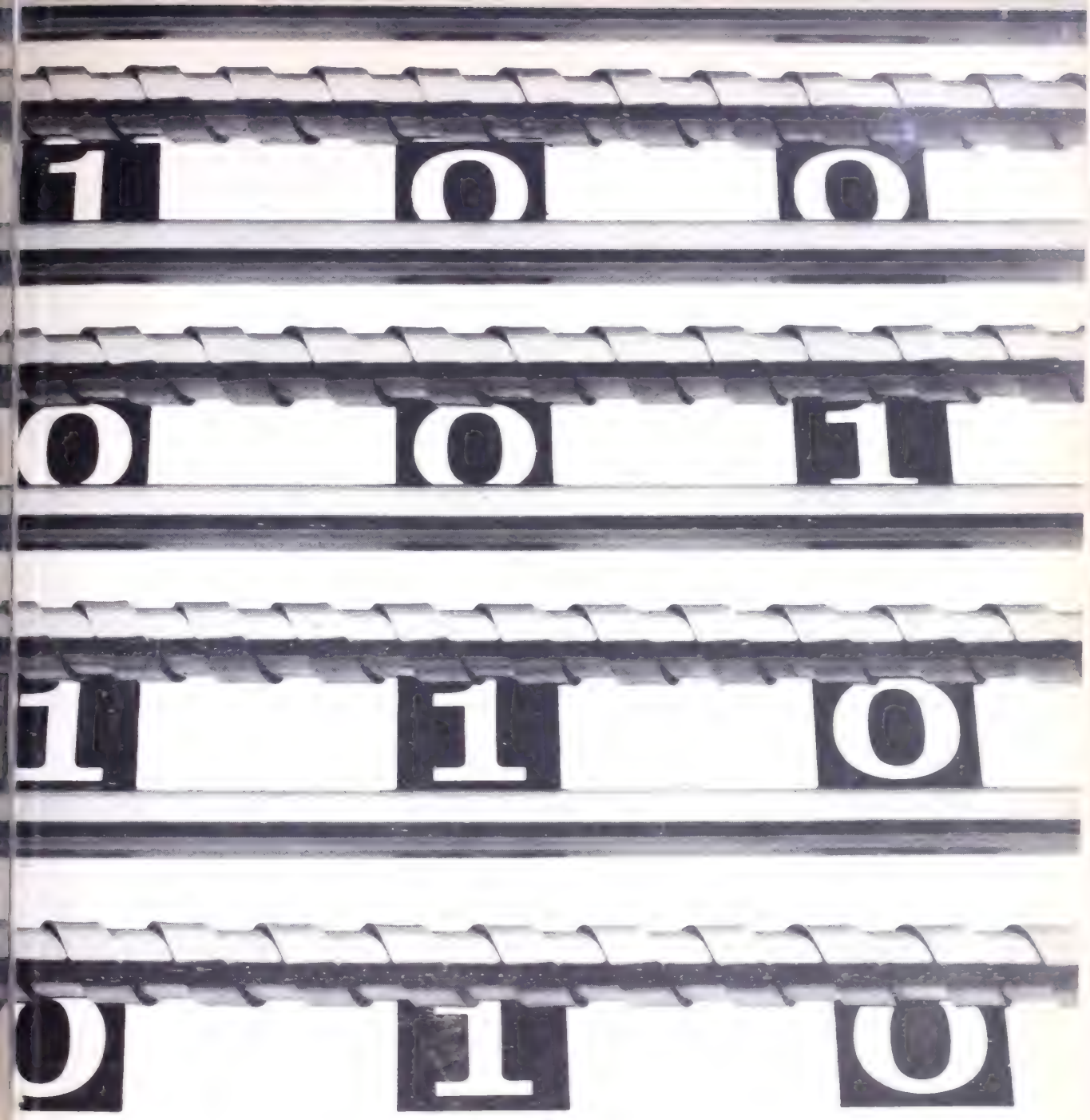
Why Existentialism Is Capturing the Students
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It was London 1769, the night Alexander Gordon introduced his new discovery to the boys.

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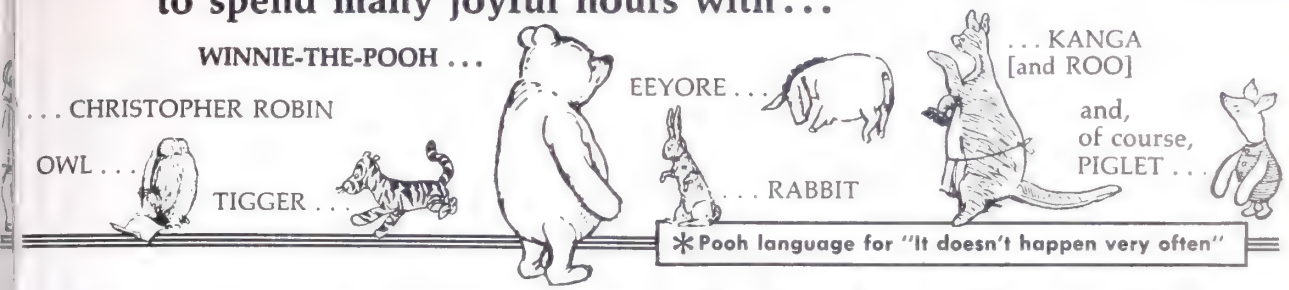
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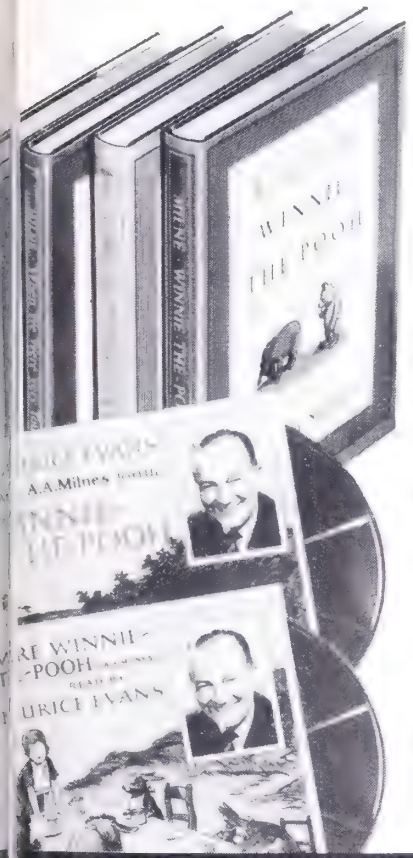
*Pooh language for "It doesn't happen very often"

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170 cubic feet of station wagon.

This picture may look a little odd.

But so are most conventional station wagons when you consider how little they hold.

The two above only average about 85 cubic feet each.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon holds twice that: 170.

And even if you did put two conventional wagons together you still couldn't carry the kind of things you can in a Volkswagen.

It has a 14-square-foo roof for sticking tall thi

And five big doors f things into.

On the inside, the VW for 9 people and room f



170 cubic feet of station wagon.

age.
" 28 cubic feet.)
ne outside, it's only 9
er than the VW Sedan.
park it like a sports car.
rywhere you go, the VW engine is right behind you.

It goes over 20 miles on a gallon of regular gas. And you never have to pay for antifreeze, flushings, or radiator repair.

There isn't any radiator.

And you can safely expect 15,000 extra miles on your tires. (Ours average 35,000 miles.)

When you think about it, the VW Station Wagon not only holds a pile, it can also save you one.



"with Duck Mandarin?"

DON'T LAUGH! No wine in the world could do more for the delectable taste of Duck Mandarin than Blue Nun Rhine Wine. For here's a white wine that behaves in an inscrutable way during dinner. It can be mild with fish or fowl... deliver a hearty note to beef, veal and lamb... become delicate with dessert. So let the traditionalists go by the book! Try a bottle of Blue Nun with Duck Mandarin (or any fine dish) and start your own dynasty.



BLUE NUN
LIEBFRAUMILCH
FROM THE HEART OF GERMANY
Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

Letters

The Slide-ruled Men

Peter F. Drucker has obviously been in contact with a far more knowledgeable and sophisticated group of recent college graduates than I ["American Directions: A Forecast," February]. Since the late 1940s, as Chief Engineer in small firms or supervisor in larger ones, I have been directing the work of young engineers, mainly recent graduates. Of the several hundred who have worked for me, I could count on my fingers those who exhibited the sophisticated intellectual approach to national and world problems which Mr. Drucker says he has found in these young men; I will have to admit that most of these came from the East.

I have noticed a change of attitude over these years. The engineering graduates of the late 'forties and early 'fifties were children of the Depression and the war. They were skeptical, somewhat insecure, and had a bit of a chip on their shoulders, as they were aware that the intellectual tools furnished them by their college did not completely equip them to understand or control the world in which they found themselves.

Today the young engineer has more of Pope and Diderot than of Housman ("I, a stranger and afraid / In a world I never made") in his approach to life. He knows the answers. In a peculiarly naïve way he repeats the clichés of the eighteenth-century liberal and the nineteenth-century entrepreneurs. Big Government is wrong . . . Labor Unions are wrong. There would not be any slums if the slum dwellers had any guts. (If they had they would get out.) Public power is wrong (except the project he's working on). . . .

When I describe the "Hoover Cities" which I once knew when working on the waterfront of New York, [these younger men] don't believe it. Those things did not happen. . . . They have no realization of the real or imaginary railroad tracks which separated the craftsman from the so-called professional man [illegible] boyhood. . . .

Now I am not decrying [illegible] young engineers. Technically [illegible] make my generation look like [illegible] teurs; they can run circles [illegible] me in higher mathematics; the [illegible] learned esoteric methods of [illegible] complex structural problems [illegible] we used to solve by main st[illegible] and awkwardness. But basical[illegible] are uneducated, they are [illegible] trained.

EDWARD A. M[illegible]
Sacramento [illegible]

Sex and C[illegible]s

I wonder how George P. [illegible] could write that amusing [illegible] "Against Pornography" [M[illegible] without realizing that televi[illegible] the pacemaker. I wonder if h[illegible] that we had eight thousand r[illegible] last year in our nation and c[illegible] work alone showed ten th[illegible] murders, not all of whom [illegible] the Macbeth or Hamlet socia[illegible]

Corporations cannot blush, [illegible] perience shame; the mere na[illegible] the dominant persons, such [illegible] noff, Paley, and Goldenson, a[illegible] producers of each television [illegible] sadism might be more effecti[illegible] any amount of new laws.

MORRIS L.[illegible]
New Yor[illegible]

As a painter, I am horrifie[illegible] thought that Mr. Elliott, w[illegible] write, "Even the breast of a [illegible] woman is revolting when ir[illegible] too closely," might be a mem[illegible] the board of censors. . . .

WILLIAM P.[illegible]
Interlake

. . . I do not believe in the [illegible] of pornography. But I do be[illegible] good taste, which cannot be [illegible] or enforced by any organize[illegible] I find much of Jean Genet o[illegible] to good taste but would not [illegible] work. Although I find some o[illegible] Miller's writing offensive, [illegible] grateful for his trenchant [illegible]

ow "rich" are investors?...how many vn stocks listed on the N.Y. Stock xchange?...what to discuss first with our broker...4 steps to wise investing.

year, it is likely that more than llion Americans will become wners for the first time in their

u're one of them, you'll be join- group estimated at more than ion.

* * *

d it surprise you to know that e more shareowners in this coun- labor union members, or col- dents, or farmers?

* * *

"rich" are investors? An Ex- study indicates the median in- shareowning families is $8,600, ut half are in the $5,000-to- bracket. More women than n stocks—and, grouped by oc- , housewives lead the list in An estimated 11 million men men own stocks listed on the rk Stock Exchange.

* * *

sting is on your mind, you may ring: "How do I begin?" We nd the following four steps to sting.

* * *

make a get-acquainted call on red representative of a member firm of the Exchange. There are some 3,400 offices and you'll usually find "Members New York Stock Exchange" on their doors and windows. Both the firm and its registered representatives have had to meet Exchange qualifications and are subject to Exchange rules. (One regulation is that registered representatives must be full-time brokers.)

* * *

Start by allocating some investment goal. Do you want dividends to bolster your regular income? Or long-term growth in the value of your stock? Or bonds, perhaps, for the greater safety of principal and stability of income they often provide?

* * *

Second, how much should you invest? Nothing, until you have provided for the usual expenses most people have. Generally, it's a sensible rule to invest only funds that you don't expect to need in the foreseeable future.

* * *

Third, what to buy? And how to buy? Certainly not on unsupported rumors or fragments of news. Ask your registered representative for the most factual account he can give you of a company that seems to hold promise for you—the trend of earnings, the dividend record, its financial condition, announced plans for growth, possibly news about management. Ask for his judgment to season your own.

Finally, remember that stock prices go up and down for many reasons, and neither facts nor the coolest judgment can eliminate the risk.

* * *

The purpose of investing, of course, is to improve your financial position. That is why it is so important to know that there are right and wrong ways to go about it.

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Love Letters to Rambler



The Klocker family are Rambler experts. They have thirteen Ramblers in their past and present and are still buying. Read why they remain loyal to Rambler.

"Dependable transportation—low mileage costs are essential in my business."

"I appreciate the extent to which American Motors goes in making Rambler owners happy. I drive approximately 50,000 miles a year and I turn my Rambler in every year or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. This is my 10th Rambler and my wife is driving her third. None of my nine previous Ramblers has cost me more than $100.00 for repairs, including tires for the 50,000 miles I drive them ...my new one is a four-door sedan. The increase in horsepower is much appreciated. One would think he was driving an eight-cylinder car. As long as American Motors keeps up the good work they will have no trouble selling Ramblers."



Here's the 1965 version of the 4-door sedan Mr. Klocker is now driving happily. It's the Classic 770 with the Torque Command 232 Six. World's most advanced Six. It's the Six that comes on like an Eight. Power plus economy.

FREE! '65 Car X Ray Book' 48 pages of comparisons of the leading '65 cars. Hundreds of illustrations, many in full color. It can save you hundreds of dollars. Get yours at your Rambler dealer.

criticism. I find many television commercials highly offensive but I don't see any movement to ban them. The real enemies of society do not proclaim themselves as such but often masquerade as its saviors. They would clamor to get on the censorship boards.

MRS. LOUISE REISFELD
Bethesda, Md.

We are all indebted to you for publishing "Against Pornography," which should be recommended reading for all civic-minded groups. We are a sick society and George Elliott has diagnosed our malady; it remains to see what will be done.

F. A. SHAW
Northville, Mich.

In his book *A Piece of Lettuce*, Professor Elliott tells how as an adolescent, when he had to tub in the kitchen, both his parents watched the whole process. His exquisite preoccupation with physical functions makes one wonder whether had he been allowed to bathe in private he might now feel a little more tolerant toward pornography. Those good Elliotts, how little did they know as they sat and eyed their son in his bath what an article they were cooking up for *Harper's*!

KENNETH R. HOLCOMB
Scottsville, N. Y.

George Elliott examines a hot issue with coolness and calmness and presents a viewpoint forcefully and cogently. The problem he studies is well nigh insoluble—how can we on the one hand combat pornography and on the other keep the cops at a safe distance? Between censorship and no censorship at all, I would choose the latter. The dangers of censorship are far greater than any danger that the reading of a book or magazine *might* scar tender flesh here and there. We know what the cops can do; it has never been conclusively demonstrated to me, in or out of court, that anybody has ever been turned to crime by a book. As Elliott points out, aesthetic problems are involved—one should be decent and produce and foster decent art—but is this a justification for any official action—whether by Elliott's board of censors or any other agency? Aesthetics stands uneasy and downcast in the police station or befo bureaucrat; that just isn't its place. Its proper place is in the of men, and in that realm l cop and the bureaucrat proce caution and to their peril. . .

HOKE
Chicago *Sun-*
Chica

MR. ELLIOTT REPLIES:

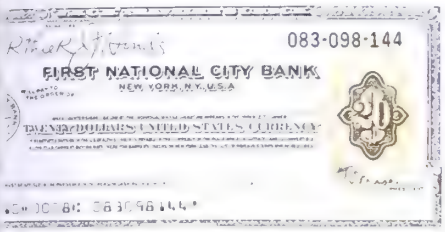
Mr. Ernst and Mr. Holcomb grant me the right to stick subject. Of course mass expos cruelty and murder is worse pornography. So is a host of social ills—racial discrimin atomic warfare, tabloid sensat ism. But I was not talking them. The trouble with the tech of reducing an opponent's arg by psychologizing him is that i bids discourse. I was talking pornography. To speculate on I chose to talk about it is not re sive to my argument.

As the matter was defined i essay, a painter inspecting a h woman's breast closely has t common with a nursing bab with a lover: he is at a differen tance from it than is an ord person reading a story or looki a movie. Aesthetic distance is urable only by a rubber yard

Mrs. Reisfeld and Mr. Norris the dangers of censorship, and I. Indeed, if I did not fear more the puritanical counter-re which I think is now gatherin forces to attempt a really v repression, I would be relieved all censorship, even a loose and erate one, abolished as a greate than pornography.

Neither money nor civic duty get me on a board of censors make decisions which you will be shaky about and sometimes r and for which you are sure reviled from both sides is a than task for any citizen. For an a it is unthinkable. But this doe mean that an artist is not a citizen. It is much too simple to of society as nothing but the e of the individual and the artist it is much harder than current eral fashion allows for any ind ual, even an artist, not to member of society. "We are, I not how, double within ourselve that what we believe we disbel

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actual tests demonstrate some of the important benefits when you carry First National City Travelers Checks. by the leader in world-wide banking, they're *readily avail- mmediately acceptable...refundable on-the-spot!* In case Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest sands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands fund points... principal hotels can direct you to the near- . Cost of this complete safety for your money? Just one r dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.



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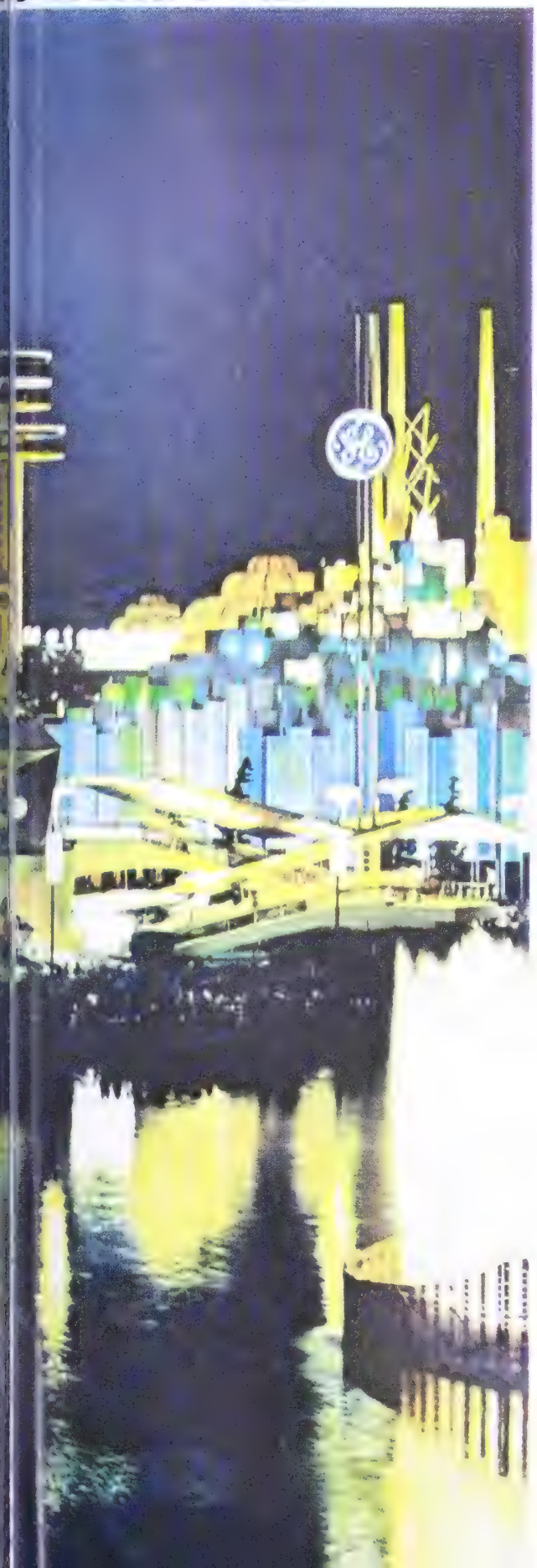
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And in Medallion City you'll see the newest ways in which electricity is changing the way you live.

Don't miss seeing Progressland. During the '64 season of the New York World's Fair, 7,500,000 people visited Progressland. And thousands wrote us to say that it's one of the "hits" of the Fair. (Even if you saw it last year, come again. There's lots that's new.)

Who cares if you have fun at the Fair? We care . . . at General Electric Progressland.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

We thought we'd done everything.
Then we did Viña del Mar.



[illegible] trip to Europe. A well-traveled [illegible] South America instead.

If you go in for old-world charm [illegible] go head-over-heels for Viña del Mar, he said, thereby winning his case.

Three weeks later to the day, a Panagra jet carried us away to Santiago. From there, a limousine zipped us to Viña del Mar.

Viña del Mar is a twentieth-century wonder, with carefully preserved castles, chalets and gardens, cloudless skies, Pacific surf and an unforgettable casino.

The casino looks like a national capitol—pure white, Greek-columned, and large enough for eight thousand people to place their bets all at once. And you can have dinner, a floor show and an all-night *boite*—all under one roof.

It makes for long nights and lazy days. And lazy you can be. Viña del Mar moves to the clip-clop pace of Victorian horse-drawn carriages. And, if you feel peppier, there's always golfing, boating and horse-racing.

Obviously, the last place to go after a week of such living is home. We didn't. And we trust you won't, either. Instead, head south to the magnificent Chilean-Argentine lake country, where you can swim in the middle of Jan[illegible]

From there, you can take a boa[illegible] through the lakes on the w[illegible] Buenos Aires (which is very [illegible] like Paris, except the streets are [illegible] and the opera house larger.

And, after Buenos Aires, yo[illegible] let Pan Am take you to Rio (w[illegible] Bossa Nova is the real articl[illegible] up to Brasilia (the moder[illegible] carved out of a jungle), Ca[illegible] (South America's biggest boom town)[illegible] home—if you can tear yourself away.

Telling words from two airlines: No[illegible] knows South America like Pan [illegible] Pan Am. We're the only airline system[illegible] can fly you completely 'round the continent. [illegible] Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, [illegible] the utmost in passenger comfort. You ca[illegible] both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip t[illegible] to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Pan [illegible] the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, fl[illegible] the other. You can do it for less than you've dreamed. Our new 30-day Jet economy excursion [illegible] 'round the continent is just $550 from New [illegible] $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

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[illegible] AMERICAN AIRWAYS [illegible] AMERICAN AIRWAYS

not rid ourselves of what we
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ne's, which Auden used as
raph to *The Double Man*. In
tters, at such a time, a state-
the truth does not just de-
t prescribes.

Confederate Kudos

pleased to see just tribute
'The Good Southern Univer-
[Virginius Dabney, March].
ng time these schools have
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n attitude toward things
n. The nation has been the

MARY MCLEAN
Chicago, Ill.

ld like to mention the follow-
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article but were omitted
final draft for reasons of
aylor, Virginia Polytechnic,
ory, the U. of Florida, Lou-
ate, North Carolina State,
Tech, Medical College of
Washington & Lee, Hamp-
ey. Randolph-Macon for
. of the South, Davidson,
Military Institute, and the

VIRGINIUS DABNEY
Richmond, Va.

Food for Thought

B. Spalding's day-by-day
f a welfare diet ["Eating
the Hog," March] gave a
ure of how the "other half"
report was an eye-opener
eed for constant evaluation
sent government programs.

MARTHA BAKER
Therapeutic Dietitian
Ohio State U. Hospital
Columbus, O.

My Brother's Keeper

i, sadistic attitude of "The
" in Florence Engel Ran-
[March] seems to be an
component of our society.
State so many of us are
only with our own ad-
. Exams are not tests of
ed but indicators of how well
n at the other fellow. These
ele ents prevail in our society,
ts ress on success. The world of "The Watchers" may be an indicator of the future, when each man's drive for success will leave him deaf to another's cry for help. It is time for each one of us to evaluate and decide what is more important.

HELEN KATZMAN
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.

Up in Arms

As I read "A Fair Deal for the Cold War Soldier" [Senator Ralph W. Yarborough, January] I felt a tingling sensation surge through my Government Issue body. It is gratifying to know that we enlisted chaps have a champion for our prospective postservice education. . . .

Before I became a part of our nation's Air Force, her in-service educational opportunities appeared lucrative. After I entered the military, however, I was made aware that such vital duties as kitchen police, charge-of-quarters, and much overtime work are more important than the education of oneself. . . .

Most of my confreres and I have saved enough money to finance a year of college—if we dine on beans—after discharge from the service. What happens after that remains to be seen.

JOHN C. HOWELL
APO San Francisco

Requiem for a Nursemaid

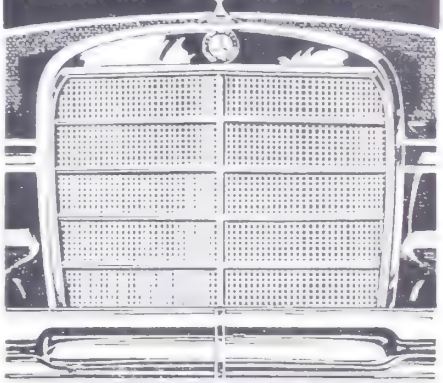
I was angered by Eleanor Wintour's article, "Bringing Up Children: The American *vs.* The British Way" [August]. For twenty years I have suffered the social snobbery of the upper-class parents of these United States. I am called a nursemaid, a governess, a nanny, a babysitter. What I am called does not define what I do, which is provide a climate for growth by answering the physical, emotional, and intellectual needs of preschool children. My title depends upon the parents who pay the pitifully meager salary given to women who—through love of children or lack of training in any other field—choose to accept the loss of status and personal freedom that goes with being on twenty-four-hour alert, . . . responsible for their babies sleeping and waking, except for a day and a half off a week. . . .

Fringe benefits? One lives in lux-

Buy your beautiful Mercedes-Benz in Europe & travel "first class" all the way–abroad and at home.

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Please send me without cost or obligation copy of new, exciting full-color guide, "European Vacation."

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Mail this coupon to: Mr. Hans von Brockhusen, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., 158 Linwood Plaza, Fort Lee, N. J.

MERCEDES-BENZ

"My father had a care to have me in my nonage brought up at school, that I might through the study of good letters grow to be a friend to myself, a profitable member to the commonwealth, and a comfort to him in his age."

— ROBERT GREENE [illegible]



What greater blessing can there be than for a person to be a friend to himself? It is the prerequisite for all the satisfactions of life, the greatest boon that one can give a child. And unquestionably one of the things that will help him most to be a friend to himself is a college education.

In addition to broadening his horizons, expanding his vision, widening and deepening his interests, increasing his associations, and improving his knowledge, a college education is, to put it bluntly, worth money in terms of income over the years. A survey reported in American Economic Review indicates that **college graduates on average have annual incomes more than 55% higher than persons with only high-school background**—a difference in money that may mean the difference between living and merely existing.

But college is not only worth money; it costs money. The average tuition in a private college today is in the neighborhood of $1,000, with room, board, and other expenses amounting to another $1,000 a year — a total of around $8,000 for a four-year course. If costs continue to rise as they have in the past, by 1970 the figure may be twice as much —$2,000 a year for tuition alone, with other expenses increased as well, making the average total cost of four years of college upwards of $12,000.

There will be scholarships, of course, and many students will work to help pay their way. But the bulk of the burden will continue to fall on the parents. And the sooner they make plans to shoulder that burden, the better off they and their children will be when the time comes for college.

One thing that we suggest is setting aside available surplus funds and investing them in good common stocks that have prospects of long-term growth, stocks that have a chance of increasing in value if the American economy continues to expand at its present rate.

Selecting securities that we believe will fit the needs of all kinds of investors is part of our business. Many parents have asked us to suggest stocks that we think can help build an education fund for their children, and our Research Division has compiled numerous portfolios along such lines. The attractiveness of a stock or a group of stocks is, of course, always subject to change. A list of stocks to consider for a cost-of-education portfolio might include A&P, Eastman Kodak, Gulf Oil, IBM, Minnesota Mining & Mfg., Scott Paper, and Upjohn.

These stocks may be purchased in a cash account in any amount, or each may be purchased in a separate Monthly Investment Plan account and the dividends automatically reinvested. (Information on the stocks mentioned above is yours for the asking.)

We want to emphasize that the selection of particular securities for investment depends on your own financial situation and needs. Therefore, if the stocks in this portfolio do not seem to fit your circumstances, our Research Division will gladly compile a portfolio which they believe is appropriate for you. You have only to ask. There is no charge or obligation.

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FEBRUARY 1965

LETTERS

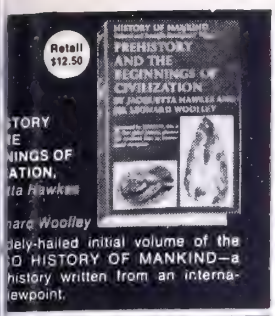
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upon them by their children's

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letters from my children's
bring me progress reports.

When I was a child I wa
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had my big family. One of
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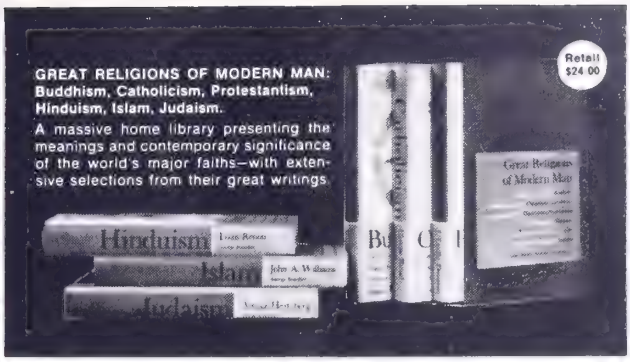


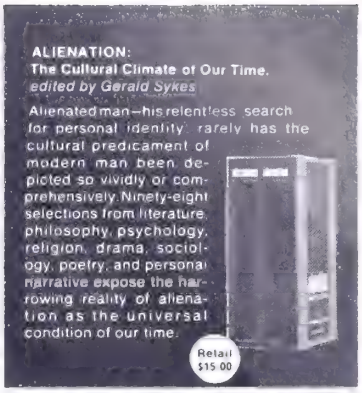
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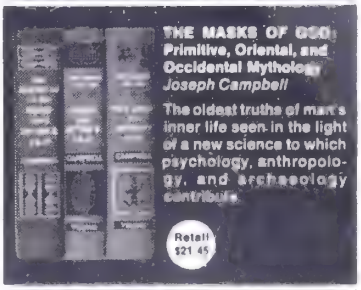
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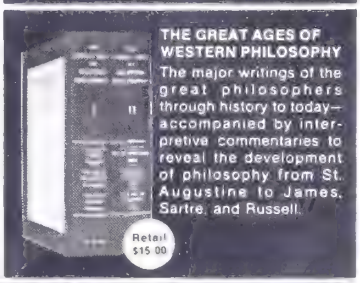
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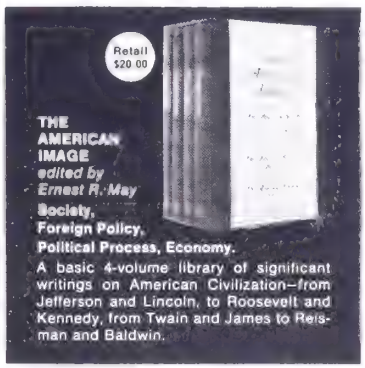
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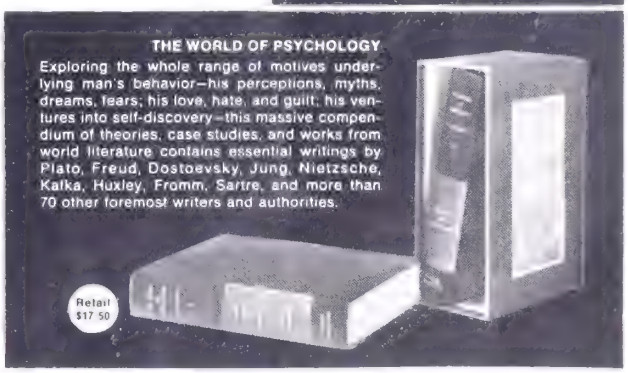
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A Japanese View of America

by Masataka Kosaka

In 1960, my wife and I left our home in Japan to spend two years at Harvard University, where I was to be a visiting scholar. We were a little nervous about how best to conduct our own personal Japanese-American relations but, as it turned out, we needn't have worried. We had a wonderful time. On numerous occasions we were reminded that Japan and the United States are linked by warm and friendly experiences. Sometimes we talked to Americans on the street who had been stationed in Japan as GIs. They remembered its green mountains, its exotic temples, its winsome girls, its sake and its sukiyaki. Sometimes we met Fulbright scholars or businessmen or tourists who had visited Japan after the war. All of them had brought back something they cherished—Noritake china, Japanese toys, even Japanese wives (who generally proved to be charming and successful ambassadors for their country).

We had only to look about to see further evidence of Japanese-American amity: the Kabuki theater, the tea ceremony, and styles of flower arranging have all been successfully imported to the U. S. Moreover, some American intellectuals are seriously interested in Zen-Buddhism (and beatniks at least like to talk about it). Perhaps the greatest Japanese influences are at work in architecture and interior decoration; it has been said that three of the top ten architects in the United States today are Japanese.

All these phenomena strengthen a particular image of Japan—picturesque, dainty, serene, pliant, eager to please. And this image is at least partly responsible for changing the enemies of yesterday into the friends of today. Yet I am troubled by it, for I feel that it is also responsible for nourishing some potentially ugly and dangerous situations. Its storybook radiance has blinded Americans to the difficulties inherent in dealing with the vital, driving, unbelievably overcrowded, and increasingly Westernized land that is the real present-day Japan. I would like, in the pages that follow, to try to sketch this real Japan and its needs a little more fully. Once Americans become aware that my countrymen have a great deal more on their minds than lotus blossoms and teahouses, I am sure we will be well on the way to solving our mutual problems.

Perhaps the broadest of these problems has to do with Japan's search for a world role. What she wants is a position of greater equality vis-à-vis the United States. Any objective Japanese will admit that the amazingly smooth postwar recovery of his country and the tremendous growth of the Japanese economy owe much to Ame guidance and protection. But n likes to be forever dominated guardian, no matter how kind benevolent he may be. And in case, the guardian sometimes good reason to forsake benevol for his ward is becoming his Rapidly developing Japanese i tries offer increasingly serious petition to American businessm both in Japan and in the U States. Understandably, this petition is often a source of fric

Consider tariffs, for one insta Japan and the United States them unusually troublesome, la because Japanese trade with Am amounts to more than 30 per ce all her foreign trade, and the J nese know their economy dep upon it. Restrictions on imp therefore, can hurt them badly. morning two years ago, a whole t in central Japan suddenly b criticizing the United States. munist agitators weren't behind hostility. In a sense, some Amer Congressmen were. The morni newspaper had reported a Cong

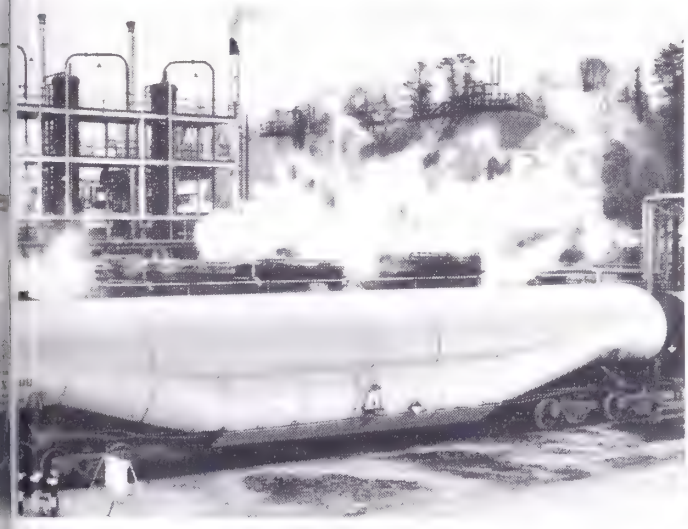
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Dr. Masataka Kosaka is an assis professor of the Faculty of La Kyoto University. His major in est is the impact of the Chi revolution on world politics.





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ying railroads spent $1,400,000,000 last year on new equipment to pro- service for America. Among the items bought: 65,000 new freight cars or shippers' special needs (like jumbo 100-ton capacity hoppers for grain nd giant tank cars that carry up to 50,000 gallons). Improved track to er loads faster. Microwave communications systems. Electronically con- ight classification yards. More than 1,000 powerful diesel locomotive e latest railroad advances are shaping the transportation future. Through ailroads are keeping shippers' costs down, attracting more business, and better service and lower costs.

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cotton textiles. Cotton textiles were this town's chief industry, and the United States was its largest buyer. The townspeople knew that the balance of trade favored America, not Japan. Many people said, "Americans are not fair."

Tariffs are only one of many potential stumbling blocks to our friendship. The whole pattern of economic relations between the United States and Japan, established when the two countries were vastly unequal, is likely to cause trouble. The Japanese are disturbed, for example, by an airline agreement that permits a major American airline to use Tokyo as a stopover on around-the-world service but does not allow Japanese planes to use New York for the same purpose. Last summer Japan tried to revise the agreement, but the United States refused. The failure of the negotiations made newspaper headlines in Japan; many pro-American Japanese were exasperated and a few Communists, naturally, were delighted. I doubt that most Americans would insist on retaining the unequal features of the agreement if they knew about them. But ordinary citizens are simply unaware of the situation and even more unaware of the symbolic value it has for the Japanese in their struggle for national self-respect.

Why Be Neutral?

Thorny as it may be, however, this kind of economic problem is relatively easy to solve. For Japanese and American businessmen both have a stake in maintaining close and fruitful economic relations, and they are accustomed to ironing out business difficulties together. Questions of foreign policy are harder to handle. A third of the Japanese regularly vote for the Socialist party, which has taken a stand in favor of neutralism. Their official statements seem to reflect only stale anti-Americanism based on dogmatic Marxism. (The Socialists declare that the Security Treaty between Japan and the U.S. contributes to tension in the Far East and threatens the peace. Capitalist countries, they say, are warlike by their very nature.) But, in fact, the sentiments they mirror are more widespread and more basic. [illegible] lectually as well as emotionall Japanese people tend to believ neutralism will probably le peace and that the present U.S. Security Treaty is lik perpetuate a dangerously tens Americans regard neutralism a ation in the Far East. Because sive—an escapist design for drawal from the world—they understand that it represents a tive policy to many people in J To them it means independenc greater freedom of action; it possibly playing a forceful rol world free from military ent ment.

Personally I do not believe neutralism is a proper polic Japan; the world is not as pe as some pacifists like to think what precarious peace exists is tained by a balance of power be East and West. But I do believ Americans must come to appr the very real attractions of a ne ist stance.

Our basic attitude toward mi problems is admittedly difficul Americans to grasp because it different from yours. American pear to think that the greate military force, the greater the rent. We don't agree. Armamen us are necessary but dangerous we believe in keeping them absolute minimum. Many Jap including those who support t liance with the United States, that the American forces in th East are too strong for purel fensive purposes.

Moreover, as we see it, the armed forces is slowly decre today. Of course, there are struggles going on in Southeast But the fact that these struggles not be won by military power al apparent from the experience in nam. In today's world, a conti of Peace Corpsmen is, in a s more powerful than a Polaris marine. Similarly, business ne tions and academic conferences have more long-run significance consultations among military le We are willing enough to coo with the United States in stre ening the Free World, but we wi do so mainly on an economic cultural level. The present Ame policy seems to us to attach too

Das Ist Alice

by Felicia Lamport

[illegible]
With respect to Edward Albee's latest play:
[illegible]

Is it turgid dramaturgy meant to vent on law and clergy
All the author's rage against the world today,
Psychopathia sexu-Alice, or an allegoric chalice
That he's raising in a reverential way?

The reaction's fraught with schism: he's accused of plagiarism
Drawn from Eliot and Beckett and Genet;
He's commended for uniqueness, deprecated for obliqueness,
Pelted freely with both brickbat and bouquet.

Though a roar of "Boring Alice!" shows what certain crassly callous
Persons feel is all the drama can convey,
Others find it moving, thrilling, fundamentally fulfilling,
Fascinating or outrageously *outré*.

Through the praise and the deploring, the attendance has been soaring
Till the figures every night and matinee
Make it clear that midget Alice should be known as Digit-Alice
Since she's put the heart right back into Broadway.

VITALITY



is young, strong, eager. And its future has un-
d potential for progress. As the nation grows, so
the need for communications. Person-to-person,
ss-to-business, country-to-country. Just as impor-
G&E has its roots in the "expansion areas" of
ca—where there's the space and the spirit for vig-
orous growth. And whatever the communications needs
of the future, G&E will meet them fully, quickly, effi-
ciently—with the team effort of research, manufacturing
and operations. A team effort that helps us grow faster
because it serves the community better.

ng greatly in America's growth

GT&E

ENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

is glop
n choke an
my whirlybird.

w do you
rid of it?

obs on the left are
f helicopter fuel—after
een contaminated
, grit and dirt. It can
oblem in combat
clogging filters,
g off fuel flow,
g desperately needed
ters grounded.
great engineers of
Varner's Pesco
ts Division have
ed a new kind
pump that eats
p without filters.

int, water and acids have a
f creeping into fuel at any
t alone a windswept jungle landing strip. And contaminated fuel can chew conventional fuel pumps to death in less than 15 hours.

Even filters don't help much. Unless they are cleaned and changed frequently, they get clogged with dirt and dam up the fuel flow themselves. This constant cleaning and changing and cleaning and changing is particularly frustrating to men trying to fight a war.

Luckily for our Army mechanics, the engineers at Borg-Warner's Pesco Division have come up with a pump that can handle the grittiest fuel *without* using filters.

How?

Pesco's fuel pump keeps itself clean the same way a cat does: by continually washing itself. Clean fuel is channeled so that it continually washes the pump's gears and bearings. Then this fuel which keeps sweeping the dirt away is bled off into the general fuel flow.

It works so well that Pesco "wash-flow" fuel pumps can run up to 300 hours—with no filters to wash, no filters to clog up the works.

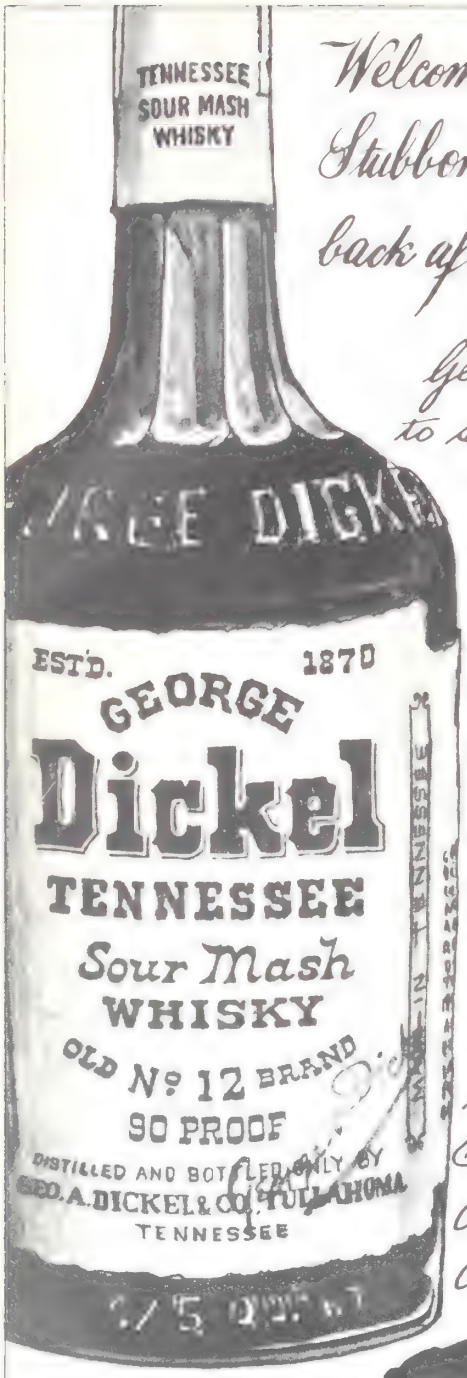
And this is only *one* of the remarkable pumps that Pesco makes for the aircraft industry. You've probably flown on an airliner equipped with Pesco pumps. Like the Lockheed Electra, the Douglas DC-8, the Convair 880 and 990.

Our astronauts will soon be flying in Pesco equipped space vehicles. Like the Titan, the booster for our Gemini vehicle space flights. Pesco pumps have already proven themselves on our Polaris and Minuteman missiles.

But Pesco is looking way beyond these projects to even more fantastic ventures. Like helping with the first orbiting "gas station" in space. When tomorrow's space pilot pulls in and says, "Fill 'er up," the attendant will probably do it with a Pesco pump.

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Still is.

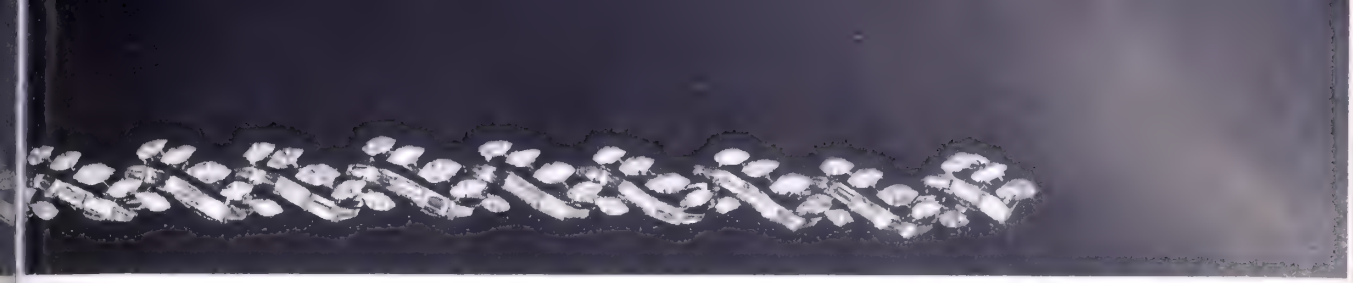
an importance to armed for cessive military might is not necessary but also a hindra otherwise friendly relations.

To illustrate this point o only look at the American b Japan. Japanese farmers hav needed land expropriated to American airfields and their are rubbed raw by the scream of American jets. Mat far worse when the planes sudden engine trouble. If t ejects from the plane at the o fairly high altitude, the airc wobble on undirected until it into a populated area; if he w long—trying to guide the an uninhabited zone—he ma low for his chute to open. Ne wa Air Base in northeastern a pilot who took too much eject from his craft was kill his parachute failed to open. anese were impressed with h age and sense of responsibil sickened at the accident nev In another case when a pilot early, his unguided jet plun a mass of Japanese houses a a dozen people. He was not c but the Japanese were und ably upset.

Torn From

I urge the abolition of A military bases in Japan exce they are absolutely necessar not see why, for example, A air forces could not be remo Seventh Fleet, constantly the Pacific, is strong enoug fend the Far East and to d full-scale Communist aggres an emergency, American a could surely arrange to use bases as well as the vital an ing U. S. bases in Okinawa.

The Okinawan bases pre other obstacle to Japanese-A friendship. America seems know or not to care about nawan people but, to the their plight is heartrending. has been torn from Japan not really belong to anyo United States, while admitt Japan has sovereignty, cont assert a right of temporary over the island. A few yea visiting American scholar b a lecture that the United St



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taken no territory from Japa
the Soviet Union had grab
Kuril Islands. A friend of mi
is no anti-American, retorted
ing, "Yes, the Russians t
Kurils, but they are at least
enough to admit it. The Unite
took Okinawa, but it's suf
hypocritical to deny it." He
pressing the feelings of the
Japanese then. The present
seems to us not only hypocrit
inhumane, for it leaves the fu
Okinawa in suspense. Beca
people of Okinawa cannot ma
term plans, their economy st

The Japanese realize that
bases in Okinawa are indisp
for the defense of the Free
But they cannot understan
Okinawa must be governed
American military. When Pr
Kennedy took office, he discuss
problem with Prime Minister
The Okinawans' hopes rose,
real action was ever taken.
Japan and America should onc
seriously consider restoring
ministration of Okinawa
Japanese government by ca
planned stages, with the U.S.
ing the necessary bases.*

Perhaps American leaders
be more likely to endorse this
they realized that reunificatio
Japan is the burning hope of
nawans. An incident last s
dramatized this fact. Baseball
of the most popular sports
country and the All Japan
School Baseball Tournament
great event; the whole nation
it on television. One team fro
nawa took part in the 1964 t

*In a dispatch from Okinawa
March 9, Robert Trumbell of th
York Times reported that the cr
Vietnam has, at least tempo
"diluted the popular movement
for the island's reversion to Ja
rule."

"The overwhelming majority
Okinawan people still want to
to Japanese administration event
he wrote, "but only the leftist mi
wants United States protection
drawn while the threat of war
over the Far East." He added
the Japanese government "has
acquiesced" in the United State
of the island base "until tensio
Asia disappear" and that "nobo
pects this to happen for some

—*The E*



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ment. When their game was o
Okinawan youngsters sudden
down and scooped up a han
earth. They wanted to bring
the beloved Japanese soil
their island.

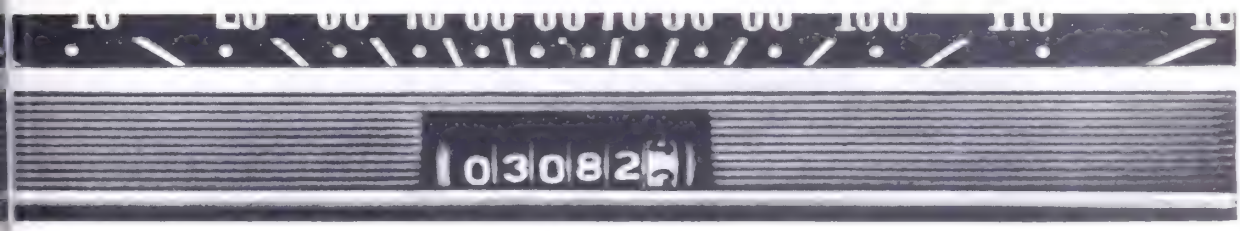
What to Do About

No such symbolic act suffice
lustrate Japanese feelings abo
munist China, but these, t
poorly understood in the
States. Americans fear Chine
tary aggression. The Japanes
ever, think Communist Chin
gressive acts are likely to be p
Therefore we believe in build
Southeast Asian countries e
ically and politically and work
better relations with China
admitting China to the UN
help implement this policy. W
believe there is anything to be
by brooding over the "loss" of
Eventually, it may become nec
for Japan to abandon the
American policy of non-recog
and containment.

If Japanese-American relati
honest and open, such divergen
opinion are not likely to do s
damage. For Japan and the
States are bound by substantial
and by an exchange of peop
"images" on an unprecedented
My son has an "aunt" in Mas
setts who sends him a thoughtf
now and then. Another Japane
I know regularly receives colle
of the latest stamps with de
notes on them from his fa
friend in Illinois. As the boy
his collection, his appreciatio
American generosity and frien
grows along with his knowled
the geography and history o
United States. We are unite
thousands of human ties.

But in the affairs of nations
man ties are not enough. Be
any two powers, conflicts of inte
and opinions inevitably occur. U
we see them clearly and talk
them frankly, even the frien
bonds may become unraveled
must thus sometimes look at th
romantic side of the picture, so
we can realize the scope and n
of our differences. This done,
can be little to shake the frien
of two countries linked by a con
ocean and a common trust.

Does Avis turn back the odometers?



Too good to be true?

"082 miles? Don't their cars ever get old?"

People who notice the low mileage on our cars some-times get a little suspicious.

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We turn back the whole car.

After Hours



Keeping Company with a Parakeet

by Marguerite Cushing

At first I did not want Petie. A

insisted that I should have one because it would be "good company" for me. I could not imagine a bird being good company, but I was alone that winter, a recent widow, and my young daughter, Meg, was at school all day. I said I would give it some thought. Before finally conceding, I asked one question, how long could a parakeet live? My friend said, up to twenty years. I was allergic to even the smallest farewells at the time, and I wanted to be sure I would not give my affection to any short-lived

Petie had only been hatched from the egg six weeks when I brought him home. In the beginning, all he wanted to do when I took him from the cage was to dive head first into any available pocket and stay there, not being ready to face so big a world. But in a few days he was sitting on my shoulder as I went about household chores, or zooming through bath or bedroom door to land on my hand and study the procedures of toothbrushing, hairdressing, and makeup at close range. He was more like a dog than a bird in his desire to trail me about the house and share in all my activities. I certainly had acquired a

Finger-training is the first thing you teach a parakeet if you are wise. With it, you can lift him in and out of the cage, off shoulder, towel rack, or guest's knee, hair, or salad plate—wherever the tirelessly inquisitive budgie happens to land.* To do this you press your index finger lightly under the bird's breast, and the budgie learns to step up on it with both feet; to perch there, in other words. With training, this reaction becomes so automatic that a budgie will climb higher and higher on your alternating left and right index fingers until he is arms' length above your head. In fact, he enjoys this form of sport. And this is about as athletic as Petie ever got.

Many parakeet owners train their birds to be athletes, performing feats

of skill on swings, ladders, r
barrels, and miniature jungle
which can be purchased in pet
But I had higher ambitions for
I wished him to become a schol
turned out to be a gratifying
the course of his short life,
became a walking (and flying
pendium of patriotic and p
slogans, with a smattering of F
and Spanish, and the names o
ous popular entertainers whi
young daughter thought sho
thus immortalized.

But what was most endearing
Petie was the way he would ta
words and phrases he was taug
shift them around to make soc
political comments of his ow
could shred a reputation, re
mood, explode a vanity, and gi
the lowdown on the lubricit
carnal love, scrambling the
without ever scrambling the
dropping a syntax, or forgetti
joys of nonsense.

Usually only male parakee
learn to talk, and you have t
till they are six months old
out their sex. If the bird is
the thick hump of flesh acr
top of the beak turns brown;
male it darkens to blue. Given
the male won't talk, but sper
days gargling love songs to
scrapping with her in parake
guage only.

Fortunately, Petie's hump
ened handsomely to blue and
gan our lessons. I would perc
on my finger, his beak close
lips, and slowly repeat a phra
and over again, enunciating
In about ten days, with much
inary oiling up of the vocal
the phrase would come out—in
pieces at first, and finally exa
I had said it. He was an eag
were intense, and his attentio
remarkably long. He would
out his small blue body almos
zontal, his head craned forwar

*has been on the staff of "Fo
and a story editor for the
Goldwyn Studios.*



ide a little higher. In spirit and in fact.

ne first things you'll notice
u step into a Mercedes: it
an inch or two above the
el" of ordinary cars.
s your whole outlook on
traffic. And driving.
be the enormous wind-
front of you looking out
w and lovely lines of that
ercedes hood and radiator.
e the seats. They do make
p straighter. (This is pre-
hat was intended by the
s who designed them.)
posture in the long run
es, for instance) is liable to
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IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK

waiting intently for each emerge. If I grew abstracted urse of the lesson, or turned to someone in the room, uld rise up on my finger as oming out of a trance, grasp clip in his beak, and gently y pull on it until I faced n. Then he would resume his pose before those "doors of " and wait for the lesson to nce.

Henry's cry of "Give me give me death" was one of ousing slogans Petie learned. oftly and carry a big stick" her. He had no trouble with etter supposedly impossible rakeet to pronounce. How- quickly evidenced a rowdy an reverent cast of mind, n he had picked up some of quial phrases of the day, "Look at the blonde!" pre- a wolf whistle, he preferred hese in between the loftier ts. "Give me liberty or give " became "Give me liberty me a blonde!" and "Speak ," became "Speak softly and big blonde!"—with a wolf acked on before and after. had an uncanny way of ing a reputation in stages. tax collector" became "I'm tax collector" after he had that word in the nursery 'Peter Piper picked a peck d peppers." And then, after conquered the expression, ll be a dirty bird!" it finally "I'm a dirty pickled tax col- When combined with Mae mous line, "Come up and see time, I'm a dirty pickled tax " it created in the mind a f lecherous desire and venal .

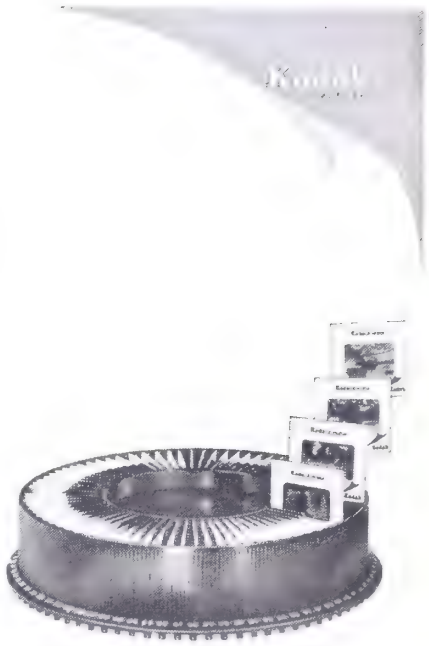


Petie not only parsed his sentences correctly but he had a way of voicing his sentiments at such startlingly appropriate moments that many of my friends considered him more poltergeist than parakeet. With several Republican neighbors of mine I watched the two political conventions the year that Eisenhower ran for re-election against Stevenson. During the entire Republican convention, Petie raced up and down the back of the sofa chanting, "I like Ike. Ike and Dick"; throughout the Democratic doings, he sat grumpily on my shoulder muttering, "I'm a tax collector!" Needless to say, my Republican friends adored him.

Alas, the clarion call for the Republican nominees fell victim to his love for the word pickle, shortly thereafter. "I like Ike," he announced one day, "Ike and Dickle." Never again could I persuade him to refer to Richard Milhous Nixon as other than "Dickle." One almost sensed a disillusionment.

In teaching Petie the names of various popular entertainers whom my daughter admired at the time, we would think up some appropriate exclamation which would reflect her enthusiasm. "Yoo-hoo, Elvis Presley!" was one, and there were several others equally tawdry. After a while, Petie began to tinker with his own name. "My name is Peter Courtney" is what I taught him for formal occasions; also as a possible means of identification in the event he got lost. For a while he seemed quite content with this; then one day he tried out something new. "My name is Elvis Peter . . .," he said tentatively, "Elvis Peter Courtney." After several variations of this, he finally settled for "Elvis Peter Pickle." He would whack his mirror sharply, race to the top of his cage, and call out triumphantly, "My name is Elvis Peter Pickle!"

Petie's companionability was utterly disarming. In the morning while I was applying makeup, he sat on my shoulder, going through the routines of his own grooming. When it came time for lipstick, he would bustle down my arm and watch in some slight alarm the color being applied to the doors of learning. Perhaps it was a male's precursory dislike of being lipstick-smeared. His lovebird instincts made him an enthusiastic



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kissed, and at times when his f
out white beard bore the t
traces, I would exclaim, "Petie,
got lipstick on!" So this too b
part of his vocabulary. Why he
taneously added the despairing
God!" is anybody's guess. H
extremely fond of the cocktail
sampling drinks indiscrimi
Every sip was truly a "sno
owing to the conformation of hi
and the depth to which he s
and after each one there woul
small clearing of the nasal pa
that sounded like a sneeze, whe
he would ejaculate, "Ah-che
God bless you," shake his
sharply, and go back to his dri
All alcohol did was loosen his t
—if it was possible to loosen
further.

Water both fascinated and al
him, and the only way I coul
suade him to bathe was to h
bunch of dripping celery lea
his cage, preferably festooned
perch. After a few preliminar
bles, Petie would begin to ins
himself through the leaves, eme
with wet head feathers and a st
expression. But then as the
penetrated, some ancestral m
in the parrot family seemed t
hold and he completely aban
himself to the delights of his
bath.

Rising steam from a showe
fascinated and repelled him
would hang from a ring o
shower curtain or clank back
forth over the shower rod, issu
series of excited commands. Occ
ally some ungovernable impulse
him dive down to the bottom
tub from which I would ha
rescue him, waterlogged and hy
cal. Once I almost lost him be
of this compulsive water rite
lurked somewhere in his ge
had run my bath full, with a g
ous handful of bath salts to m
nice high foam, and was pinni
my hair, when out of the corn
my eye I saw a dark object stre
back and forth beneath the
My first thought was that a
had inexplicably fallen into th
Then to my amazement I saw
rise from the foam like Venus
with wildly beating wings, mak
complete circuits of the tub, b
I had the wit to grab him.



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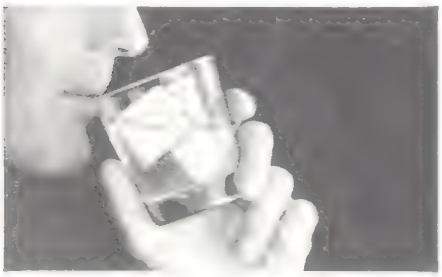
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AFTER HOURS

Like children, parakeets rarely perform on cue. A friend to whom I had boasted of this prodigy came to stay with me for ten days or so, and never when she was within earshot did Petie utter one intelligible word. From time to time she would take him on her finger and scold, "Petie, I wish you would talk," but Petie would only observe her with a bright inquiring eye and remain silent. On the last day of her visit she was reading on the couch when Petie decided to pay her a call. He pigeontoed his way across the rug, tail revolving behind him like a broken propeller, pulled himself up the corded edge of the sofa, hustled onto her shoulder, and, pressing his beak just under her ear, whispered with stunning clarity, "Honey, I wish you would talk."



The nicest thing about living with a parakeet is that he always seems to be having a good time. He loves his cage, he loves your company, he loves to talk and to hear talk. Any yearning he may have for his own kind, and specifically a mate, is taken care of by ardent—sometimes argumentative—sessions with his reflection in the mirror. The only reason a parakeet flies away if he is accidentally released outside is that he becomes confused. I have seen Petie tramp around in the pine needles outside my mountain cabin and then hoist himself back into his cage with obvious relief. Only once did Petie exhibit signs of frustration over his nonexistent sex life. We thought it would pass. But day after day he grew more obsessed with his mirror, shaking it, attacking it, reg ing his food on it, as is chara of an enamored lovebird. getting no sustenance from and growing thin. Removing ror did not help matters. H up and down the perch attacking everything that g way, including any unwar thrust into his cage.

There was nothing to do him off to the hospital fo advice. We could hear him in his covered traveling cag whistles, like a concentra small-arms fire, "look-at-blonde-carry-a-big-stick-yoo-h presley," all strung out toge one unending diatribe agai world. At the hospital a whit veterinarian ushered us into amining room, where I proce give a detailed and rather account of Petie's neurotic "It goes on constantly. Do ended up in a rather dis manner. "*Constantly!*"

While I talked the doctor h studying Petie and I now his gaze. Petie was on his perch, head cocked sideways, me with evident concern. W realized the dramatics were the time being, he eased ove feeder, delicately cracked an few seeds, then sidled back lik one taking up a vigil by the s sick friend. In the face of this erous about-face in his beh felt more than slightly idiotic sure you, doctor . . .," I beg young man transferred his s tive gaze to me. "You know," nodding dreamily, ". . . we get all kinds here."

I was outraged. "My dear man!" I blurted out. "If you came here to indulge neuroti rations of my own as to the b of parakeets . . ."

"Oh, no!" the young doct hastily. "What I meant was, all kinds of *problems with a* Yesterday, for instance, brought in a python with tick

The tentative diagnosis w Petie was "psychologicall turbed," that something in vironment might be botherin and that a change would eli the problem. "I suggest he the cage he is in now for a so, until he forgets what was b



Some people find our meals discouraging.

he man who cleans his plate.
ou're counting calories, we're
. can't count on us.
e thing, our shrimp cost a
re than the shrimp in most
ts. No kidding. We have ex-
hrimp.

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[illegible] is the [illegible] Whenever [illegible] is [illegible] to [illegible] Today [illegible] [illegible] outlet [illegible] beach. Presently as I passed [illegible] kitchen to prepare lunch, [illegible] Petie muttering softly to [illegible] "I don't [illegible] boy!" At that point I could [illegible] agreed with him less.



I [illegible] at once when I returned. [illegible] absences that Petie's life [illegible] abrupt close. My friends [illegible] broken, gave me the details [illegible] ing flight through the light [illegible] room, and ended up in [illegible] room in the rear of the [illegible] Petie did not like the dark, [illegible] he did not fly out again the[illegible] look for him. He was huddl[illegible] [illegible] the light went on, he tried [illegible] landed on the floor and ke[illegible] over every time he got to h[illegible] had ordered bourbon in a[illegible] [illegible] administered. After several [illegible] Petie seemed completely [illegible] and he was returned to [illegible] About ten minutes later, ho[illegible] friend stopped to check, [illegible] was Petie on the bottom of [illegible] his neat little blue and w[illegible] bowed forward in an att[illegible] obeisance, beak against t[illegible] dead.

Seven and a half years [illegible] could he not have learned i[illegible] years! Companion, clown, [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] R.I.P. Elvis Peter Pickle Co[illegible]





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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft



CHRISTIAN ARMSTRONG

The Remarkable Mr. Gordon and His Quiet Power Center

He and a handful of very bright associates — nonpolitical, almost snobbishly professional — are becoming the President's most influential helpers.

At the heart of the bustle and clang of the federal government—bound up with all its politicking, central to the clash of interests and vanities, in the midst of the hunt for primacy and publicity—there is a quiet place, free of politics, almost snobbishly dedicated to the canons of professional achievement, and so hostile to the sensational that it is, quite literally, the institutional model of the "passion for anonymity."

That place is the Bureau of the Budget, the chief staff arm of the Presidency. It is typical of the Bureau's unobtrusive ways that a major recent expansion of its influence has gone unnoticed, or has been put down to the President's personal relations with the current Director of the Bureau, Kermit Gordon—not to say his bent for turning out lights.

In fact, the growing influence of the Bureau has deep causes, complicated symptoms, and wide consequences. It is connected with the development of new tools of economic analysis, and with a new role for the federal budget in the context of the whole economy. In keeping with that evolution, the top management of the Bureau has passed from the public administrators who first established and conceived it, into the hands of economists. As a result of the evolution, the Bureau has entered, in a new and weightier way, into the formulation of tax and credit policy, and of basic domestic programs for agriculture, welfare, education, and the development of natural resources. "The Bureau has never been stronger than it is now," one White House aide says. "Other Administrations used it. This Administration relies on it."

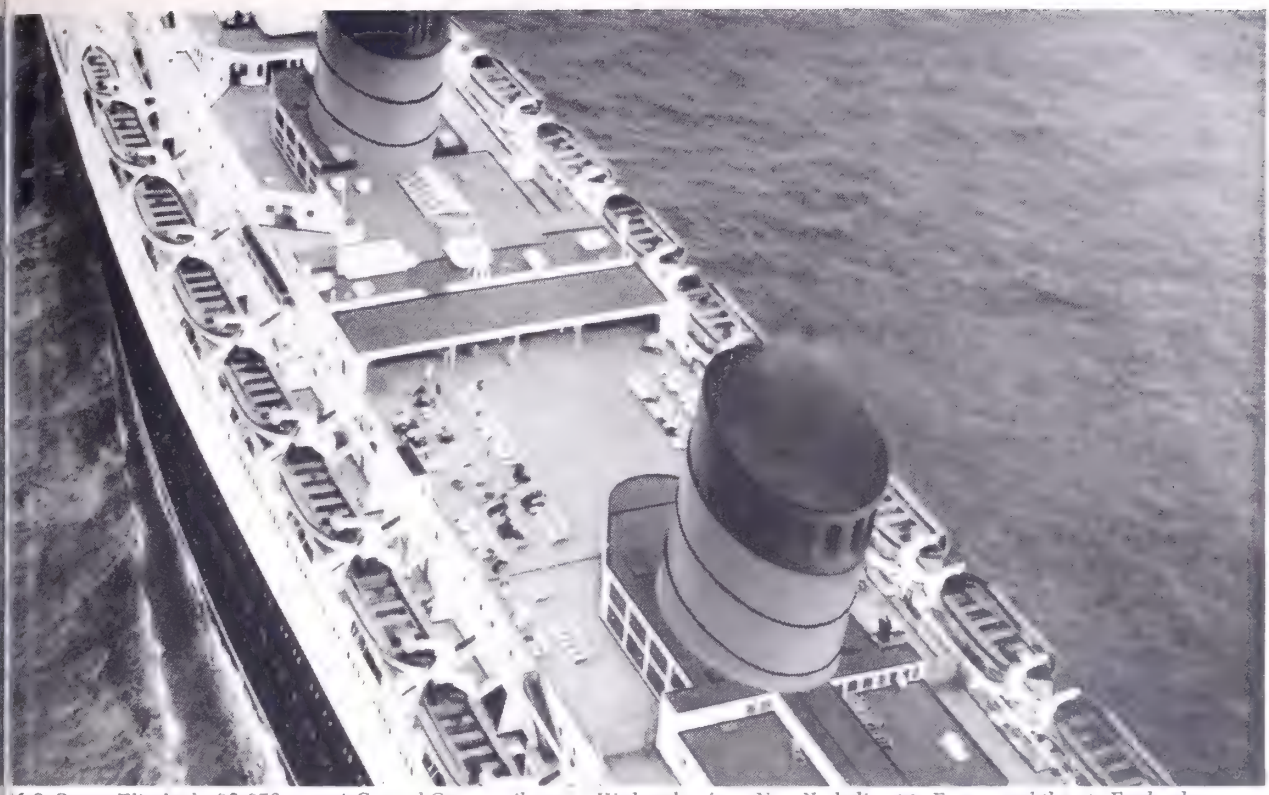
To understand what this is all about, it is first necessary to practice a little demisnomerization. Mention the word "budget," and most people will automatically think "saving." And at the outset, at least, saving was the Bureau's main business. It was set up in 1921 under the Treasury, at a time when the Harding Administration was moving hell-bent to normalcy by cutting back expenses accumulated in the war years. The Bureau's first Director was a tight-fisted Midwestern banker, Charles G. Dawes, who later became Vice President under Coolidge. During Dawes's first year, federal expenses went down by a third—from $5.1 to $3.4 billion. The Director likened his job to that of a ship's engineer, mindless of the course or the speed, but determined to see that "coal is not wasted." One of the early Bureau reports established the principle that "Only one pencil at a time is now issued to anyone, and he is expected to turn in the unused portion of the last one received."

Much of the symbolism pencil-stub approach was in the Eisenhower Adminis Budget messages were then fu usual stuff about the virtues o mony. "A balanced budget," o "is a sure index to thrifty r ment—in a home, in a busines the federal government." Ike' tors had not only met, but m payrolls. All four, indeed associated with the art of sq water out of enterprises to p on a paying basis. One Dodge) was a banker; anothe land Hughes) was the comptr a bank; and the other two Brundage and Maurice Stans accountants.

But nature, for once, co imitate art, and practice wa symbolism. Dodge protecte Bureau against those who wa gut its staff as an example of reduce expenses in the rest government. Brundage was th loser in the successful fi Treasury Secretary George H rey to cut back the Eise budget of 1957. Stans, thoug erally acknowledged to be onc ablest of Directors, presided o largest peacetime deficit in his $12 billion in 1960. As applie Bureau of the Budget, in other the symbolism of saving was n ing. It was, in fact, hopelessly date. Years before Eisenhow foot in the White House, o thought about it, the Budget had undergone a metamorphos changed everything but its nar

FDR's "Mess in Washi

Like so much else in gover the change grew out of the D sion. In the first fine careless r of the effort to achieve recover agencies proliferated on a di scale. There were, to name only the National Recovery Admi tion, the Social Security Ad tration, the Works Progress Ad tration, the Agricultural Adjus Administration, the Public Administration. All these new cies were at odds with existi partments: AAA with Agric NRA with Commerce; Social S and WPA with Labor; PWA w terior and the Corps of Engi For doling out federal funds th ployed a bewildering varie



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devices—loans, grants, insurance programs, easy credit programs, purchases of goods and services—that bore no coherent relation to one another. There really was a "mess in Washington," and none knew it better than the President himself. In 1936, commenting on the strategy that Alf Landon should best use against him in the campaign of that year, Roosevelt said, "I would cite chapter and verse on inefficiency."

In these circumstances, Roosevelt set in motion, even before the election, an exhaustive, high-level study of Executive Branch management. The study lasted for years. It surveyed government organization at the federal, state, and local level. It canvassed expert opinion in this country and abroad (it was actually a British civil servant, Tom Jones, who contributed in the course of the study the phrase "passion for anonymity" which Roosevelt seized upon to characterize the quality he most valued in his aides). It discussed its findings with the President and Congressional leaders. Finally, the study bore fruit with the passage of the Executive Reorganization Act of 1939.

Enter Professional Managers

The new act set up the Executive Office of the President, and placed in the center of it the Bureau of the Budget. The Bureau was to continue its old function of reviewing the budgetary requests of the different departments within the Executive Branch, for presentation to the President and the Congress. But the budget review was only an incident, a pretext almost. It simply provided an occasion for the true purpose of the new Bureau. Its real function was to do what had not been done in the early New Deal days. It was to help the President coordinate, and manage in a coherent way, the mushrooming activities of the Executive.

The thrust of the Bureau's transformation, in short, was to make it a managerial agency. The three men who made the study and wrote the new act were all public administrators—Louis Brownlow of the Public Administration Clearing House, and Professors Charles Merriam of Chicago and Luther Gulick of Columbia. As the first Director of the new Bureau they handpicked another professional public administra
old Smith, formerly direct
Michigan Municipal Leag
first big job, the Bureau t
task of setting up and coo
new agencies for the war ef
purpose," Brownlow put it
strengthen the hand of the
. . . to give the President
fective control over the
management of government

The Bureau still bears all
of its rebirth. While the
Office has been expanded to i
enlarged White House staff
offices of the President's
Adviser, National Security
and Council of Economic
the Bureau remains at the c
President's official family
located in the Executive Of
old State Department build
is separated by only a narro
alley from the West (or
Wing of the White House.
no agency in government is
oriented toward the Preside
Director is almost bound t
any President as much as, a
more than, any Cabinet of
of the few criticisms regula
about the Bureau arises fr
votion to the President's
tives. "If they pronounce
'President,'" a man from
agency complains, "and y
roll over and play dead, th
you're immoral." And a vete
Bureau says, "If the
dropped out of the skies tomo
took over Washington, ever
town would head for the hill
We'd be here at our desks, p
for a smooth transition."

The federal budget rem
Bureau's chief instrument fo
ing Presidential purpose on
of the bureaucracy. The Bu
five line divisions—Comme
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Welfare; Military; Resour
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examining, reviewing, and re
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actually prepares the Budg
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Branch, and for coordina
legislative proposals that go f



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exception, all the chiefs of div
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grams and problems of dif
agencies than the agency head
self. "I have never seen a large
with such a uniform level of
lence," one White House aide
"They are the Establishme
government in this country."

Status Symbols in Re

Professional standards and v
dominate the mood of the Bu
Voices speak softly and in mea
cadence. "It's like a university
there," another White House
says. "They don't have to run
thing, so they never get mad."
and the choice of words are ca
President Johnson, for instance
not like the word "needy"; ever
in the Bureau now speaks of "
vantaged groups." When oppo
to a program favored by an
agency develops, the Bureau do
say No; it suggests alternatives
don't like to get into adversary
tions, the Bureau against so
else," a division chief explains.

In names that connote the
and slightly square virtues, th
reau outdoes Dickens. The D
Director, a former career ma
worked his way up to a po
appointment, is Elmer Staats
chief of the Military Division is
Veatch. In keeping with the p
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Savings and Loan Associations

Officials who share a single secretary with three or four colleagues at the Bureau have grades that would entitle them to two secretaries at the Pentagon. The Bureau's only official car is a beaten-up old Mercury that was seized by the Treasury in a narcotics raid. "People who come to see me," one division chief says of visitors from other agencies, "usually arrive in chauffeur-driven Buicks. When I go to see them, I drive my own Volkswagen." Humor in the Bureau features in-jokes on the dry side. Because President Johnson often takes the Bureau's one-page memos home from the office for night reading, they have become known as "bed sheets." They were chuckling for weeks at the Bureau over a limerick that went the rounds after an information officer, Virginia de Pury, rebuked the head of the Military Division for making a speech without previous clearance. The limerick went:

There once was a man named Veatch
Who made an unauthorized speech
He provoked the fury
Of Mrs. de Pury
Which is worse than a security breach.

The Gordon Imprint

Precisely because the Bureau is so neutral an instrument of Presidential power, different Directors have been able to put their personal stamp on its work in an almost dramatic way. Harold Smith, the first Director of the modern Bureau, not only set up the agency, but imparted to it its characteristic tone and flavor. Smith's successor, the current chief of the Space Agency, James Webb, played an equally distinctive role. In setting up the new Bureau, Smith had inevitably stepped on some pretty big toes, and by the time he left he was openly feuding with a number of Presidential advisers. Webb, an ebullient Washington lawyer and, in the good sense of the word, operator, immediately mended fences. Indeed, in the course of Webb's tenure, six of the Bureau's men joined the White House staff, including Fred Lawton, who later was to become Budget Director during Truman's second term; David Bell, who was to become Kennedy's first Budget Director and then move on to head the foreign-aid program; and Richard Neustadt, who was to become a professional ad[viser] of Presidents.

But probably no past Director has made a more marked imprint [on the] Kermit Gordon, a pleasant, ruddy-faced former Rhodes scholar and college professor with a fine attention to detail. His instinct for improving things has been developed to the point where a faculty ball club he once ran became known as the [team], if not the best-, managed team in history. Gordon came over to the Bureau from the Council of Economic Advisers in January 1965. He is the first professional economist to sit in the Director's chair. His two closest aides—William Capron, who is Assistant Director on the domestic side, and Harry Rowen, Assistant Director on the international side—are both economists. Of course, there have always been some economists in the Bureau, and notably in the Fiscal Division which was broken up with the establishment of the Council of Economic Advisers in 1946. David Bell, who preceded Gordon as Director under Kennedy, was on the staff of the Fiscal Division, and he laid the ground for many of the things Gordon has done. Still, the special thing about the Gordon regime is that it gives to the Bureau a particular dose of economic thinking at the highest level.

This special approach underlies the new position of the federal budget in the national economy. It has always been understood in the modern Bureau that federal expenditures should complement private consumption and corporate investment to maintain a high level of demand and thus keep the economy healthy. Indeed, as we have seen, the modern Bureau was brought into existence chiefly in order to coordinate the various methods of putting out funds that had run wild in the New Deal days. With the growth of a vigorous private economy in the postwar era, however, it has become plain that direct outlays are only one way—and that perhaps not the best—for government to sustain demand and maintain prosperity. Government can influence private spending and investment decision by credit and, even more, by tax policies.

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gress in the current budgetary hearings, for instance, Gordon led off by discussing the economic impact of the budget, and only then going on to speak of the President's program. The annual Budget Message still records a balance dear to the savings enthusiasts—the Administrative Budget, which registers the balance between tax revenues and annual appropriations voted by the Congress. But under Gordon, far greater stress has been put on two classifications that show the budget in relation to the rest of the economy—the Cash Budget, which includes the massive inflow and outgo of trust funds that finance such things as the social-security and federal-highway programs; and the Income Accounts Budget, which states the contribution of federal expenditures to the Gross National Product.

In line with the economists' view that the economy is influenced as much by taxes as by direct outlays, Gordon has taken the Budget Bureau into a preserve once jealously guarded by its former master, the Treasury. Along with the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, Gardner Ackley, Gordon sits with the Secretary of the Treasury in the so-called Troika that determines government fiscal policy. As much as anyone else (and a good deal more than anybody in the Treasury) Gordon promoted the tax cut of 1964—the first in the nation's history undertaken not for revenue purposes, but to head off a threatening recession.

Besides branching into the tax field, Gordon has brought the Bureau more effectively into the field of credit policy. He has played a major hand in seeing to it that the higher interest rates allowed—for balance-of-payments reasons—on short-term loans, do not affect the rates for long-term loans in housing and other fields. He has been pressing the President to institute a general review of the federal government's regulation of the private banks. While he doesn't exactly say so, it is pretty clear that he is looking toward the day when the Bureau will be coordinating, along with the rest of the nation's economic policy, the operations of the one institution that has most successfully resisted coordination—the Federal Reserve Board.

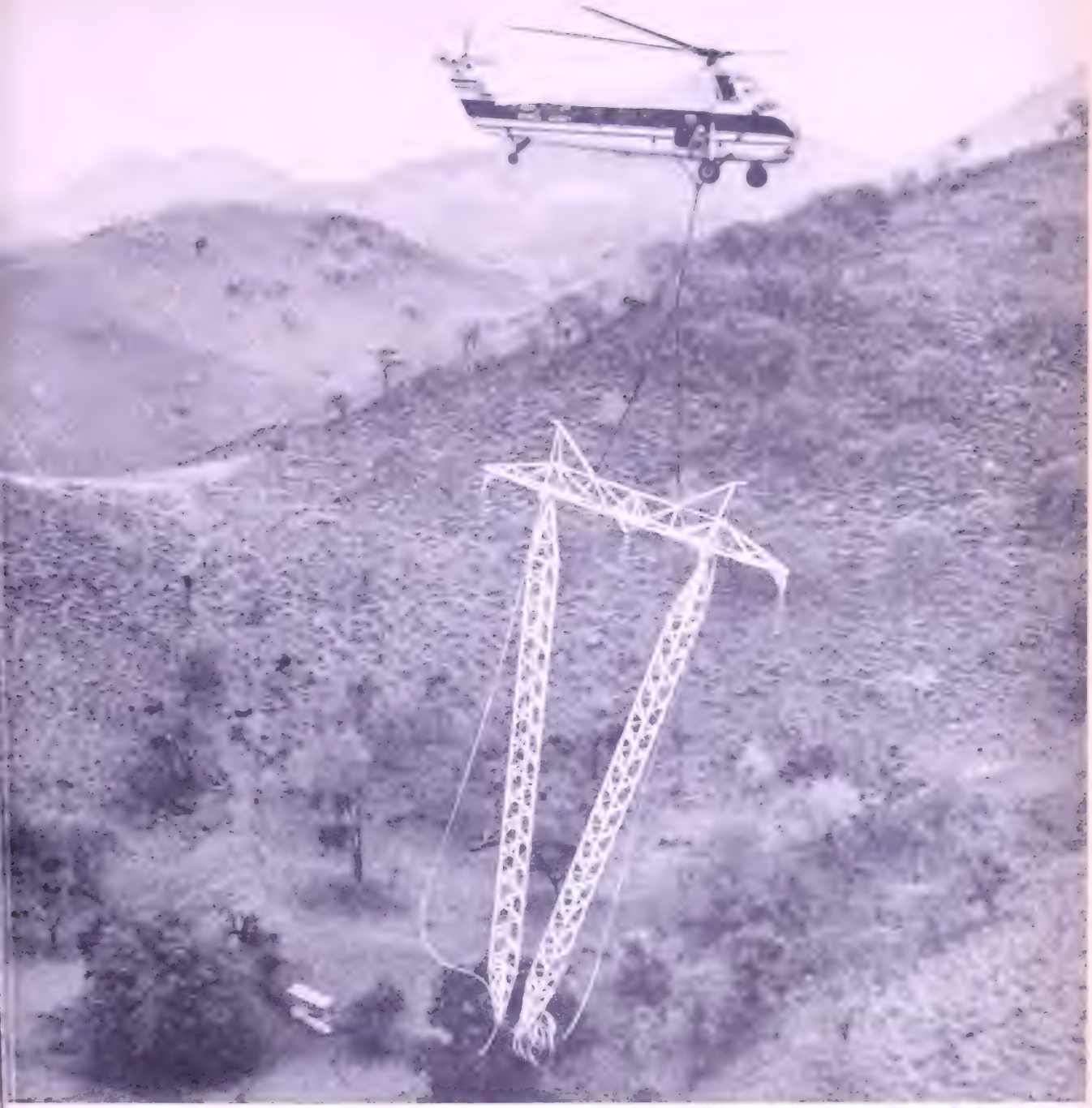
The special approach of the economists also affects the Bureau ternal operation at its most str point. Probably nothing the B does is as important as its e tion of different projects on way toward Presidential appro rejection. Despite the vaunted tive strength of the Congress few things get done unless the become part of the President gram. As soon as a project do come a program, moreover, it to build up an interested burea in Washington and a constitue the country. Once under way very difficult to stop.

Birth Contr For New P

In judging yet-unborn proje Bureau can use certain ad trative tools. For example, Department of Agriculture p an ambitious program of rura ing, the Bureau would almo tainly kick it back on the g that the project should com the Housing and Home Agency. But in most cases, t of evaluation available to the are common sense and exp Because of the momentum buil ongoing programs, moreov Bureau tends not to look at in toto, but mainly to splice o off as years go by. One Dire symbols of the tools of his used to keep on his desk a scissors, a crystal ball, and so

But mathematical economis recently developed sharper t measuring the relative merit ferent public programs. One most interesting is the techn cost-benefit analysis that Se McNamara used to get a gri defense program. It is a sys setting forth in numbers the effects—or benefits—of a pro against the undesired eff costs. Inevitably it is a mes tem. The number of jobs cre a new road network can be m with relative precision, for e but rough values have to be a for the health and aesthetic of cleaner air. Still everyone that the system is an impro if only as a supplement to sense.

Under Gordon, the Bur been applying cost-benefit



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with a vengeance. Capron and Rowen, his two chief assistants, are both graduates of the RAND Corporation, which pioneered in the use of such analysis for problems of public spending. The Bureau's current budget request contains an application for funds to set up a special cost-benefit unit that could be moved around to measure all kinds of different programs. A drive has been instituted by the Bureau to have all the non-defense agencies follow the lead of the Pentagon in facilitating cost-benefit analysis by developing Performance Budgets and Program Packaging. Under the Performance Budget, requests for funds, instead of being presented in the traditional form of so much for personnel, so much for equipment, so much for new construction, are explicitly equated with end purposes, such as meeting the problems of unemployment or education or cities. That way it is easier to calculate the relative benefits of different programs. Under Program Packaging, expenses are presented not for one year only, but for a five-year cycle, with explicit division between amounts for development and sums for maintenance. That way, it becomes easier to measure relative costs.

Appalachia Revisited

While still in the early stages, cost-benefit analysis has already yielded some important insights. It showed, for example, that in improving urban life, government could accomplish most for the least money by concentrating on the transportation field. There lies the true genesis of the Administration's transportation program. "It should be called," one White House aide has remarked, "the Gordon program." Cost-benefit analysis equally demonstrated that money being spent to promote welfare in the Appalachia and Area Redevelopment programs was being widely scattered to many communities, some of them too small and remote to develop rapidly, if at all. Now an Administration effort is under way to redirect the flow of funds to larger and more accessible "growth centers" that give more promise of future development. A similar kind of approach reinforced President Johnson's decision to close down Veterans' Hospitals in the smaller to

In the field of agriculture, benefit analysis confirmed the w spread feeling that it made l sense to try to promote the wel of poor farmers by subsidy ments that went mainly to the ri farmers. Gordon was emboldene a rare example of a Budget Dire speaking out publicly, to take case to the country in a speech l reprinted in a magazine article strongly did he argue the case he came within an ace—despite combined opposition of the Dep ment of Agriculture, the Vice P dent, and most farm lobbies including in the President's Agr ture Message specific endorsemer a wholly new farm program.

As the case of agriculture i cates, the fight of the economist the Bureau of the Budget is a way from won. Gordon is plannir leave the Bureau soon and, u another Director the changes he set in motion could easily be versed. But the odds are hea against it, at least while a st President sits in the White Ho For what the economists brought to the Bureau is a reinforcement of the Preside strength in his combat with t classic enemies, the Congress and bureaucracy.

In the near future, the econon at the Bureau should be able to velop a system that would free President's hands to deal with a culture in a rational way. T should be able to develop a wa merge the special veterans' prog benefits with the social-service grams that are increasingly b made available to all citizens. T may be able to develop a strategy nudging the water-resources gram away from the reclamatio more land to produce more sur food, and toward the improvemen water for urban and industrial poses. They can continue to play important role in shaping the buc as well as federal tax and cr policies so that recessions can made obsolete. As Gordon puts "The Bureau of the Budget is a vantage point for getting some g economic thinking into the gov ment. And the opportunities for ter performance that can flow f such thinking are vast."

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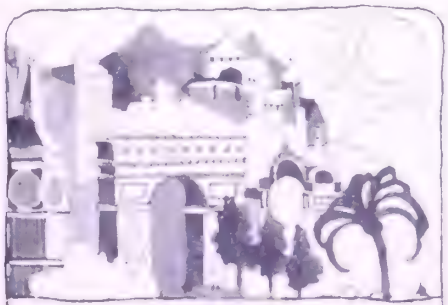
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doga in a large new pleasure ship, specially artered for the occasion, and overflowing with ampagne, vodka, caviar, opera singers, bala-ka players, and a jazz combo. This was fol-ved, on the next day, and the next, by similar orts to provide us with diversion. By the time arrived in Paris, I was ripe for proletarian easures, and earnestly hoping that M. Bonnefoi d meant what he said when he described the stallations aboard Esso Standard's fluvial units "mediocre."

It was not to be. My wife joined me in Paris, d we took ourselves to the quay where our rge, the *Esso Port Marly*, was tied up. Its otain, a man about fifty, short, affable, and rid-faced, came out of the wheelhouse to greet His name was Fulbert Hecq, and he wore ll-pressed trousers, a white shirt, and a per-tly fitted blue woolen sweater. It developed t he was turning over his quarters to us. We nonstrated with him, but he was adamant, ring that he would be happy to spend the night the crew's quarters with his sailor and me-nic, who were old friends.

Then he took us below decks. Our quarters sisted of a large sitting room, a dining room, galley complete with stove, sink, and refrigera-, a double bedroom, a single bedroom, and a shroom with shower. The walls were paneled wood, the linoleum gleamed, the brass shone. anding there, with the bread and cheese we brought along for dinner hanging in string gs from our hands, we felt a little shabby.

I turned to ask the captain what could possibly meant by "superior" facilities if these were rely "mediocre," but stopped before I got the estion out. Captain Hecq was in the midst of ring my wife, a little doubtfully, whether she uld truly be comfortable. When she said that would, truly, he shrugged. "My own wife," said, "finds that there are things that lack." He turned and went up on deck to get us under y. It was the first but not the last time we re to discover that the people on the barges d different standards from landlocked types e ourselves.

We followed Captain Hecq to the deck and into the wheelhouse, carefully wiping our shoes, as we entered, on the mat placed just inside the door. He introduced us to his crew—Guy Cool, a sailor, a dark, solemn man in his thirties whose eyes did most of his talking for him, and Michel Deprick, a lean young man of twenty who looked more like a poet than a mechanic. The two left to cast off the lines, the motors picked up speed, and we edged away from the quay.

The *Esso Port Marly* illustrates the pregnant dictum of the eighteenth-century philosopher, Bishop Butler, to which many philosophers today are turning for solace. "A thing," said Bishop Butler, "is what it is, and not another thing." The *Esso Port Marly* is a barge. It consists of an oil tank with a small deck in front of it, and another small deck with a wheelhouse on top of it at the rear. Beneath the forward deck are the crew's quarters, beneath the rear deck the captain's. The barge is 800 tons in weight and 180 feet in length.

As a result of its dimensions, one has some peculiar sensations riding on it. Standing beside Captain Hecq at the wheel as we turned to join the traffic in the middle of the river, we watched the barge's bow, way out there, leading the way. It didn't feel as though we were on the same vessel. The bow moved and we moved, but it wasn't because the bow and stern were connected. It was merely because we were in the same gravitational field. Eventually, however, we stopped turning, and then we seemed to feel ourselves back on the barge. One and indivisible, bow and stern set off downstream.

The Tortoise

For a river that has played so large a part in the imagination of the Western world, the Seine is something of an anomaly. As a river, it is a bore. It does not have the majesty of young rivers that run between high palisades, nor does it have the power or drama of rivers like the Rhine or the Rhone that come down from high mountains. Between Rouen and Le Havre the waters from the sea disturb it a bit, and from time to time the Seine can give difficulty. But as far as Rouen the Seine is simply a placid, muddy, slow-moving stream of water which fades into the countryside around it, and looks as domesticated as the cows that feed along its banks. It is inconceivable that anyone could write a book about life on the Seine in which the river itself was a central force, as the Mississippi is in *Huckleberry Finn*. The Seine doesn't have enough strength of character.

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ofessor of philosophy at Columbia University, arles Frankel has written for professional and neral magazines here and abroad and has been st on CBS programs, "The World of Ideas" d "Invitation to Learning." His books include he Case for Modern Man" and—to be pub-hed in June—"The Love of Anxiety." He has lso been an exchange professor at the Sorbonne.

Indeed, the Seine is marked by its irresolution. It rambles all over the map. Bending and snaking along the Seine at twenty kilometers (twelve miles) an hour—the barge people speak in "knots" only when they get near the ocean—it took us two hours to get from Paris to the locks at Bougival. By road, Bougival is eighteen kilometers or fifteen minutes from Paris. From the point just west of Dijon in Burgundy, where the Seine originates, to Le Havre, where it empties into the sea, the distance as the crow flies is 250 miles. The distance as the Seine wanders is 500 miles. The Latin name for the river, "*Sequana*," came, it is believed, from the Celtic word "*squan*," which meant "tortoise."

Yet it is precisely these characteristics of the Seine, which make it physically uninteresting, that have given it its role in the history of Paris and France. It is a housebroken river. It makes a long, gentle descent to sea level. And its tortuous windings, which do not spoil it for peaceful commercial use, spoil it as an invasion route, slowing up an enemy and giving the defenders a chance to cut his lines to the rear. The King of France, seated at Paris at the center of the maze formed by the Seine, could hold off the fierce Norsemen long enough for them to be forced to settle down in Normandy and learn French, when it became possible to make a deal with them.

Indeed, the bends in the river, over the ages, have created still other advantages for a defender. The action of the waters on the concave sides of the bends has in many places created precipitous high cliffs, while, on the convex sides, debris has been thrown up by the river to create a gently sloping countryside offering broad views. The heights make ideal defense spots, where fortresses dominating the river valley can be constructed. Richard Coeur de Lion, Duke of Normandy and King of England, built such a fortress, the Château Gaillard, at Les Andelys, some sixty miles from Paris by land, at the end of the twelfth century. In doing so, he reversed the traditional role of the Seine, using it not to defend Paris from the sea but to defend Normandy from Paris.

The Seine, in short, has given Paris both safety from the sea and openness to it, which may help explain both that city's openness and its quality of self-contained independence. In any event, you need be on a barge leaving Paris for only a half-hour to be reminded so that you won't forget it that Paris is a seaport. For miles, as we moved downstream, the yards and docks of Paris-Port-de-Mer were crammed with coal, lumber, machinery, gravel, cement, and wine from North Afric all of which had been brought up the river l barges from the sea.

A Street for Three Citi

Although it was August, and the traffic was on one-quarter its normal amount, we were su rounded by barges the moment we left the qua The *Esso Port Marly* rode high in the wate having just unloaded its oil. Coming at us, mo ing upstream, were loaded barges, their decl inches above the water. With their long snou pushed out ahead of them and their wheelhous standing up like little cranial bumps in the rea they looked like dogs bravely paddling against tl current, nose and eyes just above the surface. W were never out of sight of other barges all th way to Rouen. The railroads and truck routes su plement what comes to Paris on the Seine, an since the war a pipeline between Paris and I Havre has also been built. But the Seine conti ues to be indispensable, offering an irreplaceabl safe and economical route for the movement heavy cargoes.

Moreover, during the last century the chann of the Seine between Le Havre and Rouen wa deepened, so that ships of ocean-going tonnag could proceed to Rouen before delivering the cargoes to barges. This has enormously enhance the Seine's usefulness. Now one can stand on hill at Caudebec, between Le Havre and Roue looking out over a bucolic landscape, and watch Soviet ship from the Baltic, crusted with salt, sa across the neat inland valley and then disappea hidden by the poplars as it rounds a bend in th river. Paris, Rouen, and Le Havre, as Napoleo remarked, are one city, and the Seine is thei street.

The Seine, indeed, is a street in more than jus its abstract function. Once you are on it you fin that it has traffic lights, traffic jams, and roa signs—"Caution," "Dangerous Curve," "Squeez to the Right," "Parking Permitted." And it is street, not a turnpike. For it has a social life an an established community.

As we entered the stream of traffic on the river Captain Hecq began to greet people, like a ma out for his regular morning stroll. He waved the occupants of, it seemed, half the barges w passed, and, invariably, they waved back at him When we passed someone the captain knew well he would open the door of the wheelhouse an wave more broadly. Messages would be exchange in sign language, the captain would laugh, an

re would be answering shouts. At one point
tain Hecq waved a particularly hearty greet-
to a man and woman on a barge passing us on
way upstream. "My daughter and son-in-law,"
said with a smile.

he social life on the Seine has natural causes.
Seine is a street on which the life of a good
t of France depends, but the people who live
work on that street form a separate, enclosed
munity. The captain's father and grandfather
worked on barges; so had Michel Deprick's.
Cool was the great-grandson of an English-
n who had married into a barge family. The
dren grow up on barges, and most of them,
en they are not with their parents on the
ges, go to a special boarding school for the
dren of river people, and receive a special
cation preparing them for life on the river.
en they marry, as often as not they marry into
r families. In their conversation, Captain
q and his crew spoke of "the people of the
r" and "the people of the land" as though
were two separate groups, almost two sepa-
nations.

We stopped at the locks at Bougival to wait our
n to go through. Captain Hecq jumped ashore,
walked briskly forward to pay a call on the
keeper. On the barge just ahead of us, a small
rier poked his nose out the door, and barked
eriously. A white-haired woman, thin and
y, emerged, put the dog on a leash, and took
ashore. A younger woman, on the barge tied
next to us, walked forward and began to take
n the clothes that had been drying on the line
tched out over the oil tank.

noticed that all the women, young as well as
were wearing dresses. (During the entire
age the only slacks I saw were on the legs of
non-working women on a British cabin
ser, speeding up the river toward Paris.) The
ges had plants in their windows, and there
e curtains on the portholes of the living quar-
below decks. In the wheelhouses, decorous
dren sat behind their fathers, reading books.
ucretius, recommending the wisdom of the
curean who has disentangled himself from the
es of the world, speaks of the "sweet" emotion
feels when one looks out to sea and sees a ship
ndering, and recognizes that one is not on it.
t that it is a pleasure and delight," he says,
t any should be afflicted, but because it is
et to see from what evils you are yourself ex-
t." At Bougival, with the smell of oil in the
the thought crossed my mind, for just a mo-
nt, that the people on the river might feel this
eet" emotion when they looked at the people on dry land. They seemed to have found their way to reasonableness not through philosophy or self-examination, but simply through the gift of a ready-made way of life.

A Strange Newcomer

It was after we went through the locks at Bougival that Captain Hecq began to tell us about the *pousseur*. At first, from his tone, I thought that he was talking about a strange new animal, or perhaps a river spirit, that had suddenly come to change the established life on the Seine. Then I realized that the captain was talking about a "pusher"—a tugboat in reverse.

The *pousseur*, it appeared, had been invented either in Russia or America, or perhaps in both simultaneously—the captain was not quite sure—some half-dozen years ago. Now it was being introduced on the Seine. For the economies were extraordinary. A *pousseur* worked night and day. A barge had to tie up at night. When a barge finished a trip, it had to lay over for a day—"to get warmed up again," as the captain put it. A *pousseur* turned around and went right back.

The biggest savings were in labor. The crew of a *pousseur* consisted of three teams of four men each. Each of these teams had a ten-day rest ashore each month. The other two teams, working in alternating six-hour watches, kept the *pousseur* moving. And the *pousseur* did more than just work steadily. A *pousseur*, pushing four or even six scows or floating tanks in front of it, could move loads as high as 3,500 tons. The *Esso Port Marly*, as self-respecting a barge as ever worked, could not move more than 800 tons.

The statistics were imposing. The barges were through. In five years all of them would be gone. The *Esso Port Marly* itself was being taken off the Seine in the fall, and being sent down to Bordeaux to work on a provincial river, the Garonne. And Captain Hecq, who was moving over to the *pousseurs*, was going up to the Rhine, where the use of the *pousseurs* was already far advanced, for a two-week course in radar.

For the *pousseurs*, the captain reminded us, raising his forefinger like a schoolteacher, the *pousseurs* work at night. And three men, working only in the day, and moving only 800 tons . . .

There was something curious about the story, and it was only after Captain Hecq returned to the statistics and began to repeat them that I realized what it was. He was repeating the statistics adoringly. He was not complaining, he was delighted. And Guy and Michel, who had entered

the wheelhouse and were listening to the statistics, were nodding in admiration and approval. The atmosphere of the wheelhouse was positively electric with reverence for the *pousseur*'s efficiency.

I tried to put values in their place again. "Won't many of you lose your jobs?" I asked.

"Of course," said the captain airily. "After all, three men, moving eight hundred tons . . ."

I interrupted. "But all that," I said, pointing out the window toward the barge moving alongside us, a woman and her young daughter knitting on the rear deck, "won't all that disappear?"

"Terminated," said the captain. "Finished. There is no place for families on a *pousseur*."

I couldn't resist spelling it out, though I was a little embarrassed as the words formed themselves. "Your family traditions, the difference between the people of the river and the people of the land, your whole old way of life—all this will go, won't it?"

"Naturally," said the captain. *"Que voulez-vous?"*

We cruised along in silence for a while. Every now and then I caught Guy Cool looking over at me to be sure I had grasped the full beauty of the story Captain Hecq had told. When I looked over at him, he would nod solemnly, like a ma
church sharing with a neighbor the wisdom o
minister's sermon. Michel seemed to have
carried away by the captain's words. He ha
eye on some secret and agreeable prospect al
own.

The captain began to speak again. "This i
an easy life," he said. "It is a responsibility-
this equipment, all the oil. It is on a man's m
One has many *soucis*. Now, on the *pousseur*
—I felt my head hunching between my shoul
but the captain did not break out into his litu
of figures again—"on the *pousseur*," he
"there are two captains aboard, one for each t
of four men. You are captain for six hours,
then you rest. You do not have to keep worry
On a barge it is different. You tie up at ni
and you go to sleep, but only your body sle
Inside your *cerveau* you are awake. You n
worry about the barge all night long. Your *so*
remain in your *cerveau*."

We tied up at a parking place along the b
for the night. After dark we had the rive
ourselves, except once, when floodlights lit up
water, and a long double line of scows glided
It was a *pousseur*. I had brought two small
of pressed caviar and some vodka with me f



ussia, and we asked the captain and his crew to
iare them with us. But their responsibilities
ere on their minds, and the vodka was out. They
iared the caviar with us, and found the taste,
iey said, interesting. They turned in early, and
e did too. It was wonderfully quiet. In our warm
edroom we fell asleep, not a *souci* in our
rveaux.

We woke early, while it was still dark, and went
o on deck. The air was cool and moist, and the
nd, not three feet away, seemed to belong to
iother world. A cock crowed, and, as if on signal,
began to rain. It may have been the rain that
ianged my mood. Querulous and unworthy
ioughts churned inside me. "Radar," I thought.
Day and night, and nights like days. *Pousseurs*.
ushers. Pushers and *parvenus*."

I turned to my wife. "Eight hundred and thirty-
ve hundred," I said, "divided by four . . ."

"Be quiet," said my wife reasonably. "We're
ily passengers."

No Regrets?

Later in the morning, we stopped at the shining
ew locks of Notre Dame de la Garenne, and the
iptain went ashore to greet the lockkeeper, his
on. We went ashore, too, to have some coffee. At
ie café where we sat, the cigarette butts were
ill on the floor, and the pinball machine stood
ookedly against the wall. The bargemen had
een there late the night before.

"Ask the captain," said my wife, "whether his
ife ever comes with him."

I put it to the captain a little later in the morn-
ig. He looked over at my wife before he an-
wered. "She comes with me from time to time,"
e said. "When she wants a change. But she pre-
ers to stay in Rouen. She has much to do there—
er house, her friends."

"And Guy," I asked, "is he married?"

"Yes," said Captain Hecq. "His family too is
t Rouen."

"And Michel?" I asked.

"He is still young and a bachelor. But he has
lready passed his pilot's examinations. During
ay vacation he was captain of this barge. He
iakes progress, that young man."

Michel came up the ladder from his quarters
orward. We walked down the narrow catwalk
longside the oil tank to join him.

"Will you go over to the *pousseurs?*" I asked.

"No," he said, "I am leaving the river."

"But you are already a pilot," I said. "Is it
eally so bad a life?"

Michel shrugged. "No, it isn't bad," he said.
"But it's lonely, and too enclosed, and not good
for the children to be so separated from others."

"But you're a bachelor, aren't you?" I asked,
puzzled.

"Pour l'instant!" he replied, a little indignantly.
"And the women don't like the barges, and don't
like the men to be away." He stopped, and smiled
at my wife. "No," he said, "that's not quite right.
If you marry a woman of the river, she doesn't
like the barges. But if you marry a woman of the
land, often she likes the life of the river."

"Then marry a woman of the land," my wife
said.

He smiled again. "That is not so easy to do," he
said, "if you stay on a barge."

"What are you going to do?" I asked him.

"I'm going to be a frogman," he said. "I al-
ready have a job."

Late in the afternoon, the river broadened out,
and we entered the harbor of Rouen. Big ships
lay at anchor ahead of us, with the Cathedral
behind them. Just after we passed some docks
piled high with newsprint, Captain Hecq blew the
barge's whistle in four sharp blasts. On the bank
to the right of us, the door of a house a few yards
back from the river opened, and three children
and a young woman with a child in her arms came
out and ran down toward the river, waving
eagerly. Guy Cool, on the deck outside, waved
back. He came into the wheelhouse, smiling.

"His family," said the captain.

"How old are your children?" I asked Guy.

"One, two, three, and four," Guy said.

"He works for General de Gaulle," Captain
Hecq said.

We went another quarter of a mile, and the
captain blew the whistle again, this time in a
complicated signal.

"My house is there on the hill," he said. "I've
ordered trout for dinner."

They took us to the quay in the center of the
city, just behind the bus terminal. We bade them
goodbye and went ashore. When we got to the
boulevard that runs along the river, we turned
and waved to them. They waved back. By the time
we had dodged our way across the street, the
Esso Port Marly had already turned around, and
was making its way back downstream to its own
berth.

The first taxi we signaled didn't stop. The
driver was going too fast to see us. We got beaten
out for a second taxi. On the third try, we man-
aged to grab one. We rushed up the hill to the
railroad station, and just caught the train back
to Paris.

An Unexpected Dividend for the South

by Philip M. Stern

The racial violence in Alabama and Mississippi has obscured something extremely important—a growing body of evidence that the Civil Rights Act is working fairly well, and may turn out to be a great boon to the South.

I think the 1964 Civil Rights Act may turn out to be one of the best things that ever happened to the South. Now that it's the law, the race issue will gradually fade into the background—and that will liberate everyone to begin talking about moving ahead on other things. I think you're going to really see the South blossom in the next decade."

This is no Northern liberal talking, but a lawyer in McComb, Mississippi, which last summer and fall was racked by bombings and burnings. Today, like the overwhelming majority of Southern communities thus far tested, it is complying, technically at least, with the operative provisions of the 1964 law.

In the wake of the agonies in Alabama in March such optimism may seem unwarranted. Attention has shifted away from the South's response to the 1964 law to the dramatic events of 1965 and the quest for new voting legislation. Significantly, however, the embrace of the civil-rights cause by a Southern President and his advocacy of the strongest voting law ever proposed were greeted with surprising receptiveness by Southern Senators. Fulbright of Arkansas, Smathers of Florida, Long of Louisiana, and Gore of Tennessee, all of whom had filibustered and voted against the 1964 law (its voting provision had, ironically, been watered down by Northern liberals), indicated they would probably support a new voting measure. The *New York Times* commented in mid-March, " . . . passage of such a bill, which now seems assured, would have been inconceivable only a year or two ago."

Evidently, then, although Selma captured the national spotlight, a crucial though far less heralded change had already taken place in much of the South during the first eight months of the historic 1964 Civil Rights Act.

In fact, the Southern compliance with the public-accommodations portion of that law (the only part that has yet had time to take hold) has been extraordinary. Burke Marshall, until recently head of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division, says, "Before the passage of the act, I was considered an optimist about how much compliance there would be. As it turns out, I was overoptimistic. The South's performance has been remarkable."

Looking back over the South's near past, the word "remarkable" seems apt. In Birmingham, 1963 was the year the police dogs and fire hoses were used to put down Negro protests. By contrast, 1964 saw the peaceful desegregation of hotels, restaurants, and theaters.

In Jackson, Mississippi, 1963 was the year of the Medgar Evers murder, the near-riotous funeral, and Mayor Allen Thompson's famous "armored tank." Few would dare publicly thwart the segregationist Citizens' Council. But in 1964, the Chamber of Commerce, backed by the mayor (an avowed Citizens' Council member) openly called for and won general compliance with the new law.

In Monroe, Louisiana, in the heart of Klan country, a mayor who owes his election to a massive purge of Negro voters has openly favored and won substantial compliance.

Most notably, in McComb, so recently ruled by terror, 650 leading citizens have publicly called not only for law and order but for racial justice. Negroes have been served in previously all-white restaurants.

I by no means wish to suggest that discrimination is dead in the South or that the region's racial problems are behind it. Especially on the voting front, as Selma has so vividly demon-

ted, much is to be done. Even in public accommodations, Negro poverty and established al patterns make the advances to date more bolic than real, and in small towns and rural s there is still considerable noncompliance. ough the job-discrimination barrier may be red, the serious gap in education will persist. there are still many towns like Greenwood, issippi, locked in a tight segregationist grip, re it is reportedly unhealthy to speak in any the most defiant terms.

it even in such hard-core areas, the question least regarding public accommodations—is onger *whether* compliance will come, but n. Throughout the region the pace of racial ress has quickened strikingly in the past ve months.

Reaction to Inaction

Birmingham, a sweeping political change has the key to that city's vastly improved racial ate since the riots of 1963. Gone is segrega- st Eugene "Bull" Connor as the reigning r; gone, too, the antiquated form of govern- that gave him his hold. In its place is a modern mayor-council government, headed moderate mayor, Albert Boutwell.

en before the enactment of the Civil Rights Boutwell resolved that Birmingham must any new law with a concerted, planned y. "The real danger of disorder," he and the nber of Commerce jointly warned the city, lie in reaching no decision at all." As ress debated the civil-rights bill, he con- d with restaurant, theater, and hotel owners. he time the bill became law in July, most of had decided to comply. Thirty-six hours prearranged Negro tests began. Police squad were stationed out of sight throughout the Everything went smoothly. Three hours the tests began, all the squad cars had ned to regular patrols. Birmingham had ed the test.

is was not Boutwell's only contribution. Soon he took office, all segregation ordinances expunged from the books. A bi-racial citi- advisory committee was appointed; the e of Birmingham saw on television what d have been unthinkable in the "Bull" Con- eign: Negroes entering City Hall and con- ng at the same table with whites about unity affairs. A Negro was appointed to the important Planning Commission; five of ty members of a new antipoverty committee and three out of nine on a housing committee are Negroes. As of early March, however, the city had yet to satisfy a long-standing Negro request for representation on the police force. Officials say (and some Negroes agree) that this is in part due to unwillingness among Negroes to apply for or accept police jobs.

The change in Birmingham had its origins in 1961. Business leaders—increasingly aware of the damage done by racial tensions to sister cities such as Montgomery, and of the contrasting prosperity enjoyed by such relatively untroubled cities as Atlanta—began informal discussions with Negro leaders. Significantly, the moving spirit behind this awakening was a prominent realtor, Sidney Smyer, Sr., who was one of the most active organizers of the Dixiecrat party in 1948. Today he flatly declares the Civil Rights Act "is largely a *re*action to our *in*action in not granting Negroes some of the rights to which they were entitled."

Birmingham voters are apparently enthusiastic about this new look in their city. Last December they reaffirmed the new form of government by a two-to-one margin. With this test behind it, the city administration is expected to move even more boldly on race relations.

The racial climate in Tuscaloosa, only fifty-eight miles away, is markedly different from Birmingham's. Headquarters for the United Klans of America, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Inc., and hometown of His Lordship, Imperial Wizard Robert Shelton, Tuscaloosa is one of the few Southern cities its size where a number of restaurants initially defied the new law. Although most have since admitted Negroes, government legal action is pending against fifteen others.

Racial tensions have been high. The passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act was followed by days of turmoil; street mobs were on the verge of violence. Film actor Jack Palance, who an angry crowd thought had taken a Negro girl into a movie theater, had to be whisked by police not only out of the theater but out of town, leaving his clothes in his hotel and his car on the street, its tires slashed and bearing a sign, "The eyes of the Klan is on you." An impasse over the hiring of Negro bus drivers has left the city without a transit system since last July. There have been Negro boycotts of downtown stores, and a Negro

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march protesting the segregated washrooms built into the new marble-and-glass courthouse.*

The strong business and government leadership enjoyed by Birmingham has been largely missing in Tuscaloosa. Moderates in the business community have generally remained unorganized since the passage of the Civil Rights Act. Mayor George van Tassel is a former New Yorker; there are those who believe he feels he must "out-South the Southerners."

All the city's hotels and some restaurants have now integrated, and some of the hold-out restaurants give the impression they are only waiting for a court order to desegregate so that they can tell their clientele they had no choice. Yet there is almost no communication between the white and Negro communities, and most observers feel that racial harmony will be a long time coming.

* * *

Compliance with the law in Monroe, an urban island in northern Louisiana's toughest Klan country, appears to spring from two factors: the unwillingness of the city to allow racial strife to jeopardize its burgeoning prosperity, and the landslide election of Lyndon Johnson.

Unlike Birmingham, Monroe has had no sweeping political change. The present mayor, Jack Howard—the 1964 state co-chairman of Democrats for Goldwater—was elected in 1956; he acknowledges that he gained office because of a substantial purge of Negro (and some white) voters. Obviously proud of his transformation of a debt-ridden city into one eager to undertake major improvements, Howard says people in Monroe are aware of the troubles racial unrest has brought to other cities. "Monroe is moving and growing and it isn't going to stop."

Compliance in Monroe was not immediate, as it was in Birmingham. Restaurateurs were divided as to what course to follow. None wanted to be the first to serve a Negro. This reluctance was intensified one evening last summer when five hundred apparent Klan sympathizers descended en masse on one restaurant, filling all the seats to prevent any Negro from testing the law. It was a tense and frightening evening for the proprietor, who could not persuade police to send a squad car to investigate the strange sit-ins.

From July to November, the policy of hotels and restaurants was to deny service to Negroes. Klan sympathizers roved the streets in cars recognizable by their special radio aerials and t stars-and-bars license plates. One downtown s was picketed by Klansmen who heard the l counter was to be desegregated; the store closed for the day.

A monolithic pro-Goldwater sentiment gri the city. An LBJ bumper sticker was heresy; Negro was stopped by police who stripped sticker from his car and arrested him for dru driving. Many of the leading Goldwater porters are said to have actually convinced t selves that their man would be the next Presi When Lyndon Johnson won by a record-brea landslide, "they were shaken, really shaken," Monroe man says. "Before the election the Rights Act was the law of the country, but n Louisiana. After the election, it was clearly law, too." A downtown hotel owner, who admi he might have gone on denying admissio Negroes "if it had been a real close electi reversed his policy. "With that landslide," says, "I had no choice."

Apparently the restaurateurs agreed. T met with the Chamber of Commerce and mayor, and, with the backing of both, let i known they would accept Negroes.

While compliance is widespread in Monro self, the same does not hold for the surroun rural areas. One café in nearby Jonesboro (p lation 3,848) has denied service to Negr Another has given them menus listing coffee Coke for sixty cents instead of the usual d and pricing a three-dollar steak at eight dol Although the library in Jonesboro was techni desegregated and issued cards to 236 Negro one day, the next day the new cardholders f that all the tables and chairs had been remov

But in Monroe itself the atmosphere s calm. The Klan is less in evidence and is att ing fewer people to its meetings. The attitud Monroe may have been summed up by Ouac Parish Sheriff Bailey Grant: "We've lost Second Civil War. We're now in the Se Period of Reconstruction. Barry Goldwater the commanding general of the Second Arm the Confederacy, but he had to surrende Phoenix. But now it's all over. We don't like law, but we'll obey it."

* * *

The story of Jackson, Mississippi, is the s of the waning influence of the Citizens' Cou In 1964 the following events challenged the J son Council: First, on the day after the Rights Act was signed, the Jackson Chambe Commerce (which included some Citizens' Co members) publicly urged its members to co

* Because of a court order, however, the racial signs have been removed and Rooms 132 and 136 of the courthouse are now duplicate, side-by-side men's rooms, paid for by the taxpayers of Tuscaloosa County and open to both races.

cond, the Council's best-known member, the ıyor himself, who was always to be counted on the past as a last-ditch fighter against integra- n, deserted the Citizens' Council by backing Chamber and urging compliance with the new v even *before* it had been tested in the Supreme urt. Third, the school board ignored the Coun- 's demand that the schools be closed, and in ptember the Jackson schools were tokenly de- gregated without incident.*

Probably the clearest signal of a change in kson's racial and political climate was Mayor ompson's reversal. Through the years Thomp- ı has consistently held out against every racial ınge in Jackson until the final word on the final peal had been handed down by the courts. In ly of 1964, he could have taken the same stance, ıding a Supreme Court ruling. Or he could ve remained silent. He did neither. "I knew I s going to have to go through Gethsemane," now says, "but I also knew it had to be done." Although the expected Citizens' Council wrath scended upon him, apparently Allen Thompson d not misjudged the public mood. When a seg- gationist city councilman, Tom Marshall, floated rial balloon for a possible political race against mayor the response was not encouraging, and rshall is again a candidate for reelection to lesser post.

"We're Everybody"

McComb, a town of 12,000, is eighty miles ıth of Jackson on Highway 51. In recent de- opments there, many find the greatest hope for ıer communities still ruled by segregationists. The local newspaper describes the reign of ror that lasted through the summer of 1964 d into the fall: "Negro homes were dynamited. lotov cocktails were hurled at the homes of a ite city official and three other white residents. ree taverns were burned to the ground; Negro ırches were dynamited and bombed. One white n had household ammonia thrown into his face. lividuals were flogged. Gun blasts were fired o homes and businesses."

Both the business leaders and the city officials re silent. The bombers roamed free.

The break came when Pike County Sheriff R. R. ırren suggested to Oliver Emmerich, publisher of the McComb *Enterprise-Journal*, that reward money, which both city and county boards had refused to offer, could help bring the terrorists to justice. An editorial appeal brought private contributions of more than $5,000 within forty-eight hours. Emmerich decided the time was ripe. He published a series of front-page editorials and began mobilizing community leaders. The first meeting consisted of only four men. By the second meeting the group had grown to twenty; by the third, to forty. ("At that point we had to do some winnowing," one of the original four says, "because we found we had some Klan sympathizers in our midst.") Ultimately, a "Statement of Principles" was published over the signatures of 650 McComb citizens, not merely endorsing law and order, but calling for "equal treatment under the law for all citizens, regardless of race, creed, position, or wealth. . . ."

The statement transformed McComb. The next day many local hotels, motels, and restaurants were peacefully desegregated. The mayor, an ex-chairman of the county Citizens' Council who some believed had been "playing along with the racists," called for orderly behavior during the segregation tests.

The bombers have been arrested and placed under suspended sentence—contingent on there being no further violence, whether by them *or by others*—and the bombings have not been repeated.

No one contends that the city's racial problems have been solved. Only a few hundred Negroes are registered to vote in the county, and the local registrar says he is unfamiliar with and probably won't put into effect the new literacy provisions of the 1964 Civil Rights Act (a sixth-grade education is supposed to rule out any literacy test). The schools are still wholly segregated; the "white" and "colored" signs remain on the City Hall drinking fountains; and the local Rexall drugstore has turned its soda-fountain lunch counter into a private "club," although as a stranger I was twice served there with no questions asked.

Still, a basic change has taken place in McComb. One of the original four men explains it:

> Before the 650 spoke up, the people behind the bombings considered themselves patriots, heroes, with public opinion behind them—which is not surprising, because that was the way the politicians had been talking, and no one contradicted them.
>
> But now things are turned around. The "thinking people" of this community—the 650—are in control. No one can be against us: we own the land, the businesses; we're the em-

Eighteen months earlier, Ole Miss professor mes W. Silver, in *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, d said he was "frightened by the possibilities of at will happen when four or five Negroes walk o Jackson (or other) schools" under court orders.

ployers, the bankers, the labor leaders—we're everybody. Nobody can lick us, so they're going to join us.

Many regard this as McComb's lesson for other beleaguered Southern towns: the "thinking people"—starting with just four men and ending up with 650—finally found their voice and took control of their community from a handful of segregationists and terrorists. This lesson has not been lost. In early January, a group of influential businessmen and civic leaders from all over Mississippi met in Jackson to explore ways of emulating the McComb experience.

* * *

Any consideration of the South's response to the Civil Rights Act would be incomplete if it failed to take into account the many cities of the Middle and Upper South which integrated their public accommodations many months before the law required them to do so.

Charlotte, North Carolina, is representative of such cities. (Knoxville, Memphis, Nashville, and Savannah, among others, might be placed in a similar category.) Here, as in Birmingham and Jackson, a combination of business and government leadership brought about peaceful integration of hotels, restaurants, and theaters—a full year before individual proprietors could claim to be merely obeying the law of the land. Charlotte Negroes have now begun to break into "nontraditional" jobs as store clerks, secretaries, bank tellers; new industries wish to hire more. But the long years of educational discrimination have left their mark, and qualified Negroes are sometimes more scarce than jobs.

Charlotte also is not without considerable racial problems. Negroes are dissatisfied with what they consider token school integration and the continued segregation of teaching staffs. Some feel that the city's housing and urban renewal policies work to the Negroes' disadvantage. Yet Charlotte, with an active biracial mayor's committee of long standing, may have turned a corner.

Paying the Piper

The returns are not yet all in on the South's response to the 1964 act; only one aspect of that law—the public-accommodations portion—has yet been felt to any extent. Historians, in fact, may find it ironic that the public-accommodations section was the lightning rod for Southern opposition during last year's Congressional debate, since its short-term effect on Southern life is likely to be insignificant compared wi two other portions of the law that have yet come into full play.

One is the fair-employment section of the la and although it does not take effect until Ju 1965, firms in each of the cities I visited h either begun complying or were preparing to so well ahead of the legal deadline. A survey companies in McComb, for example, disclosed general willingness to comply. The McCor Manufacturing Company, a clothing mill, aft careful planning with its white employees (ma of them women from ordinarily troublesome ou lying rural areas) has hired Negroes. The trans tion has gone smoothly. Both the Mississip Manufacturing Association and the Jacks Chamber of Commerce have held meetings on th question with their members. In Birmingham, th telephone company has invited its supervisors discuss hiring Negro operators, and, perhaps b cause of the advance consultation, has receive pledges of wholehearted cooperation.

Both white and Negro leaders agree that th problem is likely to center around finding Negroe for jobs rather than jobs for Negroes. As on white businessman put it, "The Freedom Ride won't make a girl a stenographer or a boy bookkeeper." James Polk, a young Negro leade in Charlotte, argues that years of barred door are discouraging Negroes from applying fo "nontraditional" jobs.

The section of the 1964 law likely to have th most pervasive effect on Southern life—the on which bars federal funds from racially discrim inatory state and local programs—is just now beginning to come into play. (It applies to hos pitals, colleges, universities, and research center as well as to public schools.) Because federa dollars are so ubiquitous, this aspect of the new law offers the greatest lever against discrimina tion and will be the most difficult for the South to resist.* This became quickly apparent; the Texas Board of Education, within days of being requested to do so, voted to sign the nondiscrimination pledge essential to the continuation of its annual $37 million of school aid; Georgia and Virginia followed within weeks. As of late February, 324 Southern colleges and universities —including Ole Miss and the University of

* "Two major changes at work to promote a change in the South," the *New York Times* said in a prominent front-page story in March, "are the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the $1.3 billion education bill now moving through Congress. A number of Southern school administrators acknowledged . . . that because of these two measures they were in an increasingly difficult quandary."

abama—had signed the pledge. Federal officials el confident this is likely to be the pattern, a eling confirmed by a leading McComb citizen 10 believes even *his* local school board will com- v. "After all," he says, "he who pays the piper lls the tune—and Uncle Sam sure has been ying the piper."

Reducing the Risks

n general, national Negro leaders have been easantly surprised by the South's pre-Selma re- tion to the Civil Rights Act. They seem, in fact, r more impatient with the North than with the uth, although as CORE's James Farmer puts "the millennium has not yet come." The uthern Negro, he says, still faces the difficult oblems of breaking voting, employment, and ucational obstacles.

Whitney Young of the Urban League feels that ucational opportunities will have to be opened more than a handful of Negroes before he is epared to throw his hat into the air. "You can't art a man in a mile race when his competitor is eady halfway down the track and expect him catch up." Yet Young sees a change of mind, not of heart, as the South faces up to its racial oblems "more honestly than the North. I think at five years from now, Atlanta will have better ce relations than Cleveland," he says.

Roy Wilkins of the NAACP acknowledges that ere are still the "sticky areas" of voting, jobs, d schools to be dealt with. But he is impressed d encouraged by the "change of mood and atti- de in the South. Just look at the die-hard areas ere there has been compliance: Birmingham, ckson, Montgomery, Mobile, Columbia. In some those places, the compliance on public ac- mmodations has been spectacular."

What accounts for the widespread acceptance the Civil Rights Act?

The principal *articulated* reason is that it is, ter all, the law of the land, and must be obeyed gardless of personal feeling. Birmingham yyer James A. Simpson, for example, has deeply lt convictions that the Negro is inherently in- rior to the white (in part because of what he ntends is a smaller cranial capacity). But now believes he has no choice but to advise his ents to comply with the law. Jackson's Mayor ompson, whose former prosegregation stance s based on upholding *state* laws, now defends s call for compliance as merely "upholding the w"—this time a federal law. In Monroe, Sheriff iley Grant, who describes Negroes as one-time wearers of breech cloths and rhinos' teeth, says, "Look, we don't like to pay income taxes, but we do. The same goes for this law." On a more practical level, a Monroe restaurateur answered a complaining white customer, "The first time a Negro comes in here I'll call you, and *you* can come and help me throw him out—and *you* can go to jail with me, too." He found no taker.

The defense of complying with "the law of the land" has reduced both the risk and the loneliness involved in dropping the color line. Businesses covered by the law are all on an equal footing; none need risk lone action. Individuals, too, have found comfort in knowing they are not alone. A Charlotte minister compared McComb in 1964 with Grenada, Mississippi, during the Ole Miss riots in Oxford two years earlier. "At that time," he recalls, "a minister friend of mine in Grenada had exactly four people in the town he could even speak to—and that included his wife. What a difference to be in McComb and *know* there are 649 other people with you."

Whole communities seem to have drawn strength from the successful integration of other cities. One Jackson businessman believes his city's experience paved the way in Laurel, Biloxi, Meridian, and other Mississippi cities. Communities have learned from one another. Birmingham studied what Atlanta and Dallas had done; the Chamber of Commerce of Orlando, Florida, called Charlotte, North Carolina, for guidance; and at least two other Mississippi communities have sent observers to McComb. Burke Marshall calls this a "snowballing effect that could have gone either way. But this time it was *compliance* that became contagious, just as defiance was after the 1954 school decision."

This contrast may suggest that today's use of the "law-of-the-land" argument is a surface manifestation of a deeper change in the South. "After all," Harry Golden observes from a parlor rocking chair in Charlotte, "the Supreme Court school decision was the 'law of the land' too, and Southern politicians could have urged obedience then, as they're doing now. But they didn't."

One can sense two changes below the surface between 1954 and 1964. One is a resignation to the inevitable, springing from the ultimate failure of every single device of delay, resistance, or defiance to maintain the status quo. The other is a less articulated awareness that resistance is not only futile, it is *harmful*. Hence the chain reaction has had both a positive and a negative side. Birmingham not only looked enviously at Atlanta, but with apprehension at Mobile, Little Rock, and St. Augustine, where racial turmoil had brought

not only terror, but *economic* adversity as well.

A visitor to the South eight months after passage of the Civil Rights Act comes away impressed with the gains already made, sanguine about the future, but nonetheless deeply aware of the fact that the life of the *average* Southern Negro has been very little affected. Patronage of downtown restaurants, theaters, and hotels has largely been confined to test "teams" and is beyond both the experience and the means of most Negroes. Years of second-class citizenship have made him slow to assert some of the rights he has won. (I saw a city bus rolling through downtown Monroe, its only passengers eight Negroes—all sitting in the rear of the bus.) In many counties he is still denied the vote, still discouraged by the same barriers to job and education that existed before the 1964 act was signed. Any significant lowering of these barriers is likely to be more effectively achieved through the Administration's antipoverty program, its various manpower training programs, and its proposed education program than through the 1964 Civil Rights Act itself.

A historian, however, looking back twenty-five years from now at the past ten months, may perhaps mark them as a time when the Southern business community finally found its voice and began wresting control from defiant politicians. "Before last July," one Jackson businessman says, "most active businessmen stayed out of the race question. We let the politicians run the show —they or a handful of rabble-rousers." But now that the businessmen are speaking up, local politicians in many places are either joining or following them.

High-water Point?

Without wishing to be overly sanguine, I also believe the historian may note the period immediately before enactment of the 1964 Civil Rights Act as the high-water point of the race issue as dominator and inhibitor of Southern economics and politics. Already there are signs that the South's new mood is paying economic dividends. Eastern Airlines told Charlotte businessmen, for example, that the city's successful integration in 1963 helped influence the location of a computerized reservation center in Charlotte. And in Jackson, where a national concern had previously decided against a plant expansion, the city's present racial tranquillity has caused the firm to take a second look. "This shows," a Jackson manufacturer said not long ago, "how we have been holding ourselves down with our old tradition

This is what the McComb lawyer had in m when he spoke of the Civil Rights Act as "lib ating" the South. "We've denied ourselves much in the past," he says. "When we would st to build a new hospital, there would be a hassle over whether it would be open or clo to Negroes. So we'd end up not building it. N there'll be no question. It has to be open. So w go ahead and build it." Or, as Harry Golden p it, "When you draw a line and tell people not cross it, you spend your life watching the lin

There are signs, too, of a gradual freeing both Southern politicians and the Southern el torate from their enslavement to the litany race—signs such as Jackson Mayor Thompso desertion of the Citizens' Council and the failu of a segregationist to launch a countermoveme the recently reaffirmed defeat of "Bull" Connor Birmingham and, more notably, the lack of a lo rabble-rouser to take his place; the absence the race issue in Charlotte's last mayoralty ca paign, in spite of serious racial disorders el where in the state at the time. Some of this due to increased Negro voting in all but the ha core areas—a process that will undoubtedly accelerated by an effective new voting law.

A twenty-year journalistic veteran in the de South told me, "This is going to mean a wh new breed of Southern politician. For a centu racists have been inflicting on the South the fourth- and fifth-rate hacks who could only into office because they could demagogue on t race issue.

"At first I was very leery when Preside Kennedy put in the civil-rights bill in 1963. thought it would tear the South apart again. B as I look at it now, it was a stroke of genir Nothing else could have freed the South from preoccupation with the race issue—nothing b a law that everyone would feel they had to obey

Even though Selma and its aftermath have d turbed the relatively placid period following t enactment of the 1964 act, this enthusiasm still shared by LeRoy Collins, the former Flori Governor who now heads the federal gover ment's Community Relations Service, charg with helping smooth race relations in troubl communities. "I think," he says, "that the Sou faces a period of prosperity and progress u dreamed of before. Past generations in the Sou hid from the facts. They hid behind the o 'separate but equal' theory. The present gene tion is facing the facts, grappling with the pro lems. But the real glory is going to be with t generation coming up."

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Stirrings Behind the Wall: ast Germany's Muted Revolution

by Welles Hangen

old-fashioned Communist rulers are eal trouble . . . its people are win- a morsel of freedom . . . and a few dows are beginning to open toward West.

bert Havemann, the scientist, could never mpared to Galileo, but Robert Havemann the ic is more remarkable. He has refused to .

of. Dr. Havemann is no longer a professor, ugh he still carries the title. Since the East an regime removed him from his chemistry at East Berlin's Humboldt University in h of last year, he has been made head of a ical research institute at Adlershof outside n. He and his family still occupy one of Berlin's better flats on Karl-Marx-Allee nerly Stalinallee), and Havemann still drives his own car to his country home at Grünheide. Such amenities are rare in the German "Workers' and Peasants' State."

But the professor is no longer allowed to infect students' minds with the notion that an essential ingredient of such a state is freedom of opinion and information. "Throughout history," Havemann once told an overcrowded university lecture hall, "reactionary regimes have tried to keep people in ignorance. . . . Human beings can be told to do many things but not what to think. Man's thought is the one thing that is really beyond any kind of orders."

Havemann was accused before the East German Communist party central committee of wanting to throw the regime's official ideology overboard. He was quietly told he could leave East Germany, which would have enabled the Communists to brand him an "enemy of the people" like other East German intellectuals who have fled to the West. But the lean, nervous pro-

Revolt of the Writers

The Western press reported the case of the "rebellious professor" as an isolated incident. In fact, it is only one episode in a muted revolution [illegible]. Unlike the uprising of June 1953, the present revolution is nonviolent. It aims to reform, not overthrow, the fifteen-year-old communist state. The impulse for change comes from a loose coalition of liberal East German intellectuals, like Havemann, and young communist technocrats and industrial managers. The regime of Walter Ulbricht usually resists and often delays the changes now in progress, but it cannot permanently thwart a movement that arises largely from the ranks of the regime itself.

In November of last year ten of thousands of elderly East Germans began streaming into West Germany and West Berlin in the first legalized mass exodus ever permitted by a communist state. Ulbricht is not averse to having these old people stay in the West, but the fact that he lets so many East Germans travel is still a concession. At the same time East Germany's jails have discharged ten thousand inmates, including such prominent political detainees as Wolfgang Harich, the brilliant communist philosopher whom Havemann once accused of being a revisionist. For the first time since the Red Army entered Eastern Germany in 1945 there are no clergymen in prison. Since last summer any of the 3,500,000 East Germans who fled West before the Berlin wall was erected in 1961 can return without being subject to criminal prosecution for having left. Few have come back, but the exemption represents an important concession by East Germany's aging and autocratic chieftain. As one perceptive West German official observes, "Until now Ulbricht decided what went on in East Germany. Now the situation there decides what he can do."

The regime is no longer immune to public criticism from its seventeen million subjects. East Germany's most popular best-seller at the moment, next to a bootleg collection of Havemann's lectures, is a novel, *The Divided Sky*, by thirty-five-year-old Christa Wolf. It is the tragic love story of a young chemist who escapes to West Berlin and stays there because his inventions have been rejected by party hacks. His fiancée decides to remain in East Germany but makes no effort to persuade him to come back. This is the first East German novel to deal realistically with the refugee problem. The author also eschews the usual polemics against the West. *The Divided Sky*, like the divided conscience of Professor Havemann, reflects the upsurge of intellectual protest against the sterile conformity of East Germany. "I wasn't just concerned with someone's getting out physically," Christa Wolf says, "but with the larger problem of 'inner emigration' among our people, their withdrawal from society and refusal to involve themselves."

Another new novel, *Ole Bienkopp* by Erwin Strittmatter, and a still uncompleted work by Hermann Kant deal scathingly with the iniquities of party leaders. "Such subjects were taboo here a few years ago," the cultural editor of the East Berlin radio says.

The writers' revolt, however disciplined in its expression, has spread to the stage. Klaus Hammel's new play, *At Nine O'clock on the Roller Coaster*, is by East German standards daringly critical of party bureaucrats. Wolfgang Dehler, a twenty-seven-year-old Shakespearean actor at the Weimar National Theater, says, "Previously our theater was hampered by too much political interference from above. Theater people were discouraged by narrow-minded officials telling them how to do plays. Things are getting better now. The other day I met our deputy culture minister. We talked a long time. And I didn't do any bowing and scraping."

The biggest change is in the stagnant and sluggish East German economy. You sense it the moment you walk into the office of Helmut Wiedmer overlooking the wall on East Berlin's Mauerstrasse. His quarters are as dingy and undistinguished as any other in East Germany, but the man is somewhat different. Wiedmer is an engineer and a Party member. At the age of forty he is production manager for twenty-two plants manufacturing industrial control devices, data processing equipment, photo apparatus, and opti

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Welles Hangen reports for NBC News from Bonn and he travels frequently to East Germany and other countries beyond the wall. He joined the "New York Times" at eighteen and served as correspondent in Paris, the Mideast, and Moscow. His book "After Nehru, Who?" came out in 1963.

al goods. Like his opposite numbers in eighty-)dd other associations of state-owned enterprises, Viedmer can set prices for his products, shift abor from one job to another, allocate investnent capital from earnings, distribute profits to himself and other members of the concern, and leal directly with foreign and domestic custoners—all without getting a single ministerial tamp of approval.

"The fact that I'm receiving you alone here oday," Wiedmer told me, "reflects our new sysem. I'm independent. There's a kind of natural election going on here: old-fashioned bureaurats being replaced by younger, technically ualified men. We used to have lots of interfernce from the government. Now they don't come round—unless we get in trouble. It's the only ay to run a business."

Wiedmer and his new breed are almost conemptuous of the old bolshevized apparatchiks ho tried to run factories on Marxian economcs. Since mid-1963 the East German regime has ettisoned the ruinous "Tonnage Ideology" in avor of what it calls the "New System of Planing and Directing the Economy." A new manaerial class is developing. Its members make no itual obeisance to the "laws" of Marxism-eninism. They are interested in costs, prices, nd, above all, profits. As Wiedmer says with a race of capitalist self-satisfaction, "After all, ou have to pay for performance."

Many things are changing in this gray land, ut the pace is uneven and erratic. Some things, ke the wall, don't change at all. Living in what emains of the old Adlon Hotel in East Berlin, I ould watch the searchlights sweeping the wall nd the adjoining "death strip" every night, icking up in their beam armed East German uards and police dogs. Only the ingenious can scape these days. I went to Rostock on the altic coast and found a different kind of wall: ast German patrol boats gliding through the og, their spotlights probing for seaborne re-ugees. Even at Guben (now Wilhelm-Pieck tadt) on what the Communists call their frontier of peace" with Poland, I found armed uards and lowered barriers. East Germany is bout the size of Ohio, but you always seem to e bumping into some border—and all are closed.

Perhaps because the physical confines are so arrow, East Germany's artistic emancipation is ar behind that of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, or oland. Solzhenitsyn's prison-camp novel, *One ay in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, has been idely read in the Soviet Union, but is considered oo far out for East German readers. As Professor Alfred Kantorowicz, himself a refugee from East Germany, says, "For years the danger to the East German Party has come less from the West than from the East, from Poland, Hungary, Prague, and also from the Soviet Union."

Collectivized in Ten Weeks

Industrially, East Germany ranks as Europe's sixth-largest producer and claims to have evolved the most rational economic system in the communist world. But the fruits of the system lie somewhere in the future. The housewife still buys coffee for the equivalent of ten dollars a pound and pork for more than a dollar a pound. Eggs cost almost ten cents apiece when they are available. Oranges come once a year—at Christmastime—and are sold out in a few hours, although they cost more than twenty cents apiece. The East German factory worker must toil twelve and a half hours to buy the cheapest make of men's shoes, five months for a locally made television set, and almost two years for a tiny, two-cylinder East German car—which will be delivered to him four years after he has laid his money on the counter. A thin wool sweater—a necessity in the German winter—sells for the equivalent of more than $25, which means a week's pay for the average East German.

The editor in chief of ADN, the official East German news agency, says, "It isn't surprising that a lot of our people are critical of the regime." Walking through the mud of a vacant lot in downtown Leipzig, an old German expressed his feelings more pointedly, "Mud, everything here is mud. Our whole government is the same—mud." A Weimar housewife eyes a pair of anemic sausages and a solitary pig's leg in the town's main meat market and complains, "The Russian troops take all our best meat." In Rostock a professor's wife laments she can never again make the traditional German Christmas cake because there are no bitter almonds in East Germany. In Leipzig a teacher proudly displays a single lemon sent her in a gift package from West Germany.

East Germany's autobahns, almost virginal in comparison with the overburdened West German highway system, have so little traffic there is not even a grease trail on the inside lane. Gasoline of execrable quality sells for the equivalent of $1.69 per gallon, three times the West German rate.

The cities are drab, but the countryside is mortuary. The farmers retire with the sun. By

six o'clock in winter the villages are black and motionless. When I left the autobahn about twenty-five miles outside East Berlin to look for a filling station shortly before six one evening, I drove through several villages that seemed to be deserted. Through the drawn curtains of some cottages I could spot a feeble light somewhere deep inside. The owner of the first house where I knocked to ask directions refused to come out. As I left he peered out suspiciously. The villagers seem not to believe that Stalinism and its police terror are things of the past.

The East German countryside is 98 per cent collectivized. "They did it in less than ten weeks," a young Dresden artist recalls. "Party activists showed up in each village with 'action groups' of the communist youth and local police. They told the farmers there was no choice but to surrender their land and livestock and join the collective. They blared out the names of holdouts over loudspeakers and turned searchlights on their houses. In many villages the whole thing was over in twenty-four hours. I heard that five farmers committed suicide rather than join the collective."

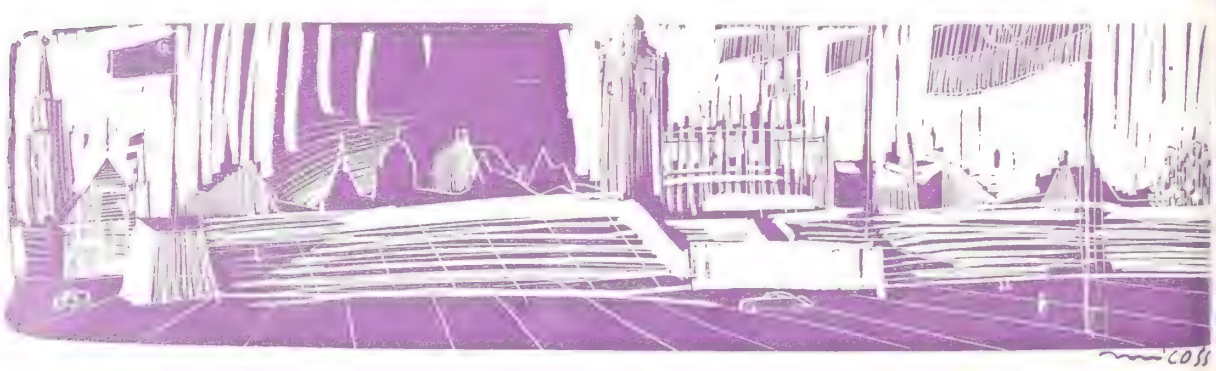
"A Very Ordinary Dictator"

Even if he wanted to, Ulbricht could not undo collectivization as the Polish Communists have done. Younger farmers have left the land in East Germany. Thousands went West before the wall. Since then there has been a flight to the cities. There remain in the countryside only the old, the indolent, the infirm, and the very young. It is on the new generation that the apostles of collectivized agriculture, such as Dr. Rudolf Schick, director of the Gross Lüsewitz Institute for Plant Cultivation, base their hopes. "Many tears have been shed and there's lots of unhappiness on our collective farms today," he says, "but in thirty years it will all be forgotten. By that time we'll be earning interest on our tremendous investm in educating a new generation. You can't do m with the older people." So far, it is clear new, more liberal policy applies only to indu and trade.

Presiding over the dedicated and disgrun alike is Walter Ulbricht, chairman of the S Council of the German Democratic Republic, secretary of the Socialist Unity (Commun party, and long-time vassal of the Kremlin. has always impressed me as the first governm chief of our time without a trace of nationa feeling for his own countrymen. Ulbricht ruled longer and more tyrannically than any ot European communist leader except Alban Enver Hoxha. Although he has grudgingly treated from some Stalinist policies, Ulbricht ranks as the last of the Stalinists in the So bloc. One of his biographers calls him "a v ordinary dictator." Like his former mer Stalin, Ulbricht is gray, dull, suspicious, narr minded, and tireless. At seventy-one he is declining health but he still exercises ev morning in a gym suit behind the heavily guar walls of his villa outside Berlin. His voice is high-pitched and squeaky that rumors he has curable throat cancer crop up regularly. Lik good deal else in East Germany, Ulbricht is anachronism.

But whereas most other anachronisms static, the East German dictator is a kind political thermostat automatically reacting changes in the climate. After bowing to Khru chev's every whim for almost a decade, Ulbri had no trouble accommodating to his mast overthrow. Answering questions from East G man workers last November, he said:

> Of all the suggestions that Comrade Khru chev has made, for example, about agric ture, we have not implemented a single o That is why I am in no position to discuss t question further. What we have carried and what we are bound by are the decisions



the [East German] Party congress and the farmers' congress. This sets the matter straight. I think that is clear.

What *is* clear is that Ulbricht is exploiting e power struggle in the Kremlin to his own adntage. A Yugoslav diplomat in East Berlin rearks, "He would never have dreamed of saying ch things three or four months ago. Since hrushchev's overthrow Moscow has no one who n get the satellites back in line. Even the SED ocialist Unity party] now feels more self-conent." This observation is confirmed by Politro member Erich Honecker, often mentioned a possible successor to Ulbricht, who told the rty central committee last December, "Even r enemies . . . have had to admit that the SED d Ulbricht have emerged from the aforeentioned events [*i.e.*, Khrushchev's ouster] not akened but strengthened."

Four days after the Soviet premier was posed, the SED issued a communiqué exessing "deep concern" and obliquely chalging the reasons then given in Moscow for the ange. Since then the East German Communists ve repeatedly been more explicit in detailing hrushchev's mistakes than Moscow has dared to One of the worst in their eyes was the Soviet ieftain's planned visit to Bonn. The East Gerans are reassured because the new premier, eksei Kosygin, is unlikely to take up Chancellor hard's invitation until he has tried to mend me fences nearer home.

Exploiting the Kremlin

n the Sino-Soviet rift Ulbricht has suddenly pped parroting Moscow's diatribes and taken the unaccustomed stance of an elder commust statesman urging moderation on the distants. For almost two years the East German gime had outdone the Russians in reviling king. But when he was asked about relations th China last November, Ulbricht suffered a dden attack of humility:

> Of course, the Chinese People's Republic will make decisions and will develop politically and economically according to its conditions. But I say very frankly, our knowledge does not suffice to comment in detail about these questions. It is enough for us to master the tasks in the GDR [German Democratic Republic].

By thus soft-pedaling the Chinese issue, the ast German boss appears to be moving away om the Soviet position and aligning himself with the Polish and Italian Communist parties in calling for new unity efforts.

However he exploits the tactical situation at any given moment, Ulbricht still ranks as Moscow's man in Germany. Other East German Communists are less reliable. For the first time, Party members are showing antagonism to Big Brother in Moscow. "We've been able to adopt very little from Russian experience in building communism," the director of Leipzig University's Institute for Marxism-Leninism told me. "Conditions are very different between a highly industrialized country like the GDR and a huge, underdeveloped country like Russia. There it takes a long time for changes to seep down from the top." The same man boasted that East Germany had made the transition from the "dictatorship of the proletariat to socialist democracy in fifteen years, whereas it took the Russians almost forty years."

The East German Communists insist they have already done many of the things the late Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, urged the Russians to do in his now famous testament written before his death last summer. "We normalized our church-state relations much sooner than the Soviet party," a leading SED academician says, "and we never conducted overtly atheistic propaganda as they did." Togliatti would turn over in his grave if he knew the East German comrades were now claiming his "revisionist" ideas for themselves, but the fact that Ulbricht has endorsed the Italian leader's call for reforms reflects the ideological shifts taking place in the SED.

On a less elevated plane, the visitor to East Germany today hears disparagement of the Russians on all sides. American prestige is correspondingly high. (I was even given the keys to the Magdeburg cathedral when I told the watchman I was American.) "Of course our collective farms are nothing like kolkhozes," a Leipzig history professor says. "The Russians were very slow in informing us about Khrushchev," another Party member complains. "I wonder when people here are going to wake up," a Rostock doctor asks. "We're building ships for the Russians at 1949 prices, so they can turn around and sell them at a profit on the world market." A sociologist recalls, "Sociology used to be taboo here because the Russians said it was an American invention and there could be no social problems in a socialist society. Now our Party people realize we do have social problems, and the Russians are coming around to see what we're doing about them."

"I'm sorry I didn't learn Russian," a young

East German radio commentator told me, "but when I went to school we all resisted it absolutely because we identified Russian with Communism. Our young people are still leery of any ideology." Russian is compulsory from the fifth grade through the second university year in East Germany. But, as a Rostock mother of three says, "Young people seem to have an aversion to the language. They refuse to learn it."

One Party member sums up the development of recent years this way: "Our Party people no longer take Russia as the model in everything. They may not say so publicly but they say it more all the time in closed discussions." German Communists are, after all, Germans. Most are imbued with historical feelings of superiority to the Slavs. The fact that these long-suppressed feelings are beginning to find expression may be the most important development in East Germany since the 1953 uprising.

No one expects the SED to amputate the Russian hand that holds it in power, since the regime relies on the Soviet troops garrisoned outside every city of importance in East Germany. Even the younger East German Communists realize their ill-favored rump state will never have a popular national government as long as it must be maintained by force in the face of a stronger and far more prosperous West German democracy. Even with the changes now under way, an East German Kadar, Gomulka, or Gheorghiu-Dej is not likely if only because East Germany is no country except in the narrowest political sense.

The Widening Gap

For the East German regime today, to endure is to succeed. The longer it exists, the more it is accepted at home and abroad as a permanent if obnoxious reality. The wall has stopped East Germany's exodus of human beings. For the first time a factory manager is reasonably sure of finding his work force intact Monday morning. The large-scale import of black-market East marks from West Berlin has been stopped. The economy has been stabilized, even if at a low level by Western standards. Most important, ordinary East Germans have begun to come to terms with the regime. As Christa Wolf remarks, "Before the wall there was an easy way out. People didn't have to face difficulties here. Now there's no way out. People have to think things through and come to some conclusion for themselves." A doctor puts it more bluntly: "The choice now is between boycotting the regime completely o joining our hospital committee and trying t protect the interests of doctors and patients an keep the Party hotheads in check. At least w let the Communists know they can't make a re corner out of our hospital."

In East Germany the wall is the watershe All time is expressed in terms of "before th wall" or "after the wall."

Accommodation to the regime is easiest fo the young. They may resist learning Russia and absorbing communist ideology, but they hav never known their country at peace except unde communist rule. Even those who dislike the re gime speak of "our republic." The partition o Germany is becoming a commonplace. "My chil dren regard West Germany as a foreign coun try," Christa Wolf told me with a hint of defianc in her voice. Much depends on how East Germa children are brought up, but few parents ca counteract the steady diet of anti-Western propa ganda in East German schools. A new third grade primer, for example, tells the story of a fictional former East German landowner, a coun with a ridiculous-sounding name, who write from West Germany to his former tenants warn ing them against stealing stones from his castl wall for a new cow barn. The now happily col lectivized peasants meet to express their indigna tion at the count's threats. They warn that h plans to make war to regain his confiscated land This prompts a suggestion that young farmer should enlist in the "People's army." Finally th villagers decide to write a stiff letter telling th count the land no longer belongs to him an never will. One elderly farm lady asks that th letter be brought to her bedside so she can sig it. She recalls her firstborn died one winter i the bad old days for want of a roof over thei hovel.

"What can I tell my children," a Leipzig teacher asked me, "when they want to know if this kind of thing is true? If I tell them it isn't that creates doubts in their minds and trouble for them at school. And yet we know it isn't true."

Such dilemmas are not new in totalitarian so cieties, but they are particularly painful in East Germany. The people of that unfortunate country know they are the real losers of World War II. "But we are sick of being pitied," a Dresden dentist told me. "We're sick of being called 'the Zone' and having the West Germans weep crocodile tears over us." Sometimes the West Germans even forget the tears and brazenly flaunt their prosperity in the faces of their

Eastern countrymen. At fair time in Leipzig, well-upholstered Ruhr businessmen and their expensively dressed wives roar through town in Mercedes limousines, hardly aware of the embittered looks they get from ordinary East Germans who must stand and wait outside. "The West Germans have lost all ethical values in their ust for prosperity," a Schwerin businessman aid to me.

Misconceptions about West Germany are widespread even among educated East Germans. A young Dresden architect told me he wanted to ontinue designing schools in East Germany "because if I were over there [in West Germany] 'd have to earn my living building villas for the rupps and Thyssens." A schoolteacher from the rzgebirge says, "Our school system is better because in West Germany only children from certain social strata can go to school." There is also idespread misunderstanding and mistrust of onn's political motives. I never met an East erman who did not impute the worst motives Bonn for originally proposing to stop new antiazi prosecutions when the twenty-year statute limitation expires in May. The Communists ave convinced most East Germans, among hers, that West Germany is a nest of former azis.

As differences and resentments multiply, contacts between the two Germanys grow more difficult. Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, like Konrad denauer before him, professes to believe contacts will keep alive the impulse for reunification. ut Adenauer was always skeptical and Erhard as wavered.

Alternative to Dependence?

Despite West Germany's standing threat to ver relations with any country that recognizes e East German regime, Ulbricht is making eadway in his quest for international acceptnce, as evidenced by his recent trip to the UAR. ast German trade missions are operating London, Paris, and Brussels. The U.S. Comerce Department recently approved a $13 milon deal involving the use of American processes r a synthetic fiber plant to be built in East ermany. Last year more than five thousand merican tourists visited East Germany (not ncluding one-day trips to East Berlin). Like her capitalist foreigners they were lodged in ewly built special hotels, given meals the averge East German dreams about, and permitted to y gasoline for one-third the usual price. The East German foreign ministry wants American news media to accredit correspondents to East Berlin as Reuter's already does.

The regime is improving its wretched image in the outside world by such measures as allowing pensioners to travel West. As they say in East Germany today, "Life begins at sixty." But at least life does begin. This means the day is approaching when the Bonn government will have to redeem the pledge it has made to "discuss many things if our brothers in the [Soviet] zone are able to pursue their lives as they wish." East Germans are still far indeed from being able to pursue their lives as they wish, but the end of police terror, the easing of some travel restrictions, and improvements in the standard of living are making it increasingly difficult for Bonn to ignore the communist regime. Most West Germans now realize that reunification will not be achieved by free all-German elections. The alternative is a prolonged and painful dialogue with a somewhat less repressive East German regime.

If West Germany and its allies in Washington were to accept such a dialogue as the practical basis of their policy, they could do much to aid the cause of the young East German technocrats and liberal intellectuals who are trying to liberalize the regime. "As things now stand," a Czech correspondent in East Berlin says, "the SED refuses to get rid of even those doctrinaire comrades clearly overdue for their pensions because it fears such a move would be exploited by the hard-liners in Bonn as a sign of communist weakness. This helps keep the present aging government lineup intact." Half of East German policy, like the editorial content of the Party organ *Neues Deutschland*, is reaction to Bonn. A more adroit West German policy could embarrass the communist diehards as much as Bonn's own hard-liners are embarrassed today by changes in East Germany.

Doubly isolated from its own people and from other members of the Soviet bloc, the East German regime realizes it must reform. Instead of denying the existence of change in East Germany, the West could accelerate the pace by giving the Communists some alternative to total dependence on Russia. With West German elections due in September, Erhard is not likely to take any initiative until the votes are in. But President Johnson has won his election and has the power to reanimate Western policy toward East Germany in a way that could confront the Russians with a new and even less congenial set of circumstances in central Europe.

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Chicago's Oxford on the Rocks

A New Break for City Youngsters

by Andrew Schiller

...uching in America's least-ivied halls ...s both an adventure and a nightmare. ...w, after two decades of battle with ...ticians and legislators, a great uni...sity has finally opened its doors.

...is February 22 was no ordinary Monday in ... ago. At 8:00 A.M. the first classes began in a ... four-year university—the Chicago Circle ...us of the University of Illinois, located at the ... of the Loop, where the main expressways ...erge into the fantastic interchange which ... "the Circle" its name. It shone as fresh as ... . Perfect cylinders of chalk lay on ledges ...e unhazed blackboards. The desks were un...ed, and everywhere was the smell of new ..., concrete, plaster, and sawdust. Except for ...tudents milling about, consulting maps of the ...us, it would have looked as unreal as a stage set. But the newness is deceptive. Actually, this school is the child of another—a slatternly old hag of a place, a grim and grimy wind tunnel, a most improbable place to put a university. Yet now that we have left it for good (and with no tears), we can look back at it like a corporation president remembering when he sold papers in the snow.

It is, to begin with, the most remarkable object on the Chicago skyline; a huge structure of red brick only two stories high, except for a pair of gilded towers at either end, jutting five-eighths of a mile into Lake Michigan. Navy Pier has been in its time a pier, an amusement park, a convention and exhibition hall, a naval training school, a traffic court, and a college campus. The last metamorphosis was twenty years ago, when the boys came back from war and, with the benign encouragement of the GI bill, flooded our colleges in unprecedented numbers. In the summer of 1946, what had been a naval training

school was transformed into a two-year branch of the University of Illinois. It all happened so quickly that some of the personnel literally had time only to change hats. Captain Charles C. Caveny, executive officer, became executive dean; Lieutenant Harry Summers, stores officer, became manager of the bookstore; an admiral was, for a time, professor of engineering. A faculty was scratched together, students poured in, and the place was nicknamed Oxford on the Rocks. It was meant to be temporary.

Here was a university guarded by a fireboat and patrolled by the Coast Guard, a man-made peninsula, a functioning pier, warehouse, and freight terminal, crusted with lichens and barnacles on the outside, riddled by termites and rats within. Visualize an enormous wind tunnel. A central corridor split it from end to end, and as you hiked its length ("the ten-minute mile") you passed on either side lecture halls and classrooms, laboratories and lavatories, offices and snack bars, all partitioned off with buckling slabs of Beaverboard.

On hand were over five thousand students and another thousand staff and faculty members. When classes changed, the corridor was as jammed as a downtown subway platform at rush hour. With luck, a patient shuffle would get you to your next class on time. Down below, in the catacombs of the lower deck, the students' lockers were arranged in rows like the teeth of a giant comb. The lockers themselves were stuffed tight —the students outnumbered them three to one— but what you saw were not coats and books but people. They sat on the concrete floor, backs against one row, feet against the other, zigzagged head to foot like the bodies in the hold of a slave ship. Here were preexam skull sessions and intellectual debates. Organizations were born in one row and splintered into factions in another. Yet one found here the curious privacy of the packed subway, in which a loving couple remains undisturbed by its neighbors.

This was a city school without Greek letter societies, homecoming parades, and marching bands. Our students came from everywhere: tract houses in the suburbs and middle-class apartments in the neighborhoods, split-levels in Skokie and the corroding ghetto around Sixty-third Street. Half of them worked, and another quarter had scholarships or some other form of student aid. We have never boasted of a homogeneous product. You could find Anderson, Johnson, Smith, and Watson, but also Ben Zeevi, Salkauskas, Motamura, and Mihàlyi Csikszentmihàlyi. (Mihàlyi contributed to the student magazine, *The Pier Glass*, in one year and to *The New Yorker* the next.) Hungarians, Cubans, Lithuanians, and Israelis found common ground on the concrete floors of the Navy Pier. In one of my classes recently, the daughter of a district attorney sat next to the son of a cotton chopper fresh up from Mississippi.

Song of the Jackhammers

It made a stimulating mixture, but Navy Pier as a site for a school, had its drawbacks. It is, after all, a pier—the world's largest—and on a foggy day we were socked in like an airport, with foghorns hooting mournfully every minute. I remember, when the St. Lawrence Seaway opened, ships from Ireland, Israel, Norway, and Japan nestled up to the pier's south apron. There was much to-do about those ships. The crew of the first one to dock rated a parade down Michigan Avenue. Now they attract as much attention as a string of freight cars. But in those first weeks the students mingled happily with the sailors, exchanging cigarettes and coins and a few hoarded bits of exotic languages. The simple greeting "Shalom!" was good for a pack of Israeli cigarettes, but you had to be a sabra to smoke them. Some of the captains arranged for tours of the ships. It was all brotherly and educational. No one suspected that a crisis was in the making, but at the next faculty meeting one of our women members stood up to deliver an emotional warning. Were we quite aware that our young ladies were being invited into those ships—that some did indeed disappear into them —that these ships were full of (she used the word as an obscenity) sailors—from foreign countries —and she could not be responsible . . . ?

The dean of the college controlled himself, and so did the faculty. At least nobody laughed.

A professor of foreign languages took the floor and spoke gravely. "Ladies and gentlemen, now that Chicago has become a great international seaport we must pay the price and sacrifice a few virgins." The meeting was adjourned.

The defense of our vestals was only part of the price. In order to handle all the Seaway cargo it was now necessary to build a railroad spur

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Andrew Schiller, who is associate professor of English at the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle, has previously reported in "Harper's" on "The Coming Revolution in Teaching English." He is a graduate of four years in the U. S. Army and wrote a novel for his Ph.D. at Iowa.

aight down the center of the
r. The city had promised not to
in work until after the June
ms, but on a hot day in May,
h the windows all open, the work-
n were already at it. All city
ellers develop a certain tolerance
noise, but this was different; you
not really conduct a class while
w yards away someone is smash-
concrete.

think I had been shouting. It
s my fourth and last lecture that
and I no longer knew which was
more excruciating, the jackham-
rs below my window or the sound
my own voice straining to punch
ough, to recover the students'
ntion, to bring them back as
submerged hopelessly in the
se.

hand went up, fifth row, right
Ir. Levenson. (By the middle of
y I always know all the names.)
odded to him, glad of the inter-
tion, thinking, Bless you, Mr.
enson. I could see him very clearly, jug ears,
kled nose, the rubbery lips moving, but all I
ld hear was a chain of compressed-air explo-
is, steel on concrete. I pantomimed an ear
mpet and shook my head. Mr. Levenson un-
ed himself, rose to his feet, made a megaphone
is hands. The class laughed. It was their first
onse of the hour. "Sir, we cannot hear you,"
Levenson called.

ut nobody laughed as he sat down. They had
out of humor, too. All right, I thought, that
s it. The hell with it—this class—this im-
sible school—the hell with everything! I
oped my book shut, a tiny explosion during a
in the concrete breaking, and stalked out,
ding for the dean's office. How much of a fool
s a man have to be? We had all come here
use of promises of a splendid university
ch was someday to arise in Chicago. We were
state of endless becoming, like the Russians,
speak always not of having but of building
munism. And like them we were afflicted
the same Messianic attitude, thinking al-
s a generation ahead. We were, to put it
rwise, in the traditional Chicago business of
ing in futures.

ut there was the rub. This was Chicago, and,
se yet, Illinois. Every two years—since our
intly corrupt legislature meets biennially—a
plan for the university would be proposed, a



Navy Pier, the old Chicago branch of the University of Illinois

new site selected. Inevitably it came to nothing. The downstate legislators were always willing to throw away a million or two on new site studies and planning committees, and (while huge building projects were approved for every other location in the state) to give nothing to Chicago.

This Time, a Happy Ending

The dean heard me out. I made quite a scene, as I recall, but he was patient. Mine was not the first performance that day. He had called up Vice President Parker, he told me, who had in turn called up Mayor Daley's office. In that labyrinth it was impossible to find anyone who professed to know anything, but the dean was dourly confident that nothing would be done. He waved aside all rash talk of resignation and offered me some sound educational advice: "Go home and have a couple."

And I would have, too, except that I had an appointment with a student. And so I went back to "my" office, Room 31, a big bullpen which I shared with forty other teachers and three secretaries. But the dean hadn't talked me out of anything. Any offer from a halfway respectable school could have taken me right then.

Wilmer Parks, who was waiting at my desk, was a dejected young man. He had just been

granted a scholarship which would pay his tuition downstate. It was like giving a starving man a silver place setting. "Not that I'm ungrateful," he said, "but tuition is the least of it. I just can't afford to leave my job and go to Urbana for two years. Even dishwashing is an overcrowded profession down there. I'm not too proud, you understand . . ."

I understood. It was a familiar story. He needed Chicago, and—in the longer view—Chicago needed him. He was a remarkable young man, both physically and intellectually. On the outside the impression was butter and honey—the gentle voice, the soft eyes, the milk-chocolate skin, the slow dignity so rare in a twenty-year-old. But inside he was a mental athlete, a distance runner rather than a sprinter. At midterm he had written an essay on Aeschylus and Existentialism that left me gasping. Earlier in the year I had made the possibly shabby statement that an "A" paper was one from which I myself learned something. This sophomore had politely rammed that statement down my throat.

Of course he had to go on to graduate school. The problem at the moment was simply to get him a bachelor's degree. To waste such human material was unthinkable. What happens to a brilliant Negro without a degree? He could pass a civil-service examination easily enough, but (peace, Plato!) what use has the government for philosophers? I could see him a decade hence, a fussy little bureaucrat stamping papers, his mind rotting in inanity. Out of such frustrations cynics are made, and perhaps even Black Muslims. The process of self-destruction begins right here, at this turning point. What could I do for him? The question hung unasked as we talked.

The problem was quite simple: he had used up the two years of college we had to offer him and now we offered him more where he could not reach it. The solution was also very simple: to build a great public university in Chicago. And would it comfort him to know how the mills of the politicians were grinding? Should I tell him that the people of North Riverside did not want us to build there because we might bring colored people in? That the Garfield Park Community Council did want us to build in their neighborhood because they thought it might keep the colored people out? That Mayor Daley, who is strong for education, wanted to use us as a tool to bring about a consolidation of railroad terminals? That Northwestern didn't want us on the North Side, the University of Chicago didn't want us on the South Side, Roosevelt and De Paul Universities didn't want us downtown, and the downstate legislators didn't want us anywhe?

We talked very concretely. Young Parks wa a full-time student during the day and a full-t e baker at night. He had replaced his father, o had lost three fingers of his right hand i a mixing machine. His $75 a week was the c f support of his family, which also included th e younger sisters. It was a slum family in the se e that they lived in the rotten Near West Side f Chicago, where junkies and muggers prowled e streets and houses were filled with broken g s and collapsing stairways. Yet it was a tight f stable family of which Wilmer Parks was t v the virtual head. Two illiterate parents a laundress and an unemployed baker—had one n in college and three daughters in high schoo

Wilmer Parks needed a degree in philosop After emerging victoriously from his battle w the Black Ghetto, was he to be slain by the U versity of Illinois? I suggested that he apply scholarships to all the Chicago universities. e proposal stunned him. He honestly had no i of his own worth. I actually had to argue h into it, and when he finally agreed it was w fearful misgivings. He did not want to mak a fool of himself.

In the end I made a few phone calls, wrot a few letters. I had my own misgivings, too. A rebuffs and Parks would be telling himself t it wasn't so bad to be a baker. But the st has a happy ending. The University of Chic accepted him—and two years later I got a le asking me to recommend him to graduate sch A beautiful story, but the trouble is that it is t typical. We can't all be as brilliant as Wil Parks. What becomes of the vast body of us mediocrities?

They Can't Go Aw

The sweat of a man's brow is in dwindl demand. Every time we allow a young person drop out of school we pay doubly. We add by much to the exacerbation of unemployment a welfare payments, to the cost of delinquency a crime. But also we subtract from the sum of consumers who buy homes, assemble hi-fi ri go on vacation trips. That's putting it econo cally, surgically stripped of human considerati Even so, the price is too high. We Americ have always felt so.

When, just a century ago, President Linc signed the Morrill Act, he consummated the m far-reaching piece of legislation enacted dur his Presidency. The Civil War preserved



WHY DOES THE HOST GET THE FIRST GLASS OF WINE?

)W that is a very interesting question, espe-cially when you consider how the practice ly got its start.

ie authorities believe it was originally *manda-* at the host take the first sip; only then would gests follow.*

vadays the reason the wine steward pours a the host's glass first—or, at home, the host it for himself—is just so he can see whether he and whether it is good enough for his guests.

ually, there are two steps before one gets d to either sniffing the bouquet ring the wine. First the waiter you the bottle before it is open-; then he opens it and gives you rk to examine.

ese first two steps are important. gh not everyone has the palate ne expert, anyone can and should the label and ask any questions that may occur to him as he reads it. And he ought to check the cork to see that it is firm, and sniff it to see whether it smells nice (this is not only prudent, but looks impressive, too).

Speaking of cork, that is another reason for pouring the host first. If there are any little bits of cork floating on the top he gets them.

The only other thought we have on this comes *before* the first sip: that you order from a list of wines you have confidence in. May we recommend ours? Paul Masson has a large variety of reds, whites, and rosés. If you would like to know more about them please write us at the address below and we'll send you a kit containing descriptions of our wines and how they may be used plus the labels from each so that you will recognize them at your wine dealer's or when the waiter brings one to your table.



as not politeness so much as curiosity: first they wanted to see whether he dropped dead. Another popular social form was also born handshaking started as a search for concealed rocks.

UI MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. H-2, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA (An hour south of San Francisco. Come visit.)

United States as a single nation, but it was the Morrill Act, establishing the system of land-grant colleges, that made it possible for the nation to assume its position of leadership and power in the modern world. The Morrill Act enabled the states to establish public, low-tuition colleges which would foster—although by no means exclusively—"agriculture and the mechanic arts." In doing so, the federal government bridged the worlds of Thomas Jefferson and Albert Einstein. Here were the means to implement Mr. Jefferson's dream of a nation of farmers who could recite Homer while they plowed their own earth; but here also was the seedbed from which we would nourish the intellects of men who would rocket television transmitters to the moon.

The University of Illinois at Urbana, a land-grant college, is now a magnificent institution of international scope. Its faculty encompasses both esoteric painters and composers, and a Nobel laureate in physics. On the same campus is a marvelous library (second only to Harvard's, and coming on strong), and what must be the world's most expensive basketball court (around $9 million). There is even an excellent Department of Philosophy where Wilmer Parks may someday be a professor, but which he cannot now attend as a student.

Something went askew in the grand design. We are in the throes not only of a technological, but an urban revolution. This is well known, yet perhaps it is not generally realized how far we have gone toward becoming a nation of city dwellers—and how far we will go. Let Illinois be a case in point. At the present time, over 75 per cent of the college-age youth reside in eight metropolitan areas of the state, and most of these in a single one, Chicago. But by 1980 that figure will be 90 per cent and three of every four of them will be in the Chicago area. Or, to put it another way, by 1980 the distribution of eighteen-year-olds in Illinois will be in the proportion of 119.1 of them in the Chicago metropolitan area alone as against 6.4 of them in all the rest of the state.*

By contrast, where are the state-supported colleges located? As of January 1965, the only public degree-granting institution located in Chicago was the Medical Center. Six state universities were scattered about the state, in Champaign-Urbana, Charleston, Normal, DeKalb, Carbondale, and Macomb—all small towns and rural areas.

It almost seems now as if these schools had been shrewdly distributed to lie precisely where the people are not. But this is the hand of history, not malice. A century ago nearly everyone lived in the country or a small town and "went away" to college. The Morrill Act was designed to make this possible for a broad majority. The result has been to create universities which are remote fortresses of learning, like walled medieval cities. Despite the fact that they were created to offer education to all, that intention was to a large degree subverted by the rise of an urban working class. For many of these—like the family of Wilmer Parks—to send a young person away from home for four years, even though the tuition is low or even nonexistent, becomes prohibitively expensive. Thus, the state universities have tended to become playgrounds for the children of the well-established upper middle class.

Swept Out, Swept In

Oxford on the Rocks, ingeniously thrown together as a stopgap, dramatized the great void in our educational system. We took students in and turned them out. Some could go on elsewhere, but many could not. What has become of those? Ask our sociologists, economists, and psychologists. We needed not just a ramshackle two-year college, but another Urbana right in Chicago—and, as it turned out, more besides. The struggle to get it developed into a long, dirty, and discouraging political battle that lasted nineteen years.

In 1960 a bond issue was put before the voters: $195 million for higher education in the state of Illinois; of this (on the insistence of legislators from Chicago) $50 million was earmarked for the building of a university in the city. Downstate—even in Champaign and DeKalb Counties, which had the most to gain—the bond issue was defeated. Nevertheless, an overwhelming four-to-one majority in Cook County was sufficient to pass it statewide by the required two-thirds of the voters. (And so it happens in the cloud-cuckoo-land of Illinois politics that nearly three-quarters of the money is being spent in those parts of the state which voted it down.)

But the time for rancor is past. Suddenly (it seems now) the city swept away over a hundred acres of slum close to its heart, at the point of intersection of its three major transportation arteries, and there it stands now, the Chicago

* These figures are from the report of Committee A, "College Enrollments," a portion of the so-called Master Plan for Higher Education in Illinois, December 1963.



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One in every thirty-five Americans today is attending a college. Startling as that figure may be, the point is that the proportion is too low. As long as we close our doors to young people in need of education—and the University of Illinois alone turned away over six thousand *fully qualified* applicants in the fall of 1961—we are guilty of criminal negligence.

In 1889, Jane Addams bought the old Hull House on South Halsted Street. She had had enough of criminal negligence and she began to do something about it, starting with the immigrants who lived in the neighborhood. Now, by an exquisite coincidence, that same neighborhood is the home of the Chicago Circle campus, and Hull House itself (now the home of the Jane Addams School of Social Work) is, quite literally, its front door. Hull House, in a double sense restored, is the nucleus about which this university has grown. It stands at the main entrance, dwarfed by the new buildings, and yet it dominates them all. The old Victorian house seems to tell us, from the heart of a massive complex of institutional architecture, that the individual is important.

Jane Addams would approve of this new development. So, clearly, do the people of Chicago. That 1960 four-to-one majority is a statistic; but statistics are made of men. I met one of those briefly.

Last spring a truck broke an axle on a ramp just behind one of our classrooms. The driver called in for help, and when our class started he was sitting patiently in the cab waiting for the tow truck to arrive. He sat at window level, leaning forward almost into the classroom, just back of the heads of the last row of students, a gristly pock-marked face topped off with leather cap adorned with Teamsters Union buttons. As the class went on, he listened more and more intently. At one point he snubbed out his half-smoked cigarette as if he suddenly realized that he was *in* the class. Meanwhile, ignoring him as best I could, I spoke of the Christianizing of Britain in the sixth century and the influence of that event on the English language. Half an hour later we were interrupted by the arrival of the tow truck with a great screech of brakes and clashing of gears. A door slammed and a voice rang out.

"Now how we gonna move this big bull bitch?"

And another. "Gimme that goddam jack!"

The truck driver shook his head in disgust and leaned far out of his cab, now almost into the classroom window, like a portrait coming out of its frame.

"Don't pay no attention to them dumb jerks," he said. "They ain't got no respect."

The rest of the lecture was less memorable than the interruption. I never got to know that teamster socially, but I'd like to. He is one of the thirty-four out of thirty-five who does not attend college (though I am not too quick to assert that he never will). I am also sure that he is one of the four-to-one majority who gave us our Chicago Circle campus. He has "respect."

I look forward to meeting his children in our new classrooms.



The new campus of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, under construction



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5. [illegible]
6. Alkali-resistant papers
7. Aluminum faced plywood
8. Appliance containers
9. Art reproductions
10. Automotive components
11. Banana cartons
12. Beverage boxes
13. Bible papers
14. Bleached sulphite pulps
15. Blueprint papers
16. Bond papers
17. Book publishing papers
18. Bottlecap papers
19. Bowstring trusses
20. Boxboards
21. Brazilian rosewood paneling
22. Brushed plywood
23. Business papers
24. Capacitor tissues
25. Carbon ink dispersant
26. Ceiling liner
27. Cellophane pulps
28. Ceramic binders
29. Cereal boxes
30. Cigarette filter papers
31. Concrete form material
32. Corrugated containerboard
33. Craftwall® paneling
34. Day-glo fluorescent papers
35. Decking
36. Diazo base papers
37. Dictionary papers
38. Dissolving pulps
39. Duplicator papers
40. Electrical bushing material
41. Electrical transmission towers
42. Elm paneling
43. Embossed hardboard
44. Envelope papers
45. Filtering media
46. Filter papers
47. Fire doors
48. Fire retardant papers
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50. Flooring
51. Floor underlayment
52. Flush doors
53. Foil laminating papers
54. Folding cartons
55. Forestglo® paneling
56. Frozen food containers
57. Furniture parts
58. Garden mulch
59. Glosstex® boxboard
60. Glulam arches
61. Golden dowel doors
62. Greeting card papers
63. Gummed papers
64. Hamilton® text and cover papers
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72. Honduras mahogany paneling
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74. Housemart® hollow-core doors
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76. Ice cream cartons
77. Insecticide dispersants
78. Institutional doors
79. Insulating fiber sound conditioners
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81. Jelly filtering agent
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83. Kraft pulp
84. Laminated decking
85. Ledger papers
86. Letterhead papers
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88. Linton® Bristol board
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Take a Lesson from a Pasha

by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi

American husbands could learn a thing or two om Persian husbands." This statement was re- ntly made to me by a young American woman o had married a Persian in, surprisingly, In- na, and had just come to Teheran to set up usekeeping. She seemed eminently qualified to ss judgment, having shed a nice, well-heeled le man a few years before on the ambiguous ounds of mental cruelty.

'For instance?" I asked her.

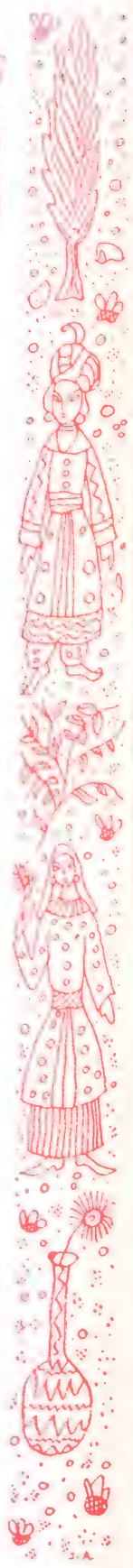
'Well, Persians regard wives as women instead as pals or cooks or mommies or sexpots or any those in combination." She paused for breath. nd that's a nice, relaxing thing for a wife. nean, to be nobody but yourself."

This declaration seemed to toss aside a couple hundred years of progress in women's rights, a woman married to a Persian in Persia has out as much legal standing as a two-year-old. omen can't vote; they can't get a passport with- t their husband's approval, and their Amer- n passports are invalid in Iran. They have no al say-so about their children after the chil- en are seven. They can't get a divorce on any ounds, though their husbands can divorce them three minutes flat without grounds. Most ghtening of all, they have no recourse if their sbands should decide to take a second wife, or hird, or fourth. The legal maximum is four at e time, which is small comfort, since a man can ep within his quota by divorcing an old one d marrying a new one ad infinitum.

The picture looks grim, yet every year American girls—no doubt hopped-up on quatrains from Omar—marry Persian men and come to live in Persia. There is a club of them in Teheran whose meetings I attend when I am in town. I consider myself an honorary member, for though I have been married to a Persian for almost twenty years, he doesn't count, since he left his home at seven to study in Vienna and returned thirty years later after long exposure to an American wife, myself.

The first time I attended the club I was surprised at the large membership and, even more, at the beaming faces and evident contentment. Over a period of three years I made a cuff-note survey among them and found that the average number of children per couple was two and a half, the average yearly income was about $6,000 after taxes, the average rent was $125 monthly, and most of them owned a family car. In short, they had landed in the small segment of Persian society which is equivalent to suburbia back home, except that most of them had a full-time servant.

The dubious bonus of an illiterate and village-bred servant can hardly account for the fact that the divorce rate among them was relatively low, certainly far lower than the rate in U. S. suburbia. Personally, I know of only one case, and the trouble there was not indigenous to Persia. It was too much mother-in-law. The wife packed up and went back to Ohio, divorcing her absentee



The Barn Owl

by Marion Lineaweaver

We quarreled, my daughter and I,
Until we were afraid of our native tongue.
Driving home, ground-fog in a treacherous layer
Grazed the grasslands as high as the car.
The headlights were flung
Back like banners.
Four miles never had seemed so far.

When we struck the owl
Still nothing was said. It was dead
When I lifted it, shadow-light,
Talons like exquisite grappling irons
Curled for the catch, and the paradox
Of a heart-shaped face. We spread the wings,
Each taking one, touched their fine grain,
The breast's gossamer down. No wonder an owl
Can skim, drift, float like a flake of smoke. . .

At home we built up a high bright fire.
I had killed; there was nothing to say.
But my daughter fetched on a copper tray
Red wine and mussels, apricot-plump
In their blue shells. We had gathered them early
And now came closer to that harmonious dawn
Than we had been all day.

---

husband on home territory. I have heard of other [illegible] tries. The low standard of life has broken up some marriages, particularly when the couple lived in a feudal provincial town where the amenities of life are sparse and comforts are morally suspect. Sheer homesickness—the feeling of always being a stranger—has broken up a few more. But I found no case in which the Persian husband exercised his prerogative of bargain-basement divorce, and none in which he had married a second wife.

There are indeed nerve-wracking hardships which even a Teheran-based and financially well-set-up wife from America has to contend with that would justify a higher divorce rate. Galloping boredom is one: a woman can't go anywhere without her husband except to a relative's or friend's home. Loneliness is another, for the majority of American wives never learn Farsi and are therefore out of it when garrulous Persians get together. Then there is the primordial in-law problem multiplied tenfold because of the enormous and close-knit family relationships in I[illegible]

Still, bereft of legal standing, house-bou[illegible] surrounded by ubiquitous in-laws with whom [illegible] can't communicate except in smiles and gru[illegible]s, the American wife in Persia is not sorry for h[illegible]self.

The answer must lie in the Persian man as h[illegible]band. Let's examine the joke-book picture of [illegible] Oriental husband, a pasha. He sits cross-leg[illegible] on a fringed divan, rings on his fingers, cu[illegible] shoes on his toes, a turban on his head. He[illegible] domineering, self-indulgent, indolent, and [illegible] wife, clad in a diaphanous bikini-like harem ou[illegible] is a poor creature whose raison d'être is to p[illegible]der to his wishes and keep her thoughts [illegible] herself. No one really believes that this pict[illegible] reflects the truth today, yet old illusions ha[illegible] nine lives and persist in spite of logic. More th[illegible] one American wife has confessed to me h[illegible] sense of panic at the idea of coming to live [illegible] Persia. "It's sort of like falling in love with [illegible] tame tiger and then discovering that you have [illegible] live in the jungle with him," one wife said.

"Well? Did the tiger remain tame?" I ask[illegible]

"Hardly. He reverted to being a pasha. Th[illegible] all do."

"And are you packing up and going home?"

"Certainly not. I love being treated as speci[illegible] He rules his part of our life—the part outsi[illegible] the house—and I rule mine and you can't ha[illegible] any battle of the sexes where you don't have [illegible] clash of authority. Imagine having to discuss t[illegible] color of the new drapes with your husband a[illegible] biting off your tongue because he wants son[illegible] ghastly eggy color. And imagine having to pr[illegible] tend you care two hoots what the boss said [illegible] him. Togetherness is for the birds. I'm all f[illegible] separateness."

The Secret Carte Blanch

Some aphorist has stated that no man is [illegible] hero to his wife. This strikes me as particularl[illegible] true of the American husband who, through sim[illegible] ple decency, is forced into unheroic attitude[illegible] around the house. The Persian husband's house[illegible] hold habits can be summed up in two words: tota[illegible] uncooperation. And this, I believe, is one reaso[illegible] for his success as a husband.

All my informants among the American wive[illegible] of Teheran agreed that their husbands refuse[illegible] categorically to pitch in and help with the dishes [illegible] they refused to baby-sit, baby-watch, or baby-[illegible] feed; they refused to repair electrical gadgets o[illegible] to go shopping. "At first I thought this was trea-

"The Barn Owl," Copyright 1965 by Marion Lineaweaver

n." one wife said to me. "But now I'm de-ghted; I'm free to do as I please and my sband never appears ridiculous. When I visit y American Embassy friends and see the hus-nd wiping baby's chin, it embarrasses me. here's nothing quite so unmanly as a big, suave plomatic type, his shirtfront dappled with blum, cowering at the squawks of a one-year-d monster that won't eat its din-din."

In return for the privilege of total nonpartici-tion in the cares of the home, the Persian sband seldom criticizes. He makes no cutting marks if the sink is piled with suety dishes or the rug is unswept or the beds unmade. He ts what is put before him, or if he doesn't like he doesn't eat—but with no implied self-pity. his wife chooses to redecorate his study in alian modern with camel lanterns hanging from e chandelier, he adjusts himself and asks no estions. This passivity is especially soul-satis-ing when it comes to the children. A Persian sband has no theories about child rearing and adly entrusts junior to the maternal instincts his wife. Baby knows from the beginning who boss. Mommy is, and Papa is a nice, quiet fel-w who likes to play games and tell bedtime ories—for Persian men are excessively fond of eir children and will spend hours amusing them r the sheer pleasure of it.

Such household habits seldom require a wife justify herself or to explain why she has or as not done something, yet they are not in emselves the fundamental reason why Persians ake good husbands. They are bits of telling evi-nce that help to reveal the core of the matter—e essential difference between Persian and merican husbands.

The fact is that Persian men *really* regard omen as mysterious and inexplicable creatures, ever to be quite understood, never to be quite ossessed. And they don't hanker after explaining unmystifying them; they like them the way ey are. It's the pasha heritage, this belief that mininity itself is something supramundane. ollowed to its logical conclusion, this heritage resupposes that a woman can be judged by no own standards; whatever she says or does—ing said and done by a woman—is ipso facto challengeable and incomparable. If a wife does the unexpected, her husband is not surprised; he expected the unexpected from her. If she does the expected, he is not disappointed because, by doing the expected, she has delightfully surprised him.

It is possible that some women might not care for this carte blanche to be themselves—to get fat if they choose, to be bored or sloppy or to take up Yoga, to grow orchids in the bathroom or write erudite treatises on Sanskrit grammar. But American women—those bossy, over-energetic, overintellectual, youth-worshiping, faddish women—have found their counterparts in Persian men, in pashas. Such women have been brainwashed from childhood to consider the world their particular oyster, and Persian husbands, instinctively, gladly, give them free rein to make it so.

The unavoidable conclusion is a lovely irony: where women are least free legally and publicly, they are most free individually; where they are least respected as members of society, they are most respected as particular human beings.

An Example from Nature

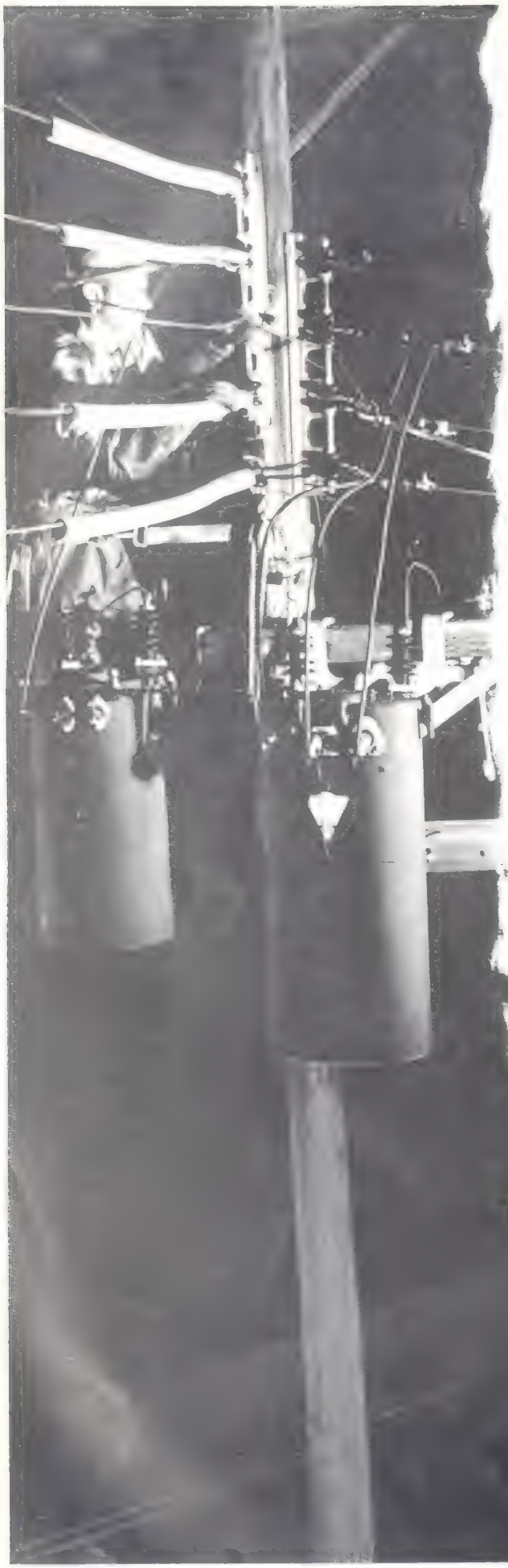
Susan B. Anthony, who founded the college I attended and whose shade made me into a militant feminist at seventeen, would perhaps smile benignly in her grave were she to read this article. I hope she would not rest uneasy, for though my judgment may be colored by the card I drew in life, a Persian husband, it has not been impaired—thanks, no doubt, to the leeway he has given me.

The lesson to be learned by American husbands is simple. In the gardens of Abadan, where I live in southern Persia, all the houses are surrounded by privet hedges. The dictionary definition of privet is: "An oleaceous shrub with half-evergreen leaves and small white flowers." Until 1962 the Americans and British were in charge of keeping the privet hedges cut and clipped. Every month they were clipped to a boxlike form. In late 1962 the Persians took over this job. They didn't cut very regularly and, suddenly, the privet hedges blossomed with showers of white flowers like rays of moonlight. One Englishwoman said to me, "I don't understand it. Privet never blossoms."

I didn't answer her, for my explanation would have been too long. Indeed, it would have been this article. Women, like privet, should not be cut into proper shapes for the view of others. They should be left to blossom.

---

ne Sinclair Mehdevi was working in New Y... 1945 when she met and married a Persia... plomat. Eventually, they settled in Abadan, ra..., where he is now in business. She has writ-n several books, including "From Pillar to Post" d, most recently, "Persia Revisited."



Everybody benefits

when there's to prote

By 1980, according to a recent Federal ... Commission study, technological progress in th... power industry could make possible a 27% redu... tion in the retail cost of electricity. This ... amount to as much as $11-billion.

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limited amount of non-profit power ansmission, some by the government, some y the rural electric cooperatives and other on-profit producers.

limited amount of non-profit power istribution, some by the rural electric coop- atives, some by the other non-profit dis- ibutors — municipal systems and power stricts.

e elements in the consumers' electric yard- mbine to provide "competition-by-example" electric power industry—which is by nature poly. *And this yardstick is the American con- best protection against excessive power costs.* and Federal regulation of the power indus- more effective when supported by the con- ' yardstick. Consumers who live near areas he yardstick now is effective can testify to ue. For example, a consumer in Portland, ear the Bonneville Power Administration ck, pays his commercial power company or the same amount of electricity that costs ston, Mass., consumer $9.91! The same prin- lds true for power rates of commercial com- near the TVA area.

experts tell us that only about 15 to 20 of the nation's total electric power capacity o be operated on this non-profit basis in order to provide an effective yardstick. It has dropped to only about 13 percent at present, and, unless something is done, is going to drop even further as power needs double every few years . . . leaving tomorrow's consumers practically no protection.

This is why America's consumer-owned rural electric co-ops and other non-profit systems believe that coal should be used to generate non-profit power in the depressed Appalachia area, why generation and transmission loans from the Rural Electrification Administration must be continued, why the huge government-built desalinization plants now under study must be designed to use the waste heat for producing electricity as well as fresh water, and why arrangements for interconnecting the nation's power resources into a single transmission system must include rural electrics and other non-profit distributors.

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The Escape Artist

A story by David Wagoner



In the corridor outside the newspaper office he checked his empty pockets for the last time, tried brushing the wrinkles out of his sport coat, took ten deep breaths, and after running in place for a few seconds till the blood pulsed under his brain like a river under a canoe, he walked in fast. His reflection trailed him for a moment in the plate glass—the long profile he had hopes for, the sharp chin and nose he was going to cut down with a Vandyke as soon as he could make it grow—and he went right to the first desk, in the flesh, himself included, not a daydream or a diagram. He felt only part of the stomach-fluttering, knee-twitching hesitation he'd been afraid of during the months since he'd known he was finally going to get himself out of the sticks and into the big city, into his Doom and Destiny—the grand words went up like balloons in his head—into a place where his life could start happening, after all the rehearsals.

The middle-aged woman behind the desk kept on licking a stack of envelopes. She said, "Yes?" with a bad taste in her mouth.

He looked beyond her at the rows of desks where men bustled back and forth, where te phones, typewriters, and a clacking bank of te type machines kept up a steady racket. "I'd li to see the city editor." He could feel the ener pulsing up from his shoes. It was like standi on a massage machine in a dime store.

"Is it about a job?"

"No, I've got a story for him."

She acted bored. "What about, sonny?"

"I'll tell him."

She hesitated, then shrugged, got up, and b gan shuffling down one of the aisles toward th busiest-looking desk of all—three telephone four kinds of in-and-out baskets, a sheaf of cli pings, a nest of paper towels soaking up spille coffee, and a dark thin man practically lyin down in a padded swivel chair, interlocked finger supporting the back of his neck.

The woman spoke inaudibly for a moment, an the thin man motioned him nearer with his chi "What you got?"

Waiting till the woman had gone, he took deep breath and pressed it down against hi diaphragm. He felt light in the head and light o

© *Copyright 1965 by David Wagoner*

s feet. He was traveling light, and he was on s own. It was about time. He said, "I'd like to sue a formal challenge to the police department: I'll let them lock me up in any combination their regular restraints, as long as they're in od working order, and lock me in any solitary ll without a guard, and I'll set myself free thin an hour without damaging any city operty. And I'll submit to a complete search fore and after."

"What's your name?" The thin man's eyes ere lazy and cynical.

"Danny Masters."

"Address?"

"I'm just passing through."

The thin man's long face grew longer. 'hrough what, a phase?"

"You heard what I said. I meant it."

"Kid, what've you been reading, some old pulp agazines?"

"Do you want the story, sir? There's another per in town."

The man laughed twice, high in his nose. "Can u really pick a lock?"

'I'll repeat the challenge if you didn't hear it."

Taking one foot off the desk, the thin man let chair straighten up. "You sound like your n lawyer. Come on, what you been reading?"

Danny turned to go.

'Now wait a minute." The man was out of his air and sitting on a corner of the desk, smiling. ow old are you?"

'Seventeen in the fall."

'And fifteen last spring." The man began inging his leg. His eyes were going around the ce quickly. "You staying somewhere in town?"

"Not if I can help it."

'Ever done anything like this before?"

"I can open any handcuff or any lock or get out any rope-tie."

'What you need is a little self-confidence, kid." e man was signaling to somebody across the m. "Who taught you all that?"

'It runs in the family, and— What difference es it make? Try me."

"I mean, I haven't heard of an escape artist ice before flagpole sitters." The man was looking pleased with himself, and he signaled again impatiently. "Just stay put a minute, okay?"

Danny nodded, and the man hurried between rows and went into an inner office, coming out again fast, talking to an old man in a blue suit. After an argument, they stopped and spoke to a sour-looking man who'd been typing; then all three of them came toward him. He stood still and kept his hands down.

The city editor was saying, "What difference does it make, damn it? It's a good story either way." He sat on his own desk. "This is Danny Masters."

The old man looked suspicious. "How you feeling, son?"

"I'm fine, thank you."

"Got a little blood on your nose. You in good health?"

Danny fished out his handkerchief. "My nose bleeds sometimes."

"Who're your parents, son?"

"I don't have any." He could feel his face freezing, pulling itself tight across his cheekbones, and he knew exactly the kind of stupid smile it would make—his upper lip rising off his teeth like a curtain—the kind that made people say, What are you scared of? or, What's eating you?

"Was this your own idea? Anybody put you up to it?"

"All my own."

The old man shrugged at the city editor. "There's probably some way we can get sued." He turned to the sour-faced man who had a pencil behind one ear and a crooked necktie. "What do you think, Sam?"

"Is he advertising something?"

Danny said, "No."

The old man pursed his lips. "They might make you look pretty funny."

"I don't think so."

Looking steadily at him, the old man said, "And you'd actually go through with it? You wouldn't—uh, chicken out?"

"No."

The city editor put his hand on the nearest phone. "I can call Fritz and ask. Give them something to do on a dull evening. If they say no, it's still a pretty good story. 'Police Turn Down Teenage Challenger.'"

After another pause the old man said, "Now don't get in too much of a rush." He looked Danny over, then gave a grudging half-smile. "See that green filing cabinet over in the corner? It's locked. Let's see what you can do with it."

Danny looked at their amused faces, at several

---

vid Wagoner's novel, "The Escape Artist"—m which he adapted this story—will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux on May tenth. is year, Mr. Wagoner, on a Ford Foundation llowship, is playwright-in-residence at the attle Repertory Theater. Later, he will return to aching English at the University of Washington.

others nearby, at a kid his own age gawking from beside the water cooler. He picked up a thin metal ruler from the city editor's desk and started walking, and if people left enough keys to the city lying around like that, he wouldn't even have to use his own.

Sitting sideways in the front seat, the reporter said, "How'd you happen to take this up instead of something else?"

"What's so strange about it?" Danny sat deeper in the back seat as the car changed lanes with a sudden swerve, wishing he could think instead of having to talk. He needed to grope ahead to make sure he had everything figured out right, but his forehead felt stuffed full of other people's language.

"Most young guys want something secure. Respectable."

"I'm respectable."

"Sure." The reporter held his pad of copy paper against the top of the front seat. "Who would you say influenced you most to get into this racket?"

"I knew a locksmith."

"He taught you things, huh? He still got a license?"

"He's dead."

"You sure you weren't just practicing up in case you caught a severe case of reform school maybe?"

Danny looked out the window.

The reporter said, "Ever tried to bust out of anything before?"

"Yes."

"How'd it make you feel?"

"Like I wanted to get loose." He hesitated, seeing the reporter taking notes, but went on anyway. "Then I felt free of—everybody. Everything."

"What did you do, your friends tie you up and like that?"

"Sometimes."

The reporter was keeping a straight face. "You know, the police use real handcuffs and complicated stuff like Cicero corsets. It isn't like getting tied up in an alley or picking Grandma's dresser drawer. I mean, they aren't using Mickey Mouse locks in the jail anymore. How did you feel the times you couldn't get loose?"

"It hasn't happened yet. I'll tell you when it happens."

The reporter glanced at the photographer. "We've got a live one."

"Uh-huh."

The reporter said, "Every cowboy movie, the crooks hog-tie the good guy and in five minut he's loose, so what's so hard about it? The croo walk in and out of jail like it was the men john."

"If it's so easy and boring, how come peop are paying to watch? Because it's what they wi *they* could do." Danny looked out the windo "So enjoy me. I'm a good story."

The reporter chuckled flatly, once. "Got an thing against cops?"

"They're always saying No. I like people wh say Yes."

Squinting at him as the car turned, the re porter said, "How would you say an escape artis is different from just plain folks, kid?"

"They just dream about it, but he does it."

The photographer said, "What I'd like to do i pull a disappearing act out of this goddamn sill job. Can you show me how, kid?"

"Yes." He felt his attention sliding backwar into himself like a bolt going into a strike.

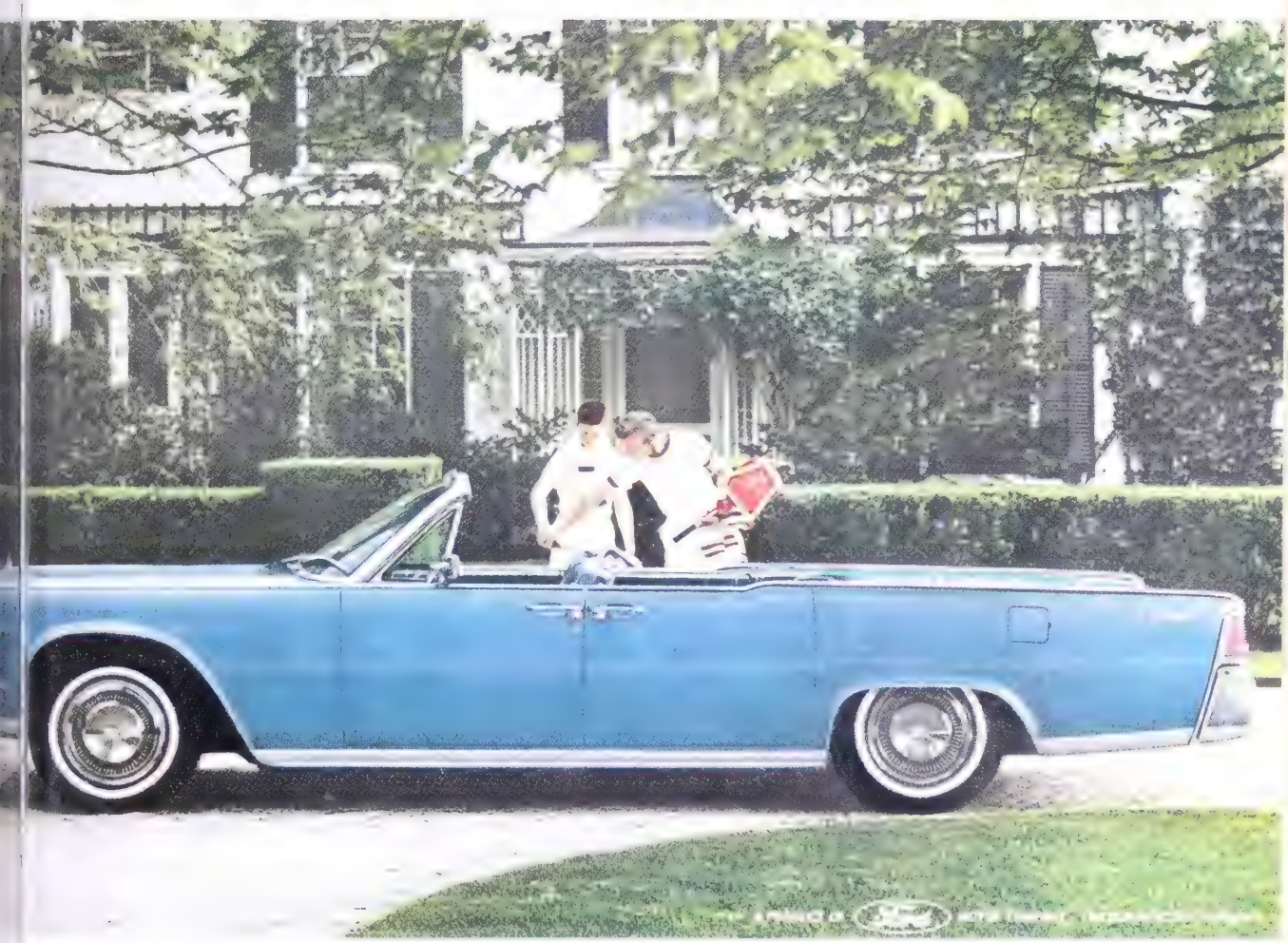
The policemen crisscrossing importantly fro door to door and around corners on both sides o the booking counter seemed in unnaturally shar focus, outlined so definitely against the cemen and plaster they were like targets in a shootin gallery. And no matter how many times Dann blinked, the corridor walls and the polished floo hurt his eyes.

The reporter said, "Okay, wait a minute." H talked to one of the desk sergeants, crowding man in a ripped undershirt out of the way.

People were in trouble all around him: a ma in an old sweater sitting on a bench with hi head in his hands, dripping blood onto the floo from somewhere on his face; a kid just out o his teens in black pegged pants standing white faced with his shoulder against the wall while a policeman smiled at him; a groggy-looking ma with a hump of white bandage plastered over on ear like a seashell. Everybody had broken some thing or other, a nose, a window, a law, and now they were being shoved into cells to wait for a judge to decide what thing of theirs he could break to get back at them. A Negro with a greasy shopping bag in his lap stared straight ahead, his eyes popping as if he'd already been hanged. Danny felt his own life locked inside him, keeping as quiet as it could while it aged. Nobody should be able to break anybody else open and clean out the insides. That was why getting away was important, getting out, getting loose, because they had to make you hold still long enough so they could crack you.

The reporter came back and said, "All right,

the unique experience of owning a Lincoln Continental.



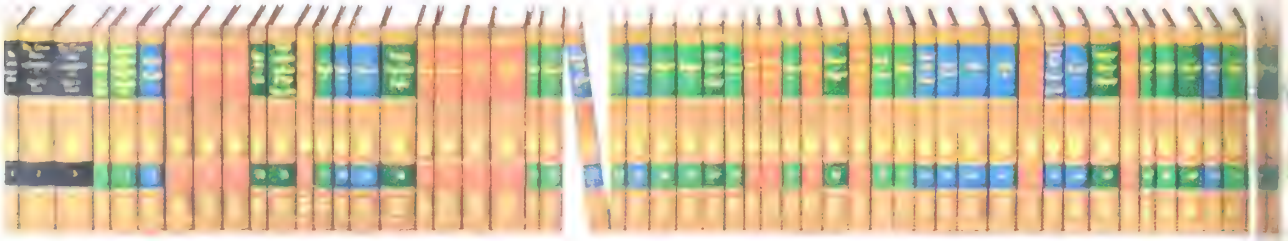
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ath been observed, by wise men or women, rget which, that all persons are doomed to n love once in their lives.

opatra would not open the door, but, look- from a window, she let down ropes and s, to which Anthony was fastened; and she her two women drew him up.

s not seek our disease out of ourselves; n us . . . and the mere fact that we do not eive ourselves to be sick, renders us more l to be cured.

4. "I will have no man in my boat," said Starbuck, "who is not afraid of a whale."

5. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts . . .

6. It has been my experience—and to this I have found no exception—that every dream treats of oneself. Dreams are absolutely egoistic.

7. There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare; and every wise man has himself to cure of it, and does cure himself . . . Consider how easy it is to make people stare by being absurd.

8. But stricken long since with anguish deep, the queen
Feeds at her veins the wounds, whose hidden fire
Consumes her. To her heart comes surging back
Full oft the manhood of the man . . .

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Here are the answers:

Fritz is coming but we're not supposed to make a fuss. No pictures except when he says so."

Checking the battery case on his belt, the photographer said, "Like hell."

"How you doing, kid?"

Danny nodded at the reporter without looking at him, and that was why they were always trying to pin you down to one room, the smaller the better, because they could find you then, could leave you and come back and still find you as if you were a piece of furniture or something in a

A rough-looking, sad-faced man in a rumpled suit came toward them out of one of the side offices and listened to the reporter talk for a moment without taking his eyes from Danny. He said, "First of all, is it just a gag?"

The reporter and the photographer answered at the same time, and after a short pause the man said, "Danny Masters, Masters." He seemed

Danny simply waited for them to put him in whatever they considered the worst place. You

Esp cially when you were causing it yourself.

Fritz nudged him. "So you're going to make us look sick by busting out of our toy jail here? Well, we could use a little more bad publicity." He looked sourly at the photographer.

"Don't blame me, Fritz. I don't pick my assignments."

T ching the reporter on the shoulder, Fritz said, "Ordinarily you know what I'd tell you to d with an idea like this one?"

"It wasn't my baby either, and you must've said Yes to somebody."

Fritz shrugged. "I figured maybe I could earn a favor."

And now, apparently, everybody was supposed to go down the hallway because that's where Fritz was leading the reporter. Instead, Danny paused to look at the tinted photos of policemen killed on duty since the 'twenties, all with level mouths, full faces, and small dark eyes staring into the lens as if into a peephole at somebody fouling up the works.

The photographer took his arm. "Let's get organized. Stall around, and the mayor'll come downstairs and have his face in it."

The others were waiting at the turn in the corridor, beyond the row of shut office doors on one side and the single small door with a button next to it on the other, and there at the bend the hard part began, the place where they could keep him if he wasn't who he thought he was. The floor was absolutely clean, no stains, no cracks, no chips in the wall. He wiped his feet on cement as if on a welcome mat.

A sign saying *No Guns In Jail* hung ov row of dead-latched cubicles the size of saf deposit boxes, and Fritz was locking his pist one of them. Beyond him a heavyset tur with close-cropped gray hair was holding the door in the wall of upright bars that s rated the cellblock from the station, and Dar had his first glance at the kind of lock he'd h to handle. He went right on seeing it even af he quit looking at it.

Fritz said, "Your boy acts like he was stuff What's the matter?"

The reporter shrugged. "I just work here."

"Maybe I should give him a saliva test." Fr smiled and his jowls creased once on each side his mouth. Then he went past the turnke nodding at him, and said, "Come on in." T reporter followed.

As Danny passed through the door he touch the downward-hooked locking dog with his for finger as if telling it something, and a flashg went off behind him. The photographer was wa ing toward him when he looked back, and door latched behind them both with a firm c lision of iron.

The corridor was fifty feet long with two pair of left-and-right side aisles. Each of the barre cell doors was concave so a man standing in th bulge could see every part of the cell. The lock were the same make as the one on the outer doo the turnkey was carrying only two keys on th ring at his belt, and everything looked possibl as long as they didn't get worried about him

The reporter said, "How about the drun tank?"

"What's the matter, don't you like this kid? Fritz squeezed Danny's arm till it hurt. "Wan him to lose his virtue?"

The lock cases on some of the cells were painte red, and they stopped at one to look in at three men sitting at a table eating out of plastic bowls

Fritz said, "Hi, sport."

One man held still, but two spoons kept going

"I said Hi."

"Hello, Captain." The man had an Ozark twang. "Sir."

Danny kept from meeting the eyes of the men gawking at him from both sides, in every doorway. A man who looked like an Indian wearing blue-and-white striped coveralls came wheeling a covered dinner wagon around a corner and stopped with a clatter when he saw them.

The turnkey said, "Go on."

Eyes lowered, the Indian pushed the wagon st them toward the outer door. The smell of ew floated behind.

Fritz glanced at the photographer. "Want me? You can be a one-man delegation from the nalgamated Judges of Horseflesh."

"No thanks."

The rest of the smells were antiseptic, and e concrete floor had a sheen on it that re-cted the caged ceiling lights. Everything, in-ding the bars and the horizontal spacers across em, was painted a pale green like a schoolroom. d Danny knew it was time to be younger, even ared.

Fritz said, "See how the floor's shinier down e middle than the sides? By the time a citizen ts back this far, kid, he's usually in so much ubie, all he can do is shuffle." He headed into e first side aisle on the left.

Danny said, "Looks like a very strong place." e let a slight quaver get into it. "Very well nstructed."

Fritz smiled over his shoulder. "Like it?"

"How many inside at the moment?" The re-rter had his pad out.

"I don't know. Sully?"

The turnkey, who was following, said, 'wenty-eight, sir."

"We try to keep them close together." Fritz otioned back at the main corridor. "Easier to ep clean. The kid can have a nice quiet place himself." He stepped around a waste can with push broom upside down in it and vung open a cell door with a red ck case. "Want to try this for ze?"

The tension in his stomach let go ightly because it wasn't a canvas-dded maximum-security cell, hich might have taken him all ight. It was smaller than any of ne others he'd seen—a single iron unk, a washbowl with push buttons nstead of external fixtures, a seat-ss john—and the ceiling was a foot ower than the others, a single teel plate with two ventilator grids t directly into it.

The photographer said, "Can't we se a different one? I'll have a hard ime keeping the john out of the hots."

Before they could change their ninds, Danny stepped inside and ent as if to sit on the bunk.

In a harsh voice Fritz said, "Out, kid." When Danny hesitated, he said, "Out here. We'll have to take a little look at you before you set up shop."

He came out again and stood still while Fritz got behind him and peeled off the sport coat, fumbling through the pockets before handing it to the turnkey. The flashgun went off.

The reporter said, "How you feeling, Danny boy?"

Fritz said, "Keep going, kid. I hope you wear a good class of underwear so our friend here won't have to airbrush his prints too much."

The reporter said, "I thought you weren't worried, Fritz. What the hell are you going to do, X-ray him?"

"You can say for publication I'm a brave, confident cop, but I don't throw myself in the lake just to get a laugh."

Danny took off his shirt and handed it over, seeing his bare chest quiver once like a horse's flank. His mind was going faster now. He didn't let it show in his face, but he could feel the speed in his fingers.

Fritz said, "Shoes."

"He'll catch cold." The reporter sounded as if he halfway meant it.

"Get your story and shut up."

Danny slipped out of them without stooping, and Fritz shoved them toward the turnkey with his foot. The man had draped the shirt over the push broom, and now he put the shoes at a neat 45-degree angle at the foot of the waste can. The photographer backed down the corridor and the flashgun went off again.



Fritz said, "Pants."

Danny let them fall to his ankles and stepped out, shifting sideways far enough to get another look at the outside of the lock.

The reporter circled and tried to catch his eye. "Nervous? Any reactions? Like to repeat the challenge for the benefit of posterity?"

"You already took it down."

"Yeah, but I didn't get to see Fritz's face while you were saying it."

Fritz said, "Well at least he came prepared for a little fun: no wallet, no I.D., no keys, no money. Aren't you guys going to pay him something for earning his Junior Horse's Ass Merit Badge right out in front of you like this?"

"He's just natural-born show

folks, Fritz." The reporter was scribbling on his pad. "Anything for a little free space."

The flashgun went off again, and Fritz said, "Now I'm going to have to ask you to drop your shorts, kid, like it or not. You don't have to cough, I just don't want to miss anything obvious like adhesive tape because if you start sawing away at our nice bars here, it can get expensive."

He kept his eyes straight ahead while he lowered his shorts, feeling his face redden. The flashgun didn't go off.

"All right, you can keep them on. Turn around."

He pulled up the shorts and faced Fritz.

"Open your mouth. Stick out your tongue. Lift it. Show me your teeth." He did as he was told.

The reporter said, "When was the last time you had a jailbreak?"

Ignoring him, Fritz said, "Okay, now the socks." He waited, then said, "Let's see the soles of your feet."

Danny balanced on one foot at a time.

The turnkey put the socks inside the shoes, and Fritz said, "In."

"Wait a minute." The photographer didn't sound quite as bored. "Don't you have an Oregon boot or some leg-irons or some goddamn chains or something? If I have to shoot it this way, he looks like he's on latrine duty in scout camp."

"Leg-irons? What do you think this is, Russia?"

"At least some handcuffs then, for godsake."

Fritz reached toward his left hip under his coat, then stopped and held out his hand to the turnkey. "Give me yours, Sully." When the man hesitated, Fritz said, "Well, I don't want mine scratched up either." He glanced at Danny who was waiting inside the doorway. "Kid, if you hack these up on the bunk or so much as nick them, you'll be scrubbing out the drunk tank with a toothbrush."

Danny nodded, then watched the pair of glistening Pratt handcuffs go ratcheting into place around his wrists.

"Any other hot ideas?" Fritz looked around. "You want him strung upside down?"

The flashgun went off twice, and then the turnkey was swinging the door shut. It latched with a deep clank. The flat, oval-handled brass bit key went into the lock, turned once, then turned again.

Fritz said, "This is what's called a felon's cell, double-locked like an old maid's back door."

"Look noble, kid." The photographer was crouching near the floor. "You want to gnash your teeth, Fritz?"

"No thanks."

The flashgun went off, and the reporter c ie over to lean against the bars. "Only one hou"

Danny nodded.

"I'm just trying to figure out how many cups of coffee we can manage."

Fritz said, "If you want more time, it's o y by me. The main object's for the kid to le n something, isn't it. Let him have two or th e lessons."

Trying to look sheepish, Danny said, "e hour."

Then Fritz was helping herd the others d n the corridor, joking through the back talk, t he stopped at the mouth and let the turn take the newspapermen out of sight toward entrance to the block.

Danny waited at the right edge of the d door where he could see as far as possible, m ing no moves. After a moment the turnk came back into the side corridor alone, spo briefly to Fritz, then followed him to Dann cell again, unlocking it with a double clockw turn.

Fritz said, "Thanks, Sully. Can you see me

"No, sir."

"That's the spirit."

The turnkey went toward the main corrid

Grabbing hold of the central swivel betwe handcuffs, Fritz pulled Danny through the do He spoke in a low voice. "Sorry to interru your valuable time, but we have to have a litt discussion."

His bare feet slid from the cold steel floor the cell to the equally cold concrete, and goos flesh traveled up his legs and arms like a shoc

Fritz tugged him toward the dead end of th corridor and stopped at the last closed sol cell door on the right. He pushed the cover bac from the safety-glass judas window and yanke Danny toward it. "Take a good look."

A young man was sitting on the floor of th otherwise empty padded cell, resting his bac against one of the bulging vertical humps o green-painted canvas and looking straight a the window. He had two black eyes, like burglar wearing a mask in a cartoon, and h had on socks, shorts, and a bloody white shirt When he smiled, the inside of his mouth looke redder than his lips.

In his ear Fritz whispered, "This is an ol friend of mine. He tried to bust out of an in terrogation room, and unfortunately for him h thought he'd hit somebody on the way out. I have to do a lot of things I don't like in this



), but I don't mind taking care of characters e this. I want to impress something on your nd, kid. I don't quite know what you think u're doing, but I want to show you a bad exple just in case. In an hour the boys will take ne more pictures of you bawling in your cell th a snotty nose, and they'll write down your thless observations on the subject of bragg, and then they'll forget about you. After t, it won't matter what color your eyes are how many teeth you've got." He paused. ou listening?"

'What's this man charged with?"

Fritz smiled. "Booze, as a rule. And don't ste my time. I'm giving you facts. Lot of k boys around town, and they all wind up re, kid."

The man in the cell got up off the floor and ne to the inside of the small window, grinng to show his pink teeth. He was talking rapy, inaudibly.

Fritz said, "And they all wind up talking to mselves. What's your hometown?"

Danny shut his mouth. The window cover fell k into place, cutting off the prisoner in the ddle of a series of slow, silent four-letter rds.

Fritz said, "It's Iron City, isn't it."

After a few seconds, Danny realized his eyes ln't stayed still enough.

"What was your old man's name?"

"I never had an old man." He was cold, and he could see his clothes hung over the push broom like a scarecrow. And they liked to make you uncomfortable too; it was all part of their pleasure to take away any chance you had to be dignified. Like the time in the locker room being painted with Merthiolate or the time the laundry fell off his bike on the playground and everybody danced with it.

"Masters." Fritz was smiling uncertainly. "You look like him."

Danny kept his eyes on the open door of his cell, waiting for the pressure on the handcuffs to steer him toward it.

Fritz hauled him a few steps, then stopped again. "Was Harry Masters your old man? I remember it was—" he pushed Danny's chin aside to look at his profile. "I think I'll take a run through the files." He led him the rest of the way to the cell, palmed him inside, then shut the door and looked at Danny through the bars. "You've got more than one funny idea in your head, don't you, kid. Country boys get hungry and they start trying to speed everything up. Your pockets get to starving and you start seeing double at the crotch, and the first thing you know, you have to catch up and get ahead and stay ahead and make sure everybody sees you doing it. Then you have to start showing everybody they're just around to get pushed. I saw your old man try it, and I'm telling you he got pushed back so hard it knocked the wind out of him. Permanently. He was behind the times too, kid. He got to thinking he was a gangster, only there wasn't any gang. I'm not sure what the hell you think *you* are, but maybe we'll find out later." He beckoned down the corridor. "You wouldn't be thinking about hurting anybody, would you?"

Danny kept his eyes on the wall, and the turnkey came and double-locked the door again.

Fritz said, "They didn't shoot him back in here, you know. He got as far as the outside hall, which is pretty good for a country boy at that."

The turnkey said, "They're raising hell out there 'cause we're not letting him alone like he said. I told them I—"

"All right, all right." The two men started along the corridor, and Fritz looked back. "When you get back in here for something real, kid, remember there's no reporters around for miles. Everybody takes their time over things."

Then they were finally going: they turned the corner and didn't come back. He waited an

extra minute, then took the flat, two-inch fork-bladed spring-steel pick from between his right lower lip and the gum where it had cut him slightly from talking so much and, with a metallic taste in his mouth, bent it nearly in half and took three seconds apiece to spring the left and right cuffs, not in the keyway but straight down the throat.

He checked the corridor and couldn't see or hear anything, no chains rattling or gunfire, nothing from the ventilators or through the hard walls.

From between his left lower lip and the gum he extracted the plain single-point pick without a handle he'd had to choose out of all the possibilities, knelt on his bare knees behind the blank back of the lock case, and, wedging the handcuff pick longways in the crack of the door, broke it in half. And it wasn't any school locker [illegible] simple cabinet deadlatch that could be slipped with a hairpin, and it wasn't the door in the dentist's waiting room that a celluloid bookmark or a putty knife could open. He took a deep breath, then with the pick in one hand and the broken half in the other, reached through separate gaps in the bars till he was embracing the doorcasing. He felt his way in with the pick and pressed up the first of the four oversized pin tumblers, using the thin tough broken piece as a shim to follow between the plug and the case.

And they'd been using these locks too long, nothing was tight anymore, and their whole heavyweight jail was falling apart by a hundredth of an inch just because they didn't understand what was supposed to hold it together. He had the fourth pin out of the way and held there in less than a minute, and then because the action of the bolt was so heavy, he removed the pick and used one of the free tongues of the handcuffs for more leverage. He turned the plug as slowly as he could, wishing he'd thought to take off his shorts and use them as a muffler, but it was too late now, he couldn't let the follower slip out of the breaks in the pins. The first turn sounded like a rock falling into a full bathtub, but he didn't wait to find out whether anybody had heard it. He finished the second turn, and if the cell had been triple- or quadruple-locked, he could have kept right on going. He pushed the handle down, and the door went ajar. He stood up and waited.

Now with a full view of the corridor, he could see no one was sticking his head around the corner or using a shoplifter's mirror. He put his clothes on fast because he didn't want to [illegible] sneezing, and he hurried to the dead end in h[illegible] stocking feet. He pushed back the windo[illegible] cover, waited till the man got to his feet aga[illegible] then held his fingers to his lips. He st[illegible] slightly aside and gestured at the empty c[illegible] ridor. The man smiled and nodded.

The lock was identical with the other, thou[illegible] it was mounted in a solid sliding door, and [illegible] was keyed the same and double-locked—as [illegible] found out when he repeated the process, havi[illegible] even less trouble now that he could see what [illegible] was doing. He could hear the rattle of wh[illegible] sounded like pans and silverware, but the tur[illegible] key didn't show up. He slid the door half ope[illegible]

The man came toward him slowly, suspicious[illegible] looking in all directions including behind. Blo[illegible] was caked in the corners of his mouth, and he w[illegible] limping on both bare feet which were streak[illegible] blue across the insteps.

Danny held up his finger again and motion[illegible] for the man to follow, but the other shook h[illegible] head and made a throat-cutting gesture. Wh[illegible] Danny signaled impatience with both hand[illegible] the man hobbled reluctantly as far as the oth[illegible] cell door but stopped there. His eyes seeme[illegible] panicky.

Giving up, Danny shooed him into the ope[illegible] felon's cell and managed to latch the door a[illegible] most silently. He bent to double-lock it aga[illegible] while the man tried to get his head between th[illegible] bars to watch.

The man said, "Well, I'll be damned."

Shushing him violently, Danny stood up an[illegible] put all the picks in the same shirt pocket. H[illegible] held the open cuffs tightly so they wouldn[illegible] rattle.

Mouthing the words like a mute, the ma[illegible] said, "Good luck." He spat out some blood an[illegible] smiled. His spindly, slightly bowed legs wer[illegible] quivering.

Danny leaned close to his ear and whispered[illegible] "If you hear me bang three times"—he mo[illegible] tioned with the handcuffs against the bars—[illegible] "make a racket."

The man nodded, and Danny picked up hi[illegible] shoes in his free hand and started toward th[illegible] mouth of the corridor. He wasn't thinking[illegible] Sometimes it was like talking, just a waste o[illegible] attention, but when you could get your whol[illegible] body doing it, there was no name for it, the feelin[illegible] of being led yet knowing it was your ow[illegible] choice. It was what could always save you, al[illegible] ways set you free: yourself going ahead o[illegible] yourself and knowing what to do.

When he came to the last empty cell on th[illegible]



ook pretty deep in ht.

I was just wondering—what do you do when your child's a genius?

2



My kids have never presented me with that problem.

This one of mine's a whiz. Five months old and last night he actually said "guppy."



D[he really?

When his brother walks into the room, the baby looks at him and says "Bruno."

4



That must please Bruno.

Not really—his name is Charles.



L[ks like you.

You can see why I want to make plans for him—this kid has really got it.

6



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I wonder why he thinks Charles is named Bruno?



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right, its door half-open, he paused to listen. The dinner wagon was being wheeled nearby, and then the key clicked and turned just around the corner toward the main entrance. He heard a few muttered words. It was either more dinner or they were picking up the empties, and he ducked through the open door and flattened himself in the near corner. After a moment he heard the wagon moving again.

From the mouth of the side aisle a voice said, "Him too?"

"Nah, that's just some kind of stunt."

When the wagon rattled forward Danny took one glance through the bars and saw the Indian pushing the shiny portable steam table further along the main corridor. The turnkey strolled with him on the near side.

After they passed the mouth, Danny slipped out of the cell and crossed to the opposite wall of his own corridor, sliding along it to the corner. He went to his hands and knees and peeked from near the floor. They had stopped again, short of the second side aisle, and he pulled his head back and looked at most of the corridor between him and the main entrance. Forty feet of glistening, bare space—no cover except the concave doorways of the cells, usable only if the guys inside would keep quiet.

Then he saw the young man with a dark beard staring at him motionlessly from in a cell on the far side of the main corridor. sport shirt was open at the throat, and o the pockets of his jeans had been ripped way down his leg. Danny braced one foot l sprinter, then held still, watching the steadily. Suddenly teeth showed through beard in a wide white smile.

The man started whistling tunelessly. Danny peeked up the corridor again. They ha gone into one of the other branches, they turned around and were coming down the posite side. If he had to hit somebody or n a fuss before he was through the outer door didn't have a chance.

With a thick Ozark twang the bearded started singing, "Well, we've all had our din let's have some dessert." He bent at the w to laugh.

Danny jerked his thumb toward the invis wagon and raised his eyebrows in a questio

After hawking and spitting into a nea basin, the bearded man sang, "The Injun' trusty, he'd give you his shirt."

From up the corridor the Indian said, "Ho shit."

The turnkey said something, and the bear man started signaling to the cell opposite h making a shushing gesture, pointing in Dan direction, then toward the main entrance. was making other signs like the deaf-and-d code, and Danny crossed swiftly into the o cell again, wedging himself into the forw corner as the wagon neared the mouth.

In a slow, drawling, off-key, nasal barit the bearded man sang, "Jes' wait for the wo boy, it won't be long now."

The turnkey said, "Pipe down."

"Here comes the old covered wagon." T bearded man was half-talking with a loud fa heartiness.

"I said shut up."

The bearded man said, "Hey, Tonto, what d you guys do out on the prairie when the settle got crouched in behind them covered wagons

The Indian said, "Nothin'."

"That's it, that's how the West was won, pe ple doing nothing."

The turnkey said, "Any more noise out you, sport, and you can do a little time in t stand-up."

"I'm just passing the word along, Sully. Wh you've got the word, you just naturally got pass it along *right now*."

And Danny came out of the cell bent over, his toes, holding the handcuffs and his sh





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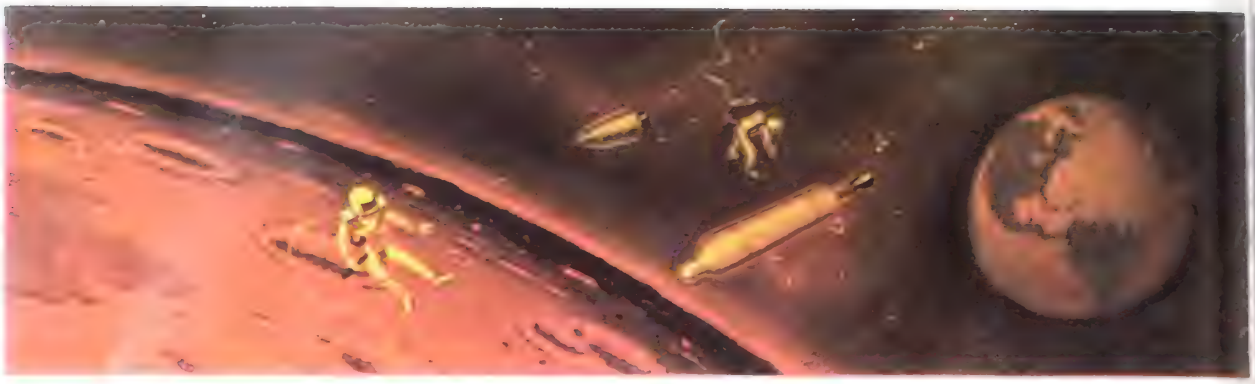
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inst his stomach. The wagon was past the th, the Indian was slouched behind it, the key was on the far side facing the bearded . Danny went to his knees against the warm less steel flank of the wagon.

he Indian jerked his head in surprise but 't change expression, and the turnkey said, tell you what the word is: quiet."

What the hell, Sully, it's after hours upstairs. mayor and all the big shots are out drinking tle dinner. They ain't nobody to bother."

Bothers me, sport."

Well, you're a no-account old cop, so what's difference?"

gangling, tired-looking man was leaning nst the bars of a cell only a few feet from and Danny met his eyes, then glanced away rrassed. He wasn't used to having this many le know what he was doing. Being alone was st as important as knowing how. He looked d at the main entrance and the empty hall nd it. No telling how long it would stay y.

e turnkey said, "Come again?"

eaking into a loud twang, the bearded man ted, "You're a no-account cop, and I'll sing I please. If you don't like—"

key turned in a lock, and from around the of one rubber-rimmed wheel Danny saw the loor swinging open and feet shuffling in it. e bearded man sang, "If you don't like my c you can—" He stopped with a deep grunt. e turnkey said, "All right."

ere was a brief scuffle, the feet rearranged selves, and the door clanged shut again.

ou want to do it nice, or you just want to up there later?"

kay, okay, okay." The bearded man sounded ied.

e feet started to go deeper along the cor- , and Dan- moved to the front corner of agon. He ducked and raised one elbow when lt the hand touch his back, but it was the n motioning him to hold still, the straight black hair hanging down in a cowlick almost one eye.

e bearded man and the turnkey were wran- and moving further away. The Indian ed him, and Danny went to the front of the n, his cheek against the warm metal. It ed him like a signal, and when he looked using the legs of the Indian's coveralls as eld, the corridor was empty. The voices coming out of the side aisle he'd just come but he didn't wait to worry. He ran for the entrance.

Men stood watching from all the remaining cell doors, three on each side, and they didn't make any noise as he went by. Maybe the word had been sent back and forth across the corridor like stitches or they'd heard the newspapermen talking. He only needed a little time now, but the eyes of one old man standing in the last cell door on the left stopped him. He had a red face and a mismatched blue suit.

Danny's socks skidded on the concrete as he stopped. He whispered, "Do you want out? Do you want to come with me?"

The red-faced man looked at the short fat man next to him, looked back into the empty cell, then looked at Danny again. "Who, me?"

"What're you in for?" Danny glanced back along the corridor: the turnkey was still out of sight, and the Indian was coming toward him with the wagon.

"For living."

"Do you want out or don't you?" Not daring to waste any more time, he knelt at the main lock, which was the same type as the others but keyed differently. It only slowed his work with the pick and shim momentarily.

The red-faced man whispered, "I'm in on a D and D, son, I don't want any trouble, I'm getting out tomorrow."

Danny began to hunt for the break in the last pin. The Indian was wheeling the wagon close, turning it to block him from sight. The turnkey would have to come running in order to stop him now because he was going, he was going and knew how to go, where, when, and how far, and he was right on top of the process each step of the way, he was the man with the power, and the word *kid* wasn't fitting him anymore, that key wouldn't even go into the lock. The follower split the last pin, and he started to turn the plug with the tongue of one handcuff.

From up the corridor the turnkey said, "What're you waiting there for?"

The Indian said, "Who?"

"Come on, pick up these trays back here."

"They didn't want to." The Indian's voice was deep, sullen, and stupid-sounding. He came around on Danny's side of the wagon and leaned on it.

"Who didn't want to what, for chrissakes?"

Danny hit the side of the wagon three loud blows with the handcuffs down near one of the Indian's feet, and the man jerked with surprise, looking down.

The turnkey shouted, "You kick any more city property, Redskin, I'll—" In a loud hollow high voice like some kind of hound dog, a man

started singing in the distance, using the same tune the bearded man had used but even further off-key. Danny put on his shoes and got ready.

Joining in, the bearded man's deeper voice came out of the side aisle, and it was impossible to understand either one of them.

The Indian said, "Now."

Danny unlatched the door, held it open politely, and looked back. When the Indian shook his head, he ducked through, squeezed it shut, then ratcheted the handcuffs tight from the last bar in the door to the first bar past the jamb, shoved the follower into the keyways of the cuffs, and broke off a fragment in each.

He took five quick steps to the turn in the corridor and, while peeking around it down the long hall to the brighter area of the booking counter, which was nearly deserted, he listened to the growing commotion behind him. It wasn't loud yet, but some kind of alarm was liable to go off at any second.

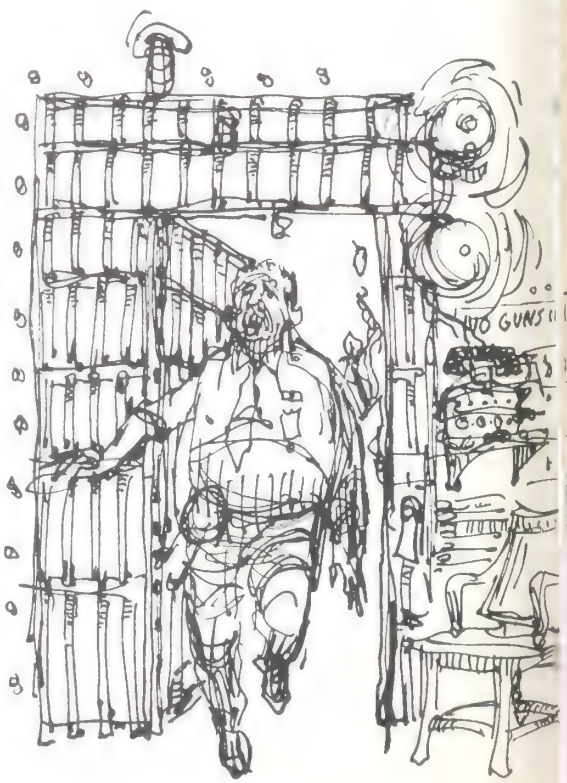
Standing erect, he stamped the clean place on the floor once, and there wasn't going to be any shooting, nobody floundering around on the shiny disinfected concrete trying to spit blood as fast as it was coming, because there was another way if you could learn it, teach your hands how to do things for themselves, including things nobody else could do or even think of, so in spite of the fact that all fathers were dead except the lousy ones, you could find out how to congratulate yourself, pat yourself on the back, give yourself a break, and forgive yourself for being wrong.

He began walking purposefully to the small door with the button beside it, not caring who happened to glance his way from the booking area because Fritz had made this a piece of private enterprise. Nobody else had any reason to worry about a "kid," and using the six-inch alcove of the door as much as possible, he could stay out of sight of the men behind the counter. The ones in front of it wouldn't holler at him. And it was no use trying any of the side rooms because the windows were bound to have protective screens bolted over them.

The door was locked, of course, and he flattened himself in the slight alcove, unlatched his right shoe-sole while the alarm bell went off in the cell block, and took out the flat playing-card-sized picking gun. He put its thin arm into the keyway, used one of his picks as a torque wrench, and began pulling the trigger. On the seventh snap, the plug turned in the core, and he was inside somewhere-or-other in the dark with the door shut behind him in time to breathe twice before he heard the feet passing in a hurry ward the cells. The reporter was asking muf questions and sounded happy.

He felt around the yard-square area in fr of the elevator, found but didn't use a li switch, then slid the brass cage door far enou aside to let himself in. All elevators made so racket, and after finding the control panel waited a moment to let things develop in the block—the turnkey trying to open his own ha cuffs, maybe, or Fritz trying to find which the cells Danny was hiding in, or the man w the black eyes getting ready to pose for pictu and answer funny questions, and everybody h ing a good time except Fritz.

He flipped the snap switch below the butto and turned on the overhead light long enou to punch number two. The cables and dri wheels hummed almost silently, the cab went u and he could feel the cage growing longer fr corner to opposite corner in the dark, disappea ing up the magician's sleeve, but the cana wasn't going to get killed or even rumpled if could help it. The only problem would be dodgi a watchman or floor mopper in some distant wi of the building while he chose a window w enough shrubbery under it. From here on, wha ever he did would never have been done befor not in the whole history of fathers.



Harper's Magazine, May 1965

Television and the World of Politics

Part II of a series

by Robert E. Kintner

President of the National Broadcasting Company

We drew lots, and CBS won the first. So we all gathered on September 26, 1960, in the studios of Columbia's Chicago station, WBBM-TV. The CBS people and the candidate's representatives were skittish. CBS president Frank Stanton had supervised the design of the set himself, and sent the chairs from his own office to be part of it. Taking a last look at the finished product that afternoon that day, he decided the background was busy, and joined the stagehands in cutting and hanging a scrim to cover it. Later, during the program, Stanton left the viewing room that had been set aside for the top broadcasting officials and went to visit the control room. He wanted to know what was on all the cameras, not just what the director had chosen to put on the air.

Kennedy and Nixon arrived separately, Nixon early and nervous, before 7:30 for an 8:30 program; Kennedy a little later and very cool. Each of them stood before the cameras for a few minutes while his technical advisers and studio personnel fiddled with the lighting. Representatives of both men talked out one last time, in great detail, what they expected producer-director Don Hewitt to do with the cameras. In other studios, 380 newspapermen settled down on folding chairs, waiting to get the news at exactly the same instant that seventy million Americans would see it happening in their living rooms.

Kennedy began that evening on the wrong end of the odds, widely regarded as too young and inexperienced to make a safe President. When the television cameras flicked off, he looked like a winner. At least, so he thought, both at the time and later—and I agreed. After an election which was decided by a fraction of a per cent of the vote, Elmo Roper asked a sample of voters why they voted as they did. Six per cent said the televised debates had determined their vote, and more than three-quarters of those had voted for Kennedy. The absentee ballots from overseas, from people who had not seen the debates, were strongly for Nixon.

Had Kennedy lived, there would unquestionably have been debates in 1964, even though his brother Robert was said to be wary of the idea. Kennedy had publicly committed himself to debate any challenger the Republicans might choose. He was proud of his ability to handle himself in a debate, to handle television for his own purposes.

Indeed, it can be argued that television was the most important single tactical factor in Kennedy's drive to the Presidency. He got his first significant national attention in the 1956 convention, when Adlai Stevenson left the nomination for Vice President to an open vote of the

delegates. Stevenson wanted to contrast a "free" Democratic convention with a "controlled" Republican convention so that a huge television audience could see the difference. As the almost-candidate for Vice President, Kennedy became a national figure.

Another key moment, it seems to me, was the news conference he held at a time of maximum strain, shortly before the 1960 convention, to reply to President Truman's bitter opposition to his candidacy. The news conference was carried nationally by NBC and CBS—not because we "had" to do so to balance Truman's television time, as Robert Kennedy told me in a sharp telephone call from Los Angeles—but because we thought we should. It was news. Lyndon Baines Johnson, incidentally, was given air time to match the Truman and Kennedy appearances and used the occasion for the formal announcement of his candidacy.

After the convention, the Kennedy forces used television extensively and adroitly. They had the money to buy a lot of time and they did—in minutes, five-minute spots, half-hour and hour broadcasts. One of the most significant of Kennedy's televised appearances was before the Protestant ministers in Houston. Portions of the tapes of that confrontation were used as paid advertisements over and over again in the closing weeks of the campaign. But nothing the candidate did on his own behalf equaled the impact of the televised debates.

Many people were unhappy about the form of the debates, which relied heavily on panels of newsmen asking questions. The second debate, with nothing but such questions-and-answers, was produced at our NBC studios in Washington, and was referred to even by the candidates' representatives as a "Meet-the-Press-type program."

I agree that the panel presentation was an imperfect way to organize a debate between candidates. Some unfortunate things were said and some glib, too-brief answers given to difficult questions. But it is easier to denounce this format than to think up a better one. As to the value of the debates as a whole, I think the last word was said by political scientist Stanley Kelley in an article in the *Duke Law Review:*

"Critics," Kelley wrote, "seem not to have compared what Nixon and Kennedy said in the debates and what they said (or was said in their behalf) in speeches, spot announcements, five-minute trailers, leaflets, pamphlets, and billboards. In their joint appearances, Kennedy and Nixon frequently acknowledged agreement, rarely attributed false positions to each other, exposed quite clearly their differences on a numb significant issues, challenged each other, responded to each other's challenges. This of behavior is not typical of campaigners, a was not typical of Nixon and Kennedy they made their appeals for support in ways."

. When televised political debates are resu as I am sure they will be, I hope the candi will aim for something more along classical —or like Senate debates, in which the spe may yield to questions from his antagonist. we at the networks are not likely to make final decisions. We can suggest how the encou can be made sharper and more informative. (as they did in 1960) the candidates' repres tives will probably negotiate the big quest themselves, with television people serving sionally as mediators. Not the least of Ni disadvantages in 1960 was the fact that he represented in these negotiations by a M lawyer, who was lost in journalism and televis

The Original Old Mas

Adapting the arts of broadcasting to his capabilities is today the highest skill of a tician. Roosevelt, of course, was the first ma of it, and he was good from the beginning. candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1 he used radio to speak for "the forgotten ma the bottom of the economic pyramid." Accept the nomination, in a broadcast address, launched the term "New Deal." But his spe talent lay in using broadcasting to take a Pr dent's message directly to the people. His tim was miraculous, his voice commanding, and never lost his audience.

Only eight days after his inauguration, Roo velt went on the air with his first "fireside cha and established a new technique in Americ political life. "I want to talk for a few minute he began, "with the people of the United Stat about banking—with the comparatively few w understand the mechanisms of banking but m particularly with the overwhelming majority w use the banks for the making of deposits and t drawing of checks. I want to tell you what h been done in the last few days, why it was do and what the next steps are going to be." Nobo could improve on that. Most listeners of that ti now think they remember many "fireside chat In fact, he used this weapon sparingly.

With Kennedy, broadcasting came into its o as a means of frequent, systematic communic

from the President to the people. Despite the s of his staff, Kennedy allowed (and enjoyed) broadcasting of his press conferences. In he permitted an extraordinary year-end rview by three broadcast reporters to be d at the White House. Once he used broadcing to rally the nation in time of crisis, when nnounced the blockade of Cuba. Once he comd the power of his office with the power of dcasting to denounce the steel industry, and ed States Steel in particular, for increasing price of steel. I called Roger Blough, U. S. l chairman, to offer him time to reply. He pted, but he was no match for the President. ennedy was immensely conscious of the sigance of television. Whenever he appeared ie screen, he wanted to know what his ratings . He worried about timing his appearances, those of his family. After Mrs. Kennedy's ised tour of the White House, he called me y office, and we had a long discussion about her Mrs. Kennedy was in danger of "oversure" on television. He decided that she was. possible, President Johnson is even more erned about ratings. I have no doubt that son flew to the convention to announce his tion of Hubert Humphrey as his running because of his feeling that this dramatic are would lift a lagging audience.

uring the early months of his Presidency, son limited his television appearances, aptly wishing to avoid t comparison with predecessor. But he s more about broadng than any previ- President. His famwned radio and tele- n stations for some s. And with the passg of time, he has insingly found his own to use television. decision to deliver State of the Union age at night, to the prime-time au- e, reflects a proional's appreciation e medium.

levision multiplies advantages of an inoent President. Dur- his term of office he mes not only a house- name, but an immensely familiar face and figure. Thus television increases the distance a challenger must make up during the few months of the campaign. Many of the same benefits accrue to incumbents in lesser offices, if their actions make news, and if their views are significant enough to earn them guest appearances on network discussion and interview programs.

"On politicians," said David Brinkley, "the impact of television is profound. This aspect of it is somewhat regrettable—they think of television more as a medium of exposure for themselves than as a way of covering the news."

But politicians rarely try to deflect a story. If they're in a hole, almost anything they do will dig them in deeper. Brinkley can recall from twenty years in Washington only two occasions when he heard negative reactions from an elected official (he often gets thank-you notes). One involved Senator Strom Thurmond and a race question; the other was a protest from Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa, himself a former radio commentator. When the House was asked to approve some extraordinary expenses in connection with the Kennedy funeral, Gross questioned the need for spending tax dollars on an Eternal Flame. It was the sort of news gem that sparkles for Brinkley, and he mentioned it that evening. Iowa newspaper editorials promptly assailed Gross, and constituents wrote angry letters asking what sort of man he could be to worry



Did you begin your care



1941. Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman enact a familiar GI scene in "Caught in the Draft". New England Life was in its 107th year

You're probably a lot happier with your present career. And you're probably approaching your peak earning years. New England Life offers a free PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY that outlines specific ways to make your income go further and work harder.

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you've examined these opportunities,
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But, first, look over the scope of opportunities in the free PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. Write to New England Life, Dept. HB, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

New England Life

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.

about a nickel's worth of gas at a time of national mourning. Gross was sufficiently upset to complain to Brinkley, who quite properly told the audience of his complaint—thereby, in effect, repeating the story.

Air Time by the Minute

Broadcasters most often come under pressure from politicians in connection with the "equal time" provision of Section 315 of the Communications Act. This section of the law demands that if we sell time to one of the candidates, we must stand prepared to sell the same amount of time—in a comparable time period, at the same price—to all his rivals. And if we give time to one we must comply with requests for the same treatment from every other legally qualified candidate for the office.

At one point, the FCC interpreted this section so strictly that it required Chicago stations to give broadcast time to an obscure, self-appointed campaigner named Lar "America First" Daly, who said he was running for Mayor. The incumbent, Richard J. Daley, had been shown on a news program greeting the President of Argentina on his state visit to the city. The FCC ruled that Lar Daly was entitled to equal time, to "reply." In 1959, Congress rewrote the section to eliminate such absurdity, freeing regularly scheduled news and interview programs from the section 315 straitjacket. But the rest remained the same.

Only once have broadcasters been freed from "equal time" requirements—for Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates in the 1960 election. In that campaign, counting the debates (but *not* counting the news and interview programs), NBC alone put the major candidates on the air for ten and a half hours, at no expense to themselves; and they could have had more time if they had wanted it. Had Section 315 been in effect, we could not have done this because it would have laid us open to claims by the nine minority party candidates for some ninety hours of time.

The day after the 1960 election, the equal-time provision came back to life. In the expectation that it would be lifted again, we planned a 1964 series, "The Campaign and the Candidates," similar to one we had done in 1960, which probed the backgrounds of the candidates and presented them discussing the issues. When Congress failed to act on Section 315, we had to do the series without the candidates. As a result, the voting public was less thoroughly informed than it could have been, and the campaign cost the political parties more. Though the '64 election was m less closely contested than '60, the parties sp half again as much to buy television time—alm $1.5 million on NBC alone.

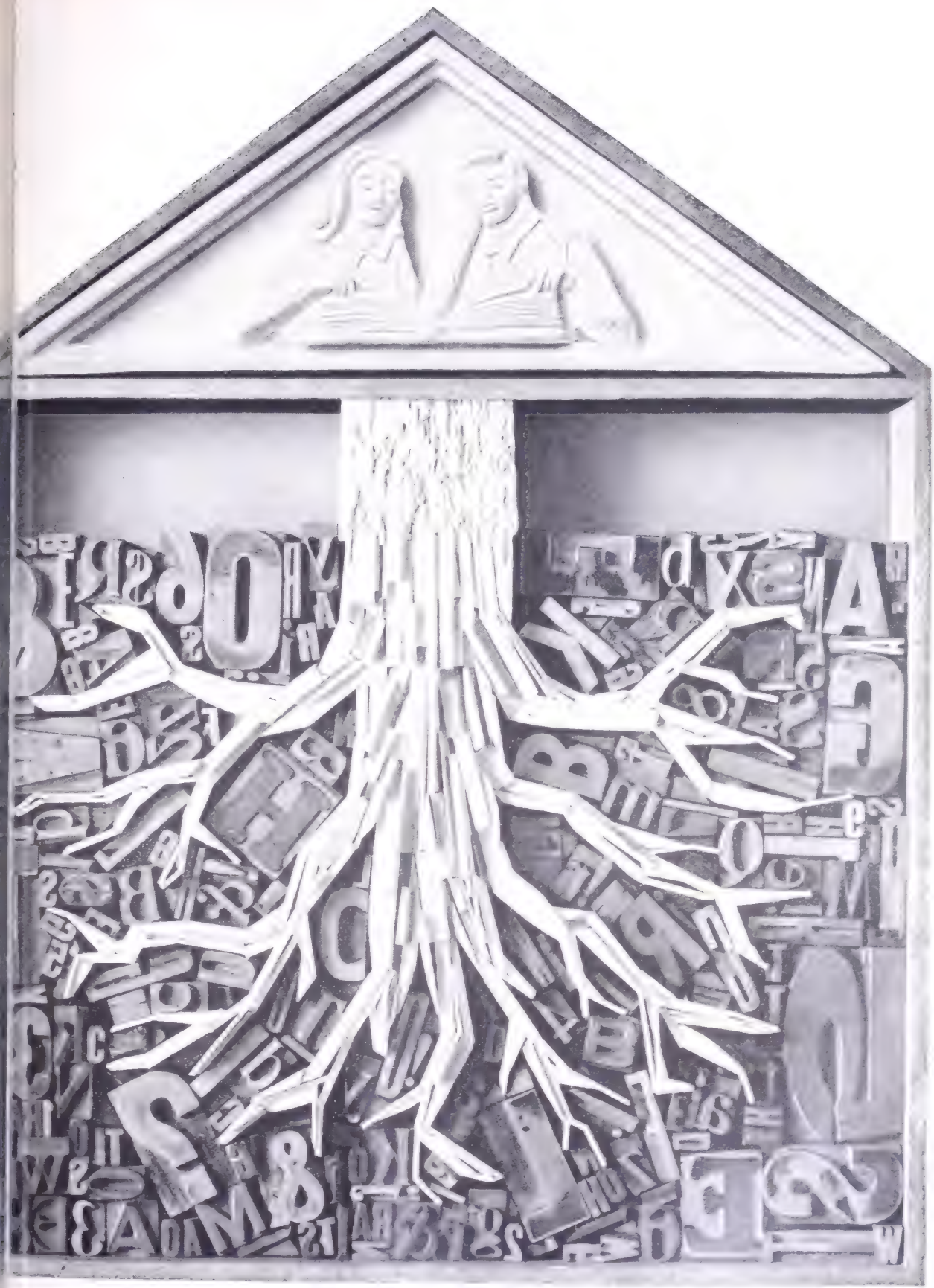
With 315 at full strength, candidates have pay for just about everything they get outs of regular news coverage. Nearly all the politi advertising is done in October and the first w in November, and from August until a few d before election the advertising agencies t represent the parties jockey, feint, and maneuv They can buy whatever minutes no regular adv tiser has bought (though we try to shift politi ads to the end of programs to avoid mixing ent tainment and politics). And our policy perm candidates to "preempt" regular programs. H- however, their costs rise dramatically, becau they must pay not only the network-time charg but also the production costs of the preempt programs. For programs already filmed, such the Jack Benny program, these costs may r high as $80,000; for a live program, such as "T Was The Week That Was," which can be ha before some of the biggest production bills a incurred, the price is much lower.

During October 1964, aficionados of "TW saw little of their favorite show, which was di placed on three Tuesdays out of four. (It wou have disappeared on the fourth, except that t Democrats had bought a minute in the fourt week, and would not give up their minute to l the Republicans take the entire half-hour agai Incidentally, it was during this month that "P ton Place," running opposite "TW3" on ABC, quired its huge audience.

Ripping Up the Schedul

Throughout the six weeks before a Presid election, a network keeps ripping up its sched In theory a political party is bound to respect a order for broadcast time, just as an advertise is—but in fact we have almost no recourse agains a sudden cancellation. A full, paid political pro gram is usually live or supplied at the last minute If the party cancels, we have no effective contrac to enforce and nothing to put on the air.

We are in the middle, too, on the question o what the parties broadcast. Section 315 forbid us to censor the candidate himself in any w (and for this reason the Supreme Court has he that we cannot be sued for what he says, even i it's clearly libelous). In the interest of fre political discussion, we do not censor politica ads, either, though we do look at them for libel



new idea this week. Your public library contains millions that nourish the mind. Libraries like to get their ck, but you're welcome to keep the ideas. We're proud that many important ones can be found in the books l by Rand McNally and in the books and encyclopedias we print and bind for other publishers.

RAND McNALLY Publishers, printers, mapmakers ... Chicago, New York, San Francisco

Our position is that voters will punish bad taste or extravagant claims in a political ad, and that the parties have the right to hang themselves.

Though many of our affiliates were concerned about it, we carried unchanged the Democratic commercial about the little girl with the daisies and the atom bomb. We also were prepared to carry the celebrated "Mothers for Moral America" half-hour in support of Barry Goldwater, though here we did demand a few brief deletions of visual material, including the topless bathing suit, a strip-tease scene, and a magazine cover with the title "Jazz Me, Baby!" I was sufficiently concerned about this appallingly tasteless production to make certain that then Republican national chairman, Dean Burch, was personally aware that we would not accept these scenes. I hoped this would prompt him and Senator Goldwater to take a look at the film, which I was pretty sure they hadn't seen. They did look and ordered it withdrawn.

Much expense and nonsense result from Section 315 and its restrictions on straightforward network coverage of what is, every four years, the nation's biggest news story. Proposals to amend 315 are thick as flies. The most recent include a suggestion from Newton N. Minow, former Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, that the "equal time" requirements be wiped out completely and that the networks, in return, be required to give the Democratic and Republican National Committees four hours of free time each in the month before election and lesser proportions to minor parties. Another, more complicated suggestion from E. William Henry, the current FCC Chairman, would retain the essence of Section 315 by requiring that for each half-hour purchased by one candidate an additional half-hour be given free to split among him and his real rivals. Most broadcasters simply want the equal-time provision repealed.

At bottom, the dispute between the networks and the politicians is that the networks want to do a journalistic job on elections, while the politicians want to use a mass medium as though they were coming into town and making a speech. They don't want the news department to control the show. Yet nobody would dream of forbidding newspapers to cover campaigns as they cover other stories, or of insisting that the papers turn over equal chunks of their front pages to the candidates to use as they please.

Networks are entitled to the same freedom the newspapers have. As NBC Chairman Robert W. Sarnoff wrote in reply to the Minow proposal, we have earned this freedom and should not have to trade for it: "The experience of 1960, when broadcasters were for the first time permitted freedom in coverage of a Presidential campaign stands as convincing evidence of what broadcasters can and will do in this area of their responsibility when they are left alone to do it."

The politicians' insistence on "equal time" in elections is a tribute to television's political power. Its impact upon our operations is severe when Section 315 applies but, except in the months just preceding an election, we don't have to worry about it. More constant, and ultimately more dangerous, is the FCC's self-asserted power to determine under the so-called "fairness doctrine" whether or not we are presenting a balanced coverage of controversial issues in the news.

The legal bases for the FCC's authority are more than a little shaky. The Commission has no direct power over networks, but the five television stations we own are the most profitable part of the company. The licenses for these stations, and for all our independently owned affiliates, come up for renewal every three years, and in theory the Commission could put us out of the station business—which is vital for a network company.

This situation is ready-made for what someone once called "regulation by lifted eyebrow." When the FCC receives a complaint that a public-affairs show was "unfair," and asks us to justify ourselves, we hop to it. On several occasions—most notably with relation to the programs about the welfare battle in Newburgh, New York, and the scandals in highway construction—the FCC has plodded through claim and counterclaim. Usually we hear nothing. But in the Newburgh controversy the Commission took the unusual step of announcing that our program had been an impartial, conscientious, and responsible effort. This would be more gratifying if the implications were not so disturbing.

A Rash of Tunnels

Any journalistic enterprise worthy of attention will sometimes fall afoul of governmental wishes. NBC's worst encounter with the government came over "The Tunnel," a complete film report on the digging of a passage, under the wall, from West Berlin to East Berlin, and the escape of fifty-nine East Germans from the communist prison. This program had its beginnings in May 1962 in a visit by three West German engineering students to Piers Anderton, then our

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- ☐ ABC of Europe Tour. 21 days. From $699.
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LUFTHANSA
GERMAN AIRLINES

West Berlin correspondent, and Gary Stindt, our manager of news film. The students said they were building a tunnel, and wanted to sell NBC the right to film their work and the escape when the project was completed. They asked $20,000. Anderton and Stindt investigated, and assured themselves of the good faith and capabilities of their contacts and of the fact that the tunnel would be built whether or not NBC purchased the rights to film it. A deal was then made for $12,500, and an NBC cameraman joined the crew in the tunnel.

There was a rash of tunnels in West Berlin that summer. CBS made a similar deal, with less reliable people than the ones who had come to us. Their tunnel was compromised in August, and among those who found out about it was Anderton, who happened to be on the scene when the West Berlin police came visiting. As a result, our News Division in New York received a visit from a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, warning us that the tunnel we were filming (he thought) had been discovered by the East Germans, and further work on it would be dangerous. The CBS tunnel was blocked off by West Berlin police. The tunnel we were filming proceeded in satisfactory secrecy, was completed on September 14, and became the avenue of escape for the largest single group of refugees since the wall had gone up.

We thereupon announced that we would show our film on television, and hell broke loose. The State Department let us know that it firmly disapproved of our actions. The pressure was unremitting for a month. Words like "gravest consequences" were uttered. Nevertheless, after looking at the edited film and talking with our people in West Berlin, we were entirely certain that our showing the film would not endanger those who built the tunnel, those who escaped through it, or the families they left in East Berlin. We were sure it would not compromise American relations with West Germany. We told the State Department of our conclusions, and on October 19, press officer Lincoln White told reporters:

> When apprised of the Department's view that involvement of American television personnel in clandestine tunnel operations was both dangerous and irresponsible, the Columbia Broadcasting System promptly and laudably withdrew from a tunnel project. This was greatly appreciated.
>
> NBC was made equally aware of the Department's view that such involvement was risky, irresponsible, undesirable, and not in the best interests of the United States. NBC chose to continue with its tunnel project. . . .

Wells White was speaking and resting [illegible] case largely upon reported German opposition [illegible] the program, Lester Bernstein, who was then [illegible] NBC vice president, was in Berlin to meet w[illegible] German officials. They had been led to believe—I imagine on the basis of information from Wash-ington—that the program would endanger peo[illegible] still in East Germany whose relatives w[illegible] shown escaping. When Bernstein demonstrat[illegible] that all identities had been carefully conce[illegible] the Germans withdrew their opposition.

In a statement issued the day after Whit[illegible] remarks, the Berlin Senate announced an opini[illegible] that showing the film would be "in the inter[illegible] of Berlin." Unfortunately, the higher levels [illegible] the State Department had been unbeliev[illegible] timid and remarkably ignorant of what was rea[illegible] happening in Berlin.

We had scheduled the program for October [illegible] which turned out to be the week of the Cub[illegible] crisis. Because of the tense international situ[illegible] tion, and because of the general misunderstan[illegible] ing that had been fostered, we postponed it. Wh[illegible] the tension eased, we showed it.

I consider "The Tunnel" to be one of the gre[illegible] achievements of broadcasting journalism, and [illegible] had one of the highest ratings ever recorded b[illegible] a public-affairs program. Eventually, at least o[illegible] branch of the United States government agree[illegible] the U. S. Information Agency edited our hou[illegible] long program down to half an hour, and distril[illegible] uted prints overseas.

I believe it's also significant to broadca[illegible] journalism that the Gulf Oil Corporation, a bi[illegible] name in an industry with government involve[illegible] ments of its own, never wavered in its com[illegible] mitment to sponsor the program.

The Commission "Inquires"

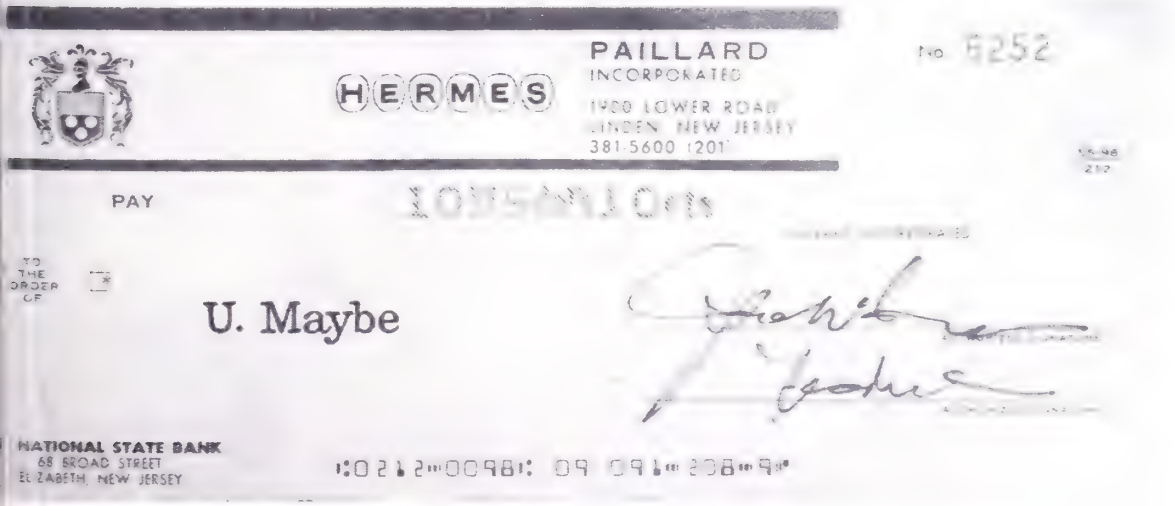
I must say that the FCC's record over the years is such that at no time during our struggle did I fear the State Department would influence the Commission. Yet, surely, that might have happened. If the State Department officially felt that NBC was acting against "the best interests of the United States," it could easily occur to the FCC that our stations in carrying the program were failing to act "in the public interest," as their licenses required.

Under this blanket provision, the FCC has in fact moved to influence programming. In the Eisenhower days, Chairman John Doerfer called Frank Stanton, ABC president Leonard Goldenson, and me to Washington for a private meeting.

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the Hermes 3000 is the best typewriter ever made. Our : How to tell people about it here you come in. We'd like ive us an ad or phrase that ople why it's the best. So un right out and see it.
are some facts to help you: *Hermes 3000 has more features than even most office machines. 2. It has a full 44-key office keyboard. 3. It has a unique central control panel. 4. It has exclusive "Flying Red Margins" to tell you where the margins are. 5. It's the sturdiest, quietest, fastest manual portable made. 6. It's the most expensive. (Naturally.)*

Got the facts? Drop down to your nearest Hermes dealer. (Look him up in the Yellow Pages or write us.) Then try the 3000 and ask the dealer for an entry blank. Fill it out and mail it to: Paillard Incorporated. 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. If your ad or phrase is the best you'll be $1,059.10 richer. Not bad for a free lance job, is it?

In effect, he instructed us to arrange among ourselves for each network to devote a different hour of prime evening time each week to a public-affairs program. Our automatic reaction to this strongly lifted eyebrow was a statement of our belief that the antitrust laws would not permit our collusion in this manner. Chairman Doerfer then took from his desk a letter from the Justice Department, explicitly granting permission for us to work together toward this end. NBC already had a one-hour public-affairs program in the evening schedule. We probably would have had one in the next season, too, but Doerfer's meeting made it a certainty.

Chairman Minow, with his "vast wasteland" speech and his pressure for better children's programs, was also effective in influencing program plans. There are more subtle elements of influence, too. For example, the Commission has repeatedly and pointedly inquired in connection with renewal applications for station licenses as to the amount of local, live, non-news, non-weather programming presented between six and eleven at night. Broadcasters get the hint.

The intrusion of governmental taste seems to me completely undesirable. No Chairman of a Commission has felt more strongly than I do about the need for large-scale network presentation of public-affairs programs. I agree, too, that programming for children leaves much to be desired, though it is very difficult to find something better that children will watch. But these matters are scarcely within the true competence of an appointed government bureau. And the pressure for live local programming, however nobly meant, contradicts the fundamental nature of modern broadcasting. "I wonder," Judge Henry Friendly of the U.S. Court of Appeals wrote recently, "whether the Commission is really wise enough to determine that live telecasts—of local cooking lessons, for example—so much stressed in the decisions, are always 'better' than a tape of Shakespeare's Histories." They may not even be "better" than routine filmed comedy.

To date, in invoking its "fairness doctrine," the FCC has been consistently on the side of the angels, doing so only in cases where reasonable men would have to agree that the stations involved had behaved badly. Even without action from the Commission, KTTV in Los Angeles should have granted time for reply to a commentator who said in 1962 that Governor Brown "is one of the greatest ignoramuses on communism that ever lived or he is soft on it"; and WALG in Albany, Georgia, should have allowed a Negro spokesman to answer its recent editorial statement that "Awarding the Nobel Peace Pri... the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., m... about as much sense as selecting John F. D... ger to guard the United States Treasur... bringing Nero back to life to assist Sm... Bear." But the remedy of FCC intervention ... be worse than the disease—at any rate, th... the theory of the First Amendment of the Co... tution.

Under a different political climate, FCC "... ness" rulings and renewal hearings might ... hardship and encroach on civil liberties. We ... seen the Commission, in license hearings, en... age specific types of religious programmi... ways that one of the Commissioners, Lee ... vinger, regards as clearly unconstitutional. ... Commission is an independent regulatory ... but it necessarily adapts itself to the pol... tone in Washington. During the Roosevelt ... an applicant for a license who owned a news... got a demerit for being a publisher; durin... Eisenhower Administration, it didn't ... matter.

The television set in the average Ame... home stays on six hours a day, and what ... pens on that screen can influence the na... attitudes and beliefs. In America, by and lar... private ownership feeds back what is ah... there, which is surely the most democratic pro... cedure. In France, I believe, a political tranq... ing has been accomplished by the governn... adroit manipulation of its broadcasting mono... The danger of governmental powers shoul... be measured by their routine exercise; the p... tion is, what can the government do in a c... Broadcasters argue that under present la..., ... can do too much.

All interactions of modern government an... modern communications raise extremely co... cated questions, to which honest men will gi... different answers. I do not doubt that some b... casters would to some degree abuse their fre... But in any industry as dependent as broadca... is on public support, the majority must re... quickly (and if anything too strongly) to p... sentiment, while a strong-willed minority ... still go its own way. We follow this procedu... other areas of American life—why not in b... casting, too?

Next month, concluding this series, Mr. Ki... ner will report on the successes and failu... of television in bringing a broader knowle... of the real world to millions of people.

pecial report

adford Smith, Jr.,
nt, Insurance Company of North America



w an unusual group men are adding ew dimension business enterprise

noticed a rare phenomenon United States during the past ur children—so often criti- y adults—are teaching us a in civilized behavior.

re asking probing questions. American life. About worth- ersonal goals. About the busi- ommunity and its role. They rching for an opportunity to ething constructive . . . to give areers a meaningful role in a x and confusing world.

remarkable success of the Corps is a living monument to nsible idealism of today's It teaches a profound lesson an relationships.

Young people, in particular, may be interested in a program of friendship here at Insurance Company of North America.

CARE Starting April 1—as the result of a special program worked out with our 20,000 independent agents and brokers, from southern California to northern Canada—a CARE package is being shipped out to Europe, South America, Africa or Asia for every INA "package" policy sold in the United States and Canada. Courtesy of the independent businessman who sold the package.

CARE His profit? The satisfying realization that another human being will have a dream fulfilled. That undernourished children in a remote Colombian village, for example, will soon receive 1296 glasses of milk because of his interest.

CARE Our Friendship Program will continue through June.

CARE It is an unusual—and inspiring—example, we think, of the expanding horizons of this unusual group of men. We are proud to join with them in this unique People-to-People Program.



BRADFORD SMITH, JR.

INA **INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA**
World Headquarters: Philadelphia

The Question of Simone de Beauvoir

A Review by Nelson Algren

Force of Circumstance, by Simone de Beauvoir (*La Force des Choses*, translated by Richard Howard). To be published on May 18 by G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.

Literature today, as redemptive or it is an entertainment. It is written because a man or woman has heard cries for help: or else it is like somebody standing in front of a geek show crying, "Awful sex-acts going on inside!"

No chronicler of our lives since Theodore Dreiser has combined so steadfast a passion for human justice with a dullness so asphyxiating as Mme. de Beauvoir. While other writers reproach the reader gently, she flattens his nose against the blackboard, gooses him with a twelve-inch ruler, and warns him if he doesn't start acting grown-up she's going to hold her breath till he does.

Camus was a moment in the conscience of mankind but Madame wound the watch. He opposed torture until his own countrymen practiced it, then went silent; she threw light into cells where the army practiced by night what de Gaulle denied by day. Camus deplored Man's inhumanity to Man; she named the cell where the blood had been drawn. "Have I the right to be an artist?" was Camus's idea of an issue. Her own was a medical report proving torture: an Algerian girl of the F.L.N. while awaiting trial in Algiers, had had a coke bottle thrust into her.

"Would Madame change 'vagina' to 'womb' in her accusation?" the editors of *Le Monde* requested Mme. de Beauvoir, "and delete four words? —'Djamila was a virgin'?"

No. Madame would not.

The edition was seized in Algiers but the lie was exposed. When Madame is right she is very *very* right.

And when she's wrong she's preposterous. Like Alice crying, "I shall be as warm here as I was in the old room!" when she climbed into the looking-glass. Mme. de Beauvoir's world, that she reports with such infinite accuracy, is a reflected vision; no one ever lived behind that looking-glass. Which is why all the characters of her novels, although drawn directly from life, have no life on the printed page. These people are rememberable only if one has happened to have known them; from her books one remembers not one.

No other modern writer has moved millions of women, leading submerged lives, toward lives of their own while leading her own vicariously. No other writer has exposed the myths of femininity so lucidly while guarding her own so jealously. Ho[illegible] would be irrefutable if it weren't for men and women getting in the way.

"Can there be any possible reconciliation between fidelity and freedom?" she inquired of *Harper's* readers last November* and answered herself in the next paragraph: "Often preached, r[illegible] practiced, complete fidelity is us[illegible] experienced by those who impo[illegible] upon themselves as a mutila[illegible] they console themselves for [illegible] sublimations or by drink."

This leaves a single-hearted wo[illegible] with no way of remaining fait[illegible] except by staying drunk all da[illegible] also imposes a grave risk on [illegible] woman, who values her freedom, [illegible] takes a lover: she must face it [illegible] *might* prove faithful! Which w[illegible] obligate her to be equally faith[illegible] Then both would have to stay dr[illegible] all day. For what is left when o[illegible] freedom is lost?

"Fan her head!" the Red Qu[illegible] anxiously interrupted. "She'll be[illegible] verish after so much thinking."

Not one to risk her own freed[illegible] Mme. de Beauvoir sensed she co[illegible] trust Jean-Paul Sartre to be fa[illegible] less. That was a shrewd move ri[illegible] there.

"There are many couples who c[illegible] clude more or less the same pact[illegible] that of Sartre and myself," Mada[illegible] says, and tells how she did it: [illegible] maintain throughout all deviati[illegible] from the main path a 'certain fi[illegible] ity.' . . . If the two allies allow the[illegible] selves only passing sexual liaiso[illegible] then there is no difficulty. . . . Sar[illegible] and I have been more ambitious [illegible]

*—Substantial excerpts from *Force of Circumstance* were published in *Harper's* in November and December 1964, titled "The Question of Fidelity" and "An American Rendezvous."

—*The Editors*

Mr. Algren is the author of "The M[illegible] with the Golden Arm" and a [illegible] being published [illegible] notes and [illegible] entry [illegible] "Notes from a [illegible] Diary: Hemingway All the Way" to be published in June.



:eam from "Financial Cabinet" calls on customers for current investment review



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of factors may dictate the need for a re-appraisal
ial plans. Changes in your family responsibilities,
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BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO

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has been our wish to experience 'contingent loves.' . . ."

Put cats in the coffee and mice in the tea
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

Anybody who can experience love contingently has a mind that has recently snapped. How can love be *contingent?* Contingent upon *what?* The woman is speaking as if the capacity to sustain Man's basic relationship—the physical love of woman and man—were a mutilation; while freedom consists of "maintaining through all deviations a certain fidelity"! What she means, of course, when stripped of its philosophical jargon, is that she and Sartre erected a façade of *petit-bourgeois* respectability behind which she could continue the search for her own femininity. What Sartre had in mind when *he* left town I'm sure I don't know.

Procurers are more honest than philosophers. They name this *How-about-a-quickie-kid* gambit as "chippying" and regard the middle-class woman who indulges herself in it with less respect than they give the fireship who shoves a shiv into a faithless lover's anatomy. The true mutilation, to them, is not passion, but passionlessness; and loving too violently is a lesser affliction than being able to love only contingently. Because it means she is able to live only contingently.

The horse-player who can't bear to mill about in the middle of a mob of two-dollar bettors, and so devises his own home-system which gives him winners every day and obviates the necessity of going to the track, is in much the same strange condition as Mme. de Beauvoir. He goes to the Jockey Club file and she goes to the Bibliothèque Nationale. And to both, the bettors milling about, making [illegible] appear mutilated.

Mme. de Beauvoir's appeal is to the woman who never got to the track: those life somehow went away or was lived by somebody else in another town. She too has found that, once in the room behind the looking-glass, one cannot, like Alice, get back to one's old room.

Mme. de Beauvoir's early determination "to write sacrificial essays in which the author strips himself bare without excuses" she has since employed with such earnestness and skill that practically everybody has now been sacrificed excepting herself.

The first to go—and it *had* to be—was that lively little fellow with the wriggling tail, bearing XY chromosomes to the lady-egg's door, where he never bothers even to knock but shoves right in. Upon the basis of the sperm's activity and the quiescence of the ovum, Hegel felt that the sexes could be distinguished; it seemed to him that the sperm did all the work, and all the egg did was to snip off his tail. No ovum was going to get a good-conduct ribbon from Hegel just for *that*.

Mme. de Beauvoir awards the egg a field commission. She points out that recent experiments in parthenogenesis prove that the egg can be penetrated by an ordinary safety pin and artificially inseminated, reducing the role of the sperm to nothing more than a physiochemical reagent.

"It has been suggested that the male gamete is not necessary for reproduction," she writes, "that it acts as a mere ferment."

Thus she nips off the [illegible] devil's tail.

"That's the effect of [illegible] wards," the Queen said [illegible] always makes one a lit[illegible] first—"

Saigon, they say, will fall [illegible] With a terrible rush and a [illegible] roar, nation upon nation [illegible] riot, totter to anarchy, [illegible] at last into endless night, [illegible] whereon waters once more [illegible] and the sky came down to [illegible] will shrink from the sea' in[illegible] touch. Then a low dread [illegible] greenish-gray will enwrap [illegible] wind earth, forest, skys[illegible] sky in an endless orbit th[illegible] less space into endless [illegible] silence without end.

Except for one small hop[illegible] voice burbling up from th[illegible] ocean's depths—"In th[illegible] man's sexuality may be [illegible] Sartre needs peace and [illegible] dead are better adapted t[illegible] than the living. Bost is [illegible] ema Vigilance Committee [illegible] go skiing. Merleau-Ponty [illegible]

Will she ever quit tal[illegible]

Gulls *by E. A. Muir*

The full moon half-way up the sky
And Orion hunching in the East
With promise of months of cold and snow,
On a night so still and clear, for all
The brightness of the moon the stars
Swayed in the water and the back-lit
Islands were deep as mouths of caves.
There came through the closed windows
And doors, over the minor talk,
A torrent of gulls' cries, wave on wave
Mounting in outrage, horror and despair,
Thousands together.

Their cries like ambulance sirens drew me
Outside and down the hill to the sea-wall
To strain into the darkness until
At last I understood their message:
They had just discovered—who knows how—
The tide was never going out again.
Their favorite flats would be forever
Submerged, and starvation was on its way.

Turns out that they were wrong about
The tide, but just because it had
Gone out before was flimsy ground
For hope, especially on such
A night, surrounded by such cries.

Harper's Magazine,

e New Books

Henry James, Edith Wharton, and the Age of Leisure

by Wayne Andrews

we envy the Edwardians? r world more delightful than nen we think of the powerful tual liners connecting New h the Continent before 1914, e comfortable passengers in class lounges, we may for a nagine that the greater au- least those who enjoyed dis- d incomes, came close to an earthly paradise. But that a mistake. The privileged heir worries: the greatest of the awful shadow cast by



ay sound ridiculous, but not who have savored John May- nes' exquisite analysis of "The capitalist classes," the t noted, "were allowed to call part of the cake theirs, and retically free to consume it, it underlying condition that sumed very little of it in The duty of *saving* became hs of virtue, and the growth e the object of true religion. ew round the nonconsump- e cake all those instincts of m which in other ages has n itself from the world and cted the arts of production those of enjoyment. And so increased: but to what end learly contemplated . . . the the cake was that it was e consumed, neither by you ur children after you."

Keynes argued, the very of invading principal was us, then every idle moment, how enjoyable, was inde- For when idle moments be- hours, one might, in the le future, have to call one's broker, have to face the fact that one's capital was no longer a tower to be admired from afar and never visited. So the existence of leisure, in the Edwardian era, was something best concealed from the public—like a family scandal.

Was there a way out? *Apparent industry* might be one means to save face. This was the method of Goethe in his old age: on days when genuine inspiration failed him, he did his best to correct Newton's understanding of optics. The inventor of his own color theory, Goethe would light candle after candle for the benefit of visitors to Weimar. "Doesn't the candle cast a blue shadow?" he would inquire. It always did—if the guests intended to pay a second visit.

It will come as no surprise to the real admirers of Henry James, those who have gone through every volume of Scribner's reissue of the New York Edition of his novels and tales, and are now devouring the twelve-volume **Complete Tales of Henry James**, collected by Leon Edel (Lippincott, $5.95 each volume), that he too was a devotee of apparent industry. Not every tale of James deserves immortality, as Mr. Edel might be the first to admit. In the preface to Volume 9 we are told that *Owen Wingrave* was written "as a piece of hackwork for the Christmas issue of an illustrated magazine."

It is true that much may be forgiven James. Volumes 9 and 10 of his collected tales are far more than one dull joke after another, although that may be the private opinion of more than one reader who forces his way through such stories as *The Way It Came*, *John Delavoy*, or *The Coxon Fund*. There are always the rewards. There are, for example, Dencombo's last words in *The Middle Years*: "We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion our task. The rest is the madness of art."

Then there are things like the deservedly famous *Turn of the Screw*; *Europe*, which lays bare the author's contempt for the respectable traditions of New England; and, best of all, *The Altar of the Dead*. As a study of guilt, this might have served as a model for the greatest achievements of Mauriac.

Mr. Edel has done James scholars a great favor by collecting all of the tales. He could do the general public an even greater favor by presenting us one day with what might be called

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Mr. Andrews, who is Archives of American Art Professor at Wayne State University, is the author of "The World of Edith Wharton," an introduction to "The Best Short Stories of Edith Wharton."

The Scribner Edition of Henry James. This might run to as many as twenty-one volumes, but could mercifully omit a certain portion of the New York Edition as well as a considerable number of the tales he is now editing. For James is too great a novelist always to be presented in a fashion that may discourage all but the fervent. May the *Scribner Edition*, including, of course, *The Europeans* and *Washington Square*—novels omitted for reasons beyond this reviewer's ken from the New York Edition—be available before twenty months have passed.

Although the awful shadow of leisure is not the principal concern of Miss Millicent Bell, author of **Edith Wharton and Henry James: The Story of Their Friendship** (Braziller, $6.50), she is too sensitive a biographer and [illegible] a scholar to overlook the [illegible] the bachelor-dilettantes who turned up so frequently on the horizon of the two novelists. There was Howard Sturgis, a kind, to Russell Sturgis, an American in England who wrote one novel, *Belmaid*, proved, but whose real passion was [illegible] female tasks," claimed one of his [illegible] a compliment that could not have been [illegible] New Yorkers who had [illegible]

There were, it seems, disadvantages [illegible] My. Wharton herself [illegible] never written, who killed himself [illegible] se, as the result of the contemplation [illegible] people and things only as aggregated [illegible] writes, "among lists of Edith Wharton's acquaintances for the true makers of thought and art in the years before the war."

Theodore Roosevelt likened Walter Berry, the particular friend of Edith Wharton, to *"a ball of worsted,* because he is such a nice thing for a kitten to play with." Miss Bell, who might not disagree with this verdict, wisely spends most of her time on Mrs. Wharton's relationship to James. "He was never her *admirer* in the old-fashioned sense of the word," she states. "She was never *in love* with him. Love, indeed, is the most fugitive of biographical quarries in the lives of these two aloof spirits, and no biographer can be altogether sure that he has not missed the silent, protectively-colored creature among the reeds."

Miss Bell, whose sympathy for both Henry James and Edith Wharton is apparent on every page of her study, reaches a certain level when she approaches the latter's unhappy marriage. "She had found herself married to Edward Wharton as [illegible] was married to the mean-spirited Zeena, without love, understanding or inspiration," she reminds us, hinting that *Ethan Frome* had a firm autobiographical basis.

Miss Bell does not need to be told that Edith Wharton and Henry James could behave with dignity when confronted with a crisis such as her husband's mental illness. The greater writers of the age of leisure might produce too much copy, merely to keep up the appearance of industry, but they were, it seems, [illegible] instinct to tell Mrs. Wharton when her husband was about to be confined to a sanitarium. He recognized that Mr. Wharton was pitiful in a [illegible] is truly as slatternly, and swag- [illegible] sound of him is the maddest possible [illegible] and conquests, the first with his [illegible] which it is quite open to him to kill himself; the second by his effect upon the ladies, especially of the variety [illegible] among whom it is probable [illegible] will soon find himself, pe[illegible] speaking, *nu comme un ver*[illegible]

With such letters at her [illegible] Miss Bell comes close to [illegible] word on the relationship [illegible] Henry James and Edith Wh[illegible] was, she believes, "of that ra[illegible] between a man and a w[illegible] contained humor, ordina[illegible] enemy of infatuation, if no[illegible] it was the achievement of [illegible] intellectual enjoyment and [illegible] thy qualified by irony." No[illegible] that she is able to perceiv[illegible] the special distinctions o[illegible] Wharton as a novelist. *The* [illegible] *Innocence*, she asserts, is "a [illegible] of documentation in which t[illegible] of material existence—the [illegible] of houses, the minutiae of [illegible] the paraphernalia of work an[illegible] —are supremely important [illegible] they symbolize the qualities [illegible] and class."

To turn from Miss Bell's v[illegible] Grace Kellogg's **The Two M[illegible] Edith Wharton** (Appleton, [illegible] to realize that although [illegible] wardian era had its faults, [illegible] not conceive of what might [illegible] 1965. Mrs. Kellogg is an ima[illegible] rather than a scholarly bio[illegible] and her inventive powers are [illegible] the least, tremendous. She n[illegible] a second Henrietta Stackpol[illegible] Henrietta primed for the ag[illegible] hydrogen bomb. "Henriett[illegible] smell of the future," Ralph T[illegible] remarks of her in James's [illegible] *Ladies*. "It almost kn[illegible] down!"

The very first paragraph [illegible] Kellogg's book gives a hint [illegible] writes, George Frederic Jon[illegible] head of the house, spreads [illegible] accumulated bills on the ca[illegible] his pen, frowns over Lucreti[illegible] Pussy as she was then called[illegible] lips are full and pink and par[illegible]

With lips like that, somethi[illegible] to happen to Mrs. Kellogg's h[illegible] "This is a girl who is hungry f[illegible] for a companionship of the [illegible] and who knows she is not [illegible] receive it. She does not under[illegible] she only guesses. This is also [illegible] she is resolved that no [illegible]

IE NEW BOOKS

ıer hurt and her want. No
." Mrs. Kellogg goes on:
late evening hour by some
ed confusion did Pussy
l herself shut into one of
ed conveyances patronized
ors, palpitating alone with
an who perhaps offered her

of documentary evidence
concert some biographers,
e author of *The Two Lives.*
es," she continues, "found
l adjective *fast* attaching
er. It was rather a shame.
ıe almost certainly did not
." But it was fortunate
y James was willing to
ıe matter of her reputation.
time at the height of his
e "rose like a mountain
e the low-lying ranges of
y world."
e former Pussy Jones ever
uch a peak? Mrs. Kellogg
ubts. "The failure of Edith
love capacities to develop
potentiality . . . deprived
of a warmth, a depth of
quick sympathy it might
ıave had." These are at-
ne gathers, which the au-
e Two Lives strives for in
prose. When discussing
me, she notes that "New
ıow is not sad. It is zestful,
ed blood to the cheeks and
inging fingers and toes to

or with Mrs. Kellogg's in-
wers cannot, of course, be
keep too close to the facts.
els that Geoffrey Scott's
f Zélide is "a novel of
action," she is entitled to
n, even though certain ad-
this book by one of
rton's truly distinguished
y recall that it is not a
a miniature biography of
Constant's first love, Ma-
narrière. Nor is there any
guing with Mrs. Kellogg
tates that *Main Street* is
v forgotten novel."
or of *The Two Lives* is an
t woman, in need of no
e pencil. This may be the
no blue pencil was ap-
why we are told that the
was "brought to a close in
that Theodore Roosevelt
lent of the United States."

The Swivel Chair



However suspenseful a literary debut may be, the reappearance of an established star can be one ringing curtain call after another.

Among recent reappearances are:

Sally Carrighar, author of *Icebound Summer, One Day on Beetle Rock* and many more, appears with ***Wild Heritage*** ($5.95, illustrated) which "will give readers a whole new perspective not only on their own lives but on those of the entire animal kingdom. It will give everyone a sense of new enrichment and understanding of the world we live in." —SIGURD F. OLSON, *Chicago Tribune Books Today*

J. R. R. Tolkien, whose *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* are a whole language to the initiate, now presents ***Tree and Leaf*** ($4.00), an essay and a fairy tale which add up to "a little book of great elegance . . . both novel and entertaining." — *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

One of the great statesmen-historians of England, the Earl of Avon, is lauded on the front page of the *New York Times Book Review* for ***The Reckoning*** ($8.50): "This, then, is the most valuable of Lord Avon's three volumes . . . For historical interest it can be compared with Churchill's 'The Second World War.' . . . The pages are peopled by giants."



John Braine, whose first novel *Room at the Top* added a page to the moviegoers' notebook, has achieved with his fourth book, ***The Jealous God*** ($4.95) "a very strong and serious novel . . . Mr. Braine's treatment of his story is impressive indeed . . . He is very much his own man; and with the present work, he definitely maintains his place among the most talented of the younger British novelists." — *The Atlantic*

Vincent Cronin, whose current title ***Louis XIV*** ($6.95) reached the top of the British bestseller list before publication here. Our press opens with: "Immensely readable . . . Richly stuffed with the strange customs and odd ideas of seventeenth century France, crowded with deft thumbnail sketches of courtiers, soldiers, writers and royal mistresses, this biography provides a lucid chronological narrative and a brightly colored, although sharply condensed, account of the problems and issues of Louis' long reign." — *New York Times*



Wallace Turner, former Pulitzer Prize winner, was writing front page news the very day his new ***Gamblers' Money*** ($5.95) was the subject of *Life's* exhortation: "A blunt book, ***Gamblers' Money*** names names and cites figures . . . Bigtime gambling, whether legalized or not, taints whatever it touches."

William S. White follows the celebrated *Citadel* with its companion piece ***Home Place: The Story of the U.S. House of Representatives*** ($4.00) and Carl Albert, House Majority Leader, writes that "Mr. White shows a rare grasp of the historic functions of the House, its practical problems, its scope and its limitations . . . Every American citizen would benefit from reading Mr. White's book."

All well and truly launched.

One reminder from a recent SRO — ***The Scotch*** ($3.95) by John Kenneth Galbraith opened in the pages of *Harper's* but with only a sampling. The whole book was called "a gem of a book" in the *New York Times Book Review*. A nice curtain call, that.



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(Advertisement)

Editor-at-Large



Every once in a while an editor reads a manuscript and gets the uneasy or eerie feeling that he may have read it before. The other evening, for example, I picked up a spare set of galleys and found myself engaged with a story that at some points seems to have been written long ago and at others to be sharply contemporary.

The story, briefly, concerns the father of a rather large family (seven sons and three daughters), a man who is held to be a patient man and is in fact almost famous for his patience. He is a wealthy man, with considerable holdings in livestock. He is said to be pious and, indeed, judged by any standard he is a person of spiritual gratitude. And yet a wager is made that if stripped of his material possessions, he would curse God. In a curious deal, which one might say was made between God and Satan, the hero is stripped of possessions more than material, deprived of his children, and is ravaged by disease. If this man is patient and pious, he can also be verbosely impatient and near nihilistic.

Thus the book raises a question that screams throughout this age for an answer: does God make no distinctions in awarding pain between the deserving and the innocent?

The writing is oddly mixed although often magnificent. The translation, by Marvin H. Pope, is quite brilliant. If this story has been told before, Pope's lyrical grasp and fantastic scholarship (the story is translated from the Ugaritic) makes it almost totally new. But the question still haunts an editor who finds these galleys after hours in an office: has this story, called very simply *The Book of Job*, ever been published before?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Book of Job ($6.00) is one of the latest volumes in the acclaimed, new, multi-faith translation called "The Anchor Bible." The translator-editor, Mr. Pope, is Professor of Northwestern Semitic Languages at Yale. For descriptive materials about this project, see your own bookseller or write L. L. Day, c/o Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017.

Like *The Two Lives*, the **Edith Wharton Reader** (Scribner, $7.50) edited by Louis Auchincloss is a product of our own rather than the Edwardian era. We no longer live in an age of leisure; in fact some of us are so busy that we have no time to read any novel through from beginning to end, even if it be a masterpiece of moderate length. For this particular audience, the *Reader* is a godsend. It is fat enough, containing as it does not only *Ethan Frome* but also one of her poems, two of her novelettes, two fragments from her autobiography, and six of her short stories. But nothing is *too* long. Only the first half of *The House of Mirth* is included, and only the fir *The Age of Innocence*. Evid is all one needs to read ir those two once-famous nove

To be sure, there are brarians still with us wh having novels chopped in there are a few college p who stubbornly insist that dents should swallow ever But these people are obvious minority, and if they comp Mr. Auchincloss has written gracefully elsewhere on the of Mrs. Wharton, they have turn for evidence to his pan her work published by the U of Minnesota Press.

Western Heroes and Cattle Trail

by Tom Mayer

Heroes Without Glory, by Jack Schaefer. Houghton Mifflin, $5.95.
Great American Cattle Trails, by Harry Sinclair Drago. Dodd, Mead, $5.
The Negro Cowboys, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones. Dodd, Mead, $5.

In *Heroes Without Glory* Jack Schaefer, the author of *Shane* and *Company of Cowards*, has written thumbnail biographies of ten Western "goodmen," as differentiated both from "badmen," who were sadists and louts and overpublicized, and from "good men,"—farmers, storekeepers, blacksmith's assistants, etc. —who had the "habit of being dull." What made the "goodmen" different Mr. Schaefer never defines precisely, but in general they were more honorable than "badmen" without being soft or stupid. Mr. Schaefer's catalogue, an interesting cross section of races and backgrounds, includes two lawmen, Tom Smith of Abilene fame and Elfego Baca of Socorro, New Mexico, and a Walt Disney television show; an animal tamer from Boston, Grizzly Adams; an Englishman named George Frederick Augustus Ruxton; and the Nez Percé Indian chief Wash-a-kie.

Mr. Schaefer writes a pr is, except for occasional unf lapses of diction, quick and v and for the most part his "g make good reading. If the ch ization is thin, the action is heavy. The "goodmen" wer brawlers all, with horse-ope guns and quick fists when t arose, and, for the reader who his Old West slightly more than *Gunsmoke* but still ting aspects of a combination melo morality play, this book sho isfy the credulity without st the intellect.

One suspects that *Great A Cattle Trails*, by Harry S Drago, will be of interest ma specialists and cultists, for, thorough and meticulous, it is in focus and a little long-winde author outlines the routes—i cases, the probable routes—of

Mr. Mayer, whose home is in Fe, has been a cowboy, and is t two years old. He is the aut a book of short stories, "Bubbl and Kipling," and is at presen Creative Writing Fellowship at ford University.

UATIONS

EW BOOK BY JEAN-PAUL artre

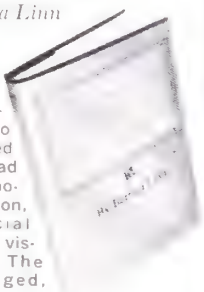
ver he has written, Sartre quite literally seeking his , and in this probing book nes the strategies of various iters and artists who have eir own ways, been seeking . too. Whether it is Gide's s he paintings of Giacometti ilosophy of Merleau-Ponty, ls of Nathalie Sarraute or f Tintoretto, Sartre always orthrightly in his own per- UATIONS contains some nost extraordinary critical, is confessional, writings he done. **$5.95**

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UBLISHER, New York

e Novel by the Author of TTER TO ELIZABETH

FTER THE VEDDING NIVERSARY

by Bettina Linn



loanna De- returned ance in 1935 er four chil- ey returned to erica changed e one they had der the Demo- administration, akened social usness was vis- verywhere. The were changed, a way that people only in times of arching national crisis.

gainst this backdrop, Bettina as written a quiet, yet pro- study of a family, of the del- balance of personalities in a t circle. This is a story of facing together, yet each ty, the problems of life — nd hate, romance and death. Linn's forte is quiet under- ent, yet the over-all effect of ting is strong, and the reader . novel will come to the last vith the feeling of having lived each of the sharply drawn cters.

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major cattle trails; describes at length the men and various animals who used and fought over them; then gives us voluminous histories of the wide-open towns at the end of them. Often he seems to be writing not so much for a general public as for other experts, who would be, by definition, enthralled by a summary of the minutes of the 1916 Old Time Trail Drivers Association meeting, or eagerly interested in a rambling discussion of the more subtle nuances of the Dodge City War of the early 1880s. On the dust jacket Mr. Drago is described as an "angry writer," ever ready to "attack and demolish" false "myths and legends," but in this book there is more nit-picking than debunking. The prose style is chatty, but relies rather too often on a heavy irony, and the narrative passages are marred by jarring intrusions of the authorial voice. While Mr. Drago is undoubtedly a methodical historian devoted to his field, *Great American Cattle Trails* would have benefited from compression and seems too narrow in scope to be of fascination to anyone without a previous concern with the specific subject.

The Negro Cowboys, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones, is a book not unlike Mr. Drago's, in that it is thorough and filled with footnoted detail, but will probably not be of any great interest to readers who weren't hooked on the Old West beforehand. It seems that in the post-Civil War era there were a good many Negro cowboys, "some villains, some heroes," who underwent the same hardships and did the same jobs as all other cowboys. Predictably enough, the Negro cowboys were sometimes abused and vilified, often condescended to, only occasionally treated as full equals. Messrs. Durham and Jones have assembled a series of case histories to prove these points, but since the case histories tend to emphasize the obvious in the racial situation and don't shed much fresh light on the cow business, one doubts that *The Negro Cowboys* will either reach a large audience or have any far-reaching influence among historians.

In summary, these books are in varying degrees diverting and learned and informative, but in each one of them the X ingredient that makes leg-

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them has accomplished what any first-rate writer of the American West must: that is, the deepening of our self-understanding by a new awareness of our past. Although enter-

places in any system of lite-ues, the best works in Weste-offbeat facts or a few bo-reading: somehow, in the re-of our myths and history, to-and whys of our present.

A Trinity of Nation-builders

by Edward R. F. Sheehan

Ataturk: A Biography of Mustafa Kemal, Father of Modern Turkey. By Lord Kinross. Morrow. 480 pp. $7.95.

Nehru: The First Sixty Years. By Dorothy Norman. Day. 2 vols. 1,000 pp. $15.

David: The Story of Ben-Gurion. By Michael Ben-Gurion. Putnam. 320 pp. $5.95.

T

trinity of nation-builders many ways the most fasci-Mustafa Ataturk's shame was Islam itself. His abhorrence religion made him a lifelong ...ch he did not ...ke the gospel of Islam ... it suited his immediate pur-pose. During his youth, ... fainting from hysteria. ... ...gust ... and I ... began ...

sensed the silliness of her glitter and ... nineteen, written by a native of Salonika, the birthplace in Macedonia ... Lord Kinross with a fetching shame for his vast and brilliant biography of the founder of modern Turkey.

A new-born country tends to be ignited by negative forces: frequently he begins simply by being ashamed of his own culture. This was not true of David Ben-Gurion, who was tumultuously proud to be a Jew; nor was it totally true of Jawaharlal Nehru, who sought to synthesize the best in Anglo-Saxon and Indian institutions. We know that when Nehru talked in his sleep, he talked in English! But shame was a demonstrable motivation of Kemal Atatürk, the least celebrated of this

ment of a secular state m... pletely on European c... Western political institutions

the Middle East, as a ... member of the U. S. Foreign ...

Atatürk.

...s came to him early in life, ...ssified as he rose in the ... army; he was an archetype ...er class which was to be... ...atalyst not only of Turkish ...st Middle Eastern social ... World War I thrust him ...inence as the hero of Galli... ...commander who turned back ... Churchill's ill-fated frontal ... the Kaiser's flank in Asia ... fact, he emerged from the ... one Ottoman general who ...ained not a single major ...urkey's alliance with Ger... ...ved catastrophic, however, ...ng not only in the disinte... ...f the Ottoman Empire, but ...position by the Allies of a ... Sultanate governm... ... and in the dismemberment ...lia. Atatürk thereafter be... ...re of ... ...y various diplomatic and ... stratagems, he drove the ...t of Istanbul, the Greeks out ...olia, Lloyd George out of ...d the Sultan into exile.

...ntually established a Repub... ...d on a policy not of terri... ...pansion but of territorial ...n. By confining Turkey's ... to her linguistic bound... Anatolia in Asia Minor and Thrace in Europe, he hoped ... her into a modern nation. ...st was through an attempt ...oduce wholesale Western... ...nd secularization. A consti... ...as written and a parliament ... the Westminster model was ... into being. A European ...was constructed at Angora ...). The fez and other forms ...al costume were proscribed. ...abet was latinized, the Gre... ...alendar was introduced, and ...were exhorted to discard the ...ering to Westminster forms. ... made two separate attempts ...ll a responsible opposition ... parliament.

...of them failed, as Lord Kin... ...vividly reminds us. In the ...y "fights took place, and the ...sponsible members would in... ...to prevent revolvers being ...ed, faces slapped and insults ...ed. On important occasions ...ties would be subdued by the ...e of Kemal's own henchmen ...inking companions, glaring ...he chamber with ugly looks and hands straying towards holsters."

For if Atatürk was a democrat by conviction, he was a despot in practice. He appears to have had little choice, given the tempestuous character of his people and the magnitude of his mission to transform Turkey. Intrigue swirled everywhere around him, and he was ruthless in the suppression of whatever critics he believed were getting out of hand. In 1926 he disposed of his political rivals—including some of his oldest friends—by ordering his tribunals to dispatch them, on the basis of trumped-up evidence, to the gallows.

Atatürk was not a dictator in the absolute sense. He had no taste for concentration camps, and the presence of his secret police was not pervasive. His press was controlled, but otherwise relatively few restraints were imposed on freedom of speech. In theory at least, Atatürk disapproved of dictatorship; he genuinely aspired to create a system of government which would outlast him and evolve into a Western-style democracy.

His problem was that he was himself a compulsive admixture of East and West. Endowed with an extraordinary, even prophetic, intuition, he was, according to a close friend,

> by turns cynical, suspicious, un... ... street-corner heroics. Possessing con... ... histrionic ability, one moment he would pass as the perfect demagogue ... and the next moment fall into some Napoleonic attitude. Sometimes he would appear weak and an abject coward, sometimes exhibit strength and daring of the highest order. He would argue with all the intricacies of the old-fashioned scholastic till he had become utterly incomprehensible, and then illumine some obscure problem with a flash of inspired clarity.

In his youth Atatürk had been blond and handsome, with "fine, long-fingered hands." He was utterly indiscriminate in his pursuit of women and—in keeping perhaps with the oriental side of his nature—occasionally displayed bisexual appetites. Fikriye, his favorite mistress, committed suicide on his account, and he took advantage of the Islamic



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code which he had abjured to divorce Latife, his wife, by the simple expedient of ordering her out of his house. He suffered from recurrent gonorrhea and chronic alcoholism; happily he had a standing rule that any order issued while he was in his cups—and some of the orders were monstrous—was to be submitted to him for confirmation the next morning. In the end it was cirrhosis of the liver which killed him, in 1938, at the age of fifty-seven. For his final rites, the band played, not some oriental hymn, but Chopin's *Funeral March*.

Lord Kinross writes in a style which at times tends to be plodding and ingenuous, but which grows on the reader as the book progresses; the total result is both convincing and engrossing. The narrative seethes with marvelous battle scenes, grim glimpses of Turkish brutality, the slaughter of Armenians, and the movement of whole populations. And there is the appalling scene of Lloyd George at Spa in 1920, betraying his notorious ignorance of rudimentary geography as he rejoiced at the news of the Turkish retreat before the Greek offensive:

"They are beaten . . . and fleeing with their forces towards Mecca."

"Angora," corrected Curzon acidly.

"Lord Curzon is good enough to admonish me on a triviality," he replied. "Nevertheless . . ."

Atatürk's great accomplishment was that in less than two decades he transformed Turkey from a medieval society into a modern state. That he failed to create a viable democratic system, however, is still all too clear from the vicissitudes of the Turkish Republic since his death. One wonders whether his haste to replace the authority of Islam with Western secularism may not have been an important contributing cause in the failure of Turkish democracy to function as he envisioned. As Lord Kinross admits, "He had abruptly uprooted the traditions of centuries but had not yet evolved a new culture in place of them. This has caused some dislocation in the mind and life of the ordinary Turk, whom a leader with a truer understanding of Islam might well have weaned more gradually from one civilization to the other."

If the postwar period has taught us anything, it has been the [illegible] of trying to export Western [illegible] tions wholesale, to societies no[t] erly conditioned by mood or [illegible] to digest them. Atatürk was e[n]ig ened in seeking to cleanse Tur[kish] the superstition which paraly[zed] Islam of his youth; he may [have] been misguided in his conten[tion] the deep mystical longing whi[ch] torically has conferred so [much] meaning on the life of the [Near East] peoples. Atatürk's agnostici[sm] typical today of many of the y[oung] Arab nationalist-intellectuals [who] reacting as did he to the obs[cur]tism in their religion, have a[lso] jected its mystical vision in fa[vor] Western and Marxist mater[ialism] Like Atatürk, they may exploit [it] for political and propagandistic [ends] but in fact they have ceased t[o em]brace it as a way of life. The[y] one day lament this.

It is intriguing to compare [Ata]türk's skepticism to Nehru's, [which] emerges from the 1,273 imp[ressive] and ponderous pages of the [Indian] leader's lifelong writings and [utter]ances, painstakingly compile[d by] Dorothy Norman. Unlike most [Asian] people, Nehru was not in the [least] interested in the afterlife:

> I find the problems of this lif[e] ficiently absorbing to fill my [mind] . . . The religious outlook do[es] help, and even hinders, the [real] and spiritual progress of a peo[ple] morality and spirituality are [to be] judged by this world's stan[dard] and not by the hereafter. U[nder] religion becomes an asocial que[st] God or the Absolute, and the [pi]ous man is concerned far mor[e] his own salvation than with the [good] of society. The mystic tries t[o lose] himself of self, and in the pr[ocess] usually becomes obsessed with i[t].
>
> Instead of encouraging curi[osity] and thought, [religions] preached a philosophy of submi[ssion] to nature, to the established ch[ange] to the prevailing social order. As knowledge advances, the do[main] of religion in the narrow sens[e of] the word, shrinks. The more we [un]derstand life and nature, the les[s we] look for supernatural causes. W[hat]ever we can understand and co[ntrol] ceases to be a mystery. . . . [We] therefore with the temper and [ap]proach of science, allied to phi[lo]phy, and with reverence for all [that] lies beyond, that we must face

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THE NEW BOOKS

To an extent, David Ben-Gurion shares Atatürk's and Nehru's agnosticism, tending to consider the Old Testament as the source book of the Jewish ethic and history rather than as a divinely revealed document. Alas, British parliamentarian Maurice Edelman's life of the Israeli statesman suffers severely in comparison to Lord Kinross' saga of Atatürk.

Totally devoid of the many-dimensional candor of the Atatürk portrait, Edelman's Ben-Gurion emerges as a pallid visionary, which is surely an injustice to him. Mr. Edelman evidently does not share Lord Kinross' appetite for exhaustive scholarship; he tells us almost nothing new, and yet he conceals much. *David* is in fact little more than an inflated pamphlet, a fawning and tendentious exercise in political hagiography rather than a critique to be considered seriously.

Books in Brief

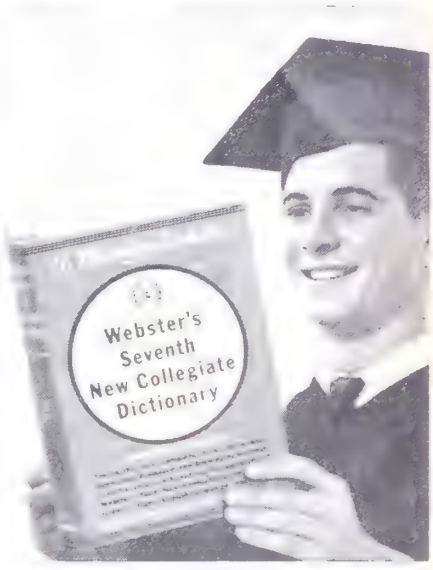
by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

One Day, by Wright Morris.

The jacket of the book carries a line of description: "This being the Friday in November the word from Dallas was heard in Escondido." That says quite a lot but it doesn't begin to describe the book. Escondido is a small seaside town in California near San Francisco. It is dominated by a splendid, glass-fronted hospital- or museum-like Pound, donated by one of the richest citizens. The whole book is just the story of The Day with an infinite variety of throwbacks to explain its really far-out characters. In the early morning, in the night-depository cage of the Pound where people usually leave litters of unwanted kittens or dogs, someone leaves a baby. Everyone seems to know whose baby it is and this gesture of protest, freighted with all kinds of symbolic meaning, which on any other day would have had the town in a frenzy of excitement, on this particular day got two or three lines in the back of the local

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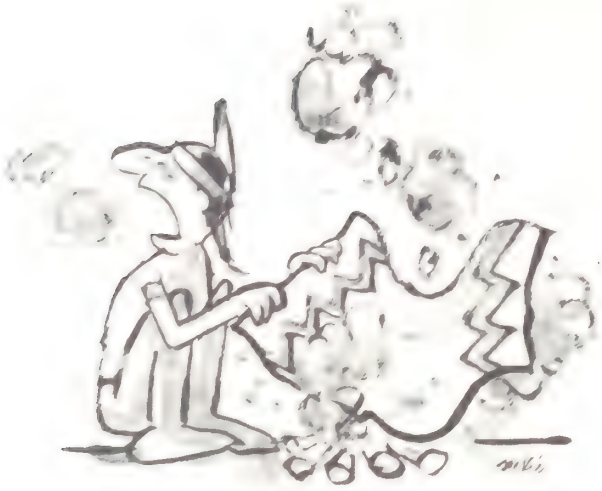
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npossible to give in a short e ambience of such a trial. mention only a few of its aspects. The author and r were able to produce as s in defense not only some her Auschwitz doctors, but he pitiable men and women these operations had been d. Because of the dignity tesy of the judge and law- l in spite of the dramatic sonal nature of the testi- e atmosphere in the court ll times one of deep quiet mnity fitting the serious- he complicated truths under ation: "Should a man be ponsible for criminal acts, urder, where his refusal esult in his own death?" the strange anomalies of as one reads it in this oned-down prose (both au- e lawyers) is the difficulty after the presentation of ence, in remembering that fendant" is not the doctor s and his publisher. The won his case and was one halfpenny, "smallest he realm," each side to pay costs. An astonishing book in all that it says of human bestiality on the one hand, and, on the other, of the highest concepts of justice. Stein and Day, $5.95

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Great singers are supposed to do unbelievable things in an effortless way. . . . How well do they manage?

The latest singer who is titillating the international musical set is a young Bulgarian named Nicolai Ghiaurov, and his most recent disc is named **French and Russian Arias** (London 5911, mono; 25911, stereo). What is unusual about his case is that he is a basso. Normally it is the high-voiced contingent of sopranos and tenors who get the biggest acclaim and the fattest checks. But when Ghiaurov came up, about two years ago, reports from Europe spoke ecstatically of a new Chaliapin. Apparently European opera-goers wholly subscribed. Ghiaurov received rave receptions wherever he sang, including this country. He has been a member of the Chicago Lyric Opera, where his singing has been received with awe. Next season he will be with the Metropolitan Opera.

On this disc he sings arias from *Faust*, *Manon*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, and *Carmen* (in French) and *Life for the Tsar*, *The Demon*, *Iolanta*, and *Prince Igor* (in Russian). In range, texture, resonance, and sheer size, his voice is what the advance publicity says. Ghiaurov obviously is a great basso, and there is something of Chaliapin in the easy, unforced way he goes about singing, as well as in the amount of vocal personality he seems to have at his command. The voice is a cantante rather than a "black" bass. It extends well up into the baritone area and is employed in a lyrical manner rather than in the series of boomy grunts typical of some low-voiced singers.

So far, so good. Ghiaurov has everything in his favor, and his is a voice that can be even better than it is. For as yet he is a singer who lacks the ultimate in musical or even technical discipline. He was, for instance, more ambitious than wise when he decided to record the once-famous *"Piff! Paff!"* aria from Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. The aria runs from low F to high E, and has a good deal of coloratura work. Ghiaurov sounds unhappy with the low F (he takes the high note with ease), and his articulation in the running passages is decidedly sloppy. Like most present-day singers, he has had little training in coloratura; but if he is recording such an aria, he should have the equipment to deal with it. He also ducks the trill on the low G (though, to be fair, so did Leon Rothier in his old recording). In sum, Ghiaurov impresses as a singer with an unusual voice and enormous potential, who at present is operating mainly on his natural talent.

Another singer coming up very fast is the American mezzo-soprano, Marilyn Horne. Her specialty is the bel canto style, and in the last two years she has been closely associated with Joan Sutherland, singing with her in opera and concert versions of opera. Last March the two appeared in the first American staged performance in over fifty years of Rossini's *Semiramide*. The event took place in Boston. Both in Boston and New York, where *Semiramide* previously had been given in a concert version by the American Opera Society, Horne was able to stand on equal ground with the redoubtable Sutherland. That alone makes her unique. There are several mezzos around who have been singing bel canto roles—Simionato, Berganza, de los Angeles (a soprano, but she has sung Rossini in the original mezzo register)—but Horne has more virtuoso flair than they have and a more uninhibited dash to her work. (I will not answer letters from Ber... Simionato fans.)

She has one additional... common with Sutherland, i... is married to a conductor. ... is Henry Lewis, and he d... Covent Garden Orchestr... wife's first solo disc—P... **Marilyn Horne** (London 59... 25910, stereo). She sings a... Rossini's *Cenerentola*, *Italia... geri*, and *Semiramide*, Me... *Huguenots* and *Prophète*, ... *Clemenza di Tito*, and D... *Figlia del Reggimento*.

Horne represents the new... American singers. Years b... of the coloratura sopranos ... zos were naïve types who k... one thing—how to sing the ... in a very restricted kind ... repertoire. Horne, on the oth... has a very wide musical cul... that runs from Renaissance ... Stravinsky (she was selected ... composer for several recordi... Berg (she has sung Marie ... *zeck*). Since it has turned ... she also has the technical a... handle the bel canto style ... thing very few contemporary ... have—she brings to it a fine ... of taste and musicianship. ... this she must have receive... Richard Bonynge, the husb... Sutherland. He is an authorit... period of pre-Verdi Italian op... has worked with Horne on m... casions.

But the size of her voice, it ... quality, her breath control a... register, her ability to ar... running passages with prec... those are all her own. Her ag... coloratura work is remarkab... doesn't merely make a pass ... coloratura passages. She really ... them, with clear metrical gro... in which individual notes ha... value. She can swoop to a h... when necessary, and she ha... chest tones. Most important, th... no suggestion of strain. The ... idea of bel canto singing is wi... up with the concept of ease, a... singer is supposed to do the ... incredible things in an eff... manner, like a ballerina an... thirty-two fouettés in *Swan* ... All singing, of course, is suppo... be effortless, and it is—with... great vocalists. But inequaliti... technique show up much more ... ingly, and are much more expos...

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

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Among the new vocal discs, the latest Tebaldi record of **Italian Opera Arias** should be mentioned. Renata Tebaldi is everybody's favorite, and here she has recorded a group of arias for the first time (to be exact, all but one for the first time). She is heard, with the New Philharmonia Orchestra under Oliviero de Fabritiis, in arias from *Don Carlo, Ballo in Maschera, Giovanna d'Arco, Turandot, La Rondine, Gioconda, Cavalleria Rusticana,* and *L'Arlesiana* (London 5912, mono; 25912, stereo).

Her singing here represents the "new" Tebaldi. About two years back she went through a bad time. Her upper notes failed to respond, and she was losing confidence. She also was, many buffs thought, trying to make a bigger sound than she should have—trying to out-yell those great yellers, Tucker and Del Monaco. Anyway, she put herself into medical hands. The result was retirement for a short time, and work with a new vocal coach.

When she came back, there was a decided change in her production and actual sound. Some of the sheen was gone from her voice, which perhaps might have been expected, considering the fact that she has been a busy opera singer for over fifteen years. The sound was, and is, a little harder, though harder only by Tebaldi standards. In lyric passages, though, the old sweetness remained, and there was no doubt that she was attacking high notes with renewed confidence (if not always with perfect accuracy).

She has given herself plenty of high Cs in this new disc. She even has programmed *"In questa Reggia"* from Puccini's *Turandot* (though not the entire long aria; she cuts it off at the phrase *"Gli enigmi sono tre, la morte è una,"* with its climactic high C). Some very beautiful singing is found here, and also in *"Morrò, ma prima in grazia"* from Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera.* That unmistakable kind of lyric intensity—so strong, yet so ultrafeminine!—is hers and hers alone. And when she gets into the *"Sogno di Doretta"* from Puccini's *La Rondine*—why don't we ever hear this pretty opera?—she all but melts the vinyl on the disc.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Gimmicks

Herbie Mann has been playing jazz flute far too long for anyone to fault him on the grounds of sensation-seeking, and the same can as well be said of Yusef Lateef (formerly Bill Evans), who plays not only the jazz flute but also the jazz oboe, argol, rabat, shannas, and tenor saxophone.

Herbie Mann's colleagues on *Nirvana* are the trio led by pianist Bill Evans (not to be confused with Yusef Lateef's original name). Both the title piece and one called "Cashmere" are Mann's own compositions; you can read into them whatever oriental connotations you wish. The rest of the record ranges from a Mann-Evans version of a Satie *"Gymnopédie"* to the now traditional "cool" exercise, "Willow Weep for Me." Evans' reputation is among the newest and farthest out, but cool and restrained are certainly the words for *Nirvana.* Its virtues are thoughtfulness and quiet playing; it makes the best of them.

Yusef Lateef's performance is recorded live at Pep's, a musical café in (of all places) Philadelphia. There are more vigor and vitamins here, and a much more powerful backing from the rhythm section plus trumpeter Richard Williams. Lateef for some years has deliberately been exploiting the whines and wheezes of Mideastern instruments and manages to make them sound thoroughly—if still surprisingly—at home.

On *Tonight,* the gimmick of trumpeter Clark Terry and trombonist Bob Brookmeyer is to have no gimmick at all, a device so original it borders on the eccentric. They simply play a record full of mainstream music so cheerful and eclectic that it even has room for some almost honky-tonk piano from Roger Kellaway. The result is staggeringly simple and happy, and a startling assertion of the proposition that jazz without special devices can still get by.

Nirvana. Herbie Mann and the Bill Evans Trio. Atlantic SD 1426. **Yusef Lateef Live at Pep's.** Impulse Stereo A-69. **Tonight.** Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet. Mainstream 56043.

CRASH NEXT YEAR? *Peter F. Drucker*

JUNE 1965 75 CENTS

Harper's magazine

THE PROFESSIONAL RADICAL

Conversations with Saul Alinsky

A tough-minded agitator talks candidly about his unorthodox ways of attacking the troubles of Chicago and other American communities



HE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT

rom a new novel by Abram Tertz

HE ANTIC POLITICS OF CALIFORNIA

aul Seabury

HE NEW AMERICAN POETS

enneth Rexroth

TIME OF JUVENILES

ric Hoffer

We thought we'd done everything.
Then we did Viña del Mar.



A funny thing happened to our third trip to Europe. A well-traveled lawyer friend talked us into doing South America instead.

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Obviously, the last place to go after a week of such living is home. We didn't. And we trust you won't, either. Instead, head south to the magnificent Chilean-Argentine lake country, where you can swim in the middle of Jan

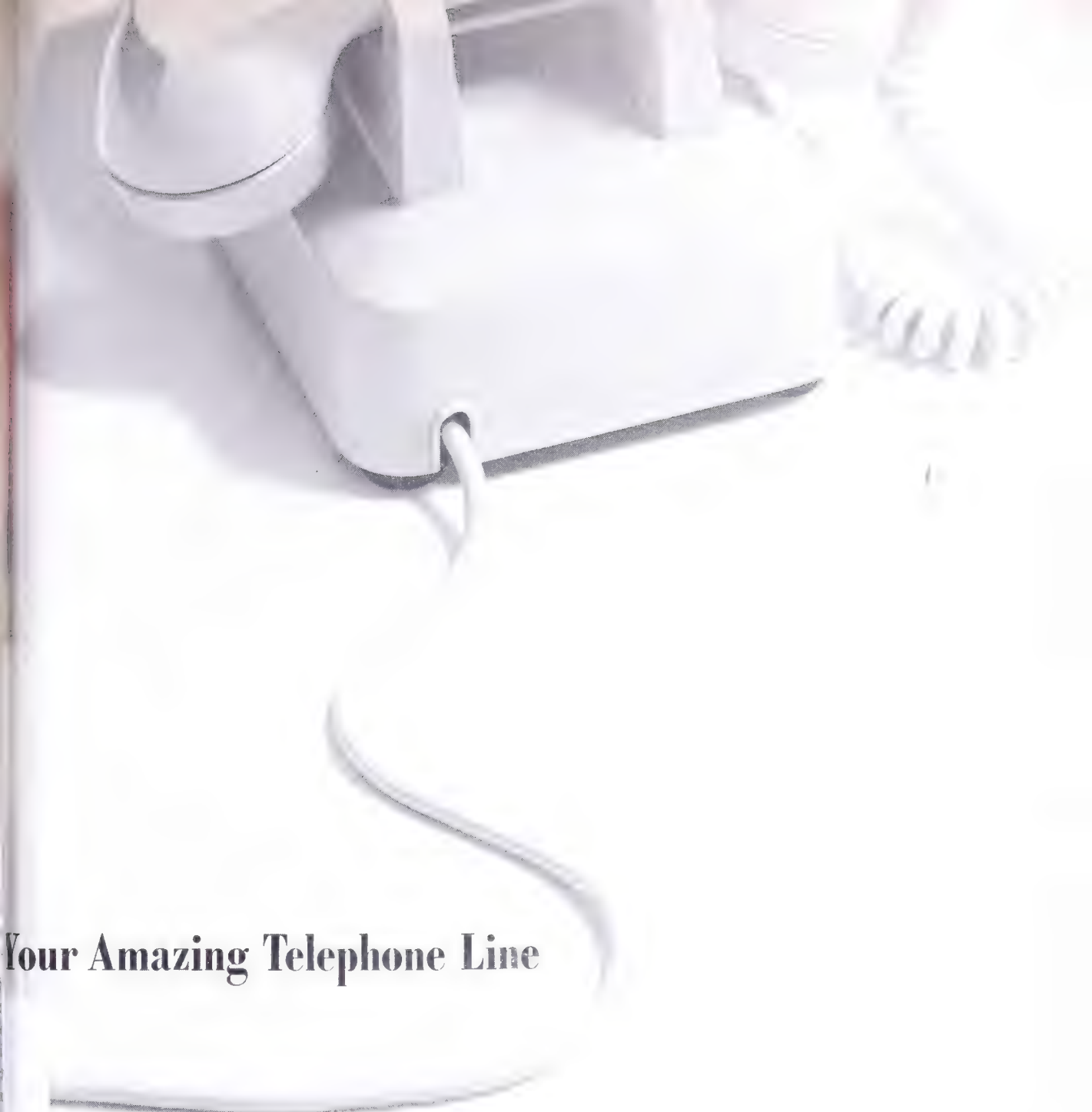
From there, you can take a boa through the lakes on the w Buenos Aires (which is very like Paris, except the streets are and the opera house larger

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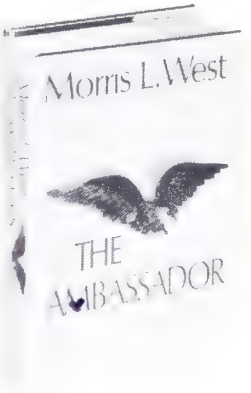
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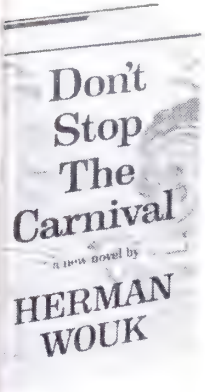
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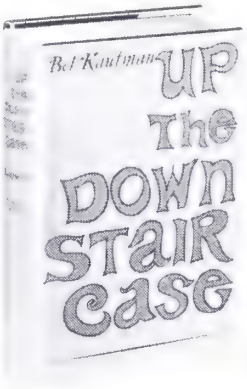
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Letters

Reconstruction, 1965

I have had time to read a part of your Special Supplement [*The South Today: 100 Years After Appomattox*, April], and I find it basically biased, as is most of the writing about the South today.

ORVAL E. FAUBUS
Governor of Arkansas
Little Rock, Ark.

Walker Percy's article, "Mississippi: The Fallen Paradise" [*The South Today*, April] is written with rare insight. The section entitled "Public vs. Private" comes to grips with the real source of much of the difficulty involved in comprehension of the rest of the country by the middle-class white citizen of Mississippi. FRANK E. SMITH, Director
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tenn.

Your anniversary section on the South is good reading. My only criticism would be that it is background and more background. The national press must get into the subject of what is to be done rather than why it must be done. . . . Few continue to deny that discrimination exists or that the South is a victim of history; but no one is telling the South where to go from here.

The militant Negro leadership is not interested in this aspect of the problem. It would appear "moderate" or conciliatory if it agreed to a local timetable of adjustment. Yet, at the community operating level hundreds of local leaders have agreed to benign housing quotas, gradual desegregation of schools, gradual desegregation of police and fire forces, "easy-does-it" integration of movie houses, etc. Where such things are going on, community attitudes are changing. . . .

SYLVAN MEYER, Editor
The Daily Times
Gainesville, Ga.

I was quite surprised when I read the article by Louis E. Lomax, "Georgia Boy Goes Home" [*The South Today*, April]. Mr. Lomax stated that I was in a grou "white people with twangs" t to get the autograph of M Luther King. For the record correctness I would like to state not ask for his autograph. I pened to be on a business trip was simply standing in the lob the airport like any traveler. far beyond the age of autog seekers. Twenty years ago in teens I might have asked f movie star's autograph.

The article was about Georgia failed to even mention the one who has done more than anyon history for the state. A man I sider the greatest living indivi this country has: my brother, Go nor Carl E. Sanders. Oh! By way, I don't even have his autogr

ROBERT T. SAN
Nashville, T

MR. LOMAX REPLIES:

I always enjoy exchanging let with fellow Georgians, particul the brother of the Governor. N it so happens that I did not say t Robert Sanders asked for Ma Luther King's autograph. I did Mr. Sanders was among those w came up to Martin and shook hand. How else would I have kno he was the brother of the Governo

I agree with Robert Sanders ab his brother. As a matter of fact am doing my best to get a magazi assignment to profile the libe young Governor of my state.

I didn't say Robert Sanders has twang in his voice. But, by God, does!

LOUIS E. LOM
Los Angeles, Cali

Since I am a young person w was born and raised in Georgia, can speak with authority when I sa that Louis E. Lomax's article was very true and revealing picture o our state. I only hope that the peopl of this nation realize the great prog ress Georgia has made in the are of racial relations. . . .

ROBERT M. TRAVIS, Chmn
Governor's Youth Boar
Covington, Ga



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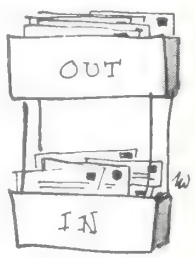
"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORP., N.Y. 20

LETTERS

Harper's is to be congratu[lated] for publishing the article by J[ames] Jackson Kilpatrick ["A Conservative Prophecy: Peace Below, Tu[rmoil] Above," *The South Today*, April] is not often that a national mag[azine] permits its readers to discover [the] considerable irrelevancy of [the] Southern patrician thinking a[bout] the Negro Revolt. . . .

The author presents a distor[ted] picture when he portrays the So[uth]ern Negro as having grown use[d] the many faces of the South . . . [and] as having a "love" of community . . . Negroes are repulsed by the "ra[cial] faces" which too often reduce [to] nothing more than a two-faced S[outh] . . . and they do not love the [com]munity and will not until, by its [own] organization, it merits their love . . .

The author's reference to "ov[er]sive Negro militancy" and his st[ate]ment that ". . . the wholesale [ex]tension of the franchise would r[esult] the disruption of order" serve[s] place the Southern patrician squa[re] in perspective. To him, anythin[g] offensive which threatens the es[tab]

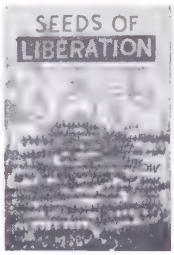


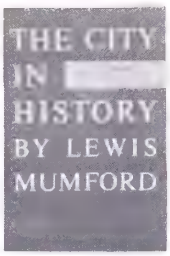
lished paternalistic order over wh[ich] he has presided for so m[any] years. . . .

Regarding the author's ma[in] thesis, a perfectly valid argum[ent] could be advanced that neither No[rth] nor South is anywhere near p[ro]viding equality of opportunity [for] Negroes . . . A signal difference [be]tween the two regions, however, [is] that the North, with all its prejud[ice] and hypocrisy, was never able [to] develop a morality which wo[uld] justify its vicious discriminat[ion] against Negroes while the South [can] accomplish this feat under the gu[ise] of the moral correctness of segre[ga]tion. . . .

The author is correct in sayi[ng] that better times lie ahead for t[he] South. However, unfortunately, lit[tle] of this will be due to men of t[he] author's persuasion. Rather, it w[ill] be due to the "offensive" Ne[gro]



















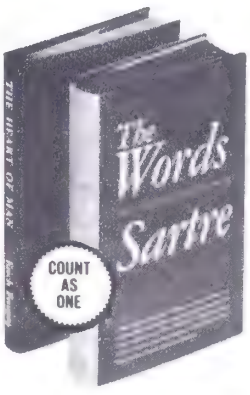


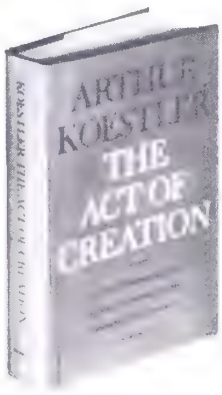
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militancy forcing the federal government to act in defense of its Negro citizens and their rights—to act because Southern patricians refused to do so, refused to recognize the urgent legitimacy of Negro demands.

HAROLD A. NELSON
Assoc. Prof. of Sociology
University of Alabama
University, Ala.

In "This Quiet Dust" [*The South Today*, April] William Styron states: "One of the most striking aspects of the institution [of slavery] is the fact that in the 250 years of its existence in America, it was singularly free of organized uprisings, plots, and rebellions. . . . There were three exceptions . . ." Mr. Styron's accidental discovery that Nat Turner was one of these three is laudable, but a number of historians have indicated quite the contrary.

Some examples: Fred Shannon, in his *Economic History of the United States*, says, "The constant fear of slave rebellion made life in the South a nightmare, especially in regions where conspiracies were of frequent occurrence. . . ." Herbert Aptheker, in his *Negro Slave Revolts in the United States 1526-1860*, has provided extensive evidence to support his contention that "the history of American slavery is marked by at least 250 *reported* Negro conspiracies and revolts . . . organized efforts at freedom were neither 'seldom' nor 'rare,' but were rather a regular and ever-recurring phenomenon in the life of the old South." . . .

The citizens of Virginia could hardly have been as surprised as Mr. Styron when Turner struck, for there had been well more than a dozen uprisings in the decade prior to 1831. . . . In fact, according to Aptheker, five companies of U. S. infantry had been sent to Virginia earlier in 1831 at the insistence of frightened local authorities. . . .

Hence it is a little unfair to blame Turner for bringing "cold, paralyzing fear to the South" because his rebellion at long last shattered the myth of Negro contentedness. The fact seems to be that the fear accompanied the first slave. . . .

MARTIN OPPENHEIMER
Dept. of Sociology
Haverford College
Haverford, Pa.

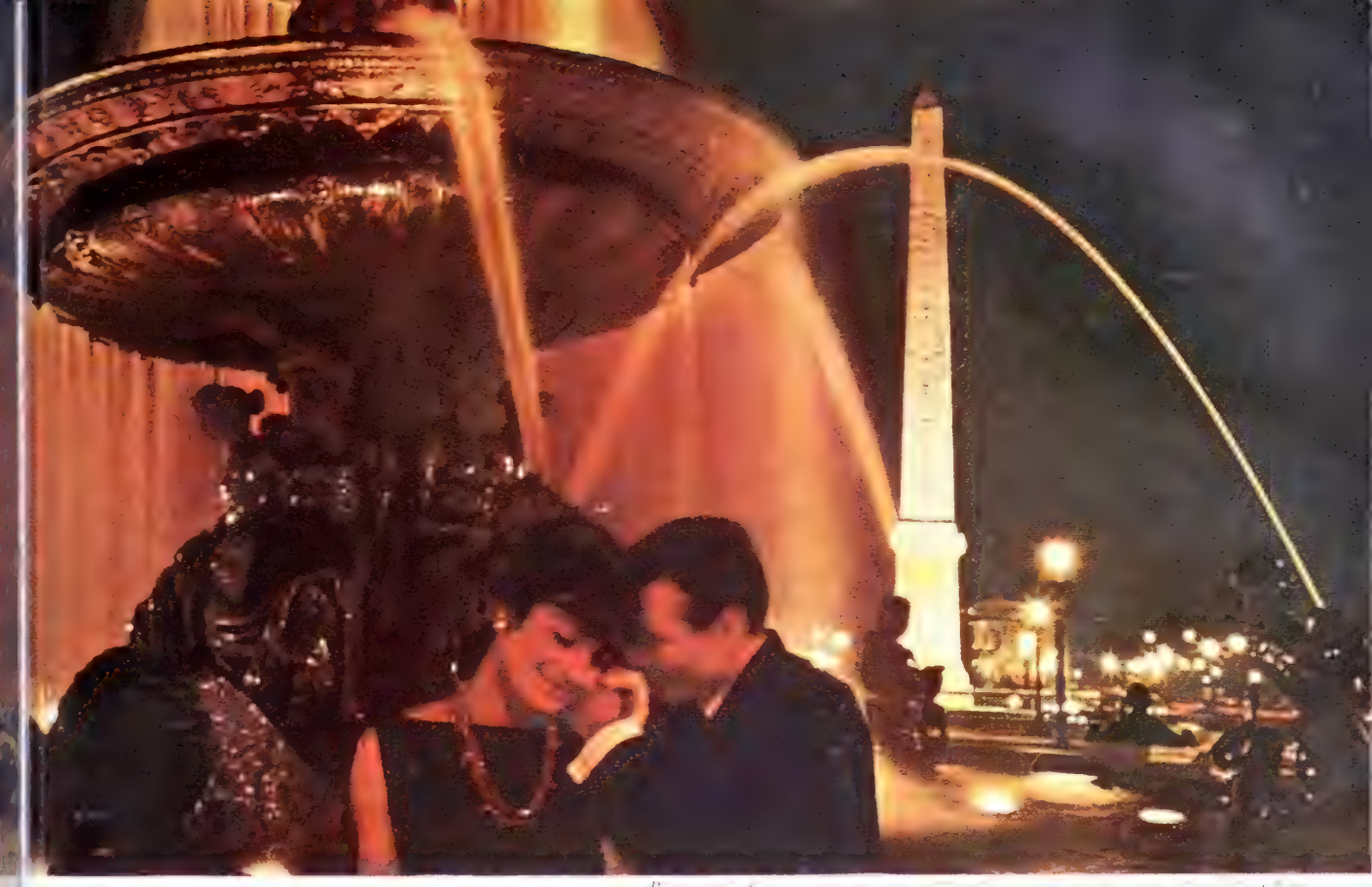
MR. STYRON REPLIES:

. . . Although I don't claim to professional historian, I have re vast amount of literature in the of slavery. . . . I'm afraid I c rely as faithfully as does Mr penheimer upon the authoritie has quoted. When Fred Sha says, "The constant fear of rebellion made life in the Sou nightmare, especially in reg where conspiracies were of fre occurrence," this does not cre revolt, nor are conspiracies achi rebellions. Herbert Aptheker ha "provided extensive evidence" "organized efforts at freedom . . . a regular and ever-recu phenomenon." To the contrary theker's book is a lamentably dentious and axe-grinding which relies heavily on rumor conjecture and unsubstantiate port. . . .

It is increasingly clear that complex social reasons the evol of the system [of slavery] was the standpoint of the Negro r gressive and degenerate, beco eventually totalitarian and *ps cally* destructive to a degree n known before in the history of man bondage. Viewed in this (and I believe it to be a true pers tive), the white man's ancestral becomes even more oppressive we had thought all along. Non less, it is more wise and salutar come to grips with this view to postulate the notion—almos romantic in its way as that of Southern apologist—of an histo landscape with a black Spart near every farm and county seat do that is to conceive of the inst tion of slavery in the United St as less intimidating and more missive than it really was, and risk falsification.

La Dolce Acade

Richard Gilbert's view of U brought back poignant memories Good Time at UCLA: An Eng View," April]. As graduates of relaxed yet challenging institut both my husband and I reminis over the parking problems (m hectic in the 'fifties), the cam hangouts, and the registration enrollment lines that often exten



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the street and around the cor-
or blocks. (In crowds nowadays
usband and I often incorporate
se of our well-trained "UCLA
s.") . . .
spite its large enrollment and
faculty, UCLA offered an op-
nity for such diverse interests
one could see a folk-dance
al at noon, a wind ensemble
rt at 2.00 P.M., and possibly a
e on Dante's *Inferno* at the end
day. The campus had such an
tic drawing power that even
graduation, summer school
ns drew me back again and
.

MRS. NANCY RABIN
Topeka, Kans.

keley may be harder to "stay
ut it is not harder to "get in"
UCLA. The entrance require-
are the same.

LEN PEARLSTEIN
New York, N. Y.

Stalin's Smile

v ungrateful and pedantic of
jump on a single word (a mere
ive) in a most enlightening
ation to "The New Soviet Oli-
y" [April]. Yet Charles W.
r's characterization of Stalin's
as "pharisaical" raises hackles.
sage goes back to late sixteenth
arly seventeenth century. The
on, of course, is to polemical
ges in Matthew and Luke,
y "scribes and pharisees,
rites." Informed Christian
ht in the twentieth century has
aised Wyclif's (1599) and
's (1601) connotations of
see as stickler for doctrine and
without genuine piety, as a
ghteous hypercritical hypo-

rge Foot Moore writes in
m in the First Centuries of
hristian Era, "The Pharisees
ndeavored by teaching and
le to establish a higher stand-
religion in Judaism. . . . that
narisees as a whole were con-
and calculating hypocrites
unimaginable. . . . Judaism is
nument of the Pharisees." . . .
ull the adjective "pharisaical"
the cobwebbed vocabulary of
edievalism and to associate it
ularly with the demoniacal
of Stalin suggests the level of



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Abraham Lincoln

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LETTERS

reviving burnt-cork black
clowns on the stage today. L
Thayer and editors of new E
dictionaries please note.

DR. ELY E. PILCHIK, a
South Orange

The Persian Mys

I have read with great in
John Fischer's "Report from
[Easy Chair, March and April
I have found it most perceptive.
ever, I am afraid that in h
scription of the circumstance
rounding the discovery of the M
treasure he is inaccurate. . . . T
cavation (organized with the st
support of the Shah, the
Minister, Dr. Amini, and the
ister of Education) is a resu
fourteen months of dedicated
tific excavation and not of a
period of hurried digging, as
Fischer describes it.

It was only after a chan
government that the quality of
ernment support deteriorated
finally all funds were cut off an
excavation had to be disconti
. . . Mr. Fischer should reco
that as long as Dr. Amini rem
in office as Prime Minister th
pedition was vigorously and
tively supported by the governm
for a strong and capable man h
effect even in such a country as

MIRIAM NEGA
Iowa City,

Iran's new generation, unf
nately for the Shah, is . . . determ
to obtain and freely enjoy
human rights. . . . There is no d
in our minds that once the exis
system of Shahdom is overthr
a truly democratic system wil
able to function in Iran. . . .

If American foreign policy w
. . . stop supporting one-man c
tries like Iran, emergence of d
cratic government would not b
costly to Iranians as it is now.
Fischer implies that it might
the interest of the U. S. to conti
to send tanks and guns to the S
These guns are being used to ef
tively suppress the educated mi
ity. For the sake of human
therefore, I plead that the U. S.
thorities consider sending s
blanks with these tanks and g
Believe me, the targets are no ot





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During the summer snack-grabbing season, milk and other dairy foods are particularly important to good nutrition in helping to provide balanced diets for the whole family. So don't let sketchy eating habits get you down. Just be sure there's plenty of ice cold milk on the table.

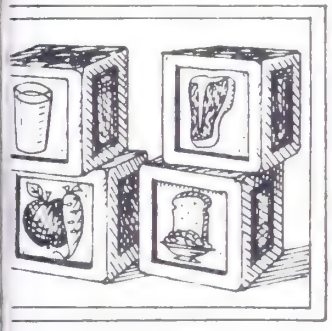
It's up to you!

In most families, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Basic food habits are usually established by the time the child enters sc and these patterns for eating be a very important factor ir measure of good health and, piness the individual achieves child, as a teen-ager, and a adult.

Far too many parents eith not realize or overlook the da that can occur when childre not learn good eating habits. S children do not achieve all they might in school and in

ities simply because their
s are not properly nourished,
his happens in high income
s as well as in low income
s.

ere is nothing complicated
establishing a family meal
n if the Daily Food Guide is
ed. The Guide suggests four
food groupings to provide a
lation for a balanced diet.



foods are grouped on the
f the kinds of nutrients they
. The groups are: (1) Milk
ther Dairy Foods; (2) Meats,
Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas
eans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and
ibles; (4) Cereals and Breads.
not included in these four
may be selected to round
diet and to provide adequate
intake.

and Other Dairy Foods
to four glasses of milk daily
ldren and teen-agers; at least
lasses daily for adults (or
lent amounts of milk in other
oods such as cheese and ice
. Milk is a very versatile
d can be used in many ways.
se family members who in-
y do not like the taste of
ilk, it is easy to incorporate
to cooking, or milk's flavor
ickly be changed by adding
a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

LETTERS

than young Iranians who demand a chance to vote freely.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Whose Words of Wisdom?

I am delighted by Charlton Ogburn, Jr.'s words on word-watching ["Trials of a Word-watcher," April] and by his foolhardy courage in writing them. I should never dare make the attempt, myself, for fear of saying *apt* when I really meant *likely* or *found out* rather than *found* or *discovered*. (It is the fate of us purists to taunt each other—and those of us whose typing fingers freeze when we think of attempting to compose a single pure paragraph are the best taunters.)

BARBARA A. BROWN
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Ogburn has written a witty plea for linguistic purism. But when he laments the deterioration of *presently* to the meaning of *now* and the relegation of *now* to the dustbin of *eftsoons*, he should remember that Lear was still sane when he cried:

Go tell the Duke and's wife
I'd speak with them,
Now, presently!

For *presently* once meant *now*, not what it means now. And *presently* will probably mean *now* once again presently. Alas, the deterioration of language is eftsoons circular.

DOUGLAS SCOTT
Santa Monica, Calif.

Although Mr. Ogburn classifies himself as a "pathological word-watcher" he proves that he is not an anatomic word-watcher. I worked *my* jaw muscles and clenched *my* fists when I read his sentence which ended, ". . . has fewer brains than a rabbit." Intelligence is a function of the integration within a single brain, both in rabbits and in higher species. There is no more than one brain per individual. So shaken was I that for the remainder of the article I read with my hearts in my mouths.

STUART R. JAFFEE, M.D.
Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Ogburn suggests that Readers Brown and Jaffee see the Oxford English Dictionary.



A Time of Juveniles

by Eric Hoffer

There was a week several years ago during which the newspapers reported an epidemic of student riots spreading from Istanbul to Teheran, Bombay, Saigon, Seoul, Tokyo, and Mexico City. Most of the riots had an anti-American flavor. And I remember how, early one morning, while waiting for the bus that would take me to the waterfront, I saw the headline of still another riot, and heard myself snorting with disgust: "History made by juvenile delinquents!"

The sound of my words had a peculiar effect on me. Inside the bus I did not look at the newspaper but sat staring in front of me. Who makes history? Is it the old? How much of a role did the young play in shaping events? Things were coming together in my mind; I remembered that years ago I had inserted in *The Passionate State of Mind* an aphorism which read: "History is made by men who have the restlessness, impressionability, credulity, capacity for make-believe, ruthlessness, and self-righteousness of children. It is made by men who set their hearts on toys. All leaders strive to turn their followers into children." This insight which came to me from observing two willful godchildren in action had been filed away in my mind and did not affect my thinking. Now I concluded that we can hardly know how things happened in history unless we keep in mind that much of the time it was juveniles who made them happen.

Until relatively recent times man's span of life was short. Throughout most of history the truly old were a rarity. In an excavation of one of the world's oldest cemeteries, the skeletons showed that the average age of the population at death was less than twenty-five, and there is no reason to suppose that the place was unusually unhealthy. Thus it seems plausible that the momentous discoveries and inventions of the Neolithic Age —such as the wheel, calendar, and brickmaking—were the work of an almost childlike population and were probably made in the course of play. Nor is it likely that the ancient myths and legends, with their fairy-tale pattern and erotic symbolism, were elaborated by burnt-out old men.

The history of less ancient periods, too, reveals the juvenile character of their chief actors. Many observers have remarked on the smallness of the armor which has come down to us from the Middle Ages. Actually, the men who wore this armor were not grown-ups. They were married at thirteen, were warriors and leaders in their late teens, and senile at thirty-five or forty. Without some familiarity with the juvenile mentality and the aberrations of juvenile delinquency it would be difficult to make sense of the romanticism, trickery, and savagery which c acterized the Middle Ages. Nor things change markedly in the teenth century. Montaigne tell that he hardly ever met a man a as fifty. In the first half of the teenth century, Charles V bec Holy Roman Emperor at the ag twenty, Francis I became King France at twenty-one, and H VIII King of England at eightee

They Never Grew

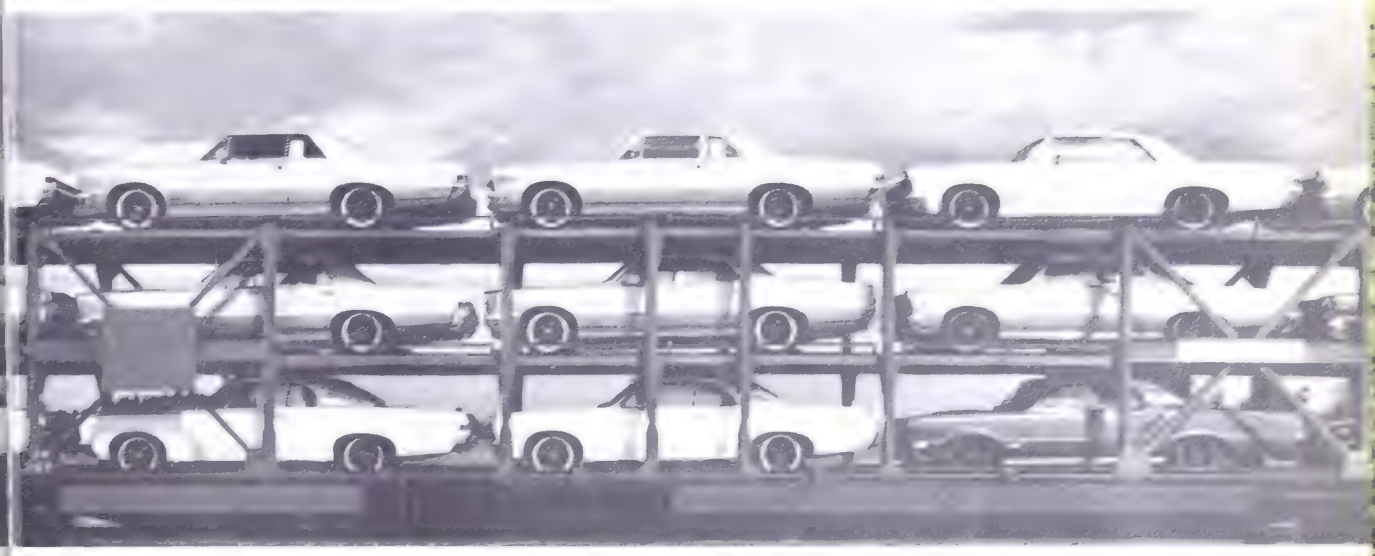
But is juvenile mentality conf to adolescents? Do people autom cally grow up as they grow old Are there not teen-agers of ev age? In 1502 Cardinal Giuliano d Rovere was elected Pope at the of fifty-nine. He took the name Julius II in honor of Julius Cae whom he esteemed the greatest who ever lived, and whose career determined to emulate. So on threshold of old age he put on hel and cuirass, mounted a horse and out to become a conqueror. Cle the juvenile mentality may per or reemerge later, even in old

In all times there are people

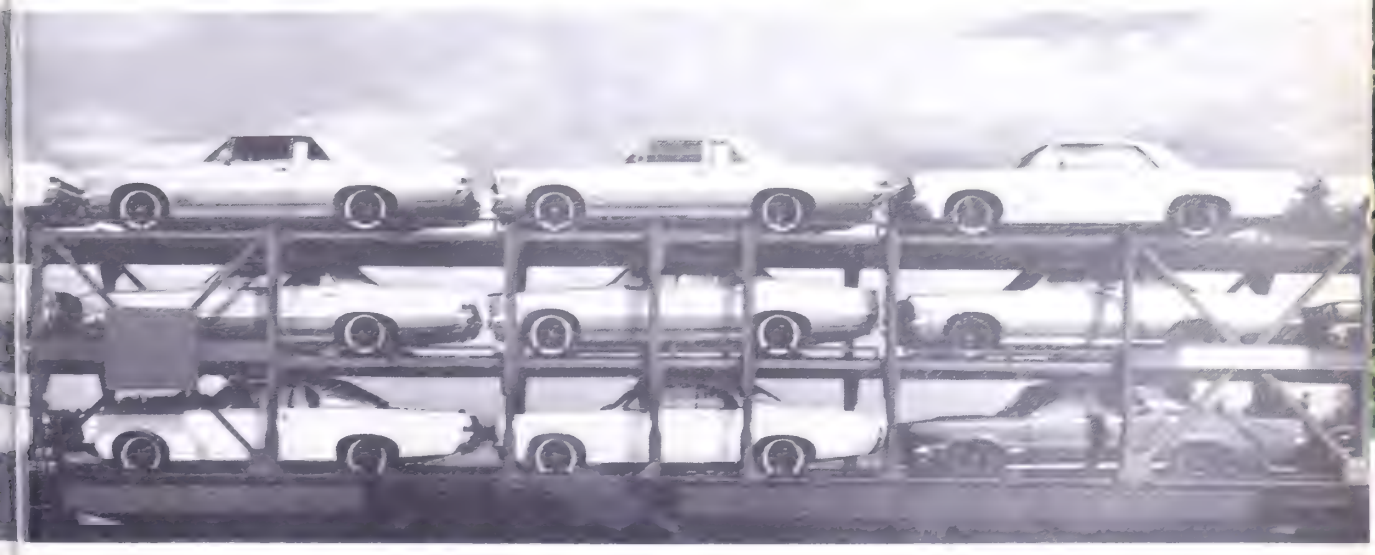
Mr. Hoffer, a Pacific Coast lo shoreman, won sudden recognition a writer with the publication of "The True Believer" in 1951. His la book is "The Ordeal of Change."



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cannot grow up, and there are times when whole societies begin to think and act like juveniles. The twentieth century in particular has seen juvenilization on an almost global scale. No one can fail to discern the juvenile character of communism, fascism, racism (Ku Klux Klan), and the mass movements erupting at present in the underdeveloped parts of the world. Almost all the leaders of the new or renovated countries—de Gaulle, Castro, Sukarno, Nkruma, and the rest—have a pronounced juvenile element in their make-up.

Arthur Koestler suggests that there is in the revolutionary "some defective quality" which keeps him from growing up. The indications are, however, that the present trend toward juvenile behavior has been gathering force for over a century and has affected people who cannot be classed as revolutionaries. Such behavior was rampant on the frontier and in gold-rush camps, and the American go-getter, though he has no quarrel with the status quo, is as much a perpetual juvenile as any revolutionary. Militant nationalism, too, though not primarily revolutionary in character, fosters juvenile manifestations in all sorts of people. Laurens Van der Post calls nationalism "the juvenile delinquency of the contemporary world." Clearly, the childish pattern is not confined to people with "some defective quality" which keeps them from growing up, but may arise or be induced in all types.

To understand the process we must know something about the genesis of the juvenile mentality in the adolescent. We shall not get anywhere by looking for differences in brain structure or the nervous system between adolescent and adult. I know of no demonstrable differences. The reasonable approach is to assume that the adolescent's behavior is induced largely by his mode of existence, by the situation in which he finds himself. This would imply that adults, too, when placed in a similar situation, would behave more or less like juveniles.

Now, the chief peculiarity of the adolescent's existence is its in-betweenness: It is a phase of transition from childhood to manhood, a phase of uprootedness and drastic change. If our assumption is correct, other types of drastic change should evoke a somewhat similar psychological pattern. There should be a family likeness between the adolescents and people who migrate from one country to another, or are converted from one faith to another, or pass from one way of life to another —as when peasants are turned into industrial workers, serfs into free men, civilians into soldiers, and people in undeveloped countries are subjected to rapid modernization.

Staging a Madhouse

Let us have a close look at the experience of change. After the second world war, backward countries in Asia and Africa began to modernize themselves in an atmosphere charged with passion and a deafening clamor. As a naïve American I asked myself why the sober, practical task of modernization—of building factories, roads, dams, schools, and so forth—should require the staging of a madhouse. In *The Ordeal of Change* I tried to find answers to this question. My central idea was that drastic change is a profoundly upsetting experience, that when we face the new and unprecedented, our past experience and accomplishments become obsolete and are a hindrance rather than an aid. What Montaigne said of death is also true of the wholly new: "We are all apprentices when we come to it." We are all misfits when we have to fit ourselves to a new situation. And misfits live and breathe in an atmosphere of passion. We used to think that revolutions are the cause of change. Actually it is the other way around: change prepares the ground for a revolution. The difficulties and irritations inherent in the experience of change render people receptive to the appeal of a revolution. Change comes first. Where things have not changed at all there is the least likelihood of revolution.

However, the staging of a madhouse in the process of modernization is not peculiar to backward countries in Asia and Africa. We have been living in an apocalyptic madhouse staged on a global scale by Germany, Russia, and Japan, which set out to industrialize themselves at breakneck speed. There is also more to the experience of drastic change than a state of unfitness—the mass ments, upheavals, and wars whi a by-product of change indicat the process involves the deepe ers of man's soul. After all, c such as the world has seen d the last hundred years is some wholly unprecedented in huma perience. It would be legit therefore, to assume that there man's nature a built-in resista change. We are not only afra the new, but convinced that w not really change, that we can ourselves to the new only by g out of our skin and assuming identity. In other words, d change generates a need for a birth and a new identity. And i haps depends on the way this is satisfied whether the proce change runs smoothly or is att with convulsions and explosion

It is of interest to have a look at the means employed by ossified primitive societies to the passage from childhood to hood. In the Congo, boys at th of fifteen are declared dead, into the forest and there sub to purification, flagellation, a toxication with palm wine, res in anesthesia. The priest-ma (*ngànga*) who is in charge t them a special language and them special food. Finally com rites of reintegration in whi novices "pretend not to know h walk or eat and, in general, a if they were newly born and relearn all the gestures of ord life." * In several Australian t the boy is taken violently fro mother who weeps for him. subjected to physical and m weakening to simulate death, a finally resurrected and taught t as a man.

The interest of their rites their motif of rebirth rather th any bearing they may have on c in a civilized society. In the m world change overtakes a whole lation, and the denouement is return to an immemorial way of Here the sense of rebirth and a identity are created by mass m ments or mass migrations. On comes a member of a glorious

* Arnold van Gennep, *The Rit Passage* (University of Chicago 1960).



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, a glorious Japan, a master a nation of heroic warriors des- to conquer the world; or one a revolutionary or religious ment which envisages a new or one actually emigrates to a country and becomes a new man. e tale of Moses and the exodus uminous example of the difficul- encountered, and the outlandish s that have to be employed, in ealization of drastic change.

ses wanted to accomplish a rela- simple thing: he wanted to form the enslaved Hebrews into men. But being a genuine leader, s knew that the task of endow- he liberated slaves with a new ity and immersing them in a life was not at all simple and red the employment of extrava- means. The exodus from Egypt he first step. But more vital was ction of a chosen people led by ghty Jehovah to a promised land kind of milieu essential for a ic human transformation.

w the human transformation n took place during the last hun- years was not the turning of s into free men but drastic ges brought about by the Indus- Revolution. Here too the sense birth was generated by exoduses s migrations), the fiction of a n people, and the vision of a ised land. In Europe, during the d half of the nineteenth cen- the wholesale transformation asants into industrial workers rise not only to nationalist and utionary movements but also to rushes to the New World, par- rly the United States, where European peasant was literally ssed into a new man—made to a new language, adopt a new of dress, a new diet, and often name.

Primitive and Plastic

juvenile, then, is the archetypal in transition. Juvenile impulses fest themselves in people of all —even the change of retirement evoke a juvenile pattern in the etired shopkeepers and farmers made southern California a ing ground of juvenile cults, as, and wild schemes. The Birch ment with its unmistakable of juvenile delinquency was initiated by a retired candy maker and is sustained largely by retired business executives, generals, and admirals.

The significant point is that juvenilization inevitably results in some degree of primitive social behavior. We are up against the great paradox of the twentieth century; namely, that a breakneck technological advance has gone hand in hand with a return to tribalism, charismatic leaders, medicine men, credulity, and tribal wars. The tendency has been to blame the machine. There is a considerable literature on the barbarizing and dehumanizing effects of the machine: how it turns us into robots and slaves, stifles our individuality, and dwarfs our lives. Most of the indictments of the machine come of course from writers, poets, philosophers, and scholars—men of words—who have no firsthand experience of working and living with machines. It should also be noted that long before the advent of the machine age the same types of men of words looked upon common people who did the world's work as soulless robots and automated ghouls. They have always viewed as materialistic the effort to turn matter to the service of man. Anyone who has worked with machines knows that they can be as temperamental and willful as any living thing, and that communion with machines does not blunt our sensibilities. The proficient mechanic is an alert and intuitive human being. On the waterfront one can see how the ability to make a fork-lift or a winch do one's bidding with precision and finesse generates a peculiar exhilaration, so that the skilled lift-driver and winch-driver are as a rule of good cheer, and work as if at play. Even if it were proven beyond a doubt that the assembly line makes robots of workers, it still affects only a small fraction of the population, and cannot be held responsible for the nature of a whole society.

No, it is not the machine as such but drastic change which produces this social primitivism. Where a new identity is found by embracing a mass movement, for example, the reason is obvious: a mass movement absorbs and assimilates the individual into its corporate body, and does so by stripping the individual of his own opinions, tastes, and values. He



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THE EASY CHAIR

is thereby reduced to an infa ti state, for this is what a new r really means: to become like a il And children are primitive bein s they are credulous, follow a le l and readily become members f pack. Immigration produces a r lar reaction. Like a child, the i r grant has to learn to speak, and to act and assert himself. Fi l primitivism also follows when p seek a new identity by plunging n ceaseless action and hustling. It k leisure to mature. People in a h r can neither grow nor decay; h are preserved in a state of perp puerility.

The question is whether this s primitivism is merely an unfortu a by-product or whether it is a i factor in the process of change. h a society needs above all when i h to adjust itself to wholly new c tions is a high degree of human ticity. Now, a population ren juvenile and primitive tends t come a homogeneous, plastic m We who have lived through Stalin-Hitler era know that o the most striking functions of a movement is the inducement of ticity—the creation of a popul that will go through breathta somersaults at a word of comm and can be made, in the word Boris Pasternak, "to hate wh loves and love what it hates."

The True Believer is, then, a tic human type thrown up l century of ceaseless change. adaptation to change has also duced the American hustler, a as juvenile, primitive, and plast the True Believer, but functio without ideology and the magi communion. The immigrant, too, ing been stripped of his tradit and habits, is easily molded. Fin there is the plastic type of the rior. All through history conque have learned more willingly readily from the conquered than other way around. The conqu does not see imitation as an ac submission and proof of his in quacy. It is a fact that nations a warrior tradition, such as the J nese and the inheritors of Gen Khan in Outer Mongolia, find transition of modernization less cult than nations of subjected p ants such as Russia and China. T is thus a kernel of practicalnes

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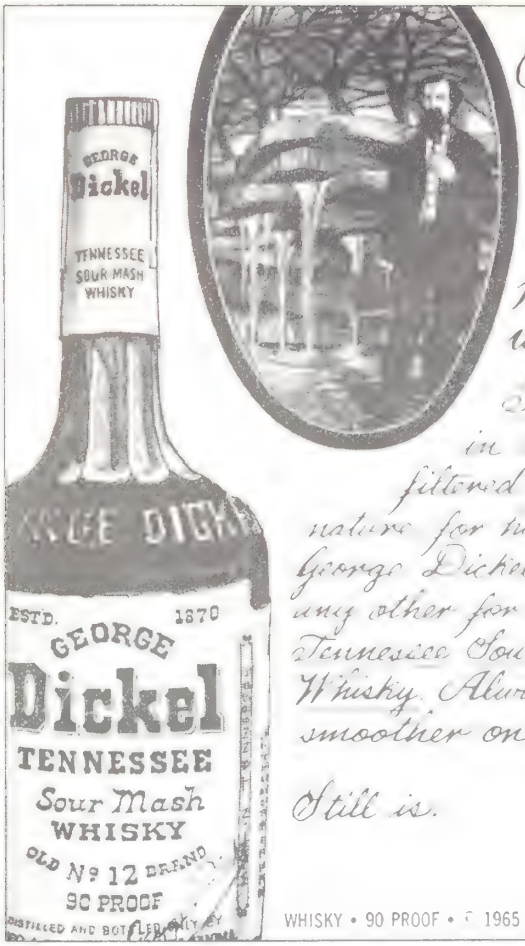
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the preposterous tendency of ... donesia or an Egypt to cast it... ple in the role of warriors. It ... plausible that the defeat of ... million Arabs by tiny Israel i... dering the modernization of the ... world difficult and painful.

The Uneasy and Up...

To sum up: The throes of th... chine age stem not from the ma... as such but from the social d... tion caused by the rapid transf... tion of millions of peasants ... urban industrial workers. It wa... abrupt change in the life o... European masses in the secon... of the nineteenth century whi... leased the nationalist, revoluti... and racialist movements tha... still with us. A similar chan... the backward countries of ... Africa, and Latin America is ... setting off the social tremor... keep our world in a state o... petual shock.

In instances where large ... movement of peasants into the ... has taken place without industr... tion, the social consequences ... been equally explosive, as we ... seen in recent decades in Latin ... ica. In largely nonindustrial A... tina, Chile, Cuba, Uruguay, ... Venezuela, restless, unemp... townsmen already outnumber ... trymen. Here rapid industriali... when it comes will find mass ... urbanized peasants ready t... processed into factory workers ... the result is likely to be a con... able easing of social unrest ... than revolution.

The curious thing is that wit... coming of automation we ma... something like the present ... American pattern emerging i... advanced industrialized coun... The banishing of workers by ... mation from factories, wareh... etc. will fill the cities with mi... of unemployed workers waitin... something to happen. Condemn... inaction, and deprived of a sen... usefulness and worth, they wi... come receptive to extremism, a... political and racial intolerance. ... it seems that in our present ... problems come and go but th... products remain the same, an... end of The Time of Juveniles i... where in sight.



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After Hours



Two-a-Day Circuit in Virginia Colleges

by Russell Lynes

On the third day, between the fifth lecture and the sixth, there was a respite of a few hours, and I spent them at Monticello to collect my wits. It was a late winter day with a sky the color of pewter and cobalt and the texture of down, and a bright sun made the white columns and dome and pediments of the house whiter than paper. Mr. Jefferson's university (my next quarry) was visible from his terrace, the great rotunda standing above its famous "lawn" and lesser temples of physical and intellectual exercise. To Virginians and, I was told, to many other Southerners the University of Virginia at Charlottesville is known reverentially as "The University"; all other universities, whether in Virginia or not, must be called by such ordinary names as Harvard, Howard, or Yale. There is only one "The University," Jefferson's child.

His state, however, is studded with institutions of higher learning, some more distinguished than others, but nearly all of them (twenty-four to be precise) bound together not only in common cause but in cooperative activity. At dinner with several members of the faculty of The University, a historian said to me, "It won't be long before Virginia is going to be considered one of the Middle Atlantic states, not one of the Southern states." Cooperative activity among the colleges may well be an important factor in such a shift, which is intellectual rather than geographical.

I was in Virginia for only three days, but I traveled about five hundred miles by car and lectured at six institutions. I was the guest of an organization called the University Center in Virginia, whose headquarters are in the house in Richmond where Ellen Glasgow wrote her novels (she died in 1945), and more specifically I was the guest of Colonel Herbert W. K. Fitzroy, whose laugh and figure and intelligence are robustious. I was the seventeenth "Visiting Scholar" (*sic*) to have lectured during the academic year, and there were eleven others to come after me.

The Visiting Scholars Program which is shared by the twenty-four colleges that belong to the University Center (only six Virginia Colleges are not members and that is because they are too far separated geographically from the others to make cooperative programs feasible) is just one of several programs for which Colonel Fitzroy, president of the University Center, greases the wheels. It is the best publicized because it brings many distingu scholars and writers (and obvi an occasional dilettante) int state and hence under the scr of the press. From the visitor's of view the two-a-day circuit s like a dead run through the nades and Gothic portals of ginia's collegiate architecture scarcely time to capture the sen any one place. But there is als advantage to this. The six in tions he visits become one in tion in retrospect and that in tion necessarily has some of flavor of Virginia higher educ as a whole.

Wherever I went, the first tion I was asked was "How's Colonel?" and the question wa variably asked with a combin of affection, respect, and the knowledge of an equally affecti and respectful reply. To the f ties of the cooperating colleges Colonel *is* the University Ce Officially, however, the Unive Center is something quite else is a model (and therefore worth plaining) for other communitie colleges which would do well to their resources—intellectual, p ical, and occasionally financial. and more communities are doin



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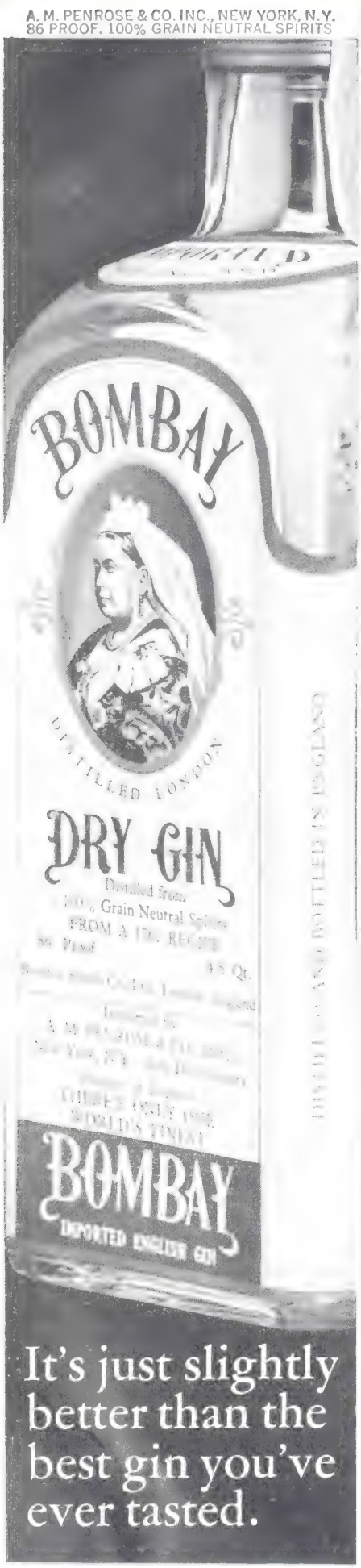
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[illegible] AVENUE [illegible]



AFTER HOURS

The idea of the University Center predates the Virginia experiment (which got under way in 1946). The General Education Board in 1938 made a grant to Vanderbilt University, George Peabody College, and Scarritt College for a library on the condition that the three institutions, all in Nashville, pool their books and establish a single central library.

According to Colonel Fitzroy, "This experiment worked. It was geographically simple because the three campuses abut, and it led to a second General Education Board grant to seven institutions in Atlanta. That one was to find out if cooperation among an increased number of institutions would work. The Virginia experiment has shown that increased numbers not only will work, but will work over a fairly wide area. To start with, we had nine colleges scattered over a hundred-mile radius; now it includes twenty-four." My own tour took me more than one hundred and twenty-five miles from Richmond; the radius has increased.

In Lexington, in order to get from the hotel where I was put up to the administration building of the Virginia Military Institute, I was driven past a most awesome lot of be-columned real and pseudo-Greek revival buildings. I asked my driver if this was VMI and was told that it was Washington and Lee. A minute later I was faced by a parade ground on which several hundred young men were having spring football practice and behind them stood a row of crenelated Gothic revival buildings, yellow against an early evening sky.

I was ushered into the office of General Lloyd J. Davidson (one-star), dean of VMI, and formerly a member of the English faculty at the University of Chicago, who said that the highest rank he'd held in World War II was that of major and that it took quite a while to get used to being a B.G. After dinner in the officers' mess, I was faced with about five hundred cadets in gray uniforms, an array of flags hanging from the Gothic piers of the assembly hall, some faculty (and wives), and a scattering of un-uniformed young men and women.

My subject was pretty un-uniformed too; I talked about American taste—with slides. Everybody likes to look at pictures; cadets no exception, and afterwards the "corps" was dismissed by General, some of them stayed asked questions. A few others stayed were from next door. I I asked the General about coo tion between VMI and Washir and Lee, and he said that shared books, had in comm Union Catalogue of their libr (one of the oldest forms of co cooperation), and that membe the faculty crossed occasionally the classrooms of one college t other. "Now that we've give athletic competition between the schools," the General said, "we no trouble." I was surprised to that VMI is a state institution that it has no official military st though its most famous gradua General of the Army Georg Marshall.

There are many other kind facilities besides lecturers and ulty and library books that shared by the members of the versity Center. "An incredible tion is still possible in the colleges of America," Colonel roy said. "Our Virginia camp were no exception." One of th tacks on this has been the Vis Scholars Program, but geogra remoteness was not the only of isolation. Isolation can be ca by too little money in the till rigid traditions, too overbea conservatism of alumni, too pride, and, as Colonel Fitzroy "too much competition for f for students, for faculty mem and, lamentably, for football ers."

The colleges in Virginia are from well-heeled. Only two have stantial endowments, The Univer and Hampton Institute, neithe which suffers from isolation. H ton, traditionally a Negro insti (though I was told when I was t that there are now fifty white dents), has long attracted f from foundations and from Virginia philanthropists and h reputation that other Negro col aspire to. It suffers less from i tion, I was assured by the di guished head of its French de ment, than from the quality of preparation that most of its stud

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received in the schools of the
1. "They can learn," he said,
's just a matter of memorizing,
when you ask them to consider
oblem and come to conclusions
eir own, they think they're be-
icked on. Nobody's ever taught
to think or to think that think-
s a part of learning."

t one of the kinds of coopera-
that the University Center has
nplished is to get the presidents
e white and the Negro colleges
t down together and to work
her, a fact less surprising in
outhern intellectual community
than when it first came to pass
lasgow House in Richmond a
er of years ago. In those days,
ding to the Colonel, "The presi-
of the colleges were apt to
a joking relationship with each
, but seldom met together." He
ot referring to the relationships
een administrators of Negro
white colleges but of all the col-
It was the pressures on the
utions to expand, the need for
and more expensive equipment
sciences, the shortage of quali-
faculty and specialists, that
the experiment in cooperation
ssful. Even so, it took dozens
ozens of conferences and meet-
and consultations and wrangles.
mere thought of the faculty-
ng debates is numbing," the
el said in a talk a few years
n "Institutional Cooperation"
rinceton, "for here will be
d issues that will give small
far broader fields than they
ever known in which to exer-
heir limitations."

Colonel drove me to the first of
ectures. It was at Randolph-
men's college in Ashland
is also a women's college by
me name in Lynchburg), and
the first outsider to use a
-new auditorium, Haley Hall.
the lecture the Colonel sug-
to Professor George Oliver,
vas in charge, that the Center
plaque to be put in the hall
emorating its first use by a
ing Scholar." The Colonel does
ant the colleges to be unmind-
what the work at the Center
to them. "Some of the pro-
we have tried to initiate have
come to anything," he told me
as we drove back to Richmond. "We tried having a pool of portable scientific equipment and a deposit library. They never got off the ground. The idea of a central film library is only now beginning to take hold. There is a curious reluctance in this automotive age on the part of both faculty and students to be moved."

And computers? "Only after each institution has acquired some form of this new status symbol will we get anywhere. We've taken only a frightened look in the direction of the computer."

Art programs? "We are working with the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts to get them to use their 'artmobile' [a trailer truck fitted out as a traveling exhibition hall] to circulate exhibits of painting and sculpture to fit in with going courses at the institutions in art appreciation and history."

There are many other programs: research grants, especially for younger faculty members, exchange of faculty, "cooperative professors" who teach in several institutions sharing the expense, an Asian Studies Program (now Ford Foundation supported), and so on.

I asked the Colonel how the Center was financed. "Some of our programs—like the one you are in now—are self-supporting; the colleges all chip in. We started with funds from the General Education Board; now there are other funds coming in from foundations." He was no more specific than that, and I didn't press him.

In my three days I got to two other colleges besides those I've mentioned, Mary Baldwin College in Staunton, a gathering of yellow-and-white temples perched precipitously on a steep hillside, where I talked to a huddle of young ladies and a few faculty in a vast hall, and Bridgewater College, where I was part of a "Fine Arts Festival" and talked to practically everybody including the president and the dean, who turned up for what I discovered was a convocation.

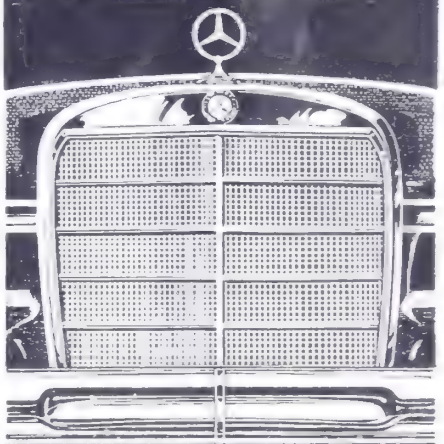
I wished that I might have been able to stay longer, but by then I needed the orderly household of Mr. Jefferson to restore not only peace but perspective to my mind. Lecturing can give a man a very distorted view of himself.

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A Quiet Day with the Chavender

by J. A. Maxtone Graham

The chavender, chevin, or chub is, gastronomically speaking, the least desirable fish of British or of any waters; there is no record of anyone's coming back for more after tasting its cotton wool liberally stuffed with sharp needles. As a quarry, however, a three- or four-pounder presents a challenge of the first order.

One of the pleasantest spots to try for a chub is in a short stretch of the Oxfordshire Windrush where the water is controlled by the owners of the pub called "The Rose Revived." Here, for five shillings a day, you can see monstrous portly chub slowly sinking out of view at the first glimpse of your shadow. With a little luck, one or two of them may decide that the lump of Gouda or Edam cheese on your hook is just what they want for the next meal. Then, if all goes well, you can bring it to the net in a few minutes, and gently return it to the water. I have never been able to decide in my own mind if this—the catching of fish purely for pleasure—is more unkind than purposeful killing for the table.

One summer day, feeling a little restless, I drove to the river and sat drifting my line down a likely pool. A light breeze rustled in the willows behind me; a musical trickle of clear water fell over the weir on my right; a pair of swans gracefully circled the water before me. It was a proper setting for all the quiet pleasures of life.

Suddenly there was a strident shriek and a splash and a confused movement of white, and the number of swans increased to three. A cob, head of the family of seven which lives at the mill above the weir, had accidentally slipped too far downstream, was washed over the stone-work by the current, and had er... up in enemy territory. The cob ... lives below the weir was not plea... and with a surprising absence ... hissing went to work to defend ... f... and home.

In no time at all the stream ... strewn with hundreds of curly wh... feathers; the home cob's mas... wings—wings which, according t... legend, can break the arm of a fu... —savagely battered the other's b... Necks were twined around each o... in an effort to get leverage. Once ... mill cob was forced over on his s... and it seemed impossible that ... could ever right himself be... drowning, but he gave a shake an... dive and came up with his guard ... made a quick feint and tore a b... ful of down out of the weir c... breast. But the older male, the on... whose territory the battle was be... fought, had a clear advantage ... weight and experience; moreover ... had the sympathy of the crowd, ... his wife, the pen, cruised around ... her neck stretched high, gurg... emotionally with delight that ... should be the cause of such mayh...

It was better than the most vio... of dogfights. Soon the action shi... place as the mill cob decided to ... the hell out of it back up the w... But, exhausted by his experien... he could not climb the slippery st... slope fast enough; the other sho... some nifty footwork, overtook h... jumped on his back, gripped him ... the neck with his beak, and trie... hold the intruder's head below wa... while the pen craned forward ... satisfy herself that a good ... thorough job was being done. S... denly, the strain told, and all th... lost their footing and rolled b... into the pool, where I had long si... given up trying to fish. Then the ... cob made another attempted g... away, this time up a steep gra... path beside the weir; again he ... caught and seized, and dragged b... to the Windrush, where his head ... held firmly under the surface ... almost a minute.

One cannot help siding with the ... derbird in such cases, and it was ... work of only a moment for me ... pick out a suitable rock and plug ... weir cob in the side from a range ... four yards. He let go his hold, hi... ing spitefully at me, and his vict... seized his chance and staggered ...

Mr. Maxtone Graham lives in Berkshire, England, and contributes to magazines of several worlds—from "Nichibei Forum" (Tokyo) to "Harper's" and "The Scottish Landowner."



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The University of Washington experiments—for sport and food—with mighty salmon, battling trout, and brand-new hybrids

by Murray Morgan

And . . .

THE PROFESSIONAL RADICAL:
CONVERSATIONS WITH SAUL ALINSKY, PART II

HISTORY BY THE OUNCE *by Barbara W. Tuchman*

NEHRU: A VIEW FROM THE EMBASSY
by Catherine A. Galbraith

WHO WANTS ART? *by Russell Lynes*

THE ENIGMA OF DEAN RUSK *by Joseph Kraft*

the path, bald patches showi over, and neck bleeding in two He would certainly not have another round. As it was, he r the top of the bank and sank w down in a thick patch of bra

It left me in a quandary. If to the beast's aid, I should un edly end up flat on the grou great webbed foot on my back massive chunks being taken my neck. And anyway, what correct treatment for a pa drowned swan? The Kiss of L

I remembered that the Queen all the swans in England, and there is even an official at W Castle entitled Keeper of the S Ought I to get in touch with Or should I telegraph direct proprietrix?

> May it please Your Majesty,
> Mr. Maxtone Graham prese humble duty and has the hon report that one of Your Birds

I walked instead to the n house to call the Royal Societ the Prevention of Cruelty to mals. "I wish to report a n swan. . . ."

My message was taken woman of Central European o Most of the place-names I use Newbridge and Standlake, were unfamiliar to her. It all took time: ". . . lying in the bra B-R-A-M-B-L-E-S."

I went back to the river, to sizable traffic jam cluttering u narrow road for a hundred each way. The wounded swan's the mill pen, had come to see had befallen her mate, and was tively holding the bridge again comers. A truck driver adv toward her, holding a long wr one hiss and a threatening wing and he leaped back into the c organized a small force: myself my long-handled landing ne young man from a jeep wi blanket; two people with p opened umbrellas. We turned h the end, and made her waddle wardly back down the lane to own stretch of the river.

When the traffic had clear returned to the water. I caug chub that day, which was pe just as well. It might, by peopl familiar with the ways of na have been considered cruel.



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Harper's
magazine

The Professional Radical

Conversations with Saul Alinsky



A city set on edge . . ." *Thus the editor of the* Democrat and Chronicle *described the mood of Rochester, New York, last spring, following the arrival from Chicago of Saul Alinsky. He came at the invitation of the city's Protestant Church leaders, to discuss the smoldering racial unrest which erupted into disastrous riots in the long hot summer of 1964.*

Inciting municipal jitters is, in a sense, Alinsky's trade. This summer he will practice it—not only in Rochester but in several other upstate New York cities. Next winter he will be in Kansas City, Mo., where the local press recently portrayed him as a "battler for the poor whose ideas have set thousands marching and resulted in . . . screams of rage, moans and groans. He provokes violent reactions—apparently it is impossible to be neutral in appraising him."

The problem, Alinsky says, is that—unlike his critics—he really believes in democracy. "A democracy lacking in popular participation dies of paralysis," he wrote twenty years ago in a little book called Reveille for Radicals. *In it he blueprinted his design for militant "People's Organizations" which would translate "the despair born of frustration, hopelessness, and apathy" into fruitful action.*

He had, at that time, already brought one such organization into being in his native Chicago. There—in one grim slum—he forged an effective coalition of Catholic priests, left-wing labor leaders, local businessmen, and the stockyard workers. The catalyst of this mass movement was shared anger. The common enemies were the meatpackers, slum landlords, a City Hall dominated by a callous political machine, and bankers who turned their backs on small homeowners in need of mortgages, and on small merchants seeking credit. The tools were picket lines and boycotts, mass meetings, rent strikes, demonstrations, and sit-downs. Conservative Americans were dismayed by these aggressive tactics. They also

caused consternation in "liberal" circles, dedicated to benign, orderly social-welfare programs. As a result the "Back of the Yards" movement and its originator became objects of bitter controversy.

Alinsky had no financial backers when he started work in the stockyard area. He found his support, as well as the potential leaders of the movement, within the community itself—an organizing principle he has adhered to ever since.

A few farsighted and generous Chicagoans saw in Alinsky's unorthodox methods a new and hopeful way of extending to other benighted communities what has now come to be known as the War on Poverty. With their help he formed the Industrial Areas Foundation—a kind of training school for agitators which, over the next fifteen years, helped some forty impoverished communities set up militant organizations. The most celebrated of these is in Woodlawn, a Negro slum adjoining the University of Chicago campus. Charles E. Silberman in his book Crisis in Black and White *has called Woodlawn "the most significant social experiment going on among Negroes in America today." Another staunch Alinsky partisan is Monsignor John Egan who was largely instrumental in winning the support of the Chicago Catholic Archdiocese for the Woodlawn venture.*

At the opposite pole, Dr. Harold Fey, editor of Christian Century, *has accused Alinsky of fomenting "a political movement whose object is to establish control over urban society by raising up from its ruins a 'power structure' dictatorship based on slum dwellers." Another adversary, Julian Levi of the University of Chicago, has charged him with emulating the techniques of "lynch mobs."*

Despite, or perhaps because of, the antagonisms he has roused, Alinsky and his IAF organizers are in increasing demand in troubled communities.

"Wherever I go there is trouble," Alinsky says, with an ironic shrug. Meeting him for the first time is something of a shock. For this firebrand is a tall, squarely built, heavily bespectacled, conservatively dressed man in his mid-fifties. He looks less like a practicing revolutionary than a bemused professor of philosophy en route between campus engagements. This illusion vanishes when he starts to speak. His gestures and his language are muscular, whether he is using the idiom of metaphysics or the vernacular of a tough street fighter. He is at home with both.

Though his activities have often made headlines, Alinsky himself has remained a rather shadowy figure, working in the background, behind the scenes. He and his wife, Jean, live quietly in Chicago, with occasional vacation interludes at their house near Carmel, California. To find out more about the man and his work, we invited him to Harper's *editorial offices for an uninhibited discussion of his ideas, his methods, and himself. We talked for many hours. The narrative that follows has been excerpted from a tape recording of those conversations.*

—Marion K. Sanders

How did I get started? Where did I come from? Chicago. I can curse and hate the town but let anyone else do it and they're in for a battle. There I've had the happiest and the worst times of my life. It's the only place on earth where I've cried. Every street has its personal joy and pain to me. When I go to watch the Cubs or the Bears play and turn off on Addison Street, it isn't just that. On this street is the church of a Catholic Bishop who was a big part of my life; further down is another church where the pastor too has meant a lot to me; and a couple of miles away is a cemetery—well, skip it. Many Chicago streets are pieces of my life and my work. Things that happened there have rocked boats in a lot of cities. Nowadays, I fly all over the country in the course of my work. But when those flaps go down over the Chicago skyline, I know I'm home.

I was born in one of the worst slums in Chicago. It's still there but urban renewal has changed it into an orderly jungle—a public housing project. We were poor—my parents were Russian immigrants, Jewish and very orthodox. My mother still keeps a kosher house. She was only seventeen when she had me. As a kid I remember always living in back of a store. My idea of luxury was to live in an apartment where I could use the bathroom without one of my parents banging on the door for me to get out because a customer wanted to get in.

In my work it's been one "Look Homeward, Angel" after another. I suppose it's because nearly all the places where I used to live are now slums taken over by Negroes or Mexican-Americans or Puerto Ricans. A couple of months ago I talked at a meeting on the West Side of Chicago. It was in one of my old neighborhoods which is now all Negro, and the meeting was in a Baptist church which used to be a synagogue. I



was Bar Mitzvahed there. I remembered it as being the size of the Roman Colosseum but now I saw it was just a little box of a place.

My parents were divorced when I was thirteen or fourteen and my father moved out to California and did pretty well after a while. I was supposed to live with him part of the time. When I first went West to Los Angeles he was living in a Jewish neighborhood called Boyle Heights. Years later when I went back to help organize Mexican-Americans there I was right back in Boyle Heights again.

Most people spend their lives working their way up. But I seem to have been working my way down. Still, who's to say which is really up or really down?

Anyway, I didn't see much of my father except to say, "Hello," and three months later to say, "Goodbye." Out there I lived alone. It was an oddball sort of life. I was going steady with an old bag of twenty-two. When you are sixteen or seventeen, twenty-two is really old. Between moving around with my mother in Chicago and different summer schools out West I must have gone to a dozen different high schools. When I finally graduated from Hollywood High they sent my credits back to the other schools and I wound up with three or four high-school diplomas.

As a kid I don't remember being bothered by a social conscience. Out West I was mad about tennis like the other kids but I never amounted to much in that. Back in Chicago I got obsessed with aviation. I was convinced that it was going to be big stuff and when that happened I wanted to be in the middle of it. On weekends I'd take the elevated out to Checkerboard Air Field. I'd sweep up the hangars, run errands, do anything just so they'd teach me to fly. In those days they were flying the airmail by following the Lincoln Highway. I worked for Yackey's Aircraft, which took people up—ten bucks for ten minutes. One day I saw Tony Yackey killed testing a little sport job he had put together—a T.M. with an OX5 motor—and I decided to be an aeronautical engineer instead of a pilot.

I entered the University of Chicago in 1926. More or less by accident, I majored in archaeology and I fell in love with the subject. It was all very exciting and dramatic to me. The artifacts were not just pieces of stone or clay. My imagination could carry me back to the past so that when I stood in front of an old Inca altar I could hear the cries of human sacrifices. You need a lot of imagination to be a good organizer. Today when I go into a community, I suffer and resent with the people there, and they feel this. It's a big thing in my relationships.

In college I took a lot of sociology courses too, but I can't say they made a deep impression on me. Jim Farrell once wrote—I think it was in *Fortune*—that the sociology department of the University of Chicago is an institution which spends $100,000 on research programs to find out the location of houses of prostitution which any taxi driver could tell them for nothing.

In the sociology department it was a cardinal sin to make a categorical statement. You qualified everything you said; then you qualified the qualifiers and added some footnotes so that the final conclusion had more escape hatches in it than a loan shark's mortgage contract. Today the University of Chicago sociology department is just a tribe of head counters.

Well, when I started working with people I found them asking, "Is it yes or no? Do we go this way or that?" So I had a lot of unlearning to do when I got out of college—including the fancy vocabulary I'd picked up. This is not so easy. When you get your degree you can't wear it around your neck to prove you're educated. So instead you use a lot of three- and four-syllable words. Of course, they aren't any use at all if you really want to communicate with people. You have to talk straight English, using a small word every time you can instead of a big one.

When I was in my third or fourth year of college, some of the students got interested in the coal miners in southern Illinois who were rebelling against John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers Union. We collected some food and chartered a couple of trucks and drove down there to help the starving coal miners. I had a run-in with one of those small-town sheriffs and I got pinched—the first of a whole series of arrests, though it was a new experience for me then. It's ironic—my plunge into social action was to fight John L. Lewis. Later he took a great liking to me.

I learned a lot about organizational tactics watching him and working with him in the early days of the CIO. Many things that happen during an organizing drive are utterly unplanned and the biggest job of a leader is to develop a rationale, a moral basis for these spontaneous actions. For instance, when the first sit-down strikes took place in Flint, no one had really planned them. They were clearly a violation of the law—trespass, seizure of private property. Labor leaders

ran for cover, refused to comment. But Lewis issued a pontifical statement, "A man's right to a job transcends the right of private property," which sounded plausible. It undergirded the sit-downs with a purpose, a direction. If he hadn't done this the strikes might well have collapsed and the Auto Workers' organizing drive would have failed.

This is one of many great lessons Lewis taught me. But it's not the kind of stuff you learn in college.

I graduated—*cum laude* I guess—in 1930. The Depression was on and archaeology was as dead as the subject matter. Who was going to subsidize archaeological expeditions in a time of economic depression? So I couldn't get any kind of a job except some of that make-work stuff around the University where you slice the ragged edges off maps and get paid about ten cents an hour. I didn't need much money the way I was living. I had this Swedish landlady who would say, "Forget about it; pay me when you can." My problem was eating. I knew my mother would gladly give me her last dollar and the last crumb on her table. But she was having a hard time and my father had more or less disappeared from sight. So I'd tell her I had enough. I could have gone on a relief project. But I don't know why this is—I'll steal before I'll take charity.

For a while I solved my eating problem by going into a big deluxe food store where they gave out free samples—little pieces of Danish ham and cheese and so forth. At the dessert counter they always had junket. I guess I ate junket for a month. Then one day two guys came alongside of me and tossed me out on the street—just like one of those old movie comedies. That was the end of that.

Soon after that I was having a cup of coffee in a cheap restaurant—one of a chain. I was meditating, "Here I am such a smart son of a bitch, *cum laude* and all that—how come I can't make a living? I've given society a chance. I've tried a number of legitimate ways. Where do I go from here?"

Then I got an idea. I took my cup of coffee and sat down next to the cashier and chatted with her. Then I got up to go and said, "I'm sorry, I've lost my check." She saw I'd only had a cup of coffee; so she said, "Well that'll be a nickel," and gave me a check. I paid that one and walked four blocks to another restaurant in the same chain with the original nickel check in my pocket. I ate a meal that cost about a buck forty-five—and believe me in those days you could practically buy the fixtures in the joint for that price. I paid the five-cent check when I left.

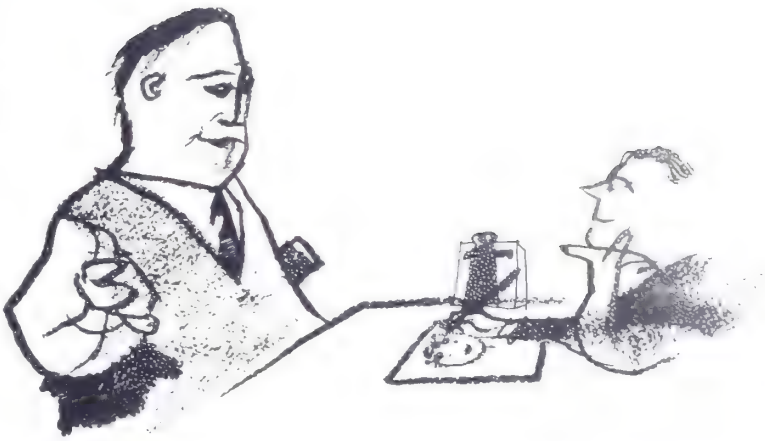
Well, my economy was settled. I could eat for a nickel a day. But then I began to have trouble. I guess you could call it the stirrings of a social conscience. All around the University I saw kids who were in the same boat I was. They were hungry. I found I couldn't keep my big secret to myself. So I put up a sign on one of the bulletin boards inviting anyone who was hungry to a meeting. Well, some of them thought it was a gag. But they came. The place was really jumping. I explained my system, using a big map of Chicago with all the chain restaurants spotted on it—my first practical use of social ecology. I divided them in teams to work the North Side one day and the South Side the other. This went on for about six months. Then all the restaurants installed those little serial machines that stand at the door and you pull out a ticket which is only good in that one place. Automation. Well that finished us.

Then I discovered a very interesting thing. All those kids kept after me asking, "What do we do now?" When I said I didn't know they resented it. There's an old saying about favors extended becoming defined as rights. I found out it's true.

One morning I opened up my mailbox and there was an official letter from Robert Maynard Hutchins, the president of the University, informing me that I had been awarded the Social Science Graduate Fellowship in Criminology. This was a fellowship that carried your tuition and your room and board and waived you through your master's to your doctorate. Why I got it I don't know. I never took a course in criminology and I had only the most casual kind of acquaintance with Hutchins. He'd only been President a year when I graduated. We're good friends now, even though I have a lot of reservations about what goes on in lofty towers whether they're on Morningside Heights or the hills of Santa Barbara—far away from people. I suppose some good—maybe even some important things come out of this *luftmensch* stuff. But I live in a different kind of world.

My assignment as a graduate student was to get insight into crime. I figured the way to do this was to get inside. So I went over to the hotel which everybody knew was the headquarters of the Capone gang. I found one of the characters whose picture I'd seen in the papers and said to him, "I'm Saul Alinsky and I'm studying crimi-

nology at the University of Chicago. Do you mind if I hang around with you?" He looked at me and said, "Get lost punk." The same thing happened several times.



Then one day I was sitting alone in a restaurant. At the next table was one of Capone's top gunmen—I won't mention his name because he may be a big Rotarian now. He had six or seven pals around him and he was saying, "Hey you guys, did I ever tell you about the time I picked up that redhead in . . ." A moan went up around the table, "My God, do we have to hear that one again?"

So I leaned over and plucked his sleeve and said, "Mister, I'd love to hear that story." "You would, kid?" he said. "Pull up a chair." That's the way it went. He had an audience for his stories. He introduced me to Frank Nitti and other people and from then on I was okay with the Capone gang. They knew exactly what I was doing. I was their total student body—they'd kid each other and say, "Hey, Professor, you take over the class." I think it had a certain appeal to their egos.

Anyhow they knew that if I wanted to talk, there was no one to talk to. They owned City Hall, they owned the federal agencies. Maybe I shouldn't say owned. They had their arrangements with the Democratic party and the Republican party. Why, when one of those guys got knocked off, there wasn't any court in Chicago. Most of the judges were at the funeral and some were pallbearers.

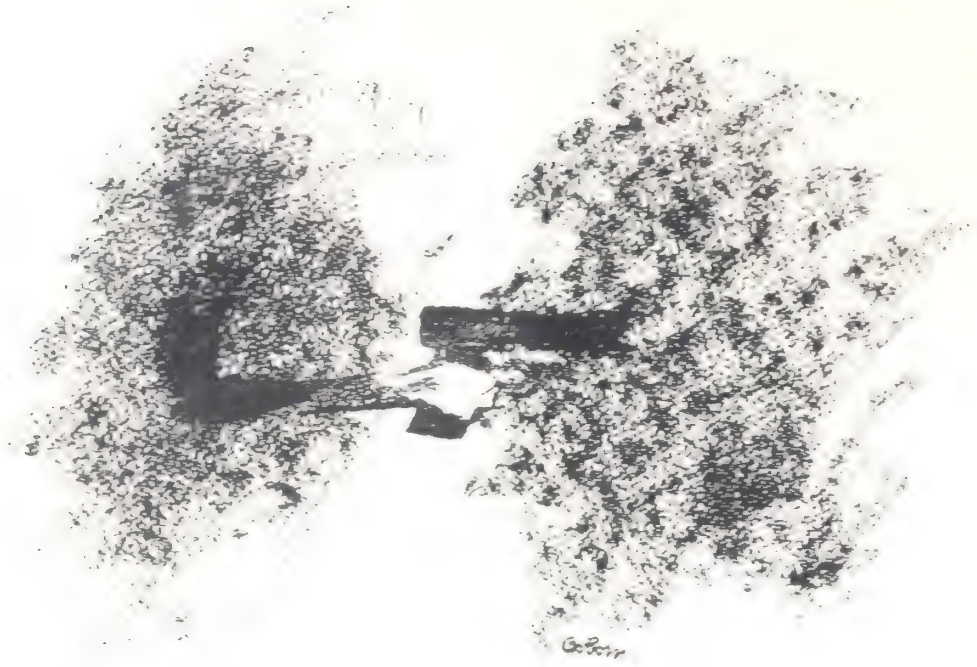
I found out that life is pretty mixed up, that you had to strain to tell who was better than whom. Because here was this criminal gang and here were all the good people who were the market for booze, for dames, for gambling. I came to see the Capone gang as a huge quasi-public utility servicing the population of Chicago. The Capone outfit had really gone public; everyone had stock in it. And the gangsters were the major contributors to charities. When Capone showed up at a Northwestern football game on Boy Scout Day, three thousand Scouts got up and yelled, "Yea Al." That's character building for you.

In the Capone gang I learned, among other things, the terrific importance of personal relationships. Nitti once explained to me why from time to time they were hiring out-of-town killers. It's one thing, he said, to go up to a guy you don't know. You've been told he'll be wearing a dark-gray hat and coat, and so forth. You walk up to him in a crowd and put the gun up against his belly and you let him have a couple and fade off. That's doing a job. But if the killer knows the other guy, when he puts it up against his belly he suddenly looks up and sees his face, he knows his wife, he's taken his kids to the ball game, he knows that if he pulls that trigger there's going to be a widow, kids without a father, there'll be tears, there'll be a funeral—then it becomes murder. It isn't a job anymore, and he's going to hesitate, and maybe not even do it. That was the reason they used out-of-town killers.

This is what sociologists call a "primary relationship." They spend lecture after lecture and all kinds of assigned reading explaining it. Professor Nitti taught me the whole thing in five minutes.

At the end of my second year in graduate school a job with the State Division of Criminology suddenly opened up. I left the University and took the position, figuring I'd come back and do my doctor's some other time. Well, that was the end of that. I never went back, or even gave it another thought. My new bosses wanted me to continue with the Capone thing. But I felt I'd had it. I'd learned about all I was going to learn out of this situation. I was more interested in the young kids, the "Forty-two" gang, which was held responsible at that time for 80 per cent of the auto thefts in Chicago. These were mostly Italian kids who were just moving into the rackets. I wanted to study them, so the State Division made this my first assignment. It was much harder than getting in with the Capone gang because these kids were very suspicious.

They did not have any fixes or deals with the



authorities and they were pretty quick on the trigger. I hung around and after a while they got used to it. Sometimes I would overhear things and they knew I overheard it, and they watched and waited to see if the cops were going to hear about it and move in. I got pretty nervous too because if by some fluke the cops had moved in on something like that, then I would have gotten the rap. But I was lucky and we got to know each other as people.

I've seen this kind of thing operate over and over again. Take the well-known anti-Semitic cliché, "Some of my best friends are Jews." To the guy who says this, the Jews he knows really are his good friends. His prejudices are over on this stereotype that he has way out there.

But let me qualify this. I've also learned that when it comes to conflict, a personal relationship cannot substitute for a power relationship. I discussed this with George Romney when he was president of American Motors just before he went for the governorship of Michigan. I like him. He has good instincts. He'd been giving me a big deal about how he and Walter Reuther go to Great Books things together, and have Aspen-type, Santa Barbara-type discussions. Finally I said, "Look, that's all to the good, but when negotiations time comes, Reuther will walk in and you'll be on a first-name basis. He'll say, 'Look, George, I hate to do this to you, but we've got to have that raise. You're the last guy in the world I'd want to shut down but my membership insists on it and you're either gonna come across or you're gonna get shut down.'" Romney smiled reminiscently and we never talked about it again.

I learned more about human relationships on my next job, which was as a criminologist at the state prison in Joliet. I worked there for three years. When we had to electrocute an inmate everybody would be half-tanked, including the warden. It's one thing for a judge and jury to sit there for two weeks condemning a guy who doesn't even have a personality. He's just a defendant. But after he'd been in prison eight months or so—between stays and reprieves and hearings—we got to know him. We got to know his kids. By the time he went to the chair we weren't executing a convicted felon. We were murdering a human being.

A prison is a restricted society where everybody's motivations are plainly visible, even when they try to use rather subtle tactics. I remember one inmate—a lifer—saying to me that the inmates really ran the joint even though the authorities thought they did. That was true.

The trouble with working in an institution is that you get institutionalized—callous. You stop thinking. I saw this was happening to me after a couple of years. I would be interviewing an inmate and I no longer had any real curiosity as to why this particular guy did what he did. I knew then that it was time for me to get out.

There were other reasons, too. I've never encountered such a mass of morons as in the field of criminology. Anyone who has a shadow of intelligence becomes a national authority—which I was by the time I was twenty-four or twenty-five. They never read anything outside of their

own field. I remember once quoting John Strachey in a talk and afterward a couple of big officials asked me what prison Strachey was warden of.

I was doing a certain amount of lecturing at sociological conferences and at colleges as well as my prison job. I was more or less in the academic world. Though I wasn't satisfied with what I was doing, my main reason for staying was that even though my income was low I had my "integrity." You must remember that this was before the days when being on a faculty or the staff of an institution gave you a sort of license to practice as a consultant, coordinator, or government adviser. We just had our modest pay checks—no consulting fees, no fringe benefits—plus our "integrity." I figured if I went into business I'd have to be buttering up my customers, agreeing with them politically, and so forth. While in the academic field you could be honest, and the price you paid for this luxury was a low salary.

Well, I found out I was wrong. In criminology or any academic field you're dependent on foundation grants, on university trustees, on public authorities. You're not supposed to get involved in controversy or public issues or you will become known as a "troublemaker" or as someone who has "personality difficulties."

In criminology, for instance, all the experts agreed that the major causes of crime were poor housing, discrimination, economic insecurity, unemployment, and disease. So what did we do? We went in for supervised recreation, camping programs, something mysterious called "character building." We tackled everything but the actual issues, because the issues were controversial. Sometimes I'd say, "Come on, let's stop this crap, we know what the causes of crime are." Then they'd say, "Don't be radical."

After a while I saw that the only difference between being in a professional field and in business was the difference between a ten-buck whore and a hundred-dollar call girl.

While I was going through this disillusionment, all hell was breaking loose around the world. Hitler was taking over Europe; Japan was on the march; Mussolini was moving into Ethiopia, and when Litvinov opened his mouth to protest about it at the League of Nations, Halifax would answer by politely belching in his face. Then the Spanish Civil War broke loose and the Fascists were using it to test out their newest weapons and tactics. In this country the New Deal was under way and the CIO was starting to roll.

With so much happening I found I couldn't keep my mind on a kid sitting across the desk from me who had stolen an automobile or burglarized a store.

So I started doing my job as a sort of sinecure. I quit right when quitting time came and I got involved in raising money for the International Brigade, for the sharecroppers down South, helping stop the evictions of city people who couldn't pay rent, fighting for public housing. Wherever you turned you saw injustice. The issues stuck out as clearly as they did in a prison. You knew what was good and what was evil. Life was very exciting. I remember one stunt that went very well—I organized poker parties to raise money for the Newspaper Guild and the International Bri-



rectly to people on issues once or twice. But if they're gambling, it's within their experience to take a little out of the pot for a good cause. They can feel noble while they're playing poker.

I met plenty of Communists in those days. Anyone who was involved in the causes of the thirties and says he didn't know any Communists is either a liar or an idiot.

I was sympathetic to Russia at that time because it was the one country that seemed to be taking a strong position against Hitler. I hated the Nazis with a deep, deep passion. My one regret about the Bomb—to this day—is that it wasn't dropped on Berlin instead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. If you were antifascist in the

were all over the place fighting for the New Deal, for the CIO, and so forth.

But I never joined the Party. Matter of fact

ones I've organized myself. So far as the Com-

that kept me out. Partly it was philosophic. One

to whether you are right." I've never been sure I'm right but I'm also sure nobody else has this thing called truth. I hate dogma. People who believed they owned the truth have been responsible for the most terrible things that have happened in our world, whether they were Communist purges or the Spanish Inquisition or the Salem witch hunts. The Communists I knew were doctrinaire and rigid. I had learned that you had to look at life in a flexible, fluid way. I also knew that in this kooked-up irrational world, you really have to have a sense of humor to survive. And doctrinaire people have no humor.

I remember one big CIO protest meeting, after the Little Steel massacre. The top officials of the CIO were there including the director of the Communist party of Illinois. He was giving a nonstop speech about bloody-handed murderers and capitalists and Little Steel and Tom Girdler. I left and went across the street to have a bite to eat. As I was going out, he was saying, "And in conclusion, Comrades, let me tell you . . ." When I came back about twenty-five minutes later, he was still talking. Saying the same stuff over again. Some guys sitting near me were well-known Communists. They had been very friendly, so I said, "You know, for the first time I understand why they shoot these sons of bitches in Russia." They looked at me as if I was a leper. There wasn't a shred of humor among them.



A lot of my liberal friends did join the Communist party. At the time it didn't seem too important. But now I see that what the Communists did to them and others like them has hurt this country much more than the things J. Edgar Hoover talks about. Every generation in America has had its radicals who were willing to stand up and fight. Then, in the 1950s, McCarthy made this country a graveyard of fear. And men who had joined the Communist party when they were youngsters were terrified, and tried to bury themselves in respectable middle-class suburban life. So the Communist party actually emasculated the radical movement of the next generation.

I wasn't worrying very much about where I was going in the 1930s. I was too busy. Then came a crisis, a turning point for me. The late Judge Theodore Rosen offered me a job as head of Probation and Parole for the city of Philadelphia at a salary of $8,000 a year. Now believe me, in 1938 that was a fortune. I was also to have a visiting lectureship at the University of Pennsylvania which would pay about $2,400, and on top of that I was to have a weekly column in the Philadelphia *Ledger* on how to keep your kiddies out of trouble. So altogether I would be making about $12,000. Philadelphia was less than two hours from New York, with all the concerts, theaters, and so forth. It was very tempting.

I could see myself with a house in the beautiful Philadelphia suburbs and money in the bank. I also could see myself saying, "I'd better not risk this job or this setup. After all, I can do more for the cause by stimulating my students than by taking chances myself. I can make speeches and write papers full of double-talk and put the real message between the lines or in the footnotes. Then I can flap my angelic wings and tell myself I'm really putting out dynamite."

Of course, this is so much jazz. Can you live your life between the lines or in footnotes? It doesn't work that way. Once you're on top you want to stay there. You learn to eat in very good restaurants, to fly first class. The next thing you know these things are essential to you. You're imprisoned by them.



You hear people say, "After I make my pile I'm going to do all the things I want to do." It never happens, because by that time you're a different person. Like the poor executives who put off that trip to Paris for years and years. By the time they get there they have stomach ulcers so they sit in the best French restaurants eating cornflakes.

I'd seen this kind of thing happen to men I knew—including labor leaders who were once lean, hungry young agitators and were now fat-bellied and fat-headed. So I turned down the Philadelphia job—and I've said No to some other tempting offers since then for the same reasons. I decided I'd do the organizing myself.

I knew it would be tough. You have to remember that concepts which are accepted today were considered wildly radical then—for instance, the idea that the local people have the intelligence and the ingenuity to work out their own problems. And it was heresy to tell them, "The hell with charity—the only thing you get is what you're strong enough to get, and so you'd better organize."

This is what I said when I went into "Back of the Yards" in Chicago. This was Upton Sinclair's "Jungle." This was not the slum across the tracks. This was the slum across the tracks from across the tracks. Also, this was the heart, in Chicago, of all the native fascist movements—the Coughlinites, the Silver Shirts, the Pelley movement. Lots of people can tell you what was in my mind at the time. Boy, there are pages in criminology textbooks on my philosophy of "grass-roots wholism." I don't know what that is. I went in there to fight fascism; delinquency was just incidental, the real crime was fascism. If you had asked me then what my profession was, I would have told you I was a professional antifascist.

In Back of the Yards, I never appealed to people on the basis of abstract values the way some civil-rights leaders do today. Sure, everybody's against sin but you're not going to get off your prat to do anything about it. To the Catholic priests my approach was simply this: "You're telling your people to stay out of the CIO because it's communist-dominated"—it sure was then, in that particular union, although now it is clean of communism—"So what do they do? They say, 'Yes, Father' and walk out of your church, and join the union. You want to know why? Because those union people are doing something about their living problems, about what they're suffering from, while you sit on your rear end in your sacristy."

In a mass organization you can't go outside of people's actual experience. I've been asked, for example, why I never talk to a Catholic priest or a Protestant minister or a rabbi in terms of the Judeo-Christian ethic or the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount. I never talk in those terms. Instead I approach them on the basis of their own self-interest, the welfare of their Church, even its physical property.

If I approached them in a moralistic way, it would be outside of their experience, because Christianity and Judeo-Christianity are outside of the experience of organized religion. They would just listen to me and very sympathetically tell me how noble I was. And the moment I walked out they'd call their secretaries in and say, "If that screwball ever shows up again, tell him I'm out."

Back of the Yards at that time was a hell hole of hate—the Poles, Mexicans, Negroes, Lithuanians, Hungarians, and Germans all hating each other and all of them hating the Irish, because the Irish were the power structure. I had a certain advantage when I went in there in being Jewish. I wasn't competing with any of these nationality groups. A lot of these people were attracted to Fascists like Coughlin and Pelley. But this wasn't because they had any feelings for fascism. It was primarily because they had no way out, no direction, no instrumentality that offered any hope. So they had to have scapegoats. But once a program and a movement were developed, there wasn't any more need for scapegoats.

When people talk about Back of the Yards today, some of them use lines like "rub resentments raw" to describe my organizing methods. Now, do you think when I went in there or when I go into a Negro community today I have to tell them that they're discriminated against? Do you think I go in there and get them angry? Don't you think they have resentments to begin with, and how much rawer can I rub them? What happens is this: When you find yourself completely caught, subjugated, crushed in this kind of situation, you have a choice of two ways out: One way is to blow your top—you say, "Who ever asked me to come into this world anyway?" And you wind up killing your wife and your kids and yourself.

You read about these things in the papers. The other way is what 99 per cent of the population does—you rationalize. You say, "Go fight City Hall. It's a tough world, tough for everybody. And this isn't too bad. I get my relief check regularly, and maybe my number will come up in the numbers, or my policy ticket—anyhow, it could be worse. I'm better off than that guy down the block." And you just exist. You keep all your angers, all your feelings pent up inside you.

What happens when we come in? We say, "Look, you don't have to take this; there is something you can do about it. You can get jobs, you can break these segregated patterns. But you have to have power to do it, and you'll only get it through organization. Because power just goes to two poles—to those who've got money, and those who've got people. You haven't got money, so your own fellowmen are your only source of strength. Now the minute you can do something about it you've got a problem. Should I handle it this way or that way? You're active. And all of a sudden you stand up."

That's what happened in Back of the Yards.

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From the outset, Alinsky's efforts in Chicago were warmly supported by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil—one of the boldest and most articulate Catholic liberals of his day. Sheil introduced Alinsky to Marshall Field. As his biographer Stephen Becker has described the encounter, the Protestant millionaire in search of a cause was immediately drawn to this son of Jewish immigrants who had "succeeded in transforming a traditional concern for justice and learning, and a traditional capacity for endurance, into an active, even truculent genius for social reform."

It was Field who conceived the idea of a modest subsidy which would enable Alinsky to carry his ideas and methods to other areas where the Back of the Yards pattern might succeed. Persuaded, after considerable debate, that his freedom of action would be unhampered, Alinsky agreed in 1940 to the creation of the Industrial Areas Foundation. Its initial capital was $15,000 of which half went to cover Alinsky's salary and travel expenses. As a free-lance professional agitator he went to work in cities across the country. In the course of these forays, he slowly recruited a staff —men from many walks of life with a gift for leadership and reflexes that respond militantly to oppression and poverty. And as he clashed with the power structure in many communities, his ideas began to form a pattern and his own philosophy took shape. —M. K. S.

When you're in the field of action you have to do your thinking on the run. You don't have time to figure out whether what you're doing really makes sense. You don't acquire what the Greeks called real experience. In order to get experience out of living and action you've got to go off by yourself and digest it. Wise men in the old days knew this. So they went off into the wilderness to think for a while.

Well, my wilderness turned out to be a jail in a Middle Western city where I was organizing people living in a miserable slum. There was this police captain who was very antilabor who figured my mere presence would contaminate his town. So whenever I walked down the main drag a squad car would pull up and I'd be invited in. They never booked me—just tossed me in the clink for safekeeping. I got used to it. I'd say to the jailer, "Will you please phone my hotel and tell them to expect a late arrival."

I had a very good deal in that jail—I didn't suffer at all. I had a private cell; they treated me very nicely.

Now there's no place that is better designed for reflective thinking and writing than a jail. Usually when I have to write I look for every possible excuse. I suddenly remember phone calls I haven't made. I'd better look at the papers and so forth. But in jail the situation is exactly reversed. The only way you can escape is mentally. So you're attracted to writing. It becomes a compulsion.

I wrote my book *Reveille for Radicals* in that jail. Sometimes the jailers would tell me to get out when I was in the middle of a chapter. I'd tell them, "I don't want to go now; I've got a couple of hours' more work to do." This really confused them. But after a while they got used to it.

Then the police captain started visiting me and we'd get into long conversations. You know, in the end he and I became buddies and he stopped having me picked up. If he hadn't done that, I'm sure I'd have written another book. But anyhow I have always been grateful to him for giving me a chance to digest my experiences. And I began to see then that the status quo is the greatest ally of the revolutionary.

If you study history you can see that no revolution ever got off the ground until the status quo performed the essential service of taking the leader or the organizer out of action. He'd never do it voluntarily.

Think of what that first jail experience during the Montgomery bus strike did for Martin Luther King. That was when he decided to go all-out for total integration. And he was a very different man after the Birmingham experience, as he has written in his "Letter from a Birmingham Jail." He gained a much wider perspective on the sanctity of man-made laws. He came to understand that the well-wishers who say, "I approve of your objectives but not your tactics," are an anchor around your neck. He saw that revolutionary changes never occur without conflict because even a nonviolent protest is bound to produce a violent reaction.

The time I spent in jail did a lot to help me work out my own philosophy. Of course other events played a part too. I guess the most important ones were very intimate things. You see I've had more than my share of personal tragedy —with the people close to me, that I loved dearly. Death has not been a stranger to me.

And I have learned one lesson, I learned it in my belly, the astonishing lesson that I wasn't going to live forever. Now this may sound like a very simple thing, but there are very few people who realize that they're going to die someday. Intellectually they know it, but they go on saving for their old age and so forth. After the full realization, on a gut basis, that I was going to die, my whole life changed. I was confronted with the question, "What's the meaning of my life, since I'm here just so long a period of time?" I've never been able to answer that question. I don't ever expect to be able to answer it. But I know that once you reach that point of accepting your own death, you no longer care much whether you're important or not important. I've frequented the cemeteries too long—I know that that's it.

Some people say that my orientation is basically Marxist. Others say that the Industrial Areas Foundation is a front for the Roman Catholic Church. One guy said I was a Marxist who was subsidized by the Roman Catholic Church or the Presbyterian Church, and who used the tactics of a Capone mobster. It's an interesting combination, to say the least.

Of course, I'm not a Marxist. But will I accept certain things out of Marxism? Certainly. Out of the Communist Manifesto I'll take a public-school system, a graduated income tax. Does this make me a Marxist? Do I believe in the greater good for the greater number? Yes. I guess you could call me an urban Populist. My philosophy is rooted in an American radical tradition, not in a Marxist tradition.

I rarely reply to critics. The reason is not the obvious one—that if I were to spend my time replying to critics I wouldn't have time to do anything else. The real reason is this, and I try to get it across to my staff: once you become concerned about critics, subconsciously it's going to affect your actions. Instead of taking the kind of direct actions and thinking the way you're thinking now, you're going to start pausing and wondering, "What is *Harper's Magazine* going to think about it? What is the *Christian Century* going to say?" And the hell with them, you know. I told Silberman when he first came in to write about us in *Fortune*, "I don't care what you write. It isn't going to make a bit of difference. Who reads *Fortune* in Woodlawn anyway? So the critics are going to read it? They don't count."



I don't know whether there's an afterlife or not—nobody's ever given any evidence one way or the other, and I don't expect they ever will. But I don't care what people think about me in this one. One of the worst crimes that's been committed on us is quoting that line from Shakespeare about who steals my purse steals trash, but he who takes my reputation takes everything. This is a damnable lie. There's been more corruption because people were concerned about their reputations rather than their purse. I think a concern for your reputation is one of the worst prisons you can have. I had a give-and-take with some of Joe McCarthy's henchmen on this. I told them, "Go ahead, call me up, smear me. You think I give a good goddam about it?" And they knew I meant it. So they backed off. I was never called. In my book, the Eleventh Commandment is something from Tom Paine: "Let them call me rebel and welcome, I feel no concern from it; but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul. . . ."

Next month Mr. Alinsky will discuss—among other matters—the strategy of the Civil Rights Movement, the Poverty Program, and the social and moral crisis facing such Northern cities as Rochester and Buffalo, where he will be concentrating much of his effort this summer.

Baudelaire in Three Injections

by Louis Simpson

An American poet in Paris discovers that a course at the Sorbonne can induce francophobia and total delirium.

In 1948 I registered for the course in Civilization at the University of Paris. The course was designed for Americans, especially ex-soldiers, whose dollars were needed immediately by the French.

One part of the course was French composition, taught by a professor whose method was a triumph of that logic on which the French pride themselves. The professor would translate passages from French novels into English. The professor's English. Then we translated the passages back into French. Then he marked our efforts wrong, because they did not correspond, word for word, with the original, *le mot juste*.

I protested that the method, though logical, did not allow for the use of intelligence. The professor replied that Americans had no training in logic or taste, and moreover he was a professor of the University of Paris.

If I try, I can still hear him expounding the beauties of a passage by Anatole France. What made it so beautiful? Could no one tell? It was a description of Paris, viewed from the famous author's window on the Seine. This was the art, that in describing things far away France had used fifty-seven syllables. Did anyone dispute the computation? No. Well, now look! In describing things seen close at hand, France had used twenty-two syllables, only twenty-two. What was the reason? Could no one tell? Mees Brown? Meester Smeeth? Meester . . . No one? Ah, there was a hand! A miracle. What, what was that? Yes, of course. The great author had used more syllables for things seen far away than for things seen close at hand because at a distance one sees many, many more things.

What seems to be the trouble? You seem to have an objection, Meester Smeeth. Well, if Meester Smeeth wishes to correct the method of the French masters, we should all give him our attention. What's that? I don't understand. No, not "oo" but "eou," with the lips held so. No "et," Meester Smeeth, but "ay." You are saying?

"Suppose France was describing a house ten feet away, and the same house a kilometer away . . . I mean, isn't it possible that you see more details close at hand than at a distance? Or suppose he was describing a locomotive right in front of him, and an empty field. Wouldn't the locomotive get more syllables?"

"Meester Smeeth, no nonsense, please. This is the way Anatole France has written it. Listen."

The professor reads through the passage, giving full expression to every word. Any questions? There are no more questions. Nevertheless, he has it in for Smith, and twenty minutes later swoops down to surprise him reading a book under the desk. The professor holds the book up and shakes it.

"Ah, very good! It is not even in French! *Lif on Ze Meeseeseepi!* Very good, reading Engleesh novels during ze class!"

Afterwards, Smith is called to the department office, where he is warned that such behavior, coupled with his absences, may have a dire consequence—the cutting-off of his GI Bill.

Besides composition, we were taught Method. The class was in the hands of a portly dame. She said that the classical method of criticism was based on Taine. But before one could approach Taine it would be necessary to review French grammar. And before one could approach grammar, it would be necessary to learn the proper pronunciation of the language. She approached with a lighted candle and held it in front of a student's mouth. She asked him to pronounce the vowels. If he exhaled while uttering the vowels, the flame flickered. If his pronunciation was atrocious, the flame went out.

"The lips like this . . . ooh! ooh! The tongue back so."

In front of me the flame writhed like a tortured creature, and died. I was reduced from an enthusiasm for French literature to stuttering, and then to silence. Smith and I spent more time at a table with a view of the Boul Mich than we did in the classroom. However, once a week I revisited Mademoiselle's class, and there they would be, more than a score of adults, groaning the vowels in unison or chanting the sentences of a primer for six-year-olds. Paris is worth a mass. These visits were necessary for me to be nominally included on the list of students and kept on the payroll at the American consulate.

Then I had an idea. Maybe I should quit the course for Americans and get into the classes for French students. I had noticed a course in Baudelaire advertised on the bulletin board. Baudelaire would be fun. There's no time like the present—why didn't I go over to the university and register for Baudelaire right now?

I went to the building where one registered. It was full of French and foreign students, but no Americans. The waiting line wound up a staircase. I took a place on the lowest stair. How earnest these students seemed! This was the real Sorbonne, certainly. The French students, in particular, looked in earnest. They made jokes among themselves—they'd probably known one another in the lycée—but whenever anything official happened—a door opening at the top of the stairs, a name being called—they grasped their books and ruffled to attention. Going to school was very serious for French students. Their whole life could depend on the results of examinations.

At last I arrived at the top of the stairs, facing the door. A voice said, "*Entrez!*" I entered. A man in white, evidently a doctor, walked up to me. "Certificate of inoculation," he said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The certificate of inoculation. It is necessary to have a certificate of inoculation, in order to register. This is an institution of the state. Have you been inoculated against typhus and diphtheria?"

"I don't know," I said. "I suppose I must have been. At some time. I only want to take a course in Baudelaire."

"Then it is absolutely necessary that you be inoculated."

"Very well," I said.

The doctor filled a hypodermic needle. "Take off your jacket and shirt, if you please."

I did as I was told. He stepped behind me, and a moment later I felt as if I'd been shot with a gun.

"Jesus Christ!"

He stepped in front of me again. "You will return tomorrow."

I put on my shirt and jacket and went downstairs. In half an hour I was lying on my bed in my hotel room. My temperature was rising, and when I dozed off I had the fitful dreams of fever. My back, where the doctor had driven the needle in, was throbbing. I dreamed of water and ice, pitchers of lemonade. I woke with a parched mouth and throbbing head, to see night falling outside. At a window opposite, an old woman was gazing out at the dusk like some terrible bird of prey. I'll bet they live on soup, she and her family; the soup of horse bones. I need iced lemonade.

It was a bad night, but the next morning my temperature was down. Once more I set off for the Sorbonne, to complete my registration.

Former combat rifleman Louis Simpson went on from the Sorbonne to a Ph.D. at Columbia, and he is now associate professor of English at Berkeley. He won the 1964 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for "At the End of the Open Road," and his novel "Riverside Drive" was published in 1962.

Again I stood in line on the staircase. When I arrived at the top, the same voice said, "*Entrez.*"

"Ah yes," said the doctor. "Now, the inoculation, eh?"

"Wait a moment," I said. "I had an injection yesterday."

"There are three injections. This is the second."

He filled the hypodermic needle and I took off my jacket and shirt. This time, when he stepped behind me, I thought I knew what to expect and braced myself accordingly. But the shock was no less, nor the pain.

"Holy Mother of God!"

Three hours later I was tossing on my bed in delirium. The Sahara, dry as a bone, stretched to the horizon. An Arab on a camel came riding by. He had a big goatskin of cold water flapping at his side. When I asked him for a drink he stopped obligingly. But, just as I was raising the goatskin to my lips, the camel put his head round and tried to take a bite out of my back. The camel and rider vanished. I was standing on the staircase, next to a French student who had his face in a book. "How many inoculations are there?" I asked him. Without taking his head out of the text, he said, "What course do you wish to take?" "Baudelaire," I said. He did not answer, but whispered to someone standing on the other side. The whisper traveled up the staircase. The door at the top flew open, and a voice shouted, "Baudelaire, three injections!"

The next day, instead of going to the university I sat down at a table at the Flore and thought things over. Then I tore up the application forms.

After all, this was what Baudelaire would have done. Or was it? French writers, even the decadents, are sticklers for rules; *au fond*, most of them are middle-class. In fact, France has no poets of the first rank. I decided to give up French poetry and read the Russians in translation.

The Celebration

by James Dickey

All wheels; a man breathed fire,
Exhaling like a blowtorch down the road
And burnt the stripper's gown
Above her moving-barely feet.
A condemned train climbed from the earth
Up stilted nightlights zooming in a track.
I ambled along in that crowd

Between the gambling wheels
At carnival time with the others
Where the Dodgem cars shuddered, sparking
On grillwire, each in his vehicle half
In control, half helplessly power-mad
As he was in the traffic that brought him.
No one blazed at me; then I saw

My mother and my father, he leaning
On a dog-chewed cane, she wrapped to the nose
In the fur of exhausted weasels.
I believed them buried miles back
In the country, in the faint sleep
Of the old, and had not thought to be
On this of all nights compelled

To follow where they led, not losing
Sight, with my heart enlarging whenever
I saw his crippled Stetson bob, saw her
With the teddy bear won on the waning
Whip of his right arm. They laughed;
She clung to him; then suddenly
The Wheel of wheels was turning
The colored night around.
They climbed aboard. My God, they rose
Above me, stopped themselves and swayed
Fifty feet up; he pointed
With his toothed cane, and took in
The whole Midway till they dropped,
Came down, went from me, came and went

Faster and faster, going up backward,
Cresting, out-topping, falling roundly.
From the crowd I watched them,
Their gold teeth flashing,
Until my eyes blurred with their riding
Lights, and I turned from the standing
To the moving mob, and went on:

Stepped upon sparking shocks
Of recognition when I saw my feet
Among the others, knowing them given,
Understanding the whirling impulse
From which I had been born,
The great gift of shaken lights,
The being wholly lifted with another,

All this having all and nothing
To do with me. Believers, I have seen
The wheel in the middle of the air
Where old age rises and laughs,
And on Lakewood Midway became
In five strides a kind of loving,
A mortal, a dutiful son.

Harper's Magazine, June 1965



The Makepeace Experiment

by Abram Tertz

Translated from the Russian by Manya Harari

Prologue

This is the story of Lyubimov, a city perhaps more ancient than Moscow itself and which might easily have become as important as Magnitogorsk*—all it needed was a railway and an oil well conveniently in the neighborhood. But the ways of progress have passed us by, and there is nothing within miles of us but marsh, bog, and stunted woods in which the only game is hare and a few varieties of inedible birds.

It is true that there is good shooting beyond Wet Hill, a district famous for its wild ducks which are said to have been so plentiful in the old days that they were exported by the cartload but regarded locally as scarcely fit for the pot. But not even the oldest inhabitant has ever seen bison or tapirs or giraffe. So Dr. Linde's story of coming across a prehistoric pterodactyl at the foot of the Hill must be sheer invention. I did read of a single specimen surviving on some African lake but there are certainly none in our parts. What he must have come across (if anything) was a bittern. Bittern have a terrifying way of booming in the dark.

But the town itself is attractive and cheerful, the people are wide-awake, the Komsomol* has a lot of members, and there is a fairly dense stratum of intellectuals. A couple of years ago—before the events—things were further livened up by the arrival of Serafima Petrovna Kozlova who came straight from Leningrad to teach a foreign language in the top grades of our high

* Main European center of Russian metallurgy. (Footnotes with asterisks are the translator's; those with numbers are by the author, who uses them as a literary device.)

* Communist Youth League.

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school. She at once became the main attraction at all picnics and charades and there was no one like her at a birthday party: one glass of champagne and she turned white and, with a yell, whirled away in a Caucasian dance, a naked knife-blade thrust between her teeth—all you could see was her elbows flying. She truly amazed us.

Yet she was much too proud for anyone to take any liberties with her. Dr. Linde went nearly out of his mind. He had bet us two dozen bottles of beer: "Give me two evenings," he'd said, "and I'll be on intimate terms with her." Well, we drank his beer and laughed. The furthest he ever got with her was her fingertips: about a finger nail and a half.

I once tried an experiment with her myself. She had dropped in at the Town Library and asked me in a bored voice for something to read.

"What about *Dear Friend* by Guy de Maupassant?" I suggested with a piercing glance. "It's a very dissolute novel about French life."

"No, thank you, I don't feel like it somehow." She yawned and stretched, her breasts straining at her blouse. "I'd sooner have something by Feuchtwanger or by Hemingway."

That made me sit up.

"What d'you mean?" I asked in a whisper. "We don't have any such things. We finished with all that rotten stuff in '47. We got special orders from Moscow about Feuchtwanger."

"Really? I didn't know. Then would you please give me *Spartacus* by Giovagnoli? I like an adventure story to read in bed."

"That you can have. As many adventure stories as you like. We actually have two copies of *Spartacus* in our town . . ."

And all the time I was kicking myself! I was old enough to be her father. And I'd read her Feuchtwanger and her Hemingway (there's nothing so very special about them) and if I'd had one Serafima in my life I must have had fifty—some had even worn hats. And yet just because this chit of a girl came from Leningrad and had been to college, she could so embarrass me that I had to drop my eyes! What it is to be a provincial!

I forgot to mention our architectural monuments. We have a former monastery in our city, built in medieval times. After the Revolution the holy Fathers were sent to corrective labor in Solovki and in 1926 there turned up a Professor with a work party to do research and discover the secrets of the past.

They spent all that summer poking about in the ruins, measuring and digging—looking for a mummy, they said. But of course we knew better. Buried treasure was what they were after—gold, something solid to lay their hands on—but they never found it. All they dug up was a skeleton of a monk with boar's tusks instead of teeth, and with that they went away.

Many of us at the time were curious about those tusks and went to the lecture the Professor delivered gratis—about the formation of the earth from the sun and the origins of the animal and vegetable worlds. I too was sufficiently interested to drop in on him. I remember tying a silk sash over my Russian shirt, and putting on a straw hat, and strolling across to the dig. "Good morning," I said politely, raising my hat. "And how is your research getting along?"

The Professor—he was in gym shoes and so modest, so unassuming, you would scarcely have known him for what he was—he gave me a friendly look and ran his frail, elderly hand over his small silvery beard. He had a wedding ring on, I noticed. "Well, well," I said to myself. "A

Abram Tertz

Somewhere in the Soviet Union in recent years a young man has secretly been writing brilliant satirical fiction about modern Russian life. He writes with the knowledge that his work may never transcend the official censorship and be published in Russia. To date, he has smuggled four books to the West for publication. He uses the pseudonym "Abram Tertz," a name he borrowed from a character in a banned Moscow University student song.

Since the appearance of his first work in Paris in 1959, his books have evoked great interest in Europe and America. The first, *The Trial Begins*, "a philosophical fable," was described by *Time* in 1960 as "perhaps the most remarkable novel to have come out of the Soviet Union since the Revolution." In 1962 Arthur J. Schlesinger, jr., called Tertz's critical essay, *On Socialist Realism*, "the most illuminating diagnosis I have seen of the predicament of the writer in Soviet society." A year later came *Fantastic Stories*, a novella and four short stories which Tertz regards as ventures into "phantasmagoric art," an "art in which the grotesque will replace the realistic descriptions of ordinary life" and hence will "correspond best to the spirit of our time." The bizarre world he created was compared to Dostoevski's *Notes from Underground* and Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*.

The newest Tertz import—entitled *The Makepeace Experiment*—will be published by Pantheon Books in July. The translator, Manya Harari, describes the book as "a novel and a fairy tale, as serious and as lighthearted as

Orwell's *Animal Farm*." It deals with the political rise and fall of a poor boy, Leonard Makepeace, the bicycle repairman in a remote and mythical Russian town "within driving distance of Chekhov's Cherry Orchard."

Lenny's name in Russian—Lenya Tikhomirov—carries more overtones than it does in its anglicized form and helps to explain his character. "Tikhomirov" suggests both "peace and quiet" and "world peace" and "Lenya" has connections with Lenin, with "len" ("idleness"), and with Leshy, the spirit of the woods in Russian folklore.

The hero is a composite portrait of several Soviet rulers as well as a latter-day peasant Tsar and a child of the scientific age; he believes that "man like everything else can be improved." To reform his people he bombards them with the secret weapons of adroit propaganda and his own magically cultivated charisma; as the translator remarks in her introduction to the book, Lenny feeds the population on his dreams—they drink river water, persuaded that it's champagne—and "on this diet they dig ditches as cheerfully as they did under Stalin."

Lenny's end as a ruler is tragic, but at last peace is restored, with "the city once again in the hands of the police, the old women praying for the living and dead, and the doom of the world for the time being held off." Russia's history goes on.

In the following selection *Harper's* presents the Prologue and Chapter I of *The Makepeace Experiment*.

representative of the Old Regime!" I took my hat off respectfully and fanned myself with it, smiling. Suddenly he took a step toward me.

"Perhaps you can tell me, young man." (I was still in my twenties.) "There used to be an ancient chapel hereabouts. Where was it exactly and where has it gone to? I can't understand it at all."

And when I pointed to an empty space and told him all about it—how our chapel was blown up during the struggle against illiteracy, because it was the object of too much veneration and the center of popular gatherings, mainly consisting of women, and because of certain coincidences, such as when a blind man miraculously recovered his sight; and of how there was not enough explosive, so that the work had to be finished by hand (they wanted the site for a bakery); and how afterwards the Chairman of the Town Council was burned to death on Christmas Day, and Maryamov's arm withered, and Pasechnik, who had egged everyone on, was hit on the head by a log at the sawmill (they carried him home and he died before the night was out)—when I told him all this, the Professor looked at me with an even warmer expression and said,

"You should write it all down in a notebook, in chronological order, young man. Your truthful chronicle of the life of your city would make a valuable contribution to the history of mankind. It would serve the common cause and perhaps make you as famous as Pushkin."

Being young at the time, I didn't take him literally. All I thought about in those days were girls, flirtations, teaching myself the guitar in twenty lessons, bicycling . . . But the years went by and suddenly there I was—a widower with a bald patch on my head, my daughter Ninochka married, and no longer the same love of bicycling in my heart.

It was then I began to reflect. What's the point of all this agitation, I asked myself. Why should a man struggle and exert himself when he can pick up a book and on the very first page get himself a new wife and children, a new home and a mass of colorful impressions—all virtually without any risk? For the point of reading is, of course, that all the while your soul is drifting about the world—sailing the high seas, fighting with swords, suffering, and ennobling itself—your body sits comfortably in an armchair and you can even quietly smoke a cigarette and enjoy a refreshing drink. You can forget everything, you can become Spartacus if you like, or King Richard the Lionhearted (out of Walter Scott), yet neither your absenteeism nor your political initiative runs you into the slightest danger. You put down the book and relax, and bask deliciously in your safety.

The only bitter moment is when you realize that the author has been letting his imagination rip. There you were, sweating and suffering with his heroes, cold shivers running up your spine, and it turns out that he made it all up! This I don't hold with. The writer should write about what he has seen for himself or at least learned from a reliable source; the reader should be given useful information to contribute to his mental development, and not made to feel he has been wasting his eyesight. What the reader wants, after all, is his pound of flesh and somebody's blood—you can't expect him to feed on air.

My own passion for literature developed after I was appointed Municipal Librarian. From reading to kill time, I became addicted to it. Then I tried my hand at writing. I wrote verse. It wasn't bad—even the rhymes. But I still felt that some-

thing was lacking, though I couldn't make out what it was. It was then I recalled my conversation with the visiting Professor in 1926. "Ah!" I thought, "if only something would happen in our city! If only there were a fire or a political trial! How gladly would I immortalize it for the generations to come!" It wasn't as if many people came to the library. Apart from Dr. Linde dropping in for a chat on the progress of science, or the Regional Inspector calling to see what the papers were doing about the shortage of cattle, there was only one other who came regularly—but I'm not saying anything about him yet . . . Yes, it was there, in the library, under my very eyes, that he met Serafima Petrovna Kozlova and it all began . . . But all in good time.

One day I came to work . . . No, that won't do.

One day I went out . . . No.

You wouldn't believe how difficult it is to begin, to put down that opening sentence which triggers off the rest! Afterwards it gets easier. Afterwards, as I know well, it gets so easy, it goes with such a rush, that you can't turn the pages fast enough. You write and you can't imagine where the words are coming from—words you never meant to use, words you've never even heard in your life!—yet they bob up of their own volition from under your pen and go sailing down the page, all in good order, like so many ducks or geese or black Australian swans!

It gives you such a fright, you fling your pen away and say, "It isn't possible! It can't be right! I can't have written that!" But you look again and you see that everything has been put down correctly, exactly as you saw it happen.

God almighty! What can it mean? I swear I'm not directly responsible. Is it possible that not only is our city under a spell, but I myself am regularly wound up and set in motion by some invisible hand?

I warn you, whoever you are: if I'm caught, I'll deny everything. If I have to stand my trial, hands and feet bound, face to face with a terrible judge, I'll recant, I'll say there's not a word of truth in it. —"Citizen Judge," I'll say, "I've been slandered and confused and tripped up. You can shoot me if you like but I'm an innocent man."

Now I come to think of it, this may be the very reason why it's taking me such a time to begin. That wretched first sentence may have been sitting in my addled brain all along and I just can't bring myself to put it down. —It's simply that I want to stay alive! Well, who wouldn't? It's nice . . . Nice to have a drink and a cigarette . . . Nice to read a book in peace and quiet (reading isn't like writing). Nice to go fishing . . . or have a steam bath . . . or an argument with Dr. Linde about pterodactyls . . .

There it is again—pterodactyl! How could I possibly have thought of such a foreign word? I can't even pronounce it, and there are certainly no such creatures in our parts, as I've already said! I won't have it! Get out, whoever you are! Avaunt!

One day I went out into the porch and I saw . . .

Wait! Not so fast! First of all, why "I"? Why this stupid habit of always putting oneself on the spot? Especially when it wasn't I, it was he who came out—Leonard Makepeace himself, our best mechanic and bicycle repairer in town! And secondly, all these details are a terrible nuisance. Once you talk about a porch, you have to describe it—was it low or high and were its pillars carved and if so . . . and so on and so forth . . . until very soon you are writing quite a different story.

To avoid this difficulty, chroniclers and historians make use of footnotes and I propose to follow their example. Thus if any reader wants to, he can take a breather and look up the details that interest him. But if he can't be bothered, let him by all means push on ahead as fast as he likes.

And now, let's begin.[1]

God, it's terrifying! It's just like being an inveterate drunkard—it pulls you, you can't help yourself, you feel the rush of irresponsible words to your head.

Well, let's get on with it.[2]

Chapter One: Coup d'Etat

One morning Leonard Makepeace, dressed in a new steel-gray suit and with sandals on his bare feet, came out and stood in the low porch of his house. After a moment of indecision he drew a small homemade notebook[3] from his pocket and seemed to immerse himself in mathematical calculations.

The weather was perfect. Clouds melted like sugar lumps in the bright blue sky, everything danced and shimmered in the brilliant sunshine, and Leonard, seen through the wattle fence, appeared at a first glance to be wearing a golden halo.

A closer look revealed that Makepeace could not be merely doing simple sums in his notebook.

[1] It was the 1st May, 1958.

[2] Bless us, O Lord.

[3] Scribbled all over with minute writing.



He was concentrating on it with all his might: his lanky, narrow-chested body swayed in a curious rhythm, his breathing was labored, and two veins stood out on his forehead in the form of a V and were alarmingly swollen.[1]

Soon, however, the loudspeaker in the main square began to relay the musical overture to the May Day Parade and the sound brought Make-peace back to his surroundings. Snapping the notebook shut and putting it away, he uttered an enigmatic "Ah!" and relaxed.

"No, thank you," he refused his mother's offer of a little cottage cheese and sour cream. (A frail old woman, shuffling in her felt slippers and clanking a pair of pails, she had joined him in the porch and was gazing at him devotedly.) "You have some, Mama. I think I'll go for a stroll before breakfast." He walked down the steps and vanished from the porch for the rest of the morning.

We will now look at the main square. It was echoing to martial music. A platform had been erected in the middle of it and upholstered in red cloth and upon this enormous crate the entire Administration stood, looking bright and alert and waiting for Comrade Tishchenko, Secretary of the Town Party Committee, to open the parade by ascending the tribune.

The whole square had been swept clean, the puddles filled with sand and not a single cow or sheep was nibbling the young grass. A red flag waved proudly in the wind from the top of the fire tower, while the five militiamen who formed the garrison were drawn up at the bottom, keeping a sharp lookout for drunkards, whose premature appearance in the square would have lowered the tone of the celebrations.

[1] Such swellings can cause hemorrhage of the brain.

Clouds of dust rose gaily in the distance as the citizens advanced in procession from the far end of Volodarsky Avenue. Marching in the van were small children in white shirts, some waving flags or carrying paper lanterns, while others walked unburdened and unconcerned, guzzling sweets and smearing snot over their rosy cheeks. A few workers came next—men from the sawmill and employees from the food store and the post and telegraph office, followed by a couple of truck-loads of girls brought in from the collective farms.

Comrade Tishchenko watched the procession and as he saw the children—that sturdy younger generation marching to replace the old—tears of joy came into his eyes. His face as radiant as if he had breakfasted on buttered pancakes, he waved to the crowd, or held his hand to his visored cap, or merely nodded, as much as to say, "Move on, citizens; we too would like a rest from our official duties," while the citizens cheerfully scuffed up the dust in time to the music and shouted, "Hurrah! Glory to our valiant army!"

Suddenly there was a holdup. Instead of marching past, the crowd jostled in front of the tribune, looking up with curiosity at Comrade Tishchenko; he had raised his hand and opened his mouth as if about to speak but his face was working in perturbation and not a sound was coming from his lips, though even the loudspeaker had encouragingly lowered its voice.

We naturally thought at first that he wanted to make a statement on foreign affairs or to wish us a happy Day of Solidarity—not that it's usual to change the order of the proceedings and keep people out in the sun, listening to speeches, when it's long past their dinner time, but it was not for

us to know who should make a speech on what, or why, if they had to, they couldn't get on with it. Ours was to listen to Comrade Tishchenko and drink afterwards. We weren't alcoholics, we could wait, it's never too late for a drink if you have the money. After Comrade Tishchenko's speech, there was nothing to stop us from drinking for the rest of the day.

But what Comrade Tishchenko had to say was totally unexpected. His voice strangled, the words coming a couple at a time with long pauses in between, he sounded as if someone were twisting his tongue and making him speak, while his mind was groping desperately in the dark, trying to make out what the devil had come over him.

"Dear fellow citizens!" He stopped in obvious agitation. "Dear fellow citizens . . . I wish . . . We wish . . . to announce . . . that this day . . ."

He twitched, flushed crimson, and the next words came in a rush, all on one note and in a loud expressionless voice.

"This day marks the start of a new era in the history of Lyubimov. I and the rest of the leadership are voluntarily, I repeat voluntarily, divesting ourselves of our functions, and I now urge you to unanimously elect a leader to replace us . . . a man who . . . our pride . . . our joy . . . I command . . . I beg . . ."

He faltered, gasped and, grabbing his neck with his two hands, squeezed his windpipe as if trying to stop the torrent of words. His eyes bulged, his body swayed to and fro, the boards creaking beneath its weight, and it looked as if at any moment he would fall down dead, strangled by his own hands, when a power evidently stronger than his own loosened the deadly grip, freeing the bruised throat, and his arms, still bent at the elbows and looking like a crab's claws, were slowly forced back. Standing in this defenseless posture, he concluded,

"To elect as our supreme ruler, judge and commander in chief"—his breath gasped and whistled —"Comrade Leonard Makepeace, Hurrah!"

The silence was so deep that you could hear the chattering of Comrade Maryamov's teeth. As head of the special branch of the secret police, he stood at his post on the edge of the tribune, as pale as a one-armed statue.[1] The only other sound was the mooing of a cow in its untimely labor in some distant backyard.[2]

Within half a minute, however, isolated voices rang out in the crowd and very soon the whole multitude was stirring, rumbling and shouting its approval of the proposed resolution,

"Long live Makepeace! Long live our glorious Leonard!"

Only one village lout asked who Leonard Makepeace was and how he had deserved the highest of honors, but he was immediately shouted down:

"Don't you know our Lenny Makepeace? Our best mechanic and expert on bicycles! Disgraceful! Back to your village, you ignorant oaf!"

No one thought it strange that young Lenny, an obscure mechanic, should have suddenly been raised to such a height. On the contrary, everyone was astonished that his administrative gifts had remained unrecognized by our foolish bosses and that no leading position had been offered him until now.

"It's all Tishchenko's fault," people were muttering. "He's the one who stood in our poor Lenny's way . . . Well, he's asked for it. Look at him now, paralyzed—can't even straighten his arms—all humped up and twisted like an oven fork! Serve him right, the devil."

The comments in the crowd were overheard by a swaddled infant of two months, asleep in its mother's arms—she had picked it up just as it was and brought it with her to watch the parade. Still too young to raise its head, it woke up, wriggled in its shawl, bared its toothless gums from ear to ear, and squealed, "I want Lenny to be our Tsar! I want Lenny Makepeace to be our Tsar!" Its childish prattle was drowned in a thunder of applause. Mad with enthusiasm, the crowd clapped and roared, chanting the familiar syllables of the leader's name,

"Leo-nard Make-peace! Leo-nard Make-peace!"

There was nothing for it, Leonard had to step out of the ranks. Though still in his new, steel-gray suit, he looked bashful and a little embarrassed.[1] In the middle of the square he stopped, bowed in the traditional manner to the four points of the compass and said,

"Sorry, comrades and friends, I simply couldn't think who you were calling for when I heard you shouting my name. I've done nothing to deserve such kindness. Still, if you wish it and insist on it I must reluctantly agree and bow to the people's will. I'll do my best to serve you—but one thing I beg of you: no personality cult! For the time being I think the Ministries of Justice and Home Affairs might as well stay in my hands. Of course the State is withering away, but we can't do quite without control, can we? What do you think, former Secretary Tishchenko?"

[1] This was the Maryamov who had lost his arm in the struggle against illiteracy.

[2] This was the cow which had been in the habit of infiltrating the square and nibbling the grass.

[1] It was for this occasion he had put it on.

"Let go, Leonard," Tishchenko moaned from his elevation. "Let go," he repeated menacingly, though unable to move a single joint.

Leonard only clenched his lean jaws, the veins swelling on his forehead and his expression conveying, "If you think you're going anywhere, Semyon Tishchenko, you can think again."

All the strength and authority seemed to drain from Tishchenko's body and suddenly—so the old women of Lyubimov say and such is the legend sprung from the imagination of the people—suddenly he spun round and toppled from the tribune like an idol overthrown. His head hit the ground and he vanished—but from where he hit it a feathered crow flew up with a loud squawk.

"Quick, a gun!" Leonard cried in a changed voice.

As usually happens, no one near him had a gun, but Makepeace was no fool; he took a run and threw himself face down on the same spot. Immediately his arms developed the structure of wings, his legs contracted and folded up, and his gray suit turned into feathers. His beak stiffened and curved, his small, round eyes blinked, and a fully fledged hawk tore into the sky in pursuit of the screeching Tishchenko.

Swooping and diving like experienced pilots, they fought their air battle while, down below, the people marveled and showed their approval of the new regime:

"At him, Lenny! Go for his eyes!"

But just as Lenny had forced him down and was about to sink his talons into the villain's heart, Comrade Tishchenko turned himself into a fox with a bushy tail. Had the rascal changed into a hare, our hawk would have made short work of him, but a sly fox is a match even for an eagle, so they say.

If you have ever seen a fox on the run you know that in the open country its evasive tactics make it quite impossible to catch it with your bare hands. But where was Tishchenko to hide in the city, with nothing around him but houses, fences, legs, girls hitching up their skirts to give Lenny a clear view?

Heartened by the moral support of the population, Lenny changed his shape to that of a Borzoi. Dog though it is, this animal with its narrow face and long legs is as frisky as an antelope; its body is as involuted as a monogram and it leaps and weaves over the ground as if it were writing Chinese hieroglyphics in the air.

. . . He pounced, but the fox's brush was left in his teeth while the fox, without any loss of speed, proceeded on wheels as a riderless bicycle, with mechanized pedals. People were still falling over each other, getting out of the way, when Lenny turned into a motorcycle and chugged after the . . . riderless . . . mind the pavement . . . fox's brush . . . barking . . . up the hill! . . . go for his spokes . . . all feathers . . . mechanized, mechanized, Lord be with us! . . . a bicycle is no match . . .

But enough of this incident. It is as unfounded, as mythical as the legend of Elijah the Prophet, which in reality is an allegory on man's struggle with nature. The facts were very different. To discover them we must go back to where Tish-





chenko was imploring Lenny to release him from his bondage.

Almost all the strength had drained from his body when suddenly he seemed to experience a measure of relief and ordered the garrison, "Arrest Comrade Makepeace—and we'll see who has the last laugh!"

His face came to life on his motionless torso and grimaced with spite.

A posse of militiamen creaking with ammunition belts marched up to Makepeace. Two of them drew their revolvers from their holsters and loudly and repeatedly discharged them at the loudspeaker. The music started again after the fourth round but stopped with a grunt after the sixth. The lawless regime of former Secretary Tishchenko had finally broken down.

The empty revolvers were dismantled and their component parts wrapped in a red handkerchief and handed to Makepeace. The disarming of the garrison was carried out in solemn silence and in battle order but with acrobatic skill. Leonard beckoned me over and entrusted me with the bundle.[1]

Meanwhile the garrison had collected flagstaffs and branches of fir trees and constructed a small portable platform suitable for a triumphal procession. Standing on it and raised aloft on the broad shoulders of his stalwart guard, Makepeace looked like his own monument cast in bronze.

As he was being carried past the tribune where Tishchenko, still rooted to the spot, was now alone (the other former leaders having made off into hiding), Makepeace halted and said in a moralizing tone:

"Take a good look! This shall be the fate of everyone who dares to encroach upon the freedom of our city!

"Long live the free city of Lyubimov!

"Long live technical and scientific progress throughout the world!

"Long live peace throughout the world!"

His eyes wandered, squinting more than usual, his hair was windblown and the dark V shone on his brow like a blood-red sign.

Two hours later the municipal telegrapher typed out the following message:

TO ALL. TO ALL. TO ALL.

THE CITY OF LYUBIMOV IS PROCLAIMED A FREE CITY. THE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE OF ITS CITIZENS IS GUARANTEED BY LAW. WITHOUT THE SHEDDING OF A SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD SUPREME POWER HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED TO COMMANDER LEONARD MAKEPEACE. HEAR AND OBEY.

SIGNED LEONARD MAKEPEACE

Harper's Magazine, June 1965

[1] I had been standing in the crowd, about twenty paces away. When Makepeace crooked his finger and I ran up and took the bundle I felt a slight electric shock and heard an inner voice telling me to throw it into the river. This I did in the presence of Sergeant Mikhailov, who can bear witness to my unbalanced state of mind at the time.

A Crash Next Year?

Why It's a Real Danger, and How It Can Be Avoided

by Peter F. Drucker

International economists in this country and abroad are beginning to be haunted by the specter of monetary collapse in the Free World—a repetition of 1931. Such a sudden shortage of cash and credit—or, as the bankers call it, a "liquidity crisis"—is totally unnecessary. Indeed, it would be a frivolous catastrophe, caused in large measure by lethargy and vanity in the United States government.

The danger does not lie in the apparent "weakness of the American dollar." It lies, ironically, in the tremendous real strength of the U. S. monetary position. To be less cryptic, the threat to the international monetary system is *not* the deficit in our balance of payments—real though that deficit is. The threat is a deflationary depression set off by the closing of our "payments gap" and the resulting stop of the outflow of dollars, which has largely financed the growth of world industry and international trade during the last decade.

In one way or another, the American payments deficit will be ended within twelve months. At the least it will be reduced sharply from the annual rate of over four billions, at which it ran last fall, to something approximating one billion a year. Little more than one stroke of the President's pen would close the gap.

Our payments deficit is a most unusual affair. To use the economist's terms, it is purely "technical" and not "structural." That means that its cause is not a weak competitive position of our economy (as is the case in England), but purely monetary factors. We have the biggest export surplus of any economy in history. American industry and agriculture have plenty of competitive muscle. Foreign aid, whether economic or military, takes comparatively few dollars out of the country; the bulk of foreign-aid money is spent at home on American goods. Our deficit is caused by American private loans and investments abroad—mainly in the developed industrial countries of Europe and in Japan. These loans and investments last year totaled six billions—two billions more than the total payments deficit. In this way, of course, we acquire income-producing assets abroad and in the long run strengthen the whole American economy. In fact, without the income from these assets our payments deficit would run much higher. But at any time, if necessary, we could stop further investing and lending abroad—and overnight turn our payments deficit into a surplus.

In fact, if we ourselves do not soon cut back our investment overseas, a dollar crisis will force us to do so. By late fall of this year—at the latest—our accounts will have to approach balance. The English pound by then will undoubtedly

be weak again, as it has been in the fourth quarter of every year since World War II. If at that time there is still lack of confidence in the dollar, the whole outside world may demand that we pay off our short-term foreign debts in gold—as France has already demanded.

These foreign debts are only a fraction of the value of our long-term assets in these countries—the value, for example, of such companies as English Ford, Opel, Vauxhall, and the other subsidiaries of our automobile companies in Europe. But demands for immediate payment of short-term international debts can be met only in gold—and there is not nearly enough monetary gold available in the whole world to pay off all at once our short-term obligations. There would be a "run on the bank," and we would have to suspend payments.

Such a crisis would be the end of the dollar as a "key currency," and the end altogether of the international economic and financial system we have so painstakingly built up these last twenty years. We might even, in a panic of this kind, devalue the dollar—though this in view of the competitive strength of our exports would make no more sense than amputating an arm to get rid of a splinter in the little finger. But it *would* liquidate the balance-of-payments problem.

The End of Europe's Boom

Everybody in Washington, including the key people in the Congress, understands all this. For that reason alone, *this* crisis is unlikely to happen. Long before it breaks we will probably have cut back drastically the outflow of U. S. investment capital.

Long ago we should have raised interest rates, which is clearly the most painless and psychologically effective way to reverse the flow of money. Recently, for instance, one of the leading commercial bankers in Canada told me that a half-percent increase in the U. S. interest rates would immediately switch $500 millions from Toronto to New York; and Canada is only a minor money market. Any dampening effect of higher interest rates on domestic business could have been offset by small but judicious cuts in taxation—by allowing business to depreciate assets a little faster, for instance; or by cutting excise taxes on items like automobiles, which are bought mostly on credit and are vulnerable to higher interest rates. Indeed, we may still have to jack up interest rates—and fairly soon. If the "voluntary restraints" for which President Johnson asked last January do not show real results by midsummer, interest rates in this country will go up, and much more sharply than if we had been wise enough to raise them last winter.

There is a good chance, however, that the "voluntary restraints" will do the trick, or most of it. These restraints are not quite as "voluntary" as the public has been led to believe; in any European country they would be considered pretty thorough government control. True, there has not been any official decree with rules, regulations, and penalties. But there *is* close administrative supervision of all major businesses and banks, and a great deal of administrative discretion—in the hands of the Secretary of Commerce and the Federal Reserve Bank—as to what capital exports will be permitted.

In addition, by sheer dumb luck the timing of these "voluntary restraints" may have been just right. U. S. investment in European industry would have fallen sharply anyhow this year. The bloom is off Europe's boom; with the exception of Germany, the major European economies are actually in a mild slump. The prices at which European businesses can be acquired, especially by Americans, have at the same time gone through the roof, largely because Americans have bid them up. Few European firms—except rather unattractive ones—could be bought at a reasonable cost today. Most of the larger American companies have about completed their European expansion program anyway.

At the same time, the acquisitions American business has made in Europe since the end of World War II are by now generating considerably more profit than we are likely to reinvest in Europe. American investment in Europe, in other words, has reached the point where it produces more dollars than it absorbs. With a little luck, therefore, a sharp decline in American investments abroad might coincide with the imposition of the "voluntary restraints." And if this does not happen, we are surely forewarned and forearmed, and ready to *make* it happen fast.

Will It Lead to Panic?

But we are quite unprepared for the much greater danger: a liquidity crisis caused by our no longer supplying the world with dollars through our payments deficit.

Since 1959, when we first ran a sizable payments deficit, the Free World has almost doubled both its industrial production and its interna-

tional trade. Expanding industry requires capital; expanding trade requires credit. Our dollars have supplied both. They have fueled the soaring Free World economy. Altogether we have pumped through our payments deficit some $20 billion into the world economy in the last six years. In contrast, the Marshall Plan outlay between 1948 and 1953 came only to $13 billion. If this dollar supply were suddenly shut off because our international accounts were in balance, the Free World economy would suffer disastrously. At best its advance would slow down to a crawl; at worst it would stall and possibly crash.

Most endangered by a liquidity crisis would be France. De Gaulle's economic policies, in fact, while presented as attacks on "Yankee economic imperialism," are actually shrewd attempts to cover France's weakness if a liquidity crisis occurs.

The French are running one of the world's most intractable deficits in their balance of trade. French industry is simply not sufficiently competitive to earn enough on the world markets to pay for the imports France needs. (This explains why de Gaulle, despite his obviously deep dislike of the Common Market, has been pushing so hard—and on the whole successfully—for closer and faster integration of the Common Market in farm products. Agriculture is the one sector where, at least by European standards, France is the low-cost producer and can hope to increase exports if given access to the other European markets.) The French people also grossly overconsume and underinvest, so that French industry has chronically lacked an adequate capital supply.

Both the deficit in the French trade accounts and the deficiency of capital have been made good largely by American dollars. Proportionately, France has gotten more U. S. dollars than any other country, largely in the form of investment in French industry. This dollar flow has been so great that "technically" (that is, in purely *monetary* terms) France is today extremely strong. But underlying this monetary strength is such structural weakness that without a continuing supply of financial investments from abroad, France might soon be forced to cut both her industrial costs and the consumption standard of her people. The country would be threatened simultaneously by a new devaluation of the franc and by unemployment.

Japan, while quite strong "structurally," is extremely weak "technically." She has depended less on money from abroad for her economic expansion than have the European countries. But because of the almost morbid Japanese fear of Western domination of her industries, Japan has taken the money from abroad in the form of short-term bank credits rather than as investments. These credits, in turn, have been invested by the Japanese banks in long-term loans to Japanese industry.

If the dollar flow is cut off, the short-term American bank loans would have to be repaid. And unless the Japanese can replace these American loans with some other credit supply from abroad, their banks might find themselves caught in a liquidity squeeze between a short-term obligation to repay and their long-term credits to their Japanese customers. It was exactly such a situation which felled the banks of Austria and Germany in 1931, in turn forcing Britain to devalue the pound and converting ultimately what had begun as a New York stock-market crash into the most severe worldwide depression of all times.

The Precarious Germans

Even the German economic miracle might easily be endangered by a liquidity crisis caused by the end of the U. S. payments deficit. In a pattern peculiar to that country, a substantial part of German industry is organized in one-man concerns controlled with a minimal capital investment by one "industrial baron." Friedrich Flick, for instance, now in his eighties, controls the Mercedes-Benz automobile works, the largest European paper company, and half a dozen large machinery manufacturers and foundries. And he is only one of these barons, though probably the best known. Obviously, even a very rich man could not supply the capital needed by such an empire; the money comes mainly in the form of loans from the German banks. And the banks, in turn, have been able to make them because of American investments in Germany. Such a concern is highly vulnerable to any credit squeeze. Four or five of them—including the pretty sizable Stinnes group—have actually collapsed in the last few years. And last fall there were persistent rumors in Germany that even Krupp, who con-

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trols the biggest empire of them all (and the only billion-dollar business in the world owned in its entirety by one man), had serious liquidity troubles. Cutting off the flow of dollars from abroad could, therefore, trigger a serious financial crisis in Germany.

Of the major Free World economies outside of North America, Great Britain is already in economic straits. If the three other major economies—France, Germany, and Japan—were to get into trouble, the results could well be a worldwide chain reaction of economic disaster. This would almost immediately force every country into economic and financial nationalism. It would slash international trade to ribbons. It would bury any hope of development in the underdeveloped countries. Would anyone expect the political unity of the Western World, or its social stability, to survive the shock?

A liquidity crisis in the international economy would, indeed, inevitably produce a sharp recession, if not a real depression, in the United States. Our export trade—most of which (except for exports to Canada) goes to Western Europe and Japan—would collapse. And it has been the steady expansion of our sales abroad that has provided the extra impetus to American prosperity and economic growth these last half-dozen years, and explains in large part the unprecedented length of a boom now in its fifth year.

Such a liquidity crisis would be a greater catastrophe for the Free World, including the United States, than almost any conceivable defeat—greater, perhaps, even than the loss of all of Southeast Asia to communism.

It would be a totally unnecessary catastrophe, and one we know how to prevent.

Needed: An International Currency

For ten years or so a growing number of economists on both sides of the Atlantic have warned us of the danger. They have shown clearly that it is not a problem of the dollar, of the pound, the franc, or any one national currency. The danger lies in using any national currency as the key currency—that is, as the monetary medium of both the domestic and the international economy. Since 1945 the international monetary system has been a key-currency system in which the dollar—and to a lesser degree the pound—have played the role gold played before World War I. But economists have long known that, in the long run, any key currency must end up by throttling either the international economy or the domestic economy. A key currency can only do its job as the international currency if its supply to the outside world increases as world trade grows, which obviously means a chronic deficit in the country's balance of payments. But this is incompatible with the role as the domestic currency of a given country, and vice versa. Only if the two currencies are separate can there be both a stable and growing domestic economy and a stable and growing international economy. What is needed is an international monetary medium, at least to supplement domestic currencies, if not to substitute for them in financing world business and commerce.

One way to get such an international monetary medium would be to make gold into a purely international medium of exchange. The other method would be to use an already existing international monetary agency—either the International Monetary Fund in Washington or the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, Switzerland—to create and manage a new international credit medium.

The use of gold as international currency is advocated by only one financial authority: Jacques Rueff, France's monetary wizard since the mid-'twenties. Because Rueff talks of a "return to the gold standard," a good many traditionalists (among them General de Gaulle) are sympathetic to his ideas. But the Rueff Plan actually means the exact opposite of their expectations; in short order it would eliminate any link between gold and individual national currencies. It would actually "de-monetize" gold everywhere, just as silver has been "de-monetized."

The gold supply of the world increases quite slowly. But the currency and credit needs of the international economy grow as international trade grows, and in the last two decades this growth has been enormous. The gold supply available now and in the near future would have to be increased several times to provide the international liquidity already needed today. Otherwise there would again be a liquidity crisis, as trade contracted to fit the inadequate gold supply. The only way to "stretch" the supply, of course, would be to raise the value of each ounce of gold—to double, perhaps even triple, its price. If gold, however, is at all linked to the domestic currency—as in one way or another it still is in this country and in Western Europe—a rise in its price creates the base for a corresponding increase in the supply of domestic money and credit. There is no economy in the world today

that needs such an increase; indeed, there is none that could stand such a massive inflation. If gold becomes the international money, the domestic economy would at once have to be insulated completely from it. Gold would have to be "demonetized." This explains why no central banker, no minister of finance, and no international economist has embraced the Rueff proposal. They all agree with the archconservative but extremely able head of the German central bank, Dr. Karl Blessing, who last March dismissed de Gaulle's call for a return to the gold standard as "far too radical."

This, then, leaves only the creation of some sort of international credit system. Such a system was first proposed as early as 1944 by the late Lord Keynes at the Bretton Woods Conference, which set up both the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. His proposal seemed wildly premature; there was no world trade to speak of, and more unused gold was buried in Fort Knox than anyone thought the world would ever need again.

By the mid-'fifties, however, things had begun to look quite different. Since then, there has been a whole raft of proposals for an international credit system. The two leading plans were both worked out by former high officials of the International Monetary Fund; they represent the two extremes among the various proposals. The bold plan is that of Professor Robert Triffin of Yale. The modest one was worked out by Dr. E. M. Bernstein, formerly the Research Director of the Monetary Fund. The Triffin Plan would, in effect, make the Monetary Fund (or the Basel Bank of International Settlements) into a twentieth-century central bank for world trade. The Fund's power to provide credit would be limited by the volume of bona fide commercial transactions in world trade. The Bernstein Plan would give the central credit agency the minimal requirements which had been considered necessary for a nineteenth-century central bank. Its credit volume would be limited by the total of gold and foreign-exchange reserves of the participating countries. Under both plans, of course, the participating countries would have ultimate control; their ministers of finance and central-bank presidents * would make up the governing board of the international credit system, as they now do at the International Monetary Fund.

At first shrugged off as intellectual games, these proposals have steadily gained adherents as the shadow of the liquidity crisis has lengthened in the last few years. By now not only leading financial economists but the usually much more conservative central bankers have in the main accepted the need for a genuinely international credit system separate from—and not dependent on—the payments balance of any one country or any one key currency.

Almost three years ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Harold Macmillan's Cabinet, Reginald Maudling, officially proposed a British version of the Bernstein Plan to his fellow ministers of finance. A year later, his colleagues on the board of the Fund agreed that something had to be done, and appointed the central bankers of the ten leading trading nations as a study committee to come up with concrete proposals. And right after General de Gaulle had publicly embraced the Rueff Plan last winter, his Minister of Finance, Valery Giscard d'Estaing, made it very clear that his boss really should have endorsed a modified Bernstein Plan.

Reluctant American Sphinx

Yet nothing has been done. There is one main reason: the refusal of the United States government even to be interested, let alone to lead. Essentially it was one man in our government who refused to move: the exceedingly brilliant Robert V. Roosa who, first as a vice president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and then as Under Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs in the Kennedy Administration, has essentially made U. S. international monetary policy for the last six or seven years. (Though Roosa stayed through Mr. Johnson's first year as President, he has now returned to private business.) It was Mr. Roosa who brushed aside the Maudling request for action in 1962. And while Roosa last September finally admitted that a reform of the international credit system was indeed in order, he put the need ten years in the future. Actually we may have not much more than ten months!

The reasons which the managers of international financial affairs in our government—the Treasury and the New York Federal Reserve Bank—have given for their adamant position are so feeble and unconvincing that our best friends overseas consider them pretexts. The main American argument against an international credit system has been that even to discuss it would amount to an admission of the weakness of the dollar; better to postpone any reforms, the

*Such as the heads of the Federal Reserve Bank, the Bank of England, and the central banks of other countries.

has righted itself. But no foreign banker or finance minister needs us to tell him that we are running a balance-of-payments deficit. Furthermore, the principal reason why a new credit system is required is obviously not the short-term weakness of the dollar but its fundamental strength.

The second American argument—that any such credit system would interfere with national sovereignty and independence—is equally suspect. For a hundred years that foreign trade and foreign payments crisis proves. To have an economy totally free from interference by the outside world, a country would have to do away altogether with international credit. An international credit system would actually interfere much less than did the nineteenth-century gold [illegible]—with its pressure on countries to protect their credit ratings by deflating—even short-term fluctuations in the balance of payments. It would not force countries to protect this or that national economy and national [illegible]—including the [illegible] and [illegible] to do.

The U.S., above all, would *gain* in freedom. The key currency is particularly limited: it cannot, for instance, devalue, and it must support all other currencies. In international economics a country and its currency have as much freedom as they have strength, whatever the institutional arrangements. It is hard to see, in view of the strength of our economy and of the dollar, what risk we would run of being forced to do anything under the new system except what the realities of our economic situation would lead us to do anyway.

A New Treasury Team

The American arguments, too, have been so baffling to foreign observers that many see in them a smoke screen for the "conspiracy of the Anglo-Saxons to impose economic domination" of which General de Gaulle likes to talk. The real motivation, while less sinister, does not do us much credit either.

The major reasons for our foot-dragging, I believe, have been pique at what is felt by our money managers to be—at least by implication—criticism of their management of the international monetary system, and an all-too-human [illegible] to the world's shortage of the key currency. That part of the [illegible] of Free World payments and [illegible]. These developments have made the key-currency idea untenable no matter how well our monetary managers [illegible]—and under Robert [illegible] that [illegible].

The situation is much too dangerous for "brinkmanship" or for gambling that the world economy will somehow muddle through. There is need for a clear American commitment to an autonomous international credit system, and for strong U.S. government leadership to create it.

It is not too late. On his last day in office this March, Douglas Dillon—who for five years had been Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Roosa's boss—quietly renounced the Roosa policy. Instead he called for discussions "this summer or fall" on the changes needed in the world's monetary system to finance world trade. He called this "the most difficult challenge facing the United States."

We now have both a new Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Fowler, and a new Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, Frederick L. Deming, neither identified with—nor committed to—the Roosa policy and therefore free to act. And now that we have tackled our balance-of-payments deficit, even the most traditionalist banker in the Free World is becoming convinced that something will have to be done fast to head off a liquidity crisis. But it is very late—much too late, for sure, to go on drifting.

Harper's Magazine, June 1965

Paging Mr. Morgan

[illegible]

[illegible]

I have made an estimate of the expenses of Harvard College [illegible] for [illegible]. We have on hand at the present time $8,330.48, leaving a balance of $1,669.52 that we have to [illegible]. What should we have [illegible] and how can we [illegible] from Mr. Morgan?

—Acrostic, *Harvard College, New York City, March 11, 1906.*

The New American Poets

by Kenneth Rexroth

A candid assessment, written with affection and wit, of the most important new verse of recent years, all of it post-Beat and apart from the "steady diet of mediocrity."

American poetry, like most artistic activity every place, comes by fits and starts. The Imagists, "Others," the Lost Generation, the Proletarians, the Reactionaries, the Trotskyites, the Beats—in between lie periods of quiescence when the geyser is grumbling underground and gathering its strength. The brief periods when the geyser is blowing off and poetry is hot copy have not necessarily been the times of greatest creativity.

The Imagist movement produced only a couple of poets of importance. In fact, many critics consider H. D. the only Imagist. The Proletarians, alas, produced none. At the height of their notoriety there were never more than two Beat poets, Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso. In fact, the only important group to constitute a movement, as such things are seen by the press, was the generation of Classic Modernists—William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, Mina Loy, Walter Conrad Arensberg, Maxwell Bodenheim—and so on for some thirty names, who were published by Alfred Kreymborg in his magazine and yearbook, *Others*, 1916 to 1919, and even the majority of them have been forgotten. Between commotions, which is most of the time, American poetry trundles along quietly on a plateau. The last seven or eight years have been such a period.

There have been no sensations. Plenty of poetry has been written which in another time would have been shocking enough, but it has met with critical indifference. Our reflexes tired early in the PR racket raised by the Beats. Nobody really cares if you manage to write a poem using more dirty words per page than Allen Ginsberg. The New Village on the Lower East Side pullulates with coffee shops and mimeographs where barefoot boys and girls defy the Post Office, but the Post Office has smartened up and rarely defies back.

We have evolved sure-fire formulas for alienation. We not only have a rigorously organized academy of outcasts with uniforms and passwords, but the outcasts have entered the most respectable academies. Most of the Black Mountain group, including Robert Creeley and Charles Olson, are now professors just like everybody else, and busy teaching the daughters of small-town used-car dealers in colleges in the Bible Belt, the piney woods, and the wheatlands, how to make like Van Gogh, Rimbaud, and Artaud in one semester one hour a week, and get two and one half credits for doing it.

Meanwhile, the old official Academia—the organization led by John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate—toddles along in its own peculiar trough, turning out little reactionaries, as alike

as the faces on a sheet of stamps. I suppose that this is really the most significant development in poetry in the last few years—the Reactionary Generation has at last become totally infertile. No young real poets of this kidney have come up in the last ten years. The poetic school of Thomas Nelson Page has run dry at last.

Instead of producing the literary Alexandrianism and political obscurantism characteristic of American Academic verse for so many years, today most English departments seem to have accepted their limitations. They turn out what might be called "white-collar verse." Presumably, as automation renders even the engineers redundant, the qualifications for bureaucrats and technocrats in the last quarter of the twentieth century will include the ability to write harmlessly complicated domestic verse, its ambiguities carefully calculated by slide rule. Already, the output is illimitable. I, for one, have no intention of reading to the end of it. A surprising number of publishers now issue paperbacks of contemporary verse. University presses like Wesleyan and Indiana apparently consider them prestige items. Where once there was only the Yale Series of Younger Poets, there are now ten or more such series.

Although I find this stuff unreadable, I am all for it, but I think it the better part of valor to understand what it is. If the English departments can provide the typical young small-town chain-store boss, IBM branch manager, or CPA with a set of literary counters that he can rearrange on the page when he takes the kids for a hike by the reservoir, when he falls in love, or his mother dies, it seems to me this is all to the good. High civilization has always been based on a broad foundation of cultivated bureaucrats. I don't understand why my friends, who teach creative writing to future bureaucrats, are so infuriated when I say this.

Literarily speaking, of course, Series of Younger Poets and Poetry Awards are the kiss of death. The oldest, the Yale effort, has always been governed by the highest motives, and its present judge, Dudley Fitts, and his predecessor, W. H. Auden, I consider friends and gentlemen of discretion. Looking back over the record, however, is a queasy experience. Once in a while, by some mysterious accident, a poet sneaked in to win the award—Stephen Vincent Benét or Muriel Rukeyser—but who were all those other people? Dudley Fitts has obviously tried to break away from this tradition of worse-than-mediocrity. In recent years a couple of his choices, notably Jack Gilbert, have been good indeed. The point that I am making is, that even with the best intentions and the most imaginative judges, there is something wrong. This is not the way significant poetry usually gets published, and when it does it is all too obviously an accident. This, Younger Poets Series stuff, is the overwhelming bulk of verse published today; I don't understand why.

When I said overwhelming bulk, I was not just using a cliché. It is almost impossible to keep track of, much less to read through, all the verse now being published. If you do sit down and try, the steady diet of mediocrity so dulls your responses that, when something good does come along, you are likely to miss it. Therefore, before I started to write this piece I polled my friends. I wrote a dozen poets of unquestioned ability and of the most disparate tastes—"Would you be so kind as to return the enclosed postcard with the three poets under thirty-five you consider the best?" Everybody voted, but most of the people preferred to remain anonymous. Allen Ginsberg sent me three letters, each with about ten people on it. One person wrote on his card, "There are no good poets under thirty-five."

Besides deciding on anonymity, most of my correspondents thought that an exact tabulation of the vote would be unwise. The names that occurred most often were Gary Snyder, Tim Reynolds, Adrienne Rich, Thom Gunn. It's a curious thing that several of my correspondents seemed to have overlooked their own increasing years, and named people now well past thirty-five. As a matter of fact, I think this may be true of two of those people who got several votes.

Gary Snyder and Tim Reynolds were popular with representatives of all tastes except the most Beat. Otherwise the choices tend to represent definite schools. Here's the list: A. R. Ammons, Robert Bagg, Michael Benedict, Wendell Berry, Diane di Prima, Edward Dorn, Richard Duerdon, William Duffy, Russell Edson, Harry Fainlight, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Johnson, LeRoi Jones, Robert Kelly, William Knott, Ron Loewinsohn, Lewis Lipsitz, Jay Macpherson, Michael McClure, Daniel Moore, Richard Moore, Jim Mosley,

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Kenneth Rexroth's latest book of poems is "Natural Numbers"; he has lectured across the country and has pioneered in reading poetry to jazz. Among his works are two volumes of poems from Chinese and Japanese; he is a painter and also a columnist for the San Francisco "Examiner."

David Ray, Jerome Rothenberg, Ed Sanders, James Scully, Anne Sexton, Dick Shaw, Susan Sherman, Joel Sloman, Gil Sorrentino, A. B. Spellman, Philip Whalen, John Wieners, Jonathan Williams, Miller Williams.

Naked Imagination

I have listed everybody's choice except Allen Ginsberg's. His letters were practically a history of postwar bohemia so I had to make my own choice of poets from his. Robert Bly said in his letter, "I don't see any pattern in these, and very little that they have in common unless it were much more dependence on naked imagination than the poets—who put their confidence more in form and 'structure'—preceding them. I think that's a good thing."

I think he is right about the total list but I also think that this, in itself, is a definite and significant pattern. Robert Bly, James Wright, and their associates on *The Sixties;* Cid Corman (the most dedicated man in American literature) in his magazine, *Origin;* John Logan with his handsome new magazine, *Choice;* a small group of young Catholic poets who publish in the Catholic magazines, *Critic, Jubilee, Ramparts,* and *Commonweal,* as well as in *The Sixties* and *Choice;* and the constantly changing publications of the East Village coffee shops, and their like numbers in San Francisco's North Beach—they all have one thing in common. They no longer find it necessary to be in revolt against the formalist tradition and its exclusive echoing of the stylistic exercises of the British textbook poets. Slogging work by the Reactionary Generation, in the years just before and during World War II, managed to cut American poetry completely free from the international literature of the twentieth century and return it to the position of provincial dependence it enjoyed before Longfellow translated Provençal and imitated the *Kalevala* (Finland's national epic). Now we have swung back.

Three principles have guided all the editors of poetry magazines of the last ten years: One, anti-formalism; the chances of a baroque sonnet packed with seventy-seven euphuistic ambiguities being printed today, except in the Quarterlies of the Old Guard—the *Partisan, Kenyon,* and *Hudson Reviews*—are remote indeed.

Two: reinternationalization. Robert Bly, especially, has published a great deal of foreign poetry in *The Sixties;* poets like Yves Bonnefoy and Alain Bosquet have enjoyed considerable social and platform success in America, although the most significant French poet ever to live in this country, Claude Vigée, came and went in the decade after the war unrecognized by the American poets in the very colleges where he taught French literature, and utterly unknown to the American poet who most resembled him, Delmore Schwartz. The point is—a situation like this would be highly unlikely today. We are ecumenical again, as we were from 1912 to 1929.

Three: directness of statement, objectivism, presentational immediacy. It is difficult to find an all-inclusive term to describe the reaffirmation of the anti-literary, no-nonsense aesthetic that goes back to Imagism and Literary Cubism, as well as to literary Populism. Carl Sandburg, H. D., Gertrude Stein shared a repugnance for literary cookery. This attitude, transmitted to the young largely through the work of William Carlos Williams and the rediscovered Louis Zukofsky, is shared by almost all the poets of this generation, however else they may disagree or however antagonistic they may be in personality, from Anne Sexton to Ed Sanders, the Superbeat who puts out a mimeographed unprintable magazine.

Beatniks, variously known as teddy boys, Mods and Rockers, stilyagi, are obviously an international movement. In the period of imminent nuclear extinction, McCarthyism, and the Zhdhanovtchina, the international "power structure" (to use the words made so popular by James Baldwin) was given over to seemingly unbridled nihilism which found its reflection at the bottom of society amongst the voluntary outcasts, just as the irresponsible nihilistic tyranny of the Tsars produced the historic Nihilists. Of course, we are not out of the woods yet, and so the literature of violent alienation not only still exists, but has become very popular amongst the young.

Beats Go Square

It is significant, though, that today beards and bare feet, leotards and pony tails are coupled with nuclear disarmament buttons, lie-ins, drink-ins, and sleep-ins. Ten years ago, when the little toy dog was new and *On the Road* and *Howl* were still in manuscript, the slogan (to quote the madman in the Bandhouse described by Nelson Algren) was, "Let them horses gallop, let them snakes wiggle, let them camels hump, LET EVERYTHING GO!"

Four

For the Year of the Insane

a prayer

by Anne Sexton

O Mary, fragile mother,
hear me now, hear me now
although I do not know your words.
The black rosary with its silver Christ
lies unblessed in my hand
for I am the unbeliever.
Each bead is round and hard between my fingers,
a small black angel.
O Mary, permit me this grace,
let me cross over
although I am ugly
submerged in my own past
and my own madness.
Although there are chairs
I lie on the floor.
Only my hands are alive,
touching beads.
Word for word, I stumble.
A beginner, I feel your mouth touch mine.

I count beads as waves,
hammering in upon me.
I am ill at their numbers,
sick sick in the summer heat
and the window above me
is my only listener, my awkward being.
She is a large taker, a soother.
The giver of breath, she murmurs,
exhaling her wide lung like an enormous fish.

Closer and closer
comes the hour of my death
as I rearrange my face, grow back,
grow undeveloped and straight haired.
All this is death.
In the mind there is a thin alley called death
and I move through it
as through water.
My body is useless.
It lies, curled like a dog on the carpet.
It has given up.
There are no words here except the half learned,
the *Hail Mary* and *full of grace.*

Now I have entered the year without words.
I note the queer entrance and the exact voltage.
Without words they exist.
Without words one may touch bread
and be handed bread
and make no sound.

O Mary, tender physician,
come with powders and herbs
for I am in the center.
It is very small and the air is gray
as in a steam house.
I am handed wine as a child is handed milk.
It is presented in a delicate glass
with a round bowl and a thin lip.
The wine, itself, is pitch colored, musty, secret.
The glass rises on its own to my mouth
and I notice this and understand this
only because it has happened.
I have this fear of coughing
but I do not speak,
a fear of rain, a fear of the horseman
who comes riding into my mouth.
The glass tilts in on its own
and I am on fire.
I see two thin streaks burn down my chin.
I see myself as one would see another.
I have been cut in two.

O Mary, open your eyelids.
I am in the domain of silence,
the kingdom of the crazy and the sleeper.
There is blood here
and I have eaten it.
O mother of the womb,
did I come for blood alone?
Am I trampled under?
O little mother,
I am in my own mind.
I am locked in the wrong house.

In one battle

by LeRoi Jones

Three gray boys tracked us to an old house.
We saw them coming winding collecting the weather
in their slow movement. Gray also their day
which is their faces, and their understanding
of where we are.

Our murderous intentions
are what they hear, and think them thin whore hawks
brushing through the trees.

The other guys are already aiming
as grays snake towards the house.
I take a few seconds, to finish
these notes, now my fingers eagerly
toward the machine

(Untitled)

by Tim Reynolds

Primordia hooked-&-eyed
into this worldmachine grind down
like pebbles in this stream—
we are singular
as American.

We fall apart
inert. Not blown
apart, we drift apart
like continents
as though God's dreamy eyes unfocused,
and cannot hold.

The tall cliffs
crumble, an unsteady
rubble of
marbles underfoot—we
walk that shingle
toward dawn
saying word, word and word.

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Ami Pete 24.XII.62

by Gary Snyder

hair a wild stroke of black
on white pillow—
knees flexing up playing
white sheets and gown
gold-brown grass on the hillside
clouds over twisted pine
jabs of rain down from Mt. Hiei

"we never thought he'd be a boy"

nobody home at the house.
the father has gone off to teach
the light at the gate is still on
"he's been printing on broken stone"
through the window.

lettuce and onions no matter how cold
does he know? that he has a new boy?

the dog has stoppt barking
sits shivering
and shivering
tied to the woodshed door frame.

Today, it's an up-to-date version of the banners of my youth—FREE LOVE, FREE LIQUOR, FREE MOONEY. In other words, it is no longer alienation but revolt. However revolting its conduct, revolt it still is. The very notion of the faintest hint of social responsibility would fill the souls of the elder statesmen of the beatniks with disgust. Ed Sanders' mimeographed sheet has a dreadful resemblance to an occupational-therapy project in a very permissive asylum, but the curious thing about his contributors is that they are genuinely concerned about the evils of society—war, sexual conflict and racial persecution, commercialism, and literary hypocrisy. The fact that they can't get beyond an infantile acting-out of their defiance in free-verse doggerel full of dirty words, may leave them ridiculous as writers, but it only cripples, it does not invalidate, their posture of social responsibility.

Only the aging and the fools in this group, for instance, persist in glorifying the Negro for his disabilities. They no longer worship him because they think he takes dope. Since the Negro was discovered by Jack Kerouac, an appreciable number of the young litterateurs of the East Village have actually met one. Again, this may seem to be an unimportant group; their mimeographed publications are unknown to the great public; their coffee-shop readings never seat more than fifty people; the man on the street never heard of them, even though an appreciable number of Harlem and Village streetwalkers have.

The self-proclaimed youth of Western and latterly Eastern and African society has been characterized by, to echo Thorstein Veblen's phrase, "conspicuous expenditure" of spirit. The commotion usually seems childish at the time and produces remarkably few real artists. The social effect of the militant *jeunesse* is insidious and slow-maturing. They grow older. They do not become professional poets or painters—on the contrary, they give up bohemia, *la vie scandaleuse*, get jobs and acquire families, and the day comes when some of them are ambassadors, bank presidents, and chain-store managers. Vestigial remnants of their adolescent ideologies survive to become the accepted mores of their middle age. Today, as is well known, the top floors on Madison Avenue would be drastically thinned of executive talent if they suddenly lost all alumni of the John Reed Club, the Red writers' and artists' organization of 1932.

Robert Creeley and Charles Olson, formerly of the *Black Mountain Review*, have become in-

active as editors. To a certain extent, their place has been taken by Jonathan Williams, editor of *Jargon*, and Denise Levertov, now poetry editor of the *Nation*, who publishes a kind of second generation of the Black Mountain group, for instance, Gil Sorrentino, Susan Sherman, John Wieners, and Robert Kelly. I suppose they could be best characterized as sharing objective imagery, a shameless pathos, and ironic wit. This description, of course, could apply equally well to their immediate ancestor, Robert Creeley, or even to Denise.

The better Academic poets, of whom Anne Sexton, Thom Gunn, Adrienne Rich, and Tim Reynolds are fitting examples, like their immediate predecessors, do not write baroque metaphysical verse derived from the theories of William Empson and John Crowe Ransom. In fact, they are moved by a quite contrary aesthetic—they are neo-classical or simplistic. Their models are Hardy and Landor, rather than Donne and Chapman; their mentor, if any, is Yvor Winters. However, the baroque tradition of metaphysical conceit, artificial emotionalism, complex structure, and lush ornamentation dies hard. The poets who Robert Bly says "depend more on naked imagination" might well accuse Tim Reynolds, a poet of very great promise, of still suffering from excessive cookery. It is difficult for him, as it is for Adrienne Rich, to escape from the long-established kitchen of ambiguity and artifice—which is doubtless why they are most popular with the older generation.

I think the most significant group of young poets are those published in *Choice* and *The Sixties*, and the most impressive of these is certainly William Knott, who writes under the whimsical pseudonym of Saint Giraud. Saint Giraud, in case you don't know, was a nasty monk, the hero of a pornographic classic. Knott's poems are remarkable for their chasteness. In fact, that might be said to be their distinguishing characteristic. Even when they are about sleeping together, they impart an emotion of great purity which can only be called connubial bliss. There are few things like this in modern literature, perhaps Yvon and Claire Goll's *Ten Thousand Dawns—Dix Mille Aubes*—the very title of which has always brought tears to my eyes. It is indicative that the comparison that springs to mind is a European one and that of a couple who wrote fluently in English, French, and German. If Robert Bly has fulfilled no other plank of his program, he has certainly encouraged mighty steps on the part of young poets toward a return to the international community.

Richard Shaw, Jerome Rothenberg, David Ray, Michael Benedict, William Duffy, Russell Edson might just as well be writing in French or Polish, yet they are intensely autochthonous. Mark that they share this characteristic with absolute aboriginals like William Carlos Williams. It has always been true that it is our localists who are universal and our imitators of latest Bloomsbury fads who are hopelessly provincial. Mr. Eliot has never been able to escape from that lilac-filled backyard in St. Louis, while literate Uzbeks have learned from Dr. Williams the exact perfume of the fetor of the Jersey mudflats.

"Not in the Pity"

A generation ago when Yeats, in his preface, dismissed Wilfred Owen with the observation "the poetry was" most emphatically "*not* in the pity," he scandalized everybody. I'm afraid he was right and nothing bears him out more than most contemporary Negro poetry. The relation between the races in America is in fact a tragedy or a mortal sin, but artistically it is a bore. It is a shocking state of affairs, but it doesn't make for art.

Race poetry, "protest poetry" self-evidently can say nothing new. Alas, white editors want little else. If you're colored and enclose a photograph, you can publish almost anything, as long as it's about dope, saxophones, lynchings, urine-stained hallways, and murderous miscegenation. It is interesting to note that the most militant Negro poets of the youngest generation are precisely those who resist the demands of this factitious market. Much of LeRoi Jones's poetry ignores race, except implicitly, and even where he does use it, as in certain bitterly sarcastic erotic poems, nothing is really lost to the poem if you cross out or exchange the words "black" and "white." LeRoi Jones is certainly the best, as he is the most influential, of widely published young Negro poets. There may be plenty of others, but it is impossible to tell, because editors print only their race poetry.

The best recent anthology is *Beyond the Blues*, published in England by the Hand and Flower Press, and edited by Rosey E. Pool, who is a Dutchwoman. Here again, the young poets who make the most impact are those who avoid explicit racial protest. Typical of the best is Julia Field, whose poetry has poignancy that might be the expression of any race. She and the few others like her might be said to represent the arrival of *négritude* in American verse—that is,

she has pride in her race, because she has pride in herself. I think that this question is a most important crux of aesthetic judgment—it points up the most basic of all issues. It is a moral problem, essentially, but it is directly reflected in artistic structure.

E. N. Sargent's *The African Boy* is a deliberate, self-conscious effort at *négritude* in Senghor's exact sense, that is, "the sum total of the values which characterize black civilization." It even sounds like him or Diop or Niger or Césaire. You would expect this to invalidate it or, at least, reduce it to the level of the anthropological ballet once so popular and so unbelievable. On the contrary, it's surprisingly convincing, but not as convincing as the few young Negro poets who do not need to be deliberate about their *négritude*.

The last ten years have seen a great burst of poetic activity amongst young Catholic writers. Doubtless, this is another symptom of what a caustic Cardinal called "the end of Pius IX's war with the nineteenth century" or another ecclesiastic, "the tentative return of the Church to the human race." These young poets share neither the politics nor the aesthetics of the *Criterion*'s garbled importations from *L'Action Française* nor T. S. Eliot's nor Donald Davidson's provincial popularizations of the principles of Léon Daudet, Massis, and Maurras; in other words, they are not Neo-Catholics, using only the superficial aspects of Catholicism to express a reactionary ideology. They are just plain Catholics. This is a more important change than one might imagine. It means that American Catholics are now sufficiently at home here to be meaningful poets as well as Presidents. It represents, in one specifically delimited area of American culture, the return of a provincial literature to the literature of the contemporary world.

It is curious, however, that these young intellectuals lag far behind their own hierarchy—and the American hierarchy is far from being the most revolutionary element in the Church. Most of the young Catholic poets write ingenuous lyrics to which faint echoes of the Liturgy lend a slight flavor of exoticism. There is no hint in America of the passionate drive toward social responsibility and ethical activism which distinguishes the young men of the French Catholic Left. In America we only have *The Catholic Worker*, which is ingenuous to a fault, and J. F. Powers, who does not write poetry.

Finally, Cid Corman, since we are talking about religion, could certainly be called a literary saint. Ever since the war he has lived a life of the strictest voluntary poverty and has saved most of a tiny income from the GI Bill or from small fellowships and used it to publish *Origin*, a magazine which he gives away free to anyone who asks for it. He not only publishes all the significant young poets but he has also conscientiously reflected their revaluation of the past. He has, for instance, given more space to the Objectivist poet of the 'twenties, Louis Zukofsky, than any three magazines in the past forty years. Like Robert Bly, he has also published translations from a variety of languages which reflect precisely contemporary taste.

One of Corman's favorites is Gary Snyder, the poet who got the largest number of votes from my colleagues. I think he deserved them. He is a Protean young man with a vast range of solid knowledge and has already accumulated years of experience in real, as distinguished from literary and academic life. That is, he is a Buddhologist, learned in Sanskrit, Pali, Chinese, and Japanese—as far from a Zen beatnik as might be; he lived for a long time inside a Japanese monastery, not out in the garden with the American millionairesses; at Reed College, where he was a four-year sensation, a sensation that endures to this day, he was a major in science and mathematics; he has done all the things young Pacific Coast roustabouts do for a living—worked in the woods, on the sea, and on the docks, picked fruit and worked with horses and cows. This is what distinguishes Gary Snyder. It is because he has a lot to say and an urgent need to say it that he is, of all these people, most the master of a complex and mature style.

There are a number of poets who are not easy to categorize, and elude any schematic presentation of contemporary verse. Jack Gilbert will have to stand for all of them. Easy technical skill, sharply ironic wit—I suppose it is his maturity which enables him to elude categorization and I suppose that is one definition of maturity.

PERHAPS it is best to sum up on that note. With the exception of the neo- and post-Beats of the unprintable school who are incorrigibly bare-bottomed boys with cheeks of tan, the last five years of American poetry give the impression of being a little more at ease, a little more at home in the wide world of literature, and even life, than their predecessors. They are quieter; their blood runs thinner, but they are a step nearer to being men of letters. It seems to me that must be counted a gain because everybody knows that it's men of letters we need in America and surely don't have.

The Universe of Thornton Wilder

by Hermine I. Popper



Whether the Russians or the Americans finally win the race to the moon, they may find that someone has landed there before them—a graying, full-chested man with a military back and the face of an animated owl, striding briskly along in his own cloud of dust, cultivating solitude. If so they should not be surprised; for Thornton Wilder, more than any other American writer of the present century, has made his home in the universe. By experience, talent, and temperamental necessity, he has created a world beyond time and space, and he moves through it with the easy familiarity that the earthbound reserve for the Main Streets of childhood.

As the landing rocket slices a scar through the silence, Wilder may scowl momentarily. But when the youthful spacemen emerge, he will undoubtedly welcome them into his book-lined crater, whip out a bottle of whiskey, and engage them in an all-night discussion of the eternal questions. For Wilder is both the most inquiring and (on occasion) the most gregarious of men, and he cannot resist the eager young. "Money," he wrote in *The Matchmaker,* "is like manure; it's not worth a thing unless it's spread around encouraging young things to grow."

When I first saw Thornton Wilder, he was the eager young, sitting beside my mother on the living-room couch, while I (younger still; still too young to be eager) watched from my favorite front-row seat, under the grand piano. He was reading aloud from a copybook not unlike the one in which I had started to labor my letters in school. Most of what he described that day of a modern Roman society worshiping at the altars of ancient gods was beyond my comprehension; but one thing I understood: The same blank books that filled up so slowly under my pencil stub were capable of yielding an ebullient flow of words and creating a world that delighted my mother. I was never the same again.

The time was the early 'twenties, the manuscript *The Cabala,* soon to be Wilder's first published novel. He sat on the edge of the couch and acted each part in turn; his hands punched out points, his sudden laugh exploded and faded. Recalling that afternoon in *Theatre Arts* some twenty years later, my mother wrote of "that double but not at all divided quality that is one of his distinguishing characteristics . . . although he was extremely serious, he was also very gay. Although very shy, he was unusually friendly; although he was surprisingly learned, he was never pedantic; he was as deliberate in his thinking as he was explosive in his speech. . . ."

The years have added corroboration to this theme. Yet one could remark as well today on Thornton Wilder's single yet curiously divided quality. Single in the sense that responsibility and commitment run through his life and his work like a unitary thread, binding together the devoted son and brother, the citizen who has served his country in two world wars, the teacher who has given his time generously to lecturing and to guiding young talent, and the writer who has produced a body of work as consistently honest, mature, and felicitous as any produced in America. Divided in the sense that this consistency is like the smooth surface of a pond on a still day: It masks but it cannot obliterate the ferment, the wonder and terror of life underneath.

"One of the things in this world I most envy," Caesar says in *The Ides of March,* Wilder's most variously and richly human novel, "is the endowment from which springs great poetry. To the great poets I ascribe the power to gaze fixedly at the whole of life and bring into harmony that which is within and that which is without them." Anyone who has read Wilder's work with atten-

tion may conclude that he speaks here for himself. The harmony he has achieved in his work is not that of a Sophocles or a Shakespeare; it is the enforced reconciliation of a Puritan with a post-Freudian consciousness.

Like those earlier Americans—Melville, Poe, Dickinson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, about whose predicament he has lectured and written so cogently—Wilder has built a platform over his own particular hell and examined the world from on top of it. His grandeur lies in the scope of the universe within his free vision; his importance lies in his stubborn refusal to accept that vision as ultimate. "An artist is one," he wrote while still a very young man, "who knows how life should be lived at its best and is always aware of how badly he is doing it." That Wilder remains aware of this dilemma some forty years later, and has never given up the effort to stretch the recalcitrant limits of his consciousness, is part of what draws the reader back to his novels, and audiences, year after year, to his plays.

"I think you will find that the work is a gradual drawing near to the America I know," he told Richard Goldstone of *Paris Review*, referring to *Heaven's My Destination* (1935), a picaresque novel set in Depression America, with a quixotic religious idealist as its hero. "The progression is there and visible; I can be seen collecting the practice, the experience, and the courage to present my own times."

What are Wilder's "own times"? In a literal sense, they begin in 1897, when he was born in Madison, Wisconsin, a geographical accident that cannot disguise the dominance of New England in his heritage. He was the second son of Amos Parker Wilder—Maine Calvinist, Yale-educated, a struggling newspaperman and orator of renown—and of Isabella Thornton Niven of Dobbs Ferry, New York. Mrs. Wilder, daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian minister and descended on her mother's side from a distinguished line of New England abolitionists and freethinkers, had, according to William Lyon Phelps who taught her in Sunday school, "the most brilliant mind" among his "attractive pupils." It was a mind starved for learning, owing to her father's conviction that women's brains could stand only so much education. After her marriage the hunger exploded, and in young Thornton she soon found a ready companion for her passionate explorations of language and philosophy, literature and the arts.

The children had come fast: Amos Niven in 1895, Thornton in 1897, Charlotte in 1898 and Isabel in 1900. (Another daughter, Janet, was born some ten years later.) In the family files is a photograph taken around the turn of the century. It shows the Wilders out for an airing, Isabel in the carriage, the three older children barely tall enough to hang on. Mrs. Wilder is pushing the carriage with one hand, and in the other she holds an open book. Her attention is on the book. Mr. Wilder (preoccupied with trying to make his newspaper solvent, tilting gallantly, ineffectually, and with all the zeal of a fundamentalist at the windmills of corruption) is nowhere to be seen. According to Isabel Wilder, Thornton's dedicated and talented sister who now keeps his house in Hamden, Connecticut, and acts as his intermediary with the world, this is more than a snapshot; it is biography. *Mother and Four* is the title of a partially autobiographical novel she published in 1933.

Mr. Wilder moved his family to Hong Kong in 1906 when he was posted there as American consul general, but after six months Mrs. Wilder and four were shipped back to California in the interests of a proper American education. Except for a year's return to China in 1911-12, the Wilders continued to live in California until 1915, when Thornton followed his brother to Oberlin on their father's insistence that Yale was too worldly for his sons. Until the family was reunited in New Haven in 1917-18 (where Amos and Thornton, the latter after a stint in the Coast Artillery, were finally permitted to complete their undergraduate years at Yale) Mr. Wilder appeared only intermittently, during his one-month leave every two years, a rather austere and demanding stranger to his growing young family.

Yet distance did not mean indifference. From China his long arm reached out through the mails to direct his family's fortunes, and the tempo of stricture and study increased each time he came home. Nor did the father's influence terminate with the sons' majority. At the end of a post-graduate year of study in archaeology under the auspices of the American Academy in Rome, Thornton was greeted with a cable announcing:

HAVE JOB FOR YOU TEACHING FRENCH AT LAWRENCEVILLE STOP LEARN FRENCH LOVE PAPA.

Hermine I. Popper, who has recently been writing stories (one called "Mother and the General" appeared in this magazine), was drawn to this study of Thornton Wilder by her interest in fiction, and by her childhood acquaintance with Wilder. She has been managing editor of "Theatre Arts," has written film criticism, and has been a free-lance book editor.

After brushing up hastily on his grammar and accent with the nuns of a Paris convent, young Wilder dutifully returned to America and the Lawrenceville School, near Princeton, New Jersey, in the fall of 1921. There he remained, except for a sabbatical year, until 1928, when the success [illegible] and love, life and death in eighteenth-century Peru, had given him both the financial and the [illegible]

[illegible]

Much has been made of Thornton Wilder's peri- [illegible] than for the special kinds of distance and close- [illegible] ties that he brought to bear on them.

In a world where books and abstractions were [illegible] guage of affection was words, an obedient child learned early to turn his attention away from himself and to abrogate his central place in the [illegible]

> . . . All children, Wilder put it to Goldstone, emerging from the egocentric monsterhood of [illegible] their parents, playmates, from "life," from all [illegible] selves. They are also out to win some expression of themselves as individuals. . . . The future author is one who discovers that language, the exploration and manipulation of the resources of language, will serve him in winning through to his way. This does not necessarily mean that he is highly articulate in persuading, cajoling or outsmarting his parents and companions, for this type of child is [illegible] one removed from the persons around him. . . .

For Wilder, the universal, the cosmopolitan, and the eternal were at once a haven from the intolerably immediate, specific, and personal, and at the same time the most intimate point of contact with the two central persons of his own childhood.

Wilder has said that digging into the ancient streets of Rome had startled him into awareness of the vast stretches of time and place in which each individual plays his part. But the choice of locale and subject matter were his before he ever set foot in Rome. His sense of the individual life as part of an ageless continuum, and of the earth as a small whirling portion of an infinite universe, would seem to have been a logical outgrowth of his centrifugal sense of himself in the cosmos of family life. In any case, it was to become the pivot of his world view.

"I am not interested in the ephemeral—such subjects as the adulteries of dentists," he told Arthur Gelb of the *New York Times* a few years ago. "I am interested in those things that repeat and repeat and repeat in the lives of millions." There are dangers in this position: At times he has seemed to be losing the struggle against an existentialist feeling of the "absurdity of any single person's claim to importance." But it is also a source of his answering optimism, in terms of mankind if not of men, and it frees his imagination to break with conventional notions of time and place. This freedom reaches its height in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, where Wilder runs riot through man's geography and his calendars, compacting five thousand years of world history into three acts; but it is also apparent in much of his other work, being perhaps most eloquently ex- [illegible]

> The earth sighed as it turned in its course: the shadow of night crept gradually along the Mediterranean, and Asia was left in darkness. The great cliff that was one day to be called Gibraltar held for a long time a gleam of red and orange, while across from it the mountains of Atlas showed deep blue pockets in their shining sides. The caves that surrounded the Neapolitan gulf fell into a profounder shade, each giving forth from the darkness its chiming or its booming sound. Triumph had passed from Greece and wisdom from Egypt, but with the coming on of night they seemed to regain their lost honors, and the land that was soon to be called Holy prepared in the dark its wonderful burden. . . .

"Americans are abstract. They are disconnected," Wilder said in the first of his Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, delivered at Harvard in 1950-51. "They have a relation, but it is to everywhere, to everybody, and to always." As Malcolm Cowley has shrewdly pointed out, this concept of

and thus perpetuating old errors; as for Wilder, he makes it a point to avoid reading about himself in print, which is good for his disposition but bad for [illegible]

"the American loneliness," which pervades the series, tells more about Wilder than about the generality of his fellow citizens. It helps to explain his devotion to books and faraway places, to outsized heroes and the persistent ideas of the centuries. It throws light on his cultivation of aesthetic distance: the high perfectionist sheen of his prose and the classical symmetry of his form (even when it is most iconoclastic in other ways); the frequent resort to comedy where he feels most deeply; the framing devices that tend to hold his picture of life at one remove from life itself. It suggests a reason for his perennial bachelorhood; his shy and sporadic intimacies (conducted in large part through correspondence); his lifelong addiction to desert retreats and out-of-season spas. "Nothing like a spa in off-season," he told a *New Yorker* reporter in 1959. "The walks, the quiet—all the elegance is present; everything is there but the people."

The Writer's Best Friend

Yet if this were all there were to explain about Wilder, his work would offer little more than "a soft and regular brightness, like a string of matched pearls," as Glenway Wescott described *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. His readership would be limited to a small cult; his plays would occupy a decent and unremembered place in the theater record; and his story would read like a copybook tale of a good gray eminence, admirable and dull.

The facts, of course, are otherwise. It would be difficult to recall in the last few years a parallel to the acclaim that greeted *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and its author in 1927. The *New York Tribune* called it "a little masterpiece"; "instinct with pure grace," was Clifton Fadiman's phrase in *The Nation;* "genius" proclaimed The *New York Times*. In the spring of 1928, Wilder was awarded his first of three Pulitzer Prizes, and one month later he had retired from Lawrenceville.

That this sudden success created a revolution in Wilder's life is suggested by a note written on Lawrenceville stationery in January 1928: ". . . as for lecturing, I tried it once; and now I know that that occasion was another intimation (the hundredth) that my business was to close in and shut close and retire and be a provincial schoolmaster. I am relatively happy as long as I don't stir out of my little realm." Only six months later he has begun to appear on the Riviera with Scott Fitzgerald, Glenway Wescott, and other golden boys of American letters. Stories filter back that he has been touring Europe with the newly retired heavyweight champion of the world, Gene Tunney. Wilder and Tunney have lunch in London with George Bernard Shaw, and inspire a takeoff by Robert Benchley, entitled "The Bridge of Don Gene's Nose." (The tour will also contribute some episodes to *Heaven's My Destination*, whose protagonist, George Brush, has been described as a blend of Wilder's father, his brother, and Wilder himself, with a touch of Gene Tunney thrown in for savor.) Sometime later the author is sitting close to the throne of Gertrude Stein's court in France. In 1929 he starts the first of a series of cross-country lecture tours; soon afterward he is in Hollywood writing scripts. The gossip columnists are enthralled; Wilder, to all appearances, is enchanted.

But true to his own insistence on "a little Greek moderation" (in view of Greek history, an amiable delusion) the revolution in Wilder's life was bloodless. His quick forays into the public eye were followed by quick withdrawals; he still protected the quiet place in himself that he needed for work and study; and he still remembered his family obligations. The house in Hamden is nicknamed "the house *The Bridge* built." It was the answer to his mother's old dream of a home of her own. His father had never been able to provide it; Wilder's first profits went into the enterprise. His parents remained there until they died, his father in 1936, his mother in 1946. His sister Isabel was ensconced there, pursuing her own writing in gaps between other duties, which soon came to include a correspondence of several thousand letters a year in her brother's behalf. (Meanwhile, Amos Niven Wilder was launched on his distinguished career as a writer and lecturer on theological subjects and modern poetry; Caroline was to become a college professor and a poet, and Janet a research scientist.)

With the exception of six half-years during the 'thirties as a lecturer on comparative literature at the University of Chicago, a three-year stint in the Air Force during World War II, and the arduous season of lecturing in and around Harvard in 1950-51 (which ended in one of his rare bouts of serious illness), Wilder has never stopped writing. If his volume of published work—less than a dozen books in all—is small for a career that has already lasted for almost a half-century, the reason cannot be found in any lack of commitment or industry. Wilder is a perfectionist; "an incinerator," he insists, "is the writer's best friend." And behind this perfectionism lies the more elemental conflict of feelings at war with

ideas, which renders his writing a slow and painful process for all the apparent spontaneity of the ultimate product.

> Yes, Mexico is wonderful [he wrote my mother in 1939], but I found I couldn't work there.
>
> The altitude gave me (for the first time in my life) insomnia; and the alkali dust of the dry season gave me a cold which lingers with me still; and the food gave me indigestion; and that haunting atmosphere of old oppressions and new resentments rivetted my interest and distracted my mind. . . . In my country walks about Cuernavaca and Taxco, I acquired that "concern" for the Indians that prevented me from continuing my own selfish work—a concern that is not aroused by the Pueblo Indians of the Rio Grande valley, by the way: Nature, not Human Nature, was their principal enemy. . . .

The critics, perhaps exhausted by the effect of [illegible] subsequent works with somewhat more moderation, and most serious surveys of American literature today ignore him completely, or refer to his work only in order to pass it by. Yet the statistics alone are enough to establish Wilder's claim to attention by any critic concerned with listening to the authentic heard voice of our day.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey has sold well over a million copies here and abroad, and his latest novel, *The Ides of March* (published in 1948), is approaching 400,000 sales in America alone. Translations of his work have appeared in some thirty languages, including (besides all the European tongues) Chinese, Japanese, Urdu, Maharic, Punjabi, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Malay, Burmese. Although his two Pulitzer Prize plays, *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*, were written a generation ago (1938 and 1942, respectively), there is scarcely a day when one or the other is not being performed on some stage around the globe. His one-act plays *The Long [illegible] Trenton to Camden* are perennials of the little-theater repertory. Every one of his major published works (with the exception of *The Woman of Andros*) is currently available either in hard cover or paperback. Successful adaptations of his plays have appeared on both film and television, and at this writing he is prospering from the popular musical *Hello Dolly!*, an adaptation of *The Matchmaker* (1954), which in turn he adapted from one of his few failures, *The Merchant of [illegible]*

His popular success may, in fact, be part of the reason for his critical neglect. So Edmund Wilson suggested in 1928:

> Now [Wilson wrote in *The New Republic*] that Mr. Thornton Wilder has become both a best-seller and Pulitzer Prize-winner, he is in an unfortunate situation. On the one hand, the literary columnists have accepted him as a Reputation and gossip about him with respect but without intelligence; and, on the other, the literary snobs have been driven by his tremendous popularity, by the obsequious gossips themselves, into talking as if they took it for granted that there must be something meretricious about him. Mr. Wilder remains, however, a remarkably interesting writer, with a good deal to be said about him which no one, so far as I know, has said.

Mr. Wilson, so far as I know, has not since said it. In fact, the Wilder bibliography is absurd in its paucity: a thoughtful introduction by Malcolm Cowley to *Trio*, which is a reprint edition of the three early novels; a long critical essay by Edmund Fuller in *The American Scholar* and another by Barnard Hewitt in the *Tulane Drama Review*; Glenway Wescott's evocative but highly subjective reminiscence in *Images of Truth*; the valuable Goldstone interview in *Paris Review*, reprinted in *Writers at Work* (1958); a few feature articles in the press; a pamphlet or two; one undistinguished small book.

Against the Traffic

Isabel Wilder suggests that her brother has contributed to his own neglect. Certainly he has held himself increasingly aloof from the marketplace in recent years. He has published no major new work in English since 1948, although his *Alcestiad*—a bold and moving drama which adds a third act to the original Euripides version—has been published in German and is frequently performed today both in Germany and in Austria.

Characteristically, Wilder has resisted all efforts to produce it in this country because of his dissatisfaction with certain minor transitions, and also perhaps because of its one unfortunate production in English—under the title *A Life in the Sun*—at the Edinburgh Festival in 1955. Since 1957, he has given almost no interviews, refused all invitations to lecture or write for periodicals, and is rarely to be found in those Mermaid Taverns where critics and authors exchange sensibilities. He has denied permission for at least one full-length personal study, and has deposited his much-sought writer's journals beyond the present reach of publishers in the basement of the Beinecke Library at Yale.

Malcolm Cowley, writing principally in terms of the literature of social consciousness and revolt

of the 'thirties, suggests that when Wilder first rose to fame he was riding against the traffic, being neither in revolt himself, nor essentially a social historian, nor an outraged reformer. This disinclination to man the barriers of the proletarian revolution—or indeed to engage in any conflict (except for the ultimate and impersonal conflict of war)—had the ironic outcome of making Wilder briefly a center of controversy in 1930, when Michael Gold, then editor of the *New Masses*, attacked him as "a poet of the genteel bourgeoisie" and his writing as "neat, tailor-made rhetoric. . . . Its serenity is that of a corpse," Gold wrote. "Prick it, and it will bleed violet ink and *apéritif*." The battle lines were drawn; the attackers on both sides grew shrill; and Edmund Wilson, in a series of columns in *The New Republic*, adjudicated the merits of the dispute with all the solemn absurdities of the prevalent dialectic. But Wilder stood firm behind a shield of silence, and the cannon soon emptied their burden without a trace.

Except for another brief flurry in the early 'forties, when he was accused of plagiarizing *The Skin of Our Teeth* from *Finnegans Wake* (to which, indeed, he had openly acknowledged his debt), Wilder's name has never, so far as the record shows, been taken in anger. Which is the way he would have it. For despite his professed admiration for "all that fine belligerence within us . . . all that adrenalin and visceral turbulence," he is not at home in its atmosphere.

Since the Depression, the center of literary preoccupation has shifted from economic to psychological determinism. In this context, Wilder, by maintaining that individual decision is essentially a matter of moral judgment rather than psychological necessity, still stands apart from the throng. Not that he is ignorant of Freudian concepts—indeed he had several long talks with Freud in the 'thirties and 'forties that should some day be a lively part of the record. But the understanding remains intellectual; he does not operate naturally from their premises. Thus, in the past twenty years, when both the predominant writers and the most influential critics have been shaping their images of life by moving, so to speak, from themselves as center out toward the universe, Wilder works from the universe in toward the self. In a world where Herzog is king, Wilder seems like an outsider looking in. Nevertheless, if the end of *Herzog* is one reflection of a growing awareness that man is capable of understanding the psychological springs of his action and still taking action, a day of resurgence for Wilder may be at hand.

Meanwhile, how does it happen that this writer who seems so remote from the critical mood of his day has still found a way to catch the attention and speak to the hearts of men everywhere? One answer lies in his dogged and principled optimism, another in the cultivated simplicity of his style. The best explanation is to be found, however, in his resilient humanity. For all the seriousness of his approach to the world, he cannot restrain a sense of wonder as rare as a child's, an ebullient and affectionate wit, and a response to immediacy that is at once sensuous and innocent. "At times he made me think of a boy climbing a tree," writes Wescott, "carefully placing his feet on limb above limb, finally peering into a bird's nest containing eggs or little birds, and holding his breath, in order not to sully anything with his human odor, not to disillusion or disincline the parent birds when they got back."

The Puritan ancestor sits on his shoulder delivering admonitions with all "the energy and sincerity which the Puritan can always draw upon to censure those activities he cannot permit himself. . . ." (I quote from an unusually self-revealing passage in Wilder's youthful work *The Cabala*.) "I thank thee," the same young New Englander says to an older Italian who has adjured him, "*Never try to do anything against the bent of human nature*" (Wilder's italics); to which the younger man ruefully adds, "I came from a colony guided by exactly the opposite principle."

Choose the Least Important

This struggle between the Puritan and the humanist principles—quite literally, a life-and-death struggle—is at the heart of Wilder's work. And both his ability to communicate and the growth of his vision can best be understood in terms of his ceaseless effort to merge these two images of the good life—like the two photographs in a stereopticon—into a single harmonious whole. "I see myself," he says apropos *The Skin of Our Teeth*, "making an effort to find the dignity in the trivial of our daily life, against those preposterous stretches which seem to rob it of any such dignity; and the validity of each individual's emotion."

Examples of this enterprise, cosmic in scale, abound in Wilder's work. Take *Our Town*. For most of two acts the playwright has invited his audience to examine Grover's Corners as though it were looking—in his own words—"at ever greater distances through a telescope." The char-

acters and events are taken not so much from life as from the bittersweet folklore of life in an American small town. Then suddenly the telescope zooms in for a close-up.

Emily decides to return to the earth from her grave for a day. ("Choose the least important day in your life," she is advised. "It will be important enough.") She relives its tiny occasions with all the intensity of first awareness, and when the time comes to leave, every one of her senses—and ours—is engaged: "Good-by world. Good-by Grover's Corners . . . Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking . . . and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths . . . and sleeping and waking up. . . ." And out of this moment of engagement comes her immemorial cry, "Do any human beings ever realize life while they're living it?"

Wilder does not stop there. The telescope pulls back to the stars—"doing their old, old criss-cross journeys in the sky"—pausing only long enough for a dispassionate glance at Emily's mourning husband. But it is the compassionate moment that lingers in the memory, and informs *Our Town* with immortal life.

Emily has to die in order to come down ultimately on the side of life. This is a theme so persistent in Wilder's work that it takes on obsessive force. It is implicit in *The Cabala*, whose narrator, having spent a year among the death-worshipers of Rome, turns eagerly back to his own land with Virgil's advice in his ears, "Seek out some city that is young. The secret is to make a city, not to rest in it." It hovers beneath the surface of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and is explicit in *The Woman of Andros*. Indeed the *Our Town* idea is predicted here in the story of a young man who asks permission of Zeus to return to the earth for a day, but in less than an hour begs the gods to relieve him of "so terrible a dream. The gods heard him but before he left he fell upon the ground and kissed the soil of the world that is too dear to be realized." The theme recurs in more than one of the shorter plays; it is at the center of the Alcestis story that Wilder twice chose to adapt, first as the play of the 1950s and again as an opera (with Louise Talma) in 1962. Even George Brush, the incorrigible optimist of *Heaven's My Destination*, is touched by it.

This coupling of the celebration of life to the experience of death is explosive, and inevitably the two forces exert an unequal pull in Wilder's work, even within the pages of the same work. At times, in his early writings, the negation appears to win out, and one is reminded of those Mexican urchins who chase in front of a moving car in the hope that, if they escape with their lives, the devils pursuing them will be left behind. At other times, and increasingly as the years progress, the theme emerges with the enormous serenity that informs *The Ides of March*, where Caesar can contemplate his own death not as respite but as inevitable reality. "Only those who have grasped their nonbeing are capable of praising the sunlight," he writes to his confidant, the blinded and maimed war veteran, Lucius Mamillius Turrinus.

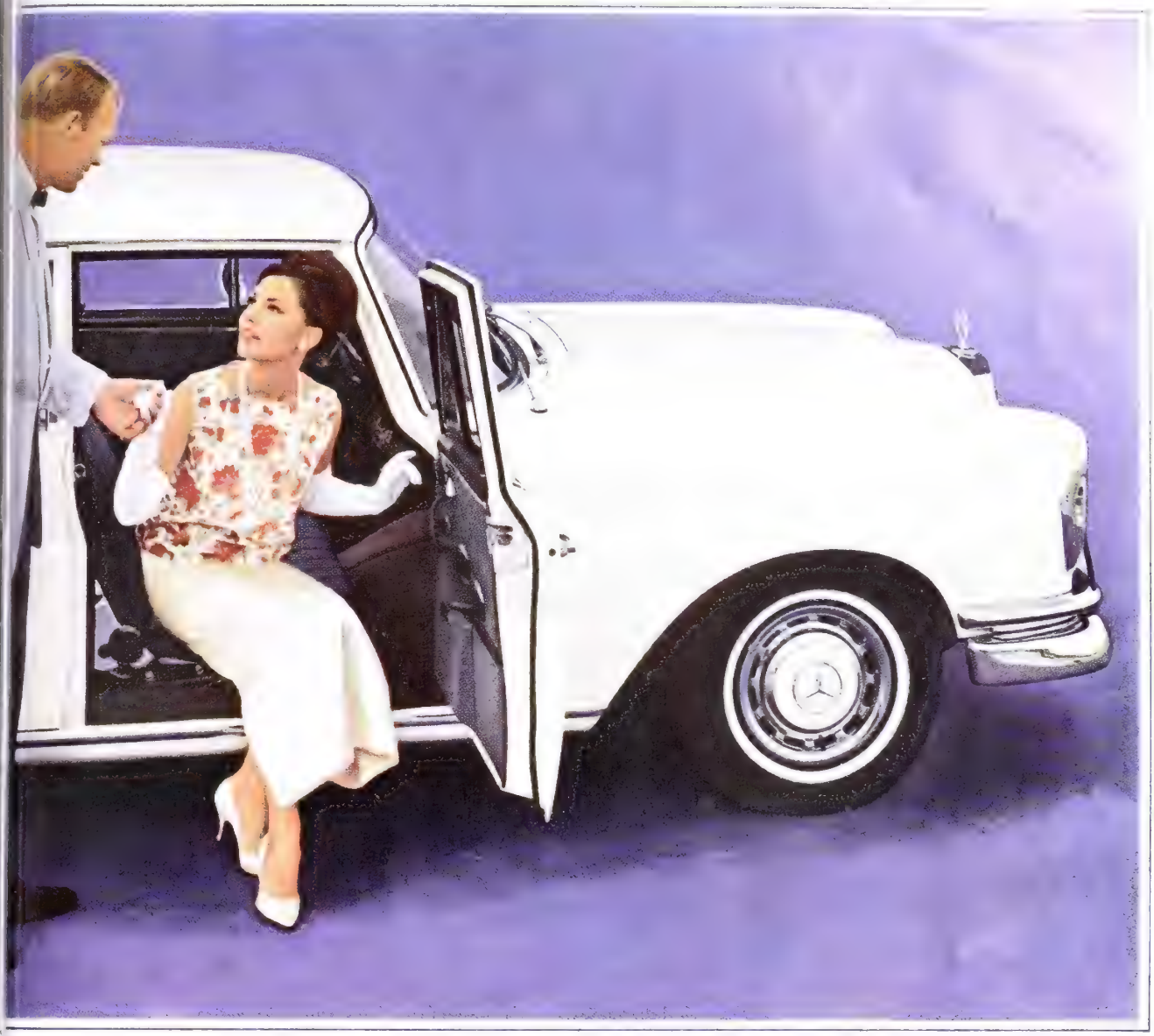
Perhaps it is not surprising that the commitment to life comes through with most clarity in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. This drama, "written," as Wilder points out in his introduction to the *Three Plays*, "on the eve of our entrance into the war and under strong emotion," is for all its slapstick and occasional awkwardnesses, a resounding affirmation of man's indomitable will to survive. "All I ask," says Mr. Antrobus, the eternal man, at the end of the play's apocalyptic events, "is a chance to build new worlds and God has always given us that. And has given us (*opening a book*) voices to guide us, and the memory of our mistakes to warn us." When real—as opposed to imaginary—death is at issue, Wilder's choice is no longer in doubt.

"There is a world of the living and a world of the dead and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning." So ends *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. But what is love? A disinterested generosity, an expression of the spirit, remote from—indeed apparently opposed to—the body, the self. Manuel, when he falls in love with La Perichole, loses "that privilege of simple nature, the dissociation of love and pleasure." La Perichole, in turn, has "never realized any love save love as passion. Such love, though it expend itself in generosity and thoughtfulness, though it give birth to visions and to great poetry, remains among the sharpest expressions of self-interest." And so with Doña María, and Uncle Pio, and the rest: Pleasure, passion, self-interest are inimical to true love, and the person who would eschew the selfish must be, not unselfish, but selfless.

To Thornton Wilder . . .

You have made the commonplaces of living yield the gaiety, the wonder, and the vault of the human adventure. . . . You have written with an understanding, affectionate rapport with your subjects which to me is the hallmark of genuine literature. . . .

—*Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson [illegible] tee's first Medal for Literature, May 4, 1965.*



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"It is the rage of the soul that there is a body," says Catullus in *The Ides of March,* "and it is the rage of the body that there is a soul." And only a rage of the soul as stern as the Puritans' could dictate an image of love that makes contact painful and intimacy intolerable. Yet the Puritan drumbeat, for all its thunder, cannot drown out the beat of a sentient heart. Ultimately, in *The Ides of March,* Wilder's humanism takes charge. Here love and pleasure begin to be seen as related, and Caesar can ask about the erotic whether it may not in fact be evidence of the existence of God: ". . . have we not explained away too easily all that accompanies the fires that populate the world?" he writes Lucius Mamillius Turrinus. "Lucretius may be right and our jesting world wrong. I seem to have known all my life, but to have refused to acknowledge that all, all love is one, and that the very mind with which I ask these questions is awakened, sustained, and instructed only by love." It is as though with the shock of the war—perhaps also with the release that followed his parents' deaths—Wilder had finally permitted himself to reexamine the old absolutes and found them wanting.

To ask the question, however, is not to answer it. The struggle persists. In 1952 he is still saying, in connection with Thoreau, "To this day many an American is breaking his life on an excessive demand for the perfect, the absolute, and the boundless *in realms where it is accorded to few*—in love and friendship, for instance." The italics are mine. Thus by the long way around, Wilder's commitment to life and his acceptance of human rather than superhuman love become two parts of the same problem. For so long as the absolute seems attainable, what civilized man can accept any less in himself, except in the spirit of shame, or of self-denial, or both? And the ultimate self-denial is death.

Compelled by Nature

"The price that must be paid for a love that cannot integrate its hate is sentimentality," wrote Wilder in 1941, in an article on Joyce that appeared in *Poetry* magazine. "The price that must be paid for a hate that cannot integrate its love is, variously, empty rhetoric, insecurity of taste, and the sterile refinements of an intellect based on destruction." Wilder's task has been to avoid these pitfalls while still treading close to the rim of danger. If there is more than a little private anguish involved in the undertaking, the public is not invited to witness it. It is no accident that he enjoys performing in his own plays; or that his lectures are memorable small dramas, as animated and various as a one-man band; or that his conversations are above all performances, witty, informed, charming, and—up to the point of self-revelation—generous. Like Marcel Marceau's famous clown, Wilder is a tragedian compelled by nature—his own—to wear the comic mask.

To the world at large, he remains as Tyrone Guthrie wrote once in the *New York Times:*

> He is probably the world's foremost authority on Lope de Vega; he knows more of history than most history professors; he can talk philosophy with philosophers, painting with painters, music with musicians. There seems to be no book which he has not only read but remembered in vivid detail.
>
> Yet this is no secluded bookworm; it is a wildly gregarious old gossip who likes nothing so much as rushing from party to party. . . .
>
> I treasure particularly happy memories of him at Stratford, Ontario, where he has been a sort of honorary fellow of the Shakespearean company, attending rehearsals, buzzing like a bee in the actors' canteen, splashing dye onto costumes for plague-stricken Thebans, sitting up far into the night at parties, cross-legged on the floor among the youngsters of the company, listening to them with grave attention, drawing them out and pumping them full of philosophy, psychology, religion, gossip, jokes, and just plain practical horse-sense.

To this day he still travels the world from time to time with the press at his heels, and then disappears from view for months at a stretch. And he still returns occasionally to the house in Hamden, to sleep in his monk's cell of a bedroom or work in his study lined with the books of William Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and his other literary enthusiasms. His own publications are not in evidence, but a resplendent record player attests to his avid and knowledgeable pursuit of music.

"In life and in literature," Wilder wrote in his foreword to *The Angel That Troubled the Waters,* "mere sincerity is not sufficient, and in both realms the greater the capacity the longer the awkward age." Wilder was sixty-eight in April—"a hermit again," he wrote me not long ago, working in some deserted spa on his latest novel, which is well on the way to completion. In light of his years and the grace of his accomplishments, it may seem curious to apply to him now his own youthful phrase. Yet the awkward age is the time when more ordinary men address themselves once and for all to that most essential of human projects: to reconcile their hope for the good with their knowledge of the possible. It is a stage that Wilder, fortunately, has never outgrown.

The Antic Politics of California

by Paul Seabury

Why its public life falls into patterns very different from those of the rest of America—and why its future is uniquely difficult to predict.

Rich, handsome, and pampered by vast federal subsidies since World War II, California shows no sign of stopping growing. A decade from now, ten cities the size of San Francisco will be needed to accommodate the increased population. By then this adolescent giant among the states may well dominate the national political scene.

This prospect is baffling—if not downright alarming—to inhabitants of more politically mature regions. For California's curious political style, a product of the state's torrential growth, is incomprehensible to many Americans. They are aware, of course, that the state has been a seedbed of extremist movements. Yet they perceive also that no extremist of either Right or Left has made a lasting imprint on the style of its government. Instead—whether under Republican or Democratic control—there has been a pattern of progressive "growth legislation" in education, social welfare, labor, and tax policy, shaped by the moderate liberalism of such men as Senator Hiram Johnson and Governor Earl Warren rather than the leftish utopianism of an Upton Sinclair or the right-wing fantasies of an ex-Senator William Knowland.

Surface ideology, it seems, has masked rather than prevented pragmatic reforms. Why was this possible? The usual explanation goes something like this: tilt a continent and the oddballs will roll with the tilt; but rolling oddballs do not stay put long enough to seriously derange the day-to-day conduct of business. So the energy of extremism has dissipated itself on the periphery of "real" political life—in the ranch houses of retired Air Force generals (who are likely to be Republicans) or in ephemeral "salon-type" club movements of displaced liberals (usually Democrats). Both groups know little and care less about the earthy problem of running a state. And in the past, the few extremists who have risen to statewide elective office have been tamed by the impact of real responsibilities.*

Reassured by this analysis, California liberals until very recently had good reason to foresee a

* Even Max Rafferty, a vociferous right-wing educationist, has been somewhat civilized by election to the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The story goes that at a tension-wracked meeting of the University of California Regents, called to deal with the student Free Speech activities at Berkeley last winter, Rafferty, an ex-officio Regent, launched into an intemperate diatribe; whereupon one conservative Regent turned to him and said, "Turn down the volume, Max." But in the ensuing public phase of the meeting, it was a subdued Rafferty, ironically, who attributed the free-speech blowup to "creeping facelessness and loss of individuality among many students on the nation's campuses today."

comfortable future for the politics of moderation. The prospects seemed particularly bright in the brief Kennedy age. There was a liberal, if somewhat unimaginative, Democratic Governor, Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, in Sacramento. Working with him was a legislature reapportioned by urban moderates and liberals; and in Washington there was a Congressional delegation with a high ADA box score on reform legislation. In the liberal Republican camp too there was reason for confidence when moderates under Nixon beat the troglodyte Joe Shell in the gubernatorial primary of 1962. Democrats took heart—not merely in the subsequent victory of Brown over Nixon, but in the wealth of talented and liberal Democrats who might one day succeed to high state office. But today the picture is much changed.

After their rout by the Goldwater forces at San Francisco and then the November debacle, Republican moderates in the state are understandably bothered about the future of their party. Although its causes are less easily identifiable, there is a comparable malaise in Democratic ranks. For the statewide triumph of Johnson and Humphrey obscured some local political catastrophes which have ominous political implications for liberals of both parties in California.

Double Negatives

To begin with, the strange thing about the 1964 elections in California was their "dispreferential" and negative results. It was far easier to see what and whom the voters-in-aggregate did not like than what they *did* like. This is in part because of the peculiar use that has been made in California of the referendum, a pet reform of Senator Hiram Johnson. Referenda have provided the voters, or dedicated pressure groups, the chance to bypass the legislature—to repeal or to enact controversial laws. All too often these referenda work on the double-negative principle. This year, for instance, by voting "No" on Proposition 15, one opposed the opponents of Pay-TV. By voting "No" on Proposition 14—repealing the Rumford Fair Housing Act in perpetuity—one opposed the opponents of Fair Housing; or by voting "Yes" on the same proposition, one could as easily oppose the opponents of property rights. Even in the battle of bumperstrips, sarcastic or darkly suggestive slogans predominated: "Goldwater for Hallowe'en," "Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry a Realtor?", "Who Turned Out the Lights in the White House?"

Never before have so many Californians negated so many issues *and* candidates. As the returns showed, most Californians disliked, feared, or mistrusted Goldwater. But there was hardly a positive enthusiasm for Johnson and Humphrey—approximately 175,000 Californians who cast ballots abstained from voting for either Presidential ticket. As for the U. S. Senate race, the big question was why Salinger lost, not why Murphy won. Amateur savants cited Salinger's carpetbaggery, his previous divorce, his corporeal image on TV (a Buddha-like manifestation hardly in keeping with the svelte tastes of Those Who Think Young). The voters, it turned out, loved him less than his innocuous conservative opponent, a lithe middle-aged tap dancer surrounded by a happy One Man's Family. Salinger was also hurt by his opposition to Proposition 14, which "won" hands down. In sum, the voters' reaction to him was not an affirmation but a double-negative rebuke.

Repeal of the Rumford Act through the adoption of Proposition 14 was interpreted by liberals as a morally indefensible rebuff to ethnic minority groups and an insult to civilized Californians. Yet it can be argued that the legislature which passed the Rumford Act had, in fact, moved far ahead of public sentiment on a key issue. A detailed look at the November election results suggests that, despite a liberal trend in the nation as a whole, there is an apparent swing back to conservatism in California. For example, while thirty-eight new seats were won by Democrats in Congress, not an additional Democrat was elected from California. Across the country, Republicans lost some five hundred state legislature seats; in California they picked up three. Of the state's thirty-one elected Republican assemblymen, twenty-two ran more than 10 per cent ahead of the party's registration figures in their districts; only four of forty-nine Democrats did likewise.

The mood of the state's thoughtful Democrats can be summed up in a German word which means disquietude—*Unruhe*. This, by an odd coincidence, is the Germanic root for the name of the party's canniest strategist, Jesse Unruh, speaker of the assembly and California's nearest equivalent to a political boss. Recently he evaluated the situation in gloomy terms. "The Dem-

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Paul Seabury, associate professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley, has also taught at Columbia and lectured at the Free University in Berlin. His latest book is "Power, Freedom, and Diplomacy: The Foreign Policy of the United States of America."

ocratic party in California," he said in commencing a postelection speech, "has *no* future . . . not if we continue to behave as we have during the past year." To Unruh, as to many Democrats, the most disturbing phenomenon may well be the struggle for party leadership which hampered the November campaign and beclouds the future.

Cleavage by the Map

It is no secret that Governor Brown does not wish to be Governor much longer and is seeking an escape hatch in Washington—hopefully on the Supreme Court bench. His reasons are not hard to find:

His legislative program ran out of gas several years ago, and the men around him are not likely to invent a new one that can cope with the troubles that lie ahead. Many of these troubles are economic. In the past quarter-century California—[illegible] moded products and systems of production—leaped ahead of the rest of the nation economically. The state has accumulated a huge and constantly increasing supply of scientific, technical, and managerial brain power. But since 1940 California's economy has been dependent on the vast federal defense program. Now this cornucopia, under McNamara, is less generous.

For some time the state's financial needs have been running far ahead of its tax policies and the growth of per capita income and state and municipal bonded indebtedness has been rising steeply. In all probability there will have to be higher taxes to meet major new state outlays.

The state is also beset by mounting regional antagonism between the slow-growing north and the burgeoning south, which already contains 60 per cent of the state's population. In the 1960 elections the north lost the famous dispute over the diversion of northern California water to satisfy the thirsts and fill the swimming pools of Los Angeles *arrivistes*. That defeat is not forgotten.

The political cleavage between the two regions is a sharp one. Rockefeller's popularity was distinctly northern, Goldwater's southern; the two populous counties which gave Goldwater a majority in November were Orange and San Diego in the south. San Francisco gave Johnson a ringing 71 per cent, Los Angeles only 58 per cent. Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

At the height of the Rockefeller-Goldwater primary campaign, William Brinton, a distinguished pro-Rockefeller lawyer in San Francisco, published legal proposals to split the state in two. The proposed boundary would be the Tehachapi Mountains, at the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley.) The San Francisco *Chronicle*, never noted for its radicalism, has benignly encouraged the idea. This January, in the course of the legislative debate on reapportionment—which is bound to increase the political strength of the Los Angeles area—twenty-five northern California senators of both parties supported bills which would split the state along the same lines.

Such secessionist dreams do not ease a Governor's lot. And, as if all this were not enough to spoil a genial Irishman's sleep, the Governor has had new worries in 1965—catastrophic floods and catastrophic doings on the Berkeley campus of the University. There Brown, once admired for his liberal stand against the death penalty, now is best remembered for calling in the state highway police to remove eight hundred student sit-ins from Sproul Hall, hardly an action to endear him to liberals, especially those with children of college age.

Two years ago there were a half-dozen or more promising Democrats of statewide prominence among his own lieutenants who might have been Brown's logical successors. Two of the likeliest were Attorney General Stanley Mosk and Controller Alan Cranston. Both aspired to the U. S. Senate nomination last spring. Mosk, under heavy pressure from the Cranston forces, withdrew from the primaries, and Cranston lost to Salinger, who in turn was beaten by Murphy in the general election. Thus Cranston and Mosk were both cut down in their political prime. Jesse Unruh, no admirer of Governor Brown, while originally encouraging Salinger to enter the fray against Cranston, subsequently stood aloof from this intraparty cannibalism, perhaps hoping to profit by it and emerge as the logical Democratic candidate for Governor—an ambition he does not conceal. Yet Unruh, too, fell victim to the tide of negative politics in California. Three of his candidates for Assembly were beaten by Republicans in the Los Angeles area—chief site of his machine strength, but a stronghold also of the "liberal" Democratic clubs whose members generally detest Unruh as an old-style boss.*

* The story goes that there was a virtual state of siege in the Los Angeles office building where Unruh's offices and the Johnson campaign headquarters were located on adjoining floors. The Brown forces also insisted on keeping Salinger away from Unruh, who controls the only effective precinct organization in the Los Angeles area.

y is sipping un caffè
he shade of Giotto's belltower.





watch, explore sunlit Florence for as long as you like over your coffee... for as little as
ission to a museum. Your waiter does not rush you. Because there is nothing that tickles him
te so much as the American visitor who takes to this magnificent Italian art of relaxa-
. Take your time climbing that belltower, too. The view once you've hit the top will leave you breathless enough.
er Florence? There is the sleek modernity of Milan grown up amidst La Scala and Da Vinci's Last Supper...and there
the hot sun and chilly wines of Naples, the beaches and pines of Rimini, skiing in the Dolomites...discovering the
ns at Herculaneum, and the friendliness of those little pockets of Italy hidden off the Amalfi Drive. Stay in luxurious,
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Italy is for staying and staying and staying.



In recent years, especially since the 1960 reapportionment, there have been an enormous number of "safe" districts in California, where nomination is virtually tantamount to election for both Democratic and Republican legislators. This built-in stabilizer acts as a check on ideological politics in the state legislature by insulating incumbents from swings of mood in their districts. Yet there are good reasons to believe that the state is in for a spell of extremism.

Transplanted Ideologies

This new extremism is a product of the strains endured by the socially and geographically mobile who play a more important role in California's politics than they can in stable communities. Leadership of the complex political club movements of the Right and the Left in California characteristically comes from a highly mobile professional class which lies outside the fiefdoms of the men who wield real political power in the state. These volunteer movements have infused much energy and style into campaigns and preprimary politics. In state and national campaigns they perform some of the functions (such as raising funds and getting out the vote) of the traditional political machines in the East and Midwest. But they have no real geographic ties with local politics and government.

In the newer developing urban areas of the south, for example, where stable communities are unheard of, ideological carpetbaggers arrive bringing with them their own preconceptions of national and international problems. Such immigrants from Iowa or New York move into a new "community" called Executive Homes on the wastelands of Orange County, knowing little or nothing about the special political and governmental problems of the place. Hence they tend to fit local issues into a Procrustean bed of long-familiar great issues; to engage in abstract, rather than empirical, thought about politics; to take positions—whether of the Right or Left—on peace and communism, recognition or nonrecognition of Red China, abolition or strengthening of the House Un-American Activities Committee, medicare *vs.* free enterprise.

Not for them the drab problems of metropolitan government, the water crisis, the location of new cities, the activities of the state Highway Commission (a rapacious modern equivalent of Frank Norris's *Octopus*). Ideological shadowboxing among volunteer organizations of this sort is not, of course, wholly absurd; some of these shadows are quite real, but there is a wide gulf between this politics of mobility (which its mobile practitioners can transfer at a moment's notice to any place in the country), and the governance of the state. Thus in its twelve years of existence the CDC (Council of Democratic Clubs) has introduced no new liberal state leader comparable to Humphrey and McCarthy of Minnesota, or Dilworth and Clark of Pennsylvania. In 1964 the mountain of the CDC finally was able to produce its mouse, Alan Cranston, as Senatorial primary candidate, but this was a mouse that bored, not roared, and club movement kingmakers will have to start all over again. In the meantime, Brown, Unruh, Senate Majority Leader Hugh Burns and others, whose careers were unrelated to the club movement, will run the state. These politicians must nonetheless endorse or reject ideological slogans to win the often valuable support of the CDC. In the end the clubs usually support practical programs even though they have done little or no homework about them. Just as Paris was worth a mass to Henry of Navarre, the politicians accept the need for these rites.

The Democratic dilemma arises not so much from a conflict of ideology as rivalry among personalities, and an uneasy feeling that a conservative tide is now running in the state against the liberal direction to which all major Democratic figures—Brown, Unruh, Cranston, and others—are instinctively committed.

The Relentless Right

The Republican split, on the other hand, is not merely a matter of leadership fights, it is also highly ideological.

Few who were at the Cow Palace Republican convention last July will easily forget the spectacle of the Knowland-led California Goldwater delegation. Prominently seated in the front of the hall, they were uniformed in orange life-preserver jackets which would have given them a disquieting resemblance to the ladies and gentlemen of the *Titanic*, had they behaved politely, which they did not. This uniform, in addition to making them easily identifiable, also helped draw attention to the urgency of the cause which their candidate espoused. The defeat of the California Rockefeller slate in the June primary was more than a victory for "conservatives"; it was also a victory for the politics of anxiety. For it is one thing to be conservative, and another to be a conservative about to abandon ship.

The present Republican party disarray reflects the more general bankruptcy of the national post-Eisenhower party. Nearly all moderate Republican leaders in the state frankly welcomed Goldwater's defeat; many conservative businessmen, long identified with the Republican party—presidents of steamship lines, San Francisco banks, industrial and construction firms, and many others—found Goldwater's extremism more than they could take, and defected from the national ticket. Regular Republican moderates, in northern California at least, chose to remain silent or to focus their partisan efforts, in a token gesture of party loyalty, on the George Murphy campaign. The San Francisco Murphy-for-Senator headquarters, at the height of the campaign, served as a kind of government-in-exile for former Rockefeller, Scranton, and Lodge supporters.

The Extreme Right, to be sure, did not fare well in the November vote. While several John Birch Society members ran for the legislature in the primaries (particularly in safe *Democratic* districts where intra-Republican competition was slack), most were defeated there; only one, an Orange County political-science professor named John Schmitz, was actually elected in November to the state Senate. But Orange County, the fiefdom of California reactionary politics, is hardly a better bellwether of California's mood than Mississippi is of America's.

Right-wing extremism is disturbing not because of what it can accomplish at present at the polls, but because of its relentless vigor and push in the day-to-day internal affairs of the party. Already several Republican citadels have fallen, one by one, to the trumpets of extremism.* The California Republican Assembly—the statewide equivalent of the CDC—fought off Birchite encroachments and those of more moderate reactionaries until early 1964, when its presidency fell in the hands of a Newport optometrist named Nolan Frizelle. This prize was not easily captured—yet the speed, success, and ruthlessness of right-wingers in seizing local Republican clubs like so many jackstraws created near-panic among older organizational leaders at the grass-roots level. There is a political axiom to the effect that the hotter the kitchen, the fewer moderates will choose to stay; legions of them have now left in disgust.

One trouble now for Republican moderates arises from the serious "choice, not an echo" charge that the Goldwaterites posed to their leadership. If Republican moderates are separated from Johnson Democrats only by the stale issue of "fiscal integrity" and a sound dollar, this is hardly a heady brew except to cost accountants and little old ladies. If moderates, presumably, are to recapture control of the grass roots in California they will need new, vigorous leadership and an attractive program. There is no such leadership in sight.

Abdicating Leadership

If normal politics is the art of compromise and brokerage, the new Goldwater politics is the art of "integrity" and uncompromising action on issues which divide, rather than unify. As Professor Aaron Wildavsky of the University of California has pointed out in a study of the Cow Palace convention, the basic conflict was between politicians and purists: between those for whom victory in elections is essential, and those for whom principle is always uppermost and "not negotiable." Here is an interview Mr. Wildavsky conducted with a delegate attending a national convention for the first time:

> **Interviewer:** What qualities should a Presidential candidate have?
>
> **Delegate:** Moral integrity.
>
> **Interviewer:** Should he be able to win the election?
>
> **Delegate:** No; principles are more important. I would rather be one against twenty thousand and believe I was right. . . .

The future of moderate Republicanism in California will be decided at the precinct and club level in hard-fought contests between well-organized purists and much-sobered moderates. Alienated from the mainstream of ordinary politics, the extreme Right, ironically, is growing in numbers and constituency even though it can hope to command but few electoral majorities anywhere in the state.

Yet the very integrity of these purists divides them among themselves as well, and makes of radical politics in California a continuum of uncooperative, suspicious fragments fading off into

* At its best, Eisenhower-Warren Republicanism was a nice, comfortable berth for respectable folks. Several years ago one of my Berkeley colleagues was invited to an Oakland Young Republican club to talk on problems of the Soviet economy. His speech drew mild applause, but not questions. Whereupon its president called on various committee chairmen to report on their major activities and plans: garden shows, skiing, sailboating, and bridge. Such bland matters no longer interest the club, now under right-wing control. It was taken over in a bold stroke by hordes of unfamiliar new members last year at a Christmas wassail party membership meeting.



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dark recesses of secrecy and conspiracy. In this spectrum of groups, each distinctly sees the others either to its right or to its left: "good conscience" rubs out cooperation. Something of this sort already has happened to the California Radical Right. In 1962, when the first serious "conservative" attempt to seize the California Republican Assembly miscarried, disgruntled purists seceded and formed their own rightist club movement: the United Republicans of California. Those like Nolan Frizelle who remained were branded as compromisers. Even when the conservative takeover of the clubs occurred the next year, UROC remained adamant: *it* had not gone down the winding stair of appeasement; *it* would not disband even now. CRA and UROC conservatives, in turn, can see on their right the John Birch Society and other new splinter groups further outside the pale of political responsibility. Doubtless even to many a Bircher, the spectacle of vigilante bands of Minutemen of America, reportedly training for guerrilla warfare in the mountains behind Santa Cruz, is a bit distasteful, or at least

On the Left, the noncompromisers seem frequently to have as little interest in normal politics as those on the Right. Recent tidings from near and far—whether from Mississippi, Vietnam, or

establishment. In San Francisco, for instance, something like a new popular front recently has

tors—Assemblymen Willie Brown and John Burton—together with DuBois Clubs, nonviolent resisters, a "get-out-of-Vietnam" group, and others, to protest American actions in Vietnam and to publicly call upon a Stalist International

and to reigning governments to intervene in the

rists. For them, as for the Radical Right, a

of civil rights and peace, or, rendered

inverse in Goldwater language, individual

form of the day. From the Bay Area, a battalion of seventy liberal lawyers has visited Mississippi to take depositions in the voter registration dispute; some of its recently returned members, inspired by what they call a "Mississippi complex," regard it as the nucleus of a new reform movement in San Francisco politics.

Such heady out-of-state issues as these hardly

Unruh remarked in a speech last spring on extremism. "While we have fought for needed legislation, we have received almost no support from people on whom I thought we could have counted to help crystallize public opinion. . . . At the beginning of this legislative session I introduced a bill which would have brought about a major reform in our system of educational financing. Its end result would have been to equalize educational opportunity throughout the state . . . to close the gaps—the educational, the sociological, and the cultural gaps—between the main body of our society and the rear guard, made up largely of minorities. I can think of no issue more important than this one—to the children of the poor and to the children of minorities. And yet my presumably issue-oriented friends were nowhere to be heard. They abandoned leadership in this field to the witch doctors of home rule and local control."

The Uncertain Future

The 1964 election has left a climate of uncertainty about what is going to happen next. Among the Republicans, U. S. Senator Thomas H. Kuchel is the only moderate of statewide visibility other than the milk dealer. George Christopher, the former Mayor of San Francisco, who may be seriously considered as candidate for the Governorship next year. There are many conservative alternatives. Max Rafferty, the state school superintendent, is one of them. Joe Shell, also from southern California, remains a favorite of many disgruntled Goldwaterites who recall his extraordinary strength in the 1962 primaries against Nixon. Hollywood, having already sent one obsolescent film star to the Senate, may now try Ronald Reagan, another idol of midnight

In spite of Governor Brown's own dreams of elevating himself to Washington, there are many political realists in the Democratic party who will try very hard to keep him where he is. When the tide is running against you in California, stick to the shopworn incumbent: "And always keep a hold of Nurse For fear of finding something worse." Unruh himself is said to doubt that any liberal Democrat—himself included—can win in

This is a point well borne out in the April Los Angeles mayoralty primaries, where Congressman James Roosevelt, with massive CDC-liberal support, was snowed under by incumbent Democratic Mayor Sam Yorty, 36.5 per cent to 57.9 per cent—an adventure which assures Californians that there will be no southern California gallant charger, white or otherwise, riding the 1966 Democratic state ticket.

What does all this confusion add up to? It may

well be that in the immediate future California politics will see a sharp division into two functionally unrelated strains. One will be dominated by the classic style of American politics, in which realistic brokerage of candidates and issues will continue as in the past, and out of which state programs will continue to emerge. The other will be dominated by the new style of ideological, "nonlegislative" politics on both the Left and Right. This latter theater may find the two sets of club movements in the state pitted against each other in uncompromising "issue warfare" irrelevant to immediate electoral realities or to statewide issues.

We might perhaps adopt James MacGregor Burns's idea of the American four-party system to California politics, but with a new twist. In each party during the past four years a schism has developed between party establishment and amateur enthusiasts—between the elected incumbents and the volunteer organizations. In one respect this schism resembles that which exists in the Labor and Conservative parties of Britain, where leadership—essentially unideological—finds itself dependent upon highly ideological followings.

This condition creates a dilemma both for leaders and followers. The classic democratic politician is a broker, a legislator, a compromiser. Among the amateur enthusiasts of both parties, California elections usually begin as great crises and end as great disappointments; one supports one's own party's candidate, but with reluctance and often suspicion, since not to do so would risk losing everything to the opposing party. Such negative and defensive attitudes toward candidates or incumbents hardly endear the boat-rocker to the pilot, but they do serve to get out the votes. In marginal contests especially, this volunteer vigor based on ideology may spell the difference between victory and defeat.

If ideological polarization proceeds apace in the volunteer organizations, statewide party primaries certainly will afford extremist groups increasing opportunities to capture party nominations. Nearly all statewide political contests since World War II have seen candidates of each party struggling to capture the high terrain of "moderation" from which to hurl aspersions on their opponents' "extremism." In instances when this was not so, as in the Knowland Governorship campaign of 1958, the California voter instinctively turned to a readily available moderate fortunately provided by the other ticket.

A statistical possibility exists that at some point in the future moderates could lose the primaries in both parties *simultaneously*, not just in one at a time—as was true in the Knowland and Goldwater victories of 1958 and 1964. If this happens, California's normally bland voters may have to make painful choices among opposing sets of purist doctrine and purist candidates. And that would bear watching.

Collecting Taxes in the Good Old Days

Those indebted to me for taxes, fees, notes, and accounts, are specially requested to call and pay the same on or before the 1st day of December 1828, as no longer indulgence will be given. I have called time and again, by advertisement and otherwise, to little effect; but now the time has come when my situation requires immediate payment from all indebted to me. . . . The money is not mine. . . . My only resort is to collect; in doing so I should be sorry to have to resort to the authority given me by law for the recovery of the same. It should be the first object of every good citizen to pay his taxes, for it is in that way government is supported. . . .

N.B. On Thursday, the 27th inst. A. St. Clair and Geo. H. Dunn, Esqrs. depart for Indianapolis; I wish as many as can pay to do so, to enable me to forward as much as possible, to save the twenty-one per cent. that will be charged against me after the 8th of December next.

John Spencer
Sh'ff and Collector, D. C.

—Printed notice reproduced by Frances Trollope in *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, 1832.

Televising the Real World

by Robert E. Kintner

TV's best product is not entertainment, but the recording and interpretation of actual events. So argues the president of NBC in the last of a series of three articles.

"For this," said Frank McGee, soberly addressing the camera, "we shall take the next three hours." The "this" was the story of the Negro American's fight for equality, and we called it "The American Revolution of '63." It ran through the entire nighttime schedule of the NBC network on Labor Day of that year, taking twice as much time as any planned public-affairs program had ever occupied before. For three hours —with that combination of history, reportage, and discussion which is television's contribution to the roster of living art forms—a team of nearly two hundred television journalists and technicians spread out for the nation the biggest continuing story of our times.

This program was mine as an idea and it had the enthusiastic agreement of Bob Sarnoff, NBC chairman. Only the top management of a broadcasting company could even think of taking a whole night out of a commercial schedule. (When I called the key people of the television network to my office and told them what we were going to do, they turned white as a Klansman's sheet. They have profit goals to meet; they knew how this program would swing their figures—and they couldn't be entirely sure I'd remember it on the day the figures appeared.) I made the decision—or, to be more accurate, the thought struck me—over a weekend in the country in late July. During the next ten days, I dictated three rather detailed memos on what I thought should be in the program. Looking them over now, I notice that the last, sent off just before I left for Rome, ends with the lines, "If I get any other ideas, I'll cable you collect." It is amusing to me, and in an odd way a source of pride, that in putting together their superb program the producers used almost none of my specific suggestions.

Eleven million American homes watched some part of this program, most of them for an hour and a half or more. The program came at the end of a summer of broadcast reports on riots in Birmingham, cattle prods in Louisiana, demonstrators chained to construction cranes in Brooklyn, some two hundred thousand sober citizens marching on Washington, a Governor's confrontation with the head of his own state National Guard in a futile effort to keep a university lily-white, a President's desperate concern. Watching "The American Revolution of '63," many people sensed for the first time the depth and continuity of what had previously seemed a spasmodic and puzzling protest. The program was an event in itself, and I think it may have helped in establishing the national consensus which expressed itself in the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

We at NBC, of course, were not promoting any legislation, or arguing one side or the other of a case. Our cameras recorded statements by Georgia's Senator Richard Russell and Mississippi's Senator James Eastland as well as by the Reverend Martin Luther King and the aggressive Negro lawyer Paul Zuber.

We didn't spare NBC itself. We showed Negro pickets marching outside our own studio entrance to demand jobs in television, and we carried a comment by Herbert Hill of the NAACP that television people were "frightened little men" on the race issue. (When our producers saw this interview, Robert Northshield, a big man with big shoulders, accepted Hill's opinion: "That's right," he said, and pointed at the short Chet Hagan; "he's little and I'm frightened.")

In this program, too, for the first time, a Negro—Robert Teague—went on camera as a

network correspondent covering a story. One of his assignments was to give the background of a demonstration at a construction site in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Teague, who had never marched in a picket line before, did so now as a reporter, and told what it felt like to be a Negro in a race protest. To his surprise and that of the producers, he found it one of the great experiences of his life.

A Window for Nonreaders

Many Southerners believe rather resentfully that television has *created* the civil-rights movement. David Brinkley, from another point of view, believes broadcast coverage was crucial. "These same things had been happening for years," Brinkley says, "certainly since the Supreme Court decision of '54. But until the last few years there wasn't any national television news of any importance. I think television has made a great difference to the Negroes themselves. They look at news a great deal because they are in it."

Waiting outside the average American home, in the days before television, was a human fact that seldom had entered there: the Negro citizen, who was not welcomed as a guest, a colleague, an acquaintance. Television put Negro Americans into the living rooms of tens of millions of white Americans for the first time.

On the one hand, people saw the very American attitudes and the dignity of the Negroes who came before the television cameras to speak for their people. On the other hand, they saw the agony of a little colored girl walking to school through a line of very ordinary-looking American housewives, who spat at her. They saw, too, the occasional violence of the Negro reaction when expectation was disappointed. None of this was staged; it was real—but it was a reality which Americans had never before been forced to live with.

On the day when those of us who have given our lives to the medium are called to account for our time, the heaviest weight on our side of the balance will be this expansion of reality for tens of millions of people. Today many people of relatively little formal education, who read slowly and without pleasure, have met with and probably understand more of the world around them than any but a handful of sophisticated and curious minds understood fifty years ago. They have watched the British bury the greatest of their modern heroes; seen a Russian Premier bang his shoe on the table at the UN; looked on while South American students threw tomatoes at a Vice President of the United States; visited classic and modern Greece; observed the savagery of guerrilla warfare in Vietnam, Yemen, the Congo, Algeria. New Englanders have seen for themselves how Mexican braceros live in California's Imperial Valley; people on the banks of Puget Sound have been plunged into the caldron of a Harlem riot.

Almost nobody (except network news officials) has seen all of this; some people have seen little of it. Even so, Huntley-Brinkley and Cronkite between them, over the course of a month, reach more than half of all American households; and the average television documentary (or "actuality," as we call it at NBC) is seen by 11.5 million people.

Who Watches the News?

Lots of Americans don't like news programs at all. When a special news show preempts the time of a popular evening program, our huge telephone switchboard in the RCA building lights up all over with people calling in to complain, and the stations themselves get literally thousands of protests. We even had complaints election night, from people who were furious that their regular Tuesday-evening favorites had been pushed off the air by the returns.

Contrary to general belief, however, the viewers who watch news and public-affairs shows are not heavily concentrated in an upper crust of education and income. Gary Steiner's study, *The People Look at Television*, produced statistics indicating that people who never finished high school watch *more* news and public-affairs programs (as well as more entertainment shows) than high-school and college graduates do. Normally, a news special will attract one-half to three-quarters of the audience that watched the entertainment show in this time slot the week before. But the fact that a given program may be on in "only" five million homes does not mean that its effects are small.

For a television audience is not a placid lake but a rushing river, constantly joined by tributaries and spilling off into backwaters. If an "average audience" for a news program is five million homes, the total audience for some part of the program is quite likely to be near seven. This is why we constantly flash cards on the screen to identify a speaker (we had seven people doing nothing but lettering cards during last year's political conventions), and why almost

every news special strikes the highly attentive viewer as a little repetitious. Few phrases in broadcasting have greater antiquity or more logical use than "for the benefit of those who tuned in late."

Admittedly, there are occasions when people who know a subject well will regard television's treatment of it as old-hat or superficial. (There are also occasions when they will regard a newspaper's coverage as fearfully inaccurate.) Sometimes these objections are valid. It is important to us that the correspondent on the screen write his own script, and the general-news reporter may not know enough to prepare a penetrating script on a specialized subject, even after the experts have tried to help him. We are trying to increase the number of our specialized correspondents, with regular beats which they know well.

Even then, we are not likely to please the members of the audience most thoroughly informed on the subject. A program about the flight from the family farm probably won't contain any information that is "news" to professors of agriculture, or even to those who read farm magazines—though a lot of it might be fresh to equally intelligent viewers who might know all about urban renewal. The justification of the public-affairs special is the important story, interestingly and accurately told—not novelty or profundity of analysis.

All our audiences come together for the live telecast of an event—the countdown for the rocket, the political conventions, the Senate hearing, the Inauguration, the World Series. Such coverage can draw an enormous community, more than half the adult population of the country, all watching television at once. It is, of course, what the medium was made for.

Where TV Fails

But in some areas of American life, television has been relatively ineffective. We have been unable, for example, to find a way to present significant criticism of the arts—though we come close with Aline Saarinen's fascinating commentaries on the visual arts on "Today" and "Sunday." At a time of rising crime rates (and increasing public concern about them), we have never worked out satisfactory coverage of the crime story, locally or nationally. We haven't even tried to cover the news of television itself, or to prepare special programs explaining what goes on in the world of newspapers and magazines. And we've failed to adapt our medium to stories of business, the economy, the financial market.

"We get along well today with the politicians and the academicians," Chet Huntley says, "but many of the big industrialists still hold us suspect. They haven't learned how to be comfortable with the medium. It leads to unfortunate misunderstandings and breakdowns in communications."

In one area television has failed through no fault of its own: government. Television cameras are barred from the sessions of both Houses of Congress, most state legislatures, the federal and nearly all the state courts.

Consequently, under the present rules television effectively covers only one of our three branches of government, the President and the Executive Department. Because people never see Congress at work, except for occasional televising of hearings, they may well conclude that the Presidency is the "modern" branch of government, Congress the old-fashioned, rule-encumbered, obstructionist one. Because people do not observe the Supreme Court Justices hearing arguments and handing down opinions, they are at the mercy of harried editors whose headlines may distort complicated and carefully thought-out decisions on the meaning of the Constitution—in questions like the separation of

For the Child Who Has Almost Everything

A SPECIAL extinguisher is designed to blow out the candles on birthday cakes. The inventor, Paul Bosak of Etna Green, Ind., points out that small children may not have enough breath for the purpose and that there is the danger of scattering germs.

The extinguisher . . . represents a bird's body with a human face and an open mouth. The youngster pushes a plunger at the top of the head, liberating compressed air from a can inside. Mr. Bosak says the device is cheap to manufacture and may be thrown away after a single birthday party.

—*New York Times*, Feb. 13, 1965.

European vacation bargain: 2 extra weeks for only $10 a week

...llar-wise traveller reveals a bargain in enjoyment on the ...land-America Line for those with the leisure to make use of it

...D ROBERTS *Photos by Bob Swenson*

...n't think I'm any different from ...her traveller who has decided—for ...st or the sixteenth time—to vaca... ...n Europe. Because of the rather ... sum involved, I leave no travel ... unturned to see how I can get ...ut of every last dollar I shall have ...nd.

...loing so, I have made a number of ...rkable discoveries—perhaps the ... enlightening of which is that any... ... with the time can extend his vaca... ...a full two weeks for as little as $10 ...k.

...re's how this works. Let's take jet ...omy fare for basic transportation to ...pe as our base. During Holland... ...rica Line's thrift season, the months ...ast to May, jet economy fare one... ... to London is $210. This sum buys ...a seat on a plane, six hours more or ... in the air, and two meals en route. ...eanwhile, during this period, a num... ...of comfortable staterooms for two ...he top ships of the Holland-America ...—by which I mean the wonderfully ...ious *Nieuw Amsterdam* or the ultra... ...dern *Statendam*—are available to ... thampton for only $10 more than ...-way jet economy fare. (During the ...y summer months, June and July, ...e double cabins actually cost $5 less ...n one-way jet economy fare.) If you ...nt to sail Holland-America's stately ...ship, the *Rotterdam*, you can get such a cabin for $20 more—still a fantastic bargain when you consider what this tiny sum buys.



...frs. Hanne Ventillius, North Miami Beach, ...lorida—in the main dining room . . ."It was ...njoyable and relaxing to sail the Atlantic with ...olland-America. My son, too, has found so ...any things to do. I've especially enjoyed the ...ontinental menu and the attentive service."



Dr. Florence Mercur, South Orange, New Jersey—concert pianist on her way to Europe, practicing on her keyboard out on deck—"This is my first trip with Holland-America, and it won't be my last. Everyone has been just wonderful."

It buys, first of all, six relaxing full days at sea between New York and Southampton. During those six days it also buys eighteen chef-prepared meals, regular mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks, plus a midnight buffet. You couldn't eat that inexpensively (or well) even at home!

But that's not all. Included in this $10 difference you'll enjoy, without charge, 24-hour cabin service, both an indoor and an outdoor swimming pool (cross out the latter during the winter months —but not the former), attendance at first-run movies in a spacious theater, a choice of dazzling bars at which drinks cost ½ to ⅓ the price you'd pay on land, musical concerts, nightly dancing, deck sports, steam baths, a gymnasium, a library and reading room, a card room, even a nursery if you take along the small fry . . . and the joy of just relaxing and meeting fellow passengers.

I cite specifically the ships of the Holland-America Line because, if you have never been aboard a ship like the *Rotterdam*, the *Nieuw Amsterdam* or the *Statendam*, you've missed one of the great experiences of life. I find *all* ships magnificent. Where they differ chiefly is in their particular personality—and a Dutch ship has a personality that is easy, friendly and superbly informal. In fact, the Dutch have a word for this—*gezelligheid*. It's pronounced by speaking both *g*'s like an *h* and sort of clearing your throat when you do. *Gezelligheid* is part, and a most important part, of the total bargain —even if you can't put it down on paper in a dollar figure.

If you like smaller ships, you can extend your vacation to Europe for even less on Holland-America's thrift-liners—the *Ryndam* and the *Maasdam*—and enjoy the fine food, facilities, service and *gezelligheid* Holland-America is famous for. If my discovery has whetted your appetite for a similar adventure, the line has superb literature describing its ships, sailing dates, and a variety of escorted tours. Your travel agent can supply you with this material, or write the Holland-America Line at Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y.

Happy sailing!

Church and State and the meaning of the guarantees of liberty contained in the Bill of Rights. People discussing what the Supreme Court has or has not done would inevitably be far better informed if at least some in the group had heard the delivery of the opinion itself. Admittedly, it is the written opinion and not its oral pronouncement that has the force of law, but the Justices of the Court are not careless in their choice of what they wish to emphasize when they summarize their reasoning for the benefit of the handful of observers in the courtroom itself.

Television's exclusion from trial courts may have even more damaging, if more subtle, effects. John Daly, who was in charge of news at ABC when I was president there, put the case recently in an article in the *American Bar Association Journal:* "The American citizen, as juryman, witness or principal, is nervous and confused in court. He is nervous because he is in strange, unfamiliar surroundings. . . . I submit that an educated public is the surest guarantee against violence to the administration of justice, particularly in the area of potential conflict between a free press and a fair trial."

A New Dimension Is Possible

The broadcaster's position is simple: if a proceeding is supposed to be public, and newspaper reporters are admitted, television cameras should be admitted, too. There are no technical obstacles these days. At the conference of New York State Trial Judges last fall, CBS President Frank Stanton demonstrated a wireless television camera smaller than a lunch pail, which can be operated easily by one man and which gives perfectly good pictures in normal lighting.

Nor would we be venturing, really, into the realm of the untried. United Nations General Assembly and Security Council sessions are regularly televised, to the enlightenment rather than the confusion of the public. Television coverage has been introduced to the state courts of Texas, Oklahoma, and Colorado—without, in my opinion, distracting the participants or altering their behavior.

A common objection to televising legislative proceedings and trials is that the participants would misbehave. To the extent that the objection is valid, it ignores the fact that both legislators and lawyers misbehave now; the worst that could happen would be a slight change in the degree of misbehavior. Anyone who has worked around the Capitol knows the difference between a Congressional hearing at which reporters are in attendance and a hearing where the Congressmen and the witnesses are alone in the room. Politicians have timed their best bits for 10:30 A.M. and the afternoon papers ever since the days of E. W. Scripps. And the histrionic lawyer surely would not work his wiles any more flamboyantly on the television camera than he does on the jury.

The Warren Commission's wholly justified condemnation of the monkey house in Dallas when Lee Harvey Oswald was killed dealt with a situation where newspaper reporters outnumbered television men by at least six to one; the results might not have been different if television had never been invented. Some situations are inevitably abused; but, as the lawyers' aphorism has it, hard cases make bad law. There have been instances in which newspapermen and television correspondents have prejudiced a defendant's chance for a fair trial. In one horrendous example, a reporter for a New York City television station ran up to two boys who had just been booked for the robbery-murder of an old lady and, with hundreds of thousands of people watching, demanded to know why they'd done it.

Normally, however, the people responsible for damaging pretrial publicity are the prosecuting attorneys and the police. It is neither practical nor wholly honest to hold the newspapers or television stations responsible for the transgressions of the DA and the cop. If anything, widespread camera coverage of such behavior would diminish its incidence by turning the public stomach.

I am convinced that within a few years television cameras will have access to the legislatures and the courts, adding a new dimension to what the medium can do, a new element to the citizen's understanding of his society. Indeed, I believe that as our techniques improve we shall cover increasingly wide areas of the world's reality. The "stationary satellites" will make possible instantaneous transmission from anywhere in the world. (This would nullify, among other rules, Frankel's Law of Overseas Coverage, named after Eliot Frankel, European producer for Huntley-Brinkley: "If the weather is worth covering, you can't fly out the film.") The proportion of TV time devoted to reality will then increase; the entertainment shows will expand with foreign talent. And the public will learn, as we already have rather painfully learned, that the amount of talent available for creating quality entertainment is always limited—but the real world is inexhaustible.

Harper's Magazine, June 1965

on the never-ending joys of diamonds

The joy of owning and wearing a diamond grows with each passing year.
A well-chosen diamond jewel will be your most constant accessory, your most admired possession.
Many of today's most creative jewelers work with small, fully cut stones to achieve
pieces of rare beauty and eminent wearability.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Wreath clip, about $1725; bracelet, about $2860; heart clip, about $2660; ring, about $2310. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Joseph Kraft



Politics of the Washington Press Corps

When Mr. President's spats with the reporters shouldn't be taken [illegible] White House's efforts to "manage the news" don't make much difference.

Whenever trouble crops up between the President and the press, some well-meaning defender of the White House is sure to point out that even Lincoln was vilified by the papers. Then some well-meaning newsman will count up the number of Presidential press conferences and discover that there has been a recent falling off. In that way the impression is cultivated that since the earliest times the normal state of relations between President and press has been one of hostility mitigated by occasional press conferences. And thus it becomes possible for a President to try to defend himself, as President Johnson did not long ago, by citing the statistics of his meetings with newsmen.

To no avail, of course; for while the normal condition may not be love, it has nothing to do with either Lincoln or the number of press conferences. There is, indeed, no modern equivalent of the party organs that made things so hot for Mr. Lincoln. And as to press conferences, it is a fair measure of their relevance that Calvin Coolidge held more of them than Franklin Roosevelt, while Kennedy, in his first three years, had precisely the same number as Eisenhower. Even a glance at the matter, moreover, shows that different Presidents elicit different kinds of complaints from different sections of the press. If nothing else, the problem of the President and the press is a problem that moves. Indeed, in my view, trouble arises precisely because of a maladjustment on all sides to a central change that has utterly transformed relations between the government and the communications media. And the repeated references to the case of Lincoln and the number of press conferences are ritualistic incantations that truly express only the incapacity of those involved to understand and articulate what has happened to them.

What has happened—the central change in the relations of government and press—is easier to feel than to describe. But the component elements are familiar. For one thing, science has entered the field of public affairs in a big way. Technical information, unintelligible to most of us and well-understood by only a few, underlies many of the basic choices in government; even the problems that command the attention of government tend to be defined more and more by statistical projections of what will happen if, than by experience apparent to the untutored senses. That is why it is so often the case that, as C. P. Snow once put it, "the phenomenon of the modern world is bizarre."

Secondly, crowds have replaced individuals as the principal actors on the world stage. Bagehot could r[illegible] of monarchy that it was "an [illegible] ligible government" because "th[illegible] tion of a single will, the fiat [illegible] single mind are easy ideas." Bu[illegible] interactions of many minds and [illegible] wills that are the dominant fe[illegible] of public events today are not [illegible] ideas. Only simpletons or s[illegible] pleaders suppose that the ho[illegible] rules applied to individual beh[illegible] or to family budgets can worl[illegible] mass societies. Aggregates are [illegible] as much like individuals as centi[illegible] are like fifty men.

Thirdly, the stage of public a[illegible] has become as extended as it[illegible] become crowded. Neville Char[illegible] lain could complain at the tim[illegible] Munich that Britain's destinies [illegible] being engaged by a "small, fa[illegible] land about which we know li[illegible] Now that is the normal condi[illegible] The world is regularly agog [illegible] Cubas, Koreas, Vietnams, and [illegible] gos—Ruritanias, in other wo[illegible] about which most of us know [illegible] ing. The less so, as governments a[illegible] over the world have learned to d[illegible] the appearance of things to the p[illegible] that most foul can be made to s[illegible] most fair. Regimes, these days, [illegible] as much as they act. "Persuasi[illegible] as Walter Lippmann once said, [illegible] become self-conscious." A new [illegible] of research—something like [illegible] modern brand of Talmudic sch[illegible] ship which, when applied to [illegible] Soviet Union, is known as Kre[illegible] ology—must now be applied to al[illegible] every government.

The upshot of all these chang[illegible] a Copernican revolution in the [illegible] of public affairs. To apply com[illegible] sense to what is visible on the [illegible] face is to be almost always wr[illegible] it produces about as good an ide[illegible] how the world goes round as [illegible] afforded by the Ptolemaic syste[illegible] [illegible] action requires special knowledge [illegible] the ability to use abstractions wh[illegible] like the Copernican system, ar[illegible] odds with common-sense impressi[illegible] Without this kind of knowledg[illegible] is difficult to know what to th[illegible] about even such prominent mat[illegible] as the United Nations financing [illegible] lem, or the bombing of North V[illegible] nam, or the farm program, or [illegible] federal Budget—which is one rea[illegible] that most people don't know w[illegible] they think about these questions.



neighbors in Southeast Asia are listening to.

ITT

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simple fact is that the stuff of public life eludes the grasp of the ordinary man. Events have become professionalized.

In practice, both the American government and the news media have adjusted themselves to the professionalization of events. The government, for its part, has come to understand pretty thoroughly that it is not enough—that indeed it is virtually impossible—to let the facts speak for themselves. To explain, interpret, and in many cases to dig out the facts, a huge information bureaucracy has been set up inside the government. No department, agency, or independent office is without its public-relations staff. Special accommodations—press rooms, advance texts, handbooks, statistical information—are made available to the press by almost all government agencies, usually at their own expense. Every official spends much of his working time in press conferences, background briefings, and other meetings with the press.

The White House, in particular, has become press-minded, and not only in the person of the press secretary. Apart from politics, President Kennedy counted journalism as his only profession. Journalists comprised a large fraction of the staff of President Eisenhower as they do of President Johnson. For the White House, above all places, must translate into neutral, if not favorable, terms events which are too complicated for nonprofessional minds and which, unless explained, appear to clash with traditional notions of morality and good government. The President's relation to public opinion is perhaps his key relation. His chief business, as the acute Washington lawyer David Ginsburg once put it, is "to manipulate symbols."

When First Names Count

No more than the government is the press burdened by the illusion that the facts, when allowed to speak for themselves, will say anything coherent. The news media, in other words, have also come a long way in squaring their practices with the professionalization of events. Not very long ago, the typical newsman was the hard-drinking, fast-talking, perennially broke, and ill-educated slob of *The Front Page*. Even the most eminent members of the p[ress] were, as Mencken put it, "the ir[in]tellectual valets and footmen [of] [the] plutocracy." But now the aver[age] newsman is college-educated, fa[irly] thoughtful, and reasonably w[ell]-heeled. The major newspapers, [and] the wire services on which the mi[nor] ones depend, develop specialists [in] geographical affairs, military m[at]ters, science, economics, the law, [or] particular areas. Columns, news m[ag]azines, and special devices within [the] traditional newspaper and radio-TV format emphasize interpretation [of] the news. Because of the demands [of] reporting and interpreting, the [in]vidious social distinctions have b[een] overthrown. More and more, th[ose] who govern tend to come from [the] same communities and schools, not [to] say class, as those who write ab[out] those who govern. In TV indeed [and] where huge sums of money depend [on] having access to government spok[es]men at crucial times—a special p[re]mium goes to newsmen (and wome[n]) who are on a first-name basis w[ith] their subjects.

One consequence of this gr[eat] change in media and governme[nt] practice is obvious enough. It may [be] presumptuous to say (with Dougl[as] Cater) that the press is a "four[th] branch of government," but the t[wo] are certainly intertwined. In the ty[p]ical Washington situation, news [is] not nosed out by keen reporters a[nd] then purveyed to the public. It [is] manufactured inside the governme[nt] by various interested parties for pu[r]poses of their own, and then put o[ut] to the press in ways and at times th[at] suit the source. That is how it ha[p]pens that when the President pr[e]pares a message on crime, all t[he] leading columnists suddenly becom[e] concerned with crime. That is ev[en] how it happens that when the A[ir] Force budget comes up for conside[r]ation, some new plane will strea[k] across the continent in record tim[e]. To be sure, newsmen can, and do, tal[k] the spin off stories put out by offici[al] sources. They can, and do, point ou[t] motives. They can, and do, solicit th[e] views of other parties. The chie[f] function of the Washington press [is], indeed, is to put forward the conflict[in]g arguments of the various el[e]ments of the government and th[e] Congress for public favor; the medi[a] provide a kind of competitive biddin[g] system where rival forces stake thei[r]

s and test each other's mettle
e coming to a showdown or, as
ost cases, arranging a compro-
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government and press is well
stood, there is a second conse-
e that seems obscure. So inti-
is the connection that the two
developed an affinity of struc-
The information community,
like the community of govern-
, has its ins and outs, its rising
es and declining ones, its parti-
of White House, Congress, Pen-
n, State Department, Supreme
t, and FBI, its regional and gen-
onal sympathies. There is one
us reporter who relies heavily
Edgar Hoover as a source; an-
who is connected with Senator
y Byrd; a third who serves Sen-
William Fulbright, and so on.
e is, in other words, a politics of
Washington press corps. And just
President must choose in govern-
so he is obliged to choose in the
s community. To make friends in
quarter is automatically to make
in another.

Myths They Cling To

at the politics of the press has
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the usual reasons of self-esteem
news community clings to the
ventional notion of a "free and
pendent press" arduously "dig-
g out" information and purveying
o the public "without fear or fa-
" over the enraged shrieks of a
nolithic government that wants to
p everything secret. In support of
t myth, prizes are awarded every
r to the diminishing handful of
rnalists, usually from small towns,
o do happen to dig up new infor-
tion, usually of no consequence.
e myth is fostered by grave talk
the public's "right to know," and
need for "great debates on great
ues." It is further enhanced by
gans: "The truth shall make ye
e," for example, which supposes
at there is a truth in public affairs
d that journalists have access to it;
"All the news that's fit to print,"
ich imagines that news, instead of
being something shaped and put out for the eye of the beholder, is something that really exists—solid, tangible, visible, and external to the beholder, like a rock. The myth is even believed by Presidents, who should know better, but who always speak as if there were an independent entity called the press that could make things happen. Inevitably, the myth supplies the public expression—the rhetoric, as it were—of the running fight between President and press. As a result, a conflict generated by the politics of the press, a conflict that is usually partial if not petty, and that has a good deal to do with changes in competitive advantage, is made to seem a generalized and historic clash based on universal principles.

As witness for this transformation trick, there is the experience of the last three Presidents. President Eisenhower, as the special feature of his press relations, had the knack of returning to the most sharply pointed questions answers that featured platitudes endorsed by all. In that way, deliberately or not, he fostered the reconciliation of acrid national divisions that seemed to be the principal mission of his Administration. Personally, the President did next to nothing to woo the press. "He tends to stiffen when he is around reporters, even socially," Jack Bell of the Associated Press wrote. But in compensation, General Eisenhower's press secretary, James Hagerty, cultivated the regular members of the White House press corps with a vengeance. He was available to them round the clock. He could, and did, get authoritative answers to questions. He turned out a regular stream of releases with remarkably full detail, even, or perhaps especially, when the President was ill or on vacation. The famous case of the medical report on the President's bowel movements was only a striking example of a general practice.

The White House press corps did not bite the hand that fed. During the Eisenhower Administration, as Professor Elmer Cornwell remarks in his valuable book, *Presidential Leadership of Public Opinion*, "relations with the working press never deteriorated seriously." Still the combination of high-level blandness and full disclosure of petty details il served the serious commentators who

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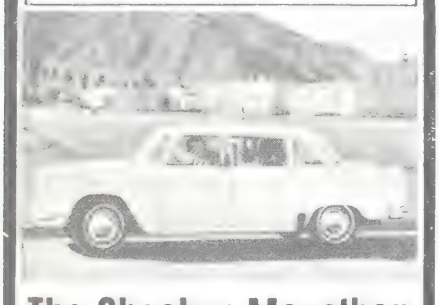
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burned to discuss weightier issues. And in these circumstances, they discovered and formulated a new menace to the freedom of the press—the menace of "managed news." As James Reston put it in testimony to a Congressional committee:

> While it is bad to suppress a bit of information, it would seem to me even worse if all of the newsmaking powers of the federal government were to blanket the newspaper situation.

Kennedy's Way

John F. Kennedy placed relations between President and press on a highly personal basis. He used the live TV press conference to set off his glamour and his wit. He counted a few newsmen among his closest friends, and they, and others, became regular fixtures at White House social affairs. Words of praise were passed out for published articles the President found to his taste. By the same token, those who wrote what the President felt did not advance his purposes found themselves in the doghouse. The President took the whole press to task for its coverage of the Bay of Pigs. At one point, he sharply reprimanded a personal friend who had reported a cable from Khrushchev in the midst of the Cuban missiles crisis. At another, he requested a publisher to withdraw the paper's man in Saigon.

Ease of access to Kennedy rejoiced most of the Washington press corps. "For the first time in memory," Fletcher Knebel of the Cowles publications wrote, "a President is accessible to almost any reporter who will spend enough time and effort with staff members to get to him." But for just that reason the older and better-established members of the press corps found that they were obliged to share with others what used to be exclusive privileges. There were grumbles about the President's "well-born reporter chums" and his "columnist friends." A supreme spokesman of the old "in group," Arthur Krock of the *New York Times*, complained in an article in *Fortune:*

> A news management policy not only exists, but in the form of *direct and deliberate* action has been enforced more cynically and boldly than by any other previous Administration. . . . One principal form that it t... is social flattery of Washingto... porters and commentators—n... more than ever got this treat... in the past—by the President an... high-level supporters. . . .*

Johnson Unmatc...

President Johnson, perhaps bec... of fear of unflattering comparis... has tended to avoid the set, telev... press conference. Otherwise, h... ever, he has more than matched ... Kennedy technique. He has m... close friends in the Washington p... corps. He sees all kinds of repor... and commentators in all kinds ... circumstances—alone in his of... in small groups, walking round ... White House lawns, at social fu... tions, at impromptu conferences ... his office. It is doubtful that ... past President can match his rec... of 374 individual interviews in ... first fifteen months of his Preside... Just as in Kennedy's case, and p... cisely because he is with the press ... much, because he takes newsmen s... ously, he sometimes raps their knu... les. He seemed, for example, to bla... the press for the stir created wh... he did not send the Vice President ... Britain for the Churchill funeral.

Mr. Johnson has generalized ... private interviews to the point t... he is virtually a public affairs ... ficer. And his troubles stem mai... from the inability of the press to ... the President as just another fla... Complaints come mainly from t... group that has the most exposure ... the White House press corps. And t... charge is chiefly that the Preside... misleads them. Robert Pierpoint, t... astute CBS White House cor... spondent, cited a couple of exampl... in a recent broadcast:

"*Item 1:* During a recent trip ... Texas, reporters were told, at t... President's order, that he has be... studying a report on foreign tra... by IBM Chairman Thomas Watso... Subsequent information showed th... Watson had not yet written the repo...

Mr. Krock was recently invited ... the White House for lunch and pre... ented with a Texas hat. Rather tha... walk through the reporters' lobby wi... the hat, thus giving away what ha... happened, he left it backstage with ... White House aide. Later an office bo... was sent round to pick it up.



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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

"Item 2: For five days in a row during President Johnson's recent bout with a bad cold, spokesman George Reedy denied any agreement on Presidential succession had yet been arrived at with Vice President Humphrey. But on the sixth day, Reedy announced such an agreement had been made a month earlier."

Others have complained that the President personally told them to expect a 1965 budget of over $100 million, a story that created a fine backdrop for his self-image as a saver when he finally brought it in at $97 million. "The President," Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* recently wrote of Mr. Johnson, "has exhibited something approaching genius in creating contrived, if not spurious, public impressions about himself and his activities."

Many observers in Washington take these regular spats between the President and press tragically. It is certainly true that they tend to build upon one another, and that they exhaust much energy and time. Some people even believe there are genuine constraints on freedom of information and debate; and it has been suggested that an independent commission be established to look at the problem. For my part, I find in the efforts of various Presidents to have their own way with the news more comedy than tragedy, and much that is simply normal. As to the state of public opinion, I see a considerable diversity of views in the United States on almost every subject. I even believe that the American people are the best-informed about public affairs of any people in the world. To be sure, I also believe that they are becoming less and less able to grasp the meaning of current events. But that is because events are steadily outpacing our capacity to understand them, not because the media are getting worse, and even less because of successful efforts to suppress or manage news.

If improvements are in order, the central requirement is that the press and TV find and promote more intelligent and better-trained people. If there is a threat to a free press, it does not lie in outside influence by government or anybody else. On the contrary, the chief danger of a kept press lies in the intellectual poverty of the press itself. We need, as Meredith once put it, "More brain, O Lord, more brain." [ ]



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The New Books

TwoMiracles, Russian Style

by George Feifer

To the Great Ocean, by Harmon Tupper. Little, Brown. $8.75.
The Man They Wouldn't Let Die, by Alexander Dumbadze. Macmillan. $4.95.



Siberia, rejoiced Anton Chekhov during a plodding passage across it in the spring of 1890, is "a million gorgeous landscapes; I feel giddy with ecstasy!" Peerless panoramas, sunsets, wildlife—here, he mused, was the perfect place for a dacha. "Here no one is afraid to speak his mind. . . . The lowest convict breathes more freely on the Amur than the highest general in Russia."

By the time Chekhov departed in October, Siberia's primitive harshness, especially the crushing, insensate brutality of the penal colonies, had transformed his ecstasy into despair. But next May, a larger transformation was begun. Grand Duke Nicholas gripped a ceremonial shovel, filled a wheelbarrow with the clayey soil of Vladivostok, and inaugurated the construction of the Trans-Siberian railroad which transformed, and is transforming still, the Siberia of Chekhov's pilgrimage.

The construction of this, by far the world's longest railway, by a relatively poor and backward nation under the most severe adversities ever encountered in railroad construction, was a titanic undertaking, to put it weakly. The parallels to Soviet industrialization during the first Five-year Plans are obvious. In the 1890s, as in the 1930s, supreme ambition and sacrifice, supreme incompetence, ingenuity, and energy were displayed by a small group of determined leaders who taxed their subjects to the limits of endurance. And in the earlier case, as in the later, Western statesmen and engineers derogated and derided the effort: impossible! ludicrous! another Russian pipe dream! a white elephant! And yet the Trans-Siberian was built at the fastest pace in history, excluding the link around Lake Baikal. Similarly, of course, the Five-year Plans.

The hardships encountered by the Trans-Siberian's builders, and the chaos-cum-determination they produced among Their Excellencies, the Ministers, beggar description. That, anyway, is what I would have said before reading *To the Great Ocean*. For here Harmon Tupper describes them as lucidly and dramatically as Churchill described the sinking of the *Bismarck*.

> While the workers labored thr
> this water wilderness [of the I
> binskaya Steppe] clouds of g
> and mosquitoes tortured them
> most beyond endurance . . . the
> hacked through jungles of ne
> eight feet tall; chopped down gi
> of birch, willow, and aspen;
> canals to drain marshes and d
> underground springs; built dikes
> sank trestle pilings into bed
> slime; and brought from the
> untold tons of fill for solid t
> foundation.

This was summer—the blessed
son, of course—on one of the ea
sections of the right-of-way.

But this book is much more tha
chronicle of "one of the most an
tious projects ever undertaken
man." It is a portrait of Siberia—
brutal and beautiful topography,
savage history, its plagues, convi
customs, wars, fires, floods, sup
stitions, wealth, debauchery, gen
osity, atrocities, orgies; its pano
of fantastic characters soaked
vodka and covered with frost a
mud. It is a tableau of the extren
of nature, animal and inorgan
rivers frozen to their beds, and p
fumed and embroidered boudoi
natives who behead fowl wi
their mouths because "teeth make

*Mr. Feifer, a Harvard graduate w
has also studied at the Universi
of Moscow and was a guide at t
American National Exhibit the
in 1959, is the author of "Justice
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better job of it than knives," and swindling industrialists who send their soiled linen to Paris to be washed and starched; the deepest lake in the world and settlements nearly perishing for lack of potable water; murdering escaped convicts and bibliophiles honored by the Library of Congress; steel bridges that have withstood seventy years of incredible pressure, and trains plunging through river ice; garroting on the main streets of Irkutsk, the "Paris of Siberia," and Shakespeare in its grandiose opera house; gold millionaires' elegant ballrooms second to none in the world, and fetid immigrant huts equal to the worst. All that one imagines when money, desperate men, and a dream invade a hostile climate is recorded here, and through the book, as through the land, runs the story of the construction and operation of the railroad which was to revolutionize Siberia more than Leninism has.

Flaws. A reviewer searches for them as a lawyer searches through an opposing brief, convinced they must be there. I think I found a few: a misleading implication about the role of Soviet corrective colonies in recent years; a failure to treat the general economics of the railroad's financing. (The capital was squeezed, as it was for the Five-year Plans, from Russia's peasants, by restricting consumer consumption. The railroad was the child of state planning, rather than free-market forces; and its principal purpose was military security.

My most serious complaint concerns the absence of comment by Russians who were engaged in the construction, or who ventured a trip on one of the bizarre early trains. (Mr. Tupper did consult some Russian sources during his exhaustive research, but apparently through the tedious process of reviewing material scanned by a translator.) Almost all of the descriptions—quoted at gratifying lengths—are by foreigners, especially Englishmen and Americans. But perhaps this is a blessing in disguise; foreigners' eyes and ears are often sharper. Would Russians have noticed the long-haired priests, hordes of stranded immigrants with their caterwauling babies, gold-trimmed officers and sullen conscripts, icon corners in the passenger cars, barefoot urchins playing under boxcars, peasants selling blackberries moist with morning dew, columns of leg-ironed convicts begging for bread, millionaires sharing tables with highwaymen, and "drunken old muzhiks sprawled over their bundles, sottishly dead to the raw, vigorous life of a Siberia awakened and transfigured"—or would all this have seemed too natural to capture their attention?

What is there about Russian trains that fascinates writers? Not merely, I think, their vast political, social, and economic importance in a land sorely lacking in other transportation. (The author quotes a British authority on Soviet railroads: the Russians, he comments, "regard their railways just as we do our merchant fleets, as the main physical factor in binding together their vast empire.") The trains themselves have an inherent fascination, and some of the most perceptive and dramatic writing on Russia—Koestler and Pasternak come first to mind—is a record of the ingenuous and melancholy encounters, matching ingenuous and melancholy countryside, on endless days in homey cars. Technical though this book can be, it is made of the human stuff essential to literature.

To the Great Ocean has the epic quality of Alan Moorehead's volumes about the Nile, and if the exotic quotient of Siberia is a percentage point or two less than that of Africa, and the narrative skill of Mr. Tupper a percentage point or two less than that of Moorehead, the significance of this adventure to this moment in history is surely greater. There are few surprises; we suspected that Siberia and the construction of the railroad would be *something* like this. (A good part of the material is compressed from rather well-known books like George Kennan's *Siberia and the Exile System*.) But here, chapter after spellbinding chapter, are the details, brilliantly perceived, superbly recorded, fashioned into a coherent and enthralling story. It is a monumental book about a monumental feat in a monumental land.

Something of this frenzy of determination and energy we have come to expect of Russians erupted again in January of 1962. This time the adventure was of quite a differ sort: saving the life of a man w had suffered an automobile accid on an icy road in the northern s urbs of Moscow. The adventure h might seem relatively inconsequ tial, except that the man was jured seemingly beyond any hope survival (fracture of nine ribs, s of which had punctured both lun rupture of the pubic bones and gr damage to internal organs of abdominal cavity; damage to brain centers controlling the bod "automatic functions") — and man happened to be Lev Davidov Landau, one of the great theoreti physicists of the twentieth centu

Alexander Dorozynski's *The M They Wouldn't Let Die* is a sket record of Landau's life, and a ca ful account of the "small new wo that had taken shape within Soviet metropolis, a world dedica to saving the life of a man who v still unconscious and should h been dead." Landau *was* in fact de half a dozen times during the mon he lay in coma in a Moscow hospit That is to say he was clinically de But, as Mr. Dorozynski explains w an apparently sure grasp of medi and nuclear principles, death h gone the way of the law of conser tion of matter: it is now a relat concept, a state of being, or n being, in a realm of uncertainty e bracing some of the most criti scientific research being conduct today. As one after another of L dau's organs failed, he was resusc ated, revived, resurrected to half-li by a series of operations and tec niques which stagger and thrill t imagination. The most accomplish medical minds of the Soviet Union and several Western nations—we rushed to Landau's bedside; mag serums and devices were flown from wherever they had been i vented; world-famous academicia acted as chauffeurs and cooks; a teams of doctors and professors co sulted, debated, and performed the astonishing skills during two mont of round-the-clock vigils at Hospit Number 50. (From the first day the preservation of a spark of li in Landau was called the "Mirac of Moscow" by the Soviet intelligen sia, although the Soviet press me tioned neither the accident nor t miracle for months.)

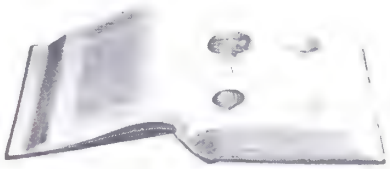
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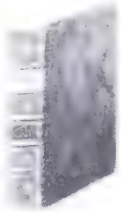
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As three little words go, "Encyclopædia Britannica says . . ." may never take the place of "I love you." But they, too, have been quoted just about everywhere from family picnics and international conferences to cybernetics seminars and long walks in the park. They have won bets, settled arguments, impressed the boss, helped with homework, hobbies, term papers, and Ph.D. dissertations. How has all this renown come about? It began in the early days, as the Britannica set out to fulfill the mandate of its original preface, cited in part above. It happened because the Britannica was written to encompass the full range of all man's knowledge between the covers of one useful, readily available set of books. It happened because wherever in the world a human soul reached out for knowledge, for a chance to improve himself, for a way to broaden his horizons, we felt honor bound to serve his needs. It happens today for the same reasons. But it isn't as easy as it used to be. The explosive pace at which knowledge is accumulating today puts a tremendous responsibility upon the shoulders of our contributors and editors to ensure the Britannica's absolute authority and completeness. To build the current edition, for example, revisions needed to be made on more than a third of the Britannica's 28,161 pages. Over seven million words were revised.



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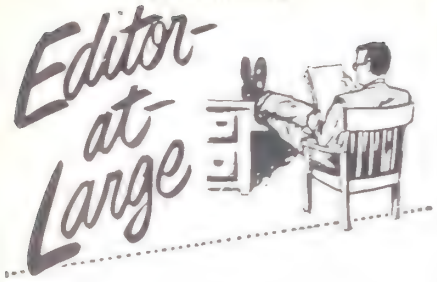
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[44 settlement]



Many of our well-traveled countrymen like to boast that they have set foot in all the states of the Union. A new book I have just read makes me think it would be a much worthier and more profitable ambition to cross the threshold of at least one museum in every state.

If "museum" means dull and drafty to you, look again. There are 2500 museums in this country, a figure that embraces collections devoted to such special interests as whiskey, sandwich glass, sports, cowboys, clocks, paper-making and dinosaurs, as well as the monuments to history, art, science and natural history that have sheltered so many of us on rainy days. Many are more entertaining than higher-priced entertainments.

The delights to be discovered therein are documented by a young museum-going couple in a new book called *Museums, U.S.A.* Authors Herbert and Marjorie Katz are from New York, the state that predictably has the greatest number of museums. Their book is a lively, infectious history of the museum movement in this country, with due emphasis on the energetic, often eclectic, more than occasionally eccentric collectors and administrators responsible for it.

Museums, U.S.A. describes museums and lists all of them by state and city, with their hours. If wandering far afield is not for you, traveling exhibitions probably come within a comfortable radius of your community. But have you visited every museum or even more than two museums in *your* state?

The Katzes have hooked me. I find there is a little historical museum within walking distance of my home that happens to be open only one day a week. I'm going to be there next week when the doors open, and if the walk turns out to be as short as it looks, I won't look like one of the exhibits.

L. L. Day

[OUR-AT-LARGE]

Museums, U.S.A., by Herbert and Marjorie Katz. Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 7000 Camp Bowie Boulevard, Fort Worth 16, Texas.

Why these immense efforts were made is explained in the chapters of the book devoted to biography. Landau was loved by the scientific world, for he had an exceptionally effervescent, generous, and artless disposition. But surely more important, he had a mind of stunning scientific creativity, which fathered the modern Soviet school of theoretical physics. He was one of the few universalists in theoretical physics, responsible for opening revolutionary approaches to almost every phase of quantum mechanics now under investigation. His own work was beyond value, and he gathered around him a school of gifted, devoted scientists probably unequaled anywhere in the world. "We are living from the crumbs of Landau's table," said a brilliant colleague, not in resentment.

I, for one, was grateful for the author's incursions into revolutionary medical techniques and into the bizarre world of quantum mechanics. Too little is generally known about the international scientific community, and especially about the Soviet wing of it, which lives in a never-never world quietly exploring the nature of matter.

But too much of this book is devoted to superficial résumés of Marxist and Soviet intellectual history, and to a superficial treatment of Landau's life. The story of his arrest and release under Stalin is well told, but information about the lives of Soviet superscientists is obviously scant, and many of the characters are therefore weak.

When the narrative returns to the hospital, however, it recaptures high excitement and suspense, and when Landau flutters his eyes at last in answer to his wife's pleading, the relief is supreme. Thereafter it is downhill: after massive therapy Landau almost returns to what would be full life for anyone else; but he has lost (and today, apparently, has not yet recovered) his interest in physics and therefore in living.

The organization which saved Professor Landau was, as the author speculates, "probably unprecedented in the history of man's humanity to man." A speculation of my own keeps intruding on me as I read the descriptions of this magnificent medical orgy: suppose President Kennedy had survived the first day in Dallas's Parkland Hospital?

Tumultuous Indictment of Man

by Richard Kluger

Dog Years, by Günter Grass, translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95.

If I were assembling an orchestra of authors, I might put Henry James at violin, D. H. Lawrence at trumpet, Tolstoi at French horn, Scott Fitzgerald at saxophone, Saul Bellow at oboe, Norman Mailer at cymbals, J. D. Salinger at flute, and Günter Grass—Günter Grass would be my conductor. He would lead with the showy nervous energy of a Bernstein who knows all the parts, forwards and backwards, can play them fast or slow, *fortissimo* or *pianissimo*, and in a pinch—to keep the audience riveted—will flip over on his hands and lead with his feet. For the talent of Günter Grass is so prodigious that his only problem is learning how to ration it.

His performance in *Dog Years*, his second full-length novel, is animated by the same madly inventive and somberly cryptic grotesqueries that made *The Tin Drum* so arresting a debut. But in the new book, there is a clear gain in power, however tumultuous, and more apparent purpose to his ultrazaniness. His command of words, moreover, is so complete—he walks them, makes them do nip-ups, trots them, gallops them, galvanizes them, absolutely atomizes them

Mr. Kluger is author of a novel "When the Bough Breaks," and is editor of "Book Week" in the Sunday New York "Herald Tribune."



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(by fission and fusion both)—that it must be called Joycean in its virtuosity. That this great gusto with language seems unmuted in the English translation is high tribute to Ralph Manheim.

While there is much in Grass traceable to Teutonic fondness for the macabre and at least some in him traceable to the Germanic strain of Romanticism, he may be profitably likened to a number of American writers as well. His torrential force suggests no one so much as Thomas Wolfe, who was of course strongly under the spell of a brooding Germanophilia; with Wolfe he shares a caterwauling zest for all the recordable sensualities of life—all the colors, the smells, the tastes, the names, the shapes, the places, the veneries. It makes little difference that Wolfe tried to scoop up all of America and jam it into his pages and that Grass is barrelhousing through all of Germany from Danzig to Aachen, from the Weimar flop to the Erhard "miracle"; it is the ambition they share, panoramic in range and unremitting in pace, and it finally exhausts the reader who stays the course. With his American contemporaries like William Burroughs, Joseph Heller, James Purdy, and Thomas Pynchon —the so-called black humorists— Grass shares an annihilating sense of the absurdity of twentieth-century man, so prideful and predatory that he is better mocked than lamented. But Grass writes better than all of them, better than any living American or European novelist, I should say, except Nabokov.

What lifts Grass above the lyrically evocative skill of a Wolfe or the wacky surrealism of the black humorists is the moral indictment he renders—far more explicitly in *Dog Years* than *The Tin Drum*—against the living mythology of a whole people. His method is to seize upon what is latently poisonous in the Germanic character, display it in its benignly sentimental state, then show it stomping off on a sadistic rampage until it is checked and returned to mindless normality, the seeds of renewed virulence lurking just below the surface. Though his frame of reference is exclusively German, his indictment is implicitly universal, for his true subject may be said to be what Hannah Arendt, exploring the Nazi psychosis more dispassionately than Grass, called "the banality of evil." In *Dog Years* the Jekyll-Hyde transformation occurs so matter-of-factly that we come away aware how tenuously tethered the potential monster is in each of us, whatever the nationality.

Pivot of Grass's boisterous Lawparable is the love-hate relationship of two East Prussian boys growing to manhood during the Nazi era. Eddi Amsel is quick, bright, shaved like a dumpling, and hugely talented —he sings, draws, plays the piano, tinkers with mechanical scarecrows like a little Rube Goldberg in *Leatherhosen*—an altogether delectable target for the other kids to kick around the *Schlagball* field, and not merely because he is half-Jew. Walter Matern is Eddi's protector and opposite in most ways—an athlete, a taciturn teeth-grinder who dogs Eddi's every step.

Foreshadowing their divergent courses through the leviathan now is a single witless and typically pretentous act at the very outset: standing on a dike of the Vistula and each having a stone handy to skim into the water, Matern tosses in the knife with which he and Eddi sealed their blood-brotherhood. In time, Matern drifts off with the roistering pluguglies in brown shirts, and Eddi, by himself in a villa, builds his own mechanical storm troopers and marches them around the backyard. One day, nine Nazi hoods, "black rags with eighteen eye slits" over their faces, appear in the yard and batter out all thirty-two of Eddi Amsel's teeth; behind one of the masks is Walter Matern, grinding his teeth with fury as he mashes Eddi's to pulp. As if entranced by the oncoming Nazi midnight, Eddi moves to Berlin, the heart of darkness, changes his name and becomes an opera impresario with pipelines to the sources of power throughout the Reich.

But the story is mostly Matern from then on as he stomps the postwar countryside, an avenging, blaspheming, rapacious sort of Till Eulenspiegel, bent on denazification. Yet Matern is no better than his countrymen; he will not acknowledge his own complicity. When the chance comes, when he and Eddi are reunited, Matern is far from contrite

grinding, he takes the knife
had dredged up from the Vis-
and throws it away again with
ry of "Sheeny!" on his lips once
. Says Amsel, through his solid-
mouth: "Hate, rage, and rov-
evenge will be back in style one
hese days. A cardinal emotion
promotes the grinding of teeth
be a passing fad. . . ."
eth are just one of the morally
nant symbols Grass keeps weav-
through the patchy texture of his
in an effort to impose emo-
al unity—teeth, the number
y-two, scarecrows, frogs, rats,
worms and, above all, ubiqui-
dogs. They are different animals
different points in the book but
ys the same breed and lineage—
eek, black, spike-eared German
herd, loyal, obedient, jiffying
g beside its master, ready at a
ersnap to unfurl gums, make gut-
l noises, and pounce. "O ye dog
s, biting each other's tails! . . .
e dog years hoarse from howl-
!" They are Matern's lines, and
n them and all this gigantic book
understand that man and beast
never far apart.

Focus on Film Criticism

by Stanley Kauffmann

Lost It at the Movies, by Paul-
Kael. Atlantic Monthly—Little,
own, $6.

. good case can be made that the
n is the most vigorous art in
nerica today. This is not to speak
American film-making but of audi-
ce appetite at a serious level. David
roff wrote recently that, in some
easure, films "have become the lit-
ature of the mid-'sixties" for col-
ge intellectuals. My own experience
nfirms this with college students
d many others. From this interest
films inevitably arises interest in
n criticism.

r. Kauffmann is film critic for "The ew Republic."

The Swivel Chair



Literary critics mine a long and careful list of judicial phrases in mass media reviewing. With an eye to the reluctantly honest advertising man who will carefully dot his excisions, when he quotes them, they watch for the unguarded clause, the mildly intemperate superlative. But there are books that set them to coining phrases and then let everyone rejoice:

Sam Ward: "King of the Lobby" by Lately Thomas ($6.95) — "Rarely does a biography contain so many surprises or so much good writing as this one, which rescues from undeserved limbo a fantastic American career." — *N.Y. Times Book Review.* "The book I've been wanting for a long time, and it's wonderful!" — LOUISE HALL THARP. "And, finally, at that superb Boston restaurant Locke-Ober's a luncheon item to this very day is Mushrooms à la Sam Ward. A man can't get much closer to immortality than that." — JOHN K. HUTCHENS. "I read every single word in the thing! Every footnote. Every line of the amazing bibliography. . . . a fascinating book." — M. F. K. FISHER



My Dear Mr. Churchill by Walter Graebner ($4.00) — "has the freshness more coordinated, destiny-ridden profiles might lack. . . . Always aware of Churchill's greatness, the author contributes some affectionate candids — Churchill majestic at table with brandy and cigar; . . . doggedly painting at picnics while companions frolicked and onlookers stared in awe; . . . touched to tears by his own recitations of poetry he cherished. . . . a loving and revealing tribute." — VIRGINIA KIRKUS. "Indeed, this modest book, with its engaging recollections, presents Churchill in a far more human light than the solemn pronouncements which followed his death. This is Churchill relaxing among his guests, poking fun at hallowed institutions, and relishing his own curious customs." — JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate.* ". . . frankly intended as a footnote to history . . . essential material." — *Boston Herald*

Twenty-One Years by Randolph Churchill ($5.00) — "Randolph Churchill evokes an age and a family with enormous gaiety and zest in this candid, testy and mellow memoir." — ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.



Max by David Cecil ($6.95) — "Perpetually amused and amusing, passionately dispassionate, Max is the 'masked' wit par excellence, the delightful puzzle of this splendidly done portrait." — VIRGINIA KIRKUS. "It is marvelous to have a thorough, authoritative intelligent life of Beerbohm. . . . We ought to be damned grateful to Lord David for giving us this life." — ARTHUR MIZENER. "Lord David Cecil travels through this elusive history with an unfailing air of well-bred affectionate candor that holds the attention throughout. One must admire his skill in avoiding the usual biographical litter of eminent dead names: whoever is mentioned is given an immediate animating touch. There are no dull pages." — *New Statesman*

Twelve Chases on West Ninety-Ninth Street by Roy Bongartz ($4.00) — ". . . its whole slap-happy atmosphere is caught wonderfully well . . . When the first of these stories appeared in *The New Yorker*, I had the shock of recognition: here was the real feel of people and neighborhood as they truly are. The present collection confirms me in the belief that Mr. Bongartz is an unusual and promising talent with a sense of comedy that is all his own."—*The Atlantic*



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Igloos on the Moon, Windmills on Venus, Dating on Mars...

these are the stuff of science fiction; but in MAN ON ANOTHER WORLD Swedish biochemist, Gösta Ehrensvärd, gives them a place in the foreseeable future.

Ehrensvärd's foreseeable future encompasses rather more than that of the average man. He thinks in millennia. While many may doubt the value of present space programs, he considers them to be just primitive moves in a natural evolutionary direction—off the planet Earth, which will eventually become uninhabitable either through man's own efforts or through being burnt up by the Sun.

As well as discussing the possibilities of colonization of the Moon, Venus, or Mars, Ehrensvärd propounds the technical, biological, and chemical requirements for life in general. "We may," he writes, "establish contact with life in the planetary neighborhood which will force us to redefine our concept of life." In fact, at one point he talks of migration from one planet —or even solar system—to another in terms of transporting the genetic ingredients to start life.

Ehrensvärd blends scientific knowledge with philosophy and wit. We recommend him to all who would stretch their minds. It is time for such stretching for (and these are the opening words of the book): "There is a feeling of departure in the air."

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Already this relatively young field of criticism has developed several schools. The sociological school is chiefly concerned with the film as treasury of social myth and cultural trait. The *auteur* school, originated in France and distorted in America, disregards cognate standards in other arts, is devoted to purely cinematic values, and firmly categorizes directors (*auteurs*) by these values. A newer school may be called "free" criticism since it is apposite to the "free" cinema, which holds that any criterion is applicable or, if one chooses, none at all; and which makes much of the latest vogue-word "sensibility," as opposed to standards.

These schools—and others—seem to me to twine about a center without which they would all collapse. That center is a view of the film as a descendant of the theater and literature, certainly *sui generis* but not without ancestors or cousins, to be judged by its own unique standards which are yet analagous to those of other arts: a view that is pluralistic, aesthetic but not anti-science, contemporary but not unhistorical, and humanistic. I need hardly add, after this flattering description, that I subscribe to this last school, which seems to me so sound and comprehensive that it can hardly be called a school.

Pauline Kael, whose growing reputation is based on her contributions to various journals and her broadcast reviews on California radio stations, also subscribes to this school. For this reason and others, I hope that readers will proceed past the cheap title of her collected articles and broadcasts to discover her virtues. This will also necessitate forging past other obstacles, to be described, especially in order to reach the last, best section of the book, which includes an attack on the *auteur* school so incisive that it lifts the debate out of the intramural into a statement of general critical health. She is far above the ruck of journalistic reviewers, often more pertinent than most serious critics; yet this collection has shortcomings as unblinkable as its merits.

First, the untidiness of the book reflects an untidiness in her whole mental discipline. I know few collections of previously published (or broadcast) material that seem to have been slammed between covers so hastily, without overhaul. On r view opens with the phrase, "A tious as I am about superlativ that review is now preceded and lowed by superlatives too numero quote. A footnote to some rem says that she knew when she utt them on the radio that they wer adequate, but here she neither places nor deepens them. Errors preserved; she describes an "un gettably embarrassing" momen the end of Odets' *Awake and* that she ought to forget becaus does not exist. Many other insta are varyingly serious, but their t ity indicates a disorderliness of m tinged with arrogance.

Much of the time she writes gently and well, but she is so anx to be lively that her style freque degenerates into chat and backc sometimes merely vulgar, someti childishly parodying; sometimes follows an unadmired quota (from another critic) with "Ye or "How's that again?" Her gential opinions are often dubio *A Streetcar Named Desire* is "great" play—although Willi "erred" in having Blanche go which gives us a great play an erroneous climax. Her opini on acting are the dogmatic yet hol assertions of the person, otherw cultivated, who knows little of t art. ("Deborah Kerr's performa [in *The Innocents*] is in the gr manner—as modulated and trolled, and yet as flamboyant, as most anything you'll see on stage.") As a Westerner, she of sees films after they have been sho and reviewed in the East, and often attacks previous reviewe Whether or not her targets dese attack, her comments do not alw inspire confidence in her maturi "Movies are, happily, a popular dium (which makes it difficult to derstand why Dwight Macdonald w his dedication to high art sacrifi his time to them)." Her persiste feminism gives the book a fain Pankhurstian flavor, particularly it creates the impression that s thinks she is a pioneer, one of t first and few women to write cri cism. Perhaps it is the candid coura of her feminism that impels her tell us much of her personal histo She wants us to know, for examp that her father was adulterous; th

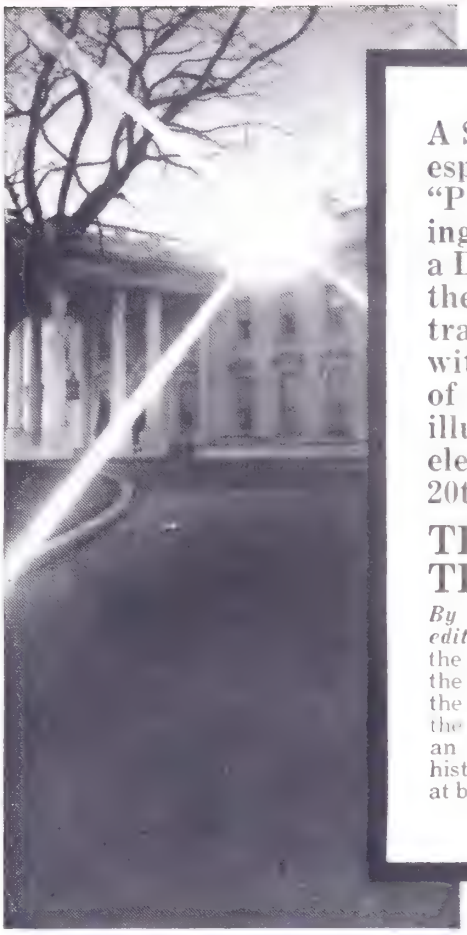
saw *Shoeshine* after a lovers' rel; how she edges handsome but sirable men out of her home; she sometimes keeps the lights luring sexual intercourse.

ttle would be served here by ing opinions with her on specific s. Instead, let us sample her lectual processes. As an example, elect her introduction because, umably, it is the most recent ing in the book. It is called tgeist and Poltergeist, or, Are ies Going to Pieces?" The first t paragraphs have nothing at all lo with her subject. Then Miss l is reminded of horror movies, we attend to our theme.

college instructor of English, ching *Dracula* on TV with her, that he preferred *The Beast with e Fingers*. She was "stunned" by "shocking taste, preferring a rner Brothers 'forties mediocrity he classics." (The last is a term is not shy to use.) She "gasped" asked him why. He replied: ecause it's completely irrational. loesn't make any sense and that's true terror." (She calls this istentialism in a nutshell." One tempted to add: How's that in?)

She recalls her experience at a ater showing of *Eyes Without a e*, which is "in some peculiar way lassic of horror." The audience, feels, reflected her friend's pref- nce for irrational horror. She ceeds to her demonstration. ough this audience numbered, she s, 2,646, she feels free to judge t they were between fifteen and enty-five years old and at least hird feminine. They were "pleased d excited" by "the most revolting" ages. When a girl on the screen s going to be mutilated, a young an shouted, "Somebody's going to t it." This proved to her that body cared what the movie was out; further—possibly by means of tuition—she inferred that they had interest in the logic of the plot.

Then she cites plot inconsistencies four other films—not horror films, though her friend's remark about rationality (which prompted this quiry) referred only to horror ms. She further infers from the ccess of these four that modern diences have degenerated, that they ant mere collections of shock and



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Günter Grass



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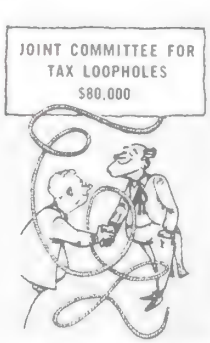
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sensation, not organic form. She omits to mention any of the myriad inconsistencies that could be cited in successful films ever since Edison; for she is out to prove a new degeneracy, and she says that "box-office returns support" her contention. But *Variety*'s annual list of box-office returns has, among the first ten hits, two films that she subsequently praises (*Charade* and *The Pink Panther*); and it also includes *My Fair Lady*, to which response has hardly been mild and which is built on one of the soundest dramaturgic structures conceived in this century.

The discontinuous and slovenly logic of the introduction continues; also the flabby glibness ("The director gussies things up with a Marienbadish piece of statuary that may or may not be the key to something or other"); also, questionable assertion. (After citing one experience she says that projectionists "often" scramble reels of film in art houses; I should like to see this substantiated.) Space limitation here precludes further detail, and I am glad of it; though more shortcomings exist, the reader ought not to be deterred from encountering her better, valuable work, such as "Fantasies of the Art-House Audience" and her critiques of Jean Renoir and Siegfried Kracauer.

There is a public that reads criticism—in any field—less for content than for fireworks, and Miss Kael frequently appears to cater to this. But a professional stormy petrel can often seem only a wet hen. At her best, like any perceptive critic, Miss Kael makes us re-affirm or re-assess; and since films are virtually encyclopedic in scope, her inquiries lead her, sometimes rewardingly, into issues outside films. She has the courage of her convictions; I simply wish—not that she agreed more with me or with anyone else—that her convictions were more consistently convincing, were not open to charges of intellectual disorder, personal display, and the very tastelessness that she campaigns against. Yet in this increasingly important field of film criticism, she is a notable figure because, through the interstices of her defects, there shine some comprehension, disdain for fashion, questing humanism, fine enthusiasm for her subject. To me, she is interesting and undependably erratic; but that is a fate far cry from being dependably perverse or doctrinaire or mediocre.

Two Novelists: Outsider and Insider

by Paul Pickrel

Dreiser by W. A. Swanberg. Scribners, $7.50.
C. P. Snow by Jerome Thale. Scribners, $3.50.

W. A. Swanberg has written the kind of life of Dreiser we need for the present, and it may well be the only kind we will ever need. Although he obviously admires the novels, Swanberg does not pretend to be a critic; rather he has set himself the seemingly simple but actually formidable task of setting the record straight, of chronicling in the most straightforward way possible the enormous mess and muddle of Dreiser's life.

Consequently Dreiser stands forth from these pages in all his maddening contradictions. He thought of himself as a "realist," with great concern for accuracy; yet he misrepresented crucial episodes in his own life and carried carelessness in his use of sources to the point of plagiarism. He punctuated his novels with tediously repetitious references to scientific explanations of human behavior, considered himself the disciple of Darwin and Spencer, loved to hobnob with scientists, and in the closing years of his life devoted much told time to what he hoped was going to be a scientific treatise; yet he was superstitious as a maiden aunt, found

forms of charlatanism irresist- and managed in the end to be a fascist and a communist, with ones of Quakerism and "Indian sophy." His funeral was con- ed by a Congregational clergy- and in a coffin worthy of a gster he was laid to rest in Forest n among the costly art objects ad so much admired.

ore important for his career as velist is the discrepancy between ser's concern for his characters the way he treated people outside books. Any defense of his work t make a good deal of his purity eeling, his tenderness for Carrie Hurstwood, Jennie and Clyde Roberta. Yet he used and abused friends; sooner or later he broke n almost everyone who tried to him. He wept copiously for man- d but turned a dry and crafty eye the individual. For a few people stly women) he had charm, but e found him a big ugly solipsistic n, innocent of taste or politeness, aciously inarticulate, stingy and l-tempered. He was tireless in his miscuity (he called it "varie- n"), but women clung to him; e he got a woman to bed he ually found some typing or edit- or research for her to do for n, and his career would have en impossible without such help. s second wife (whom he married uctantly after they had lived to- ther nearly a quarter of a cen- ry) dedicated her account of their ars together to the other women his life.

Exasperating as he undoubtedly as, Dreiser is still worth reading out, not only because he is a ajor American novelist but also cause he represents an important merican type, the small-town crank uched with authentic genius. Henry Ford is perhaps the prime ample.) Such men survive in spite their half-baked ideas because ith a mixture of brilliance and lunder they realized in their hievements some possibility slum- ering in society, they released en- rgies that their more civilized ontemporaries had not known or had ot wanted to know were there. Dreiser introduced into the literary onsciousness a new kind of char- cter, an outsider like himself, con- used, disorderly, yearning.

Swanberg has scrupulously traced the wobbling trajectory of Dreiser's life from the poverty and social ostracism of his boyhood in Indiana through the madness and opulence of the New York years to Forest Lawn; he writes in a spirit of generosity, with care and patience. As new documents come to light some details may have to be altered, but the story as a whole is not likely to require major revision.

(Readers with the energy to supplement Swanberg's 526 large pages with some criticism of Dreiser will find that *The Achievement of Theodore Dreiser*, an excellent collection of critical essays selected by Alfred Kazin and Charles Shapiro, has just been republished by the Indiana University Press in paperback at $2.25.)

In almost every way the English novelist C. P. Snow is the antithesis of Dreiser. Though he is the product of a fairly humble level of provincial society, Snow is now thoroughly at home in the advanced intellectual, scientific, and political circles of his country. His opinions on a wide variety of subjects are taken seriously on both sides of the Atlantic; he holds high official position and a peerage. But his claim to lasting attention as a novelist largely rests, like Dreiser's, on his success in introducing a new kind of character to literature, what he called in the title of one of his books "the new men," the scientists and scientifically trained bureaucrats whom events of the last quarter-century have made the new insiders.

Jerome Thale's book on Snow is not a biography. It is a critical essay, well-informed and judicious but too slight to be altogether satisfactory. On certain points Thale is genuinely illuminating. He is surely right, for instance, in suggesting that the whole "two cultures" controversy was exacerbated by Snow's unfortunate tone in the lectures that set it off; Snow had said much the same sort of thing before in more circumspect language without upsetting anyone very much. Thale is informative too in calling attention to the different ways in which Snow's novels are read in England and America; there they are seen as something much more like party documents than they are here.

When it comes to the novels Thale

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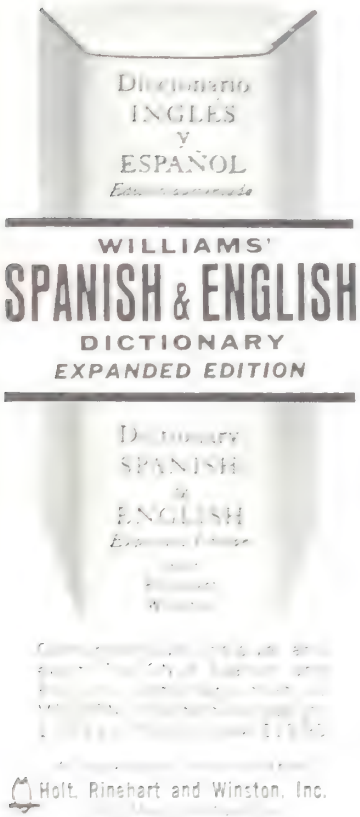


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offers a useful way of grouping the members of the series, an adequate summary of each volume, and unexceptionable critical opinions, but he does not push analysis much beyond the point the reader could safely reach unaided. To be sure, a good deal of modern critical method is useless for an examination of Snow's books (as it is, for somewhat different reasons, for Dreiser's); they are not symbolic, their language is not rich or subtle, they are conventional in structure and characterization, they are largely concerned with the public or daylight or common-sense part of human experience. For a critic to engage the

does he would probably require some extra-literary position, some strongly

Books in Brief

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

Desolation Angels,

There is so much good in this book, and it's all but destroyed by the total wedded to himself that he *refuses* to distinguish between something old, something new, something borrowed *courageux, c'est de tout dire,*" and Mr. Kerouac surely tells *tout*. In the soapbox introduction, Seymour Krim describes the writing as "word-sperm"—and it's just this spilling-out of everything, all the time, that defeats the author's original flashes of poetry, humor, philosophy, and racy narrative. The book is a kind of recapitulation of the Beat Generation 1957-61 (generations are getting shorter, let's face it) of which the author was prophet, Messiah, and now historian—and what a document it would be, if edited. As it is, it's a book only a lover could love.

Coward-McCann, $5.95

Knights and Dragons, by Elizabeth

A weird poetic novella about an American lady in Rome, havi trouble with illusion and disillusio A possible lover, a possibly dead hu band in the U. S., some rather impo sible friends—it's a sort of Last Ye at the Fontana di Trevi. The heroi concludes, "I am no more than th meeting point of shadow and sun and she may be more than met physically right. By the a *Light in the Piazza.*

McGraw-Hill, $3.

The Ambassador, by

Mr. West's coup is to have this boo a *roman à clef* about Vietnam, pu lished when Southeast Asia has b Apart from its topical pretension it's very much an average, ol fashioned pop novel, about pop po ties and heroics, written under th influence of some pop Zen, with a l of pop seriousness. One thing to l said for it—unlike most of its p brothers, also headed for the bes long, and weighs in at just over th pound. Mr. West is the author of th other topical best-seller, *The Sho*

William Morrow, $4.9

The Rich Pay Late, by Simon Rave

A sinister little roundelay abo English morals, manners, and mach nations in what the publishers ca "the Profumo Society." It doesn have the depth or wit of early Evely Waugh, who set an all-time standar for this sort of thing, and whose fo mat Mr. Raven borrows, but it doe leave a nasty little aftertaste of it own.

Putnam, $4.5

Nonfictio

Max, a biography by David Ceci Houghton Mifflin, $6.

Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggi Turner, edited by Rupert Hart Davis. Lippincott, $6.50

This biography is a good matchin of talents. Lord David Cecil has al ready done well by such major mino figures as Jane Austen, William Cow per, and Lord Melbourne; here he i the perfect choice (Max's own choice as a matter of fact) to write the lif of the most conscientiously majo minor English artist of the last cen tury.

In later years, it always seemed a

Max Beerbohm had sprung, like Pallas Athene, fully clothed (including his boater, and with his literary equipment intact) straight from the head of Zeus. Lord David corrects this impression by showing how the Oxford undergraduate developed, as caricaturist and essayist, through the Aubrey Beardsley-Wilde period, into the unchallenging drama critic, and quickly into the legend of "Max." It is by no means an anguished, soul-searching development—but Lord David makes it fascinating refinement. He is also good on Max's insensitivity to matters of romance, for instance, and how he was curiously hard-up most of his life.

The difficulty with the biography is that after Max and his American actress wife left England for Italy in 1910 (returning only for exhibitions of Max's drawings, and a couple of world wars) nothing much happened. The legend grew, and right up to his death in 1956 Max himself remained very lively (see S. N. Behrman's excellent *Portrait of Max*) but the quirks and jokes that are all Lord David can wrest from these years get pretty thin and inbred. Still, that is a biographer's occupational hazard, and in most of this book it is astonishing that so much could be so well written about so apparently limited a subject. The little legion of "Maxilians" will find it indispensable and, in many ways, incomparable.

Reggie Turner was Max's oldest and best friend from Oxford, and one of the few people that Max ever wrote to at all regularly. The biography is much indebted to these charming and amusing letters, and the letters are indebted to Rupert Hart-Davis for his excellent notes and editing.

New York Proclaimed, by V. S. Pritchett. Photographs by Evelyn Hofer.

Son of *London Perceived,* this is another witty and wise examination of a city by the same author and photographer. As any resident knows, there is nothing quite like an informed foreigner to give one a new look at one's own hometown, and English Mr. Pritchett seems to be as well informed about the local mores as he is about the skylines—both of which are excellently snapped by Miss Hofer. At times, the subtitle could be "Babylon Uncovered," but Mr. Pritchett has his mind, as well as his eyes, open, and the effect is not malicious. Harcourt, Brace, $15

Menagerie Manor, by Gerald Durrell.

Mr. Durrell's latest is about the apple of his eye, his own zoo on the island of Jersey. Charming, fascinating, often very funny and always unpretentious, the book is a series of anecdotes about what it is like to have a menagerie where most people are content with an herb garden. On one subject, the preservation of wildlife [illegible] if Noah had had some of Mr. Durrell's urbanity, we might all be in better shape today. The book is illustrated with excellent drawings by Ralph Thompson.

Viking, $3.95

The Positive Thinkers, by Donald Meyer.

A conscientious piece of social history about the cult of mind-cure, self-help, etc., from Mary Baker Eddy through William James to Norman Vincent Peale. It observes the Nervous American from the time when his nerve system was likened to Mr. Edison's new electric-light bulb; takes us on through the Depression to the present day; and discusses most of the known religions, sects, and societies devoted to the matter. Apart from some rather involved syntax, it's a sane and readable account of a slightly hysterical subject.

Doubleday, $4.95

Winston Churchill: An Intimate Biography, by Violet Bonham Carter.

The title of this book is misleading. Lady Violet Bonham Carter, daughter of Prime Minister Asquith, who herself became a well-known personality in English liberal politics, met Winston Churchill first at a dinner party in 1906, and soon after a close friendship sprang up . . . until 1916, when their political differences apparently got in the way. So this is a biography of just ten years, and is "intimate" only about Churchill's early parliamentary career, of which Lady Violet may, admittedly, know more than most. It is written in a spirited manner, but the matter stops mysteriously short. Book of the Month, July.

Harcourt, Brace, $8.50

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Music in the Round

by Discus

Bartok and Bloch: Isolated in Our Time

Their advanced distortions and fiendishly difficult effects have intimidated the popular audience, and even the avant-garde has chosen to follow a different star.

Béla Bartók composed six string quartets over the course of his creative span. His first one dates from 1908, his last from 1939. Most musicians would unhesitatingly call them masterpieces. But they never have been really popular with the public. Years back, when the New Friends of Music would occasionally present one of the Bartók quartets, a good number of people would ostentatiously get up and stomp out. Today, audiences are a little more sophisticated. Yet when a Bartók quartet is played, nervous titters soon sweep around. The music is too intense, far too dissonant, rhythmically too savage, too avant-garde in texture for almost any audience except a specialized one.

In this matter of sheer dissonance, nothing in chamber music, including the Schoenberg quartets, exceeds the density of the last four Bartók quartets. Bartók worked on a harmonic ground plan, but it was not a plan that took pretty sounds into account. He was as much a primitivist as Stravinsky was in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Stravinsky's was a Russian primitivism while Bartók's was Hungarian (with Bulgaria and neighboring countries thrown in for good measure). In all of Bartók there was a strong nationalistic undercurrent, but his was not the Hungary of the Liszt rhapsodies.

Bartók's nationalism manifested itself in conscious rhythmic and harmonic distortions for aesthetic purposes—the kind of distortion that the Cubists and the Expressionists (not that the two schools are at all alike) brought to painting. Where the earlier nationalists like Liszt, Smetana, and Dvorak were out to present realistic musical paintings (peasants dancing, the river flowing, clouds and blue sky, everything sweet and pretty), Bartók was out to express, much more abstractly, the essential spirit and strength of his musical heritage. Completely nonsentimental in his approach, a modern child of his time, Bartók used rhythms and melodies which are strongly Hungarian (he was, incidentally, the greatest authority alive on Hungarian and Balkan folk music) but which are passed through a process that reshapes them, re-creates them, goes back to an ur-rhythm and an ur-harmony. In the process, harmony, melody, and rhythm tangle into a fearsome fabric.

The Juilliard String Quartet has just recorded the **Six Quartets** by Bartók (Columbia D3L 317, mono; D3S 717, stereo; both 3 discs). In a way, these works are the property of the Juilliard Quartet, for it was that group which, in 1950, made the first complete recording in history of the complete Bartók quartets. The early recording is of course technically dated. This new one, with the advantage of stereo, is exceedingly brilliant in sound. It is not the only stereo version. Ever since the advent of LP the Bartók quartets have been popular, and at least four other groups have done the series. But the fine Juilliard Quartet, which always has made a specialty of modern music, and which has had a long acquaintance with the Bartók pieces, brings special authority to its playing. And authority is needed. Stylistic problems aside, the Bartók quartets are of fiendish difficulty—technically, rhythmically, tonally, every which way.

The first two quartets are relatively conventional. Number 3 begins the wild ones. The listener is suddenly plunged into a cataclysm not only of dissonance but of sound not normally associated with the string quartet—glissandos from the instruments, ponticello (bowing close to the bridge) and col legno (using the wooden part of the bow instead of the hair) effects, quarter tones, everything in the book and some that were not there before. At first hearing one is apt to be intimidated. And there is no denying that the last four Bartók quartets take a good deal of study and listening. But in the long run the result is worth it. With familiarity comes identification with the various elements. The nationalistic aspects, at first apparently hidden, soon are felt nearly everywhere. The dissonances are just as pungent, but they seem to fall into place. They not only become tolerable but actually spicy. Suddenly the music takes shape. Melodies begin to stand out, structure becomes clarified, and one returns again and again with ever-increasing enjoyment and fascination.

It could be that the six Bartók quartets will end up an isolated phenomenon in twentieth-century music. A quarter of a century ago one would unhesitatingly have predicted that these scores would be keystones. But suddenly, and without any warning, the course of music took a different turn. Since 1945, world music has entered the twelve-tone orbit, and the big influences are Schoenberg, Webern and their disciples. Bartók seems to have relatively little influence, if any at all, on today's avant-garde.

Another composer who bulked very large a generation ago but who has slipped into near-oblivion is Ernest Bloch. About all of his music that today is heard with any regularity is his *Schelomo* for cello and orchestra. His Concerto Grosso for strings and piano may turn up once in a while, and synagogues may present his Sacred Service. But his *America* and *Israel* symphonies seem to be forgotten, his string quartets (so respectfully received in their day) and piano quintet, his violin sonatas, his *Three Jewish Poems* for orchestra —all of these have almost gone.

Bloch was never cordially received by the avant-garde, even though he

This man is a dreadful lawyer



n fact, he's no lawyer at all. But that didn't stop im from writing his own Will. (Why not save he legal fees? thought he.)

The cost will be enormous.

For example — when he dies, his estate will lwindle under taxes that a well-drawn Will can ıvoid. Aunt Effie and her sister will squabble in :ourt over the Steinway he forgot to mention.

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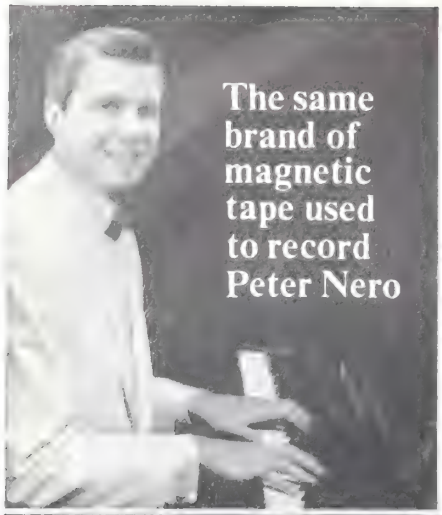
Lots of people are in this boat. And it's a constant source of amazement to us.

For it is so easy (and in the long run so inexpensive) to have your Will drawn by a lawyer — a man who has the experience and the training to do it right . . . and it's so expensive, so wasteful, so downright unfair to your heirs *not* to!

We hope this will remind you to see your lawyer about your will (if you haven't already) and to keep it up to date. If you think there might be a place for us in the picture — as executor or trustee — won't you call on us?

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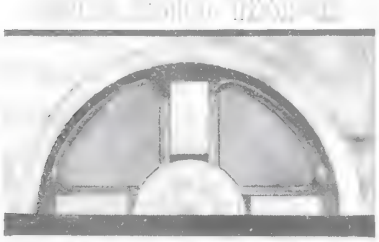
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wrote "modern music," meaning that his music was advanced, liberally dissonant, and often strongly intellectual. He achieved most fame for the works inspired directly by his Hebraic background. Writers a generation back were fond of equating Bloch with Old Testament figures, patriarchal, with great beards and ancient wisdom. And there is no doubt that in many respects Bloch was the most Jewish of important twentieth-century composers. His kind of nationalism was a good deal like Bartók's. It was not a superficially applied nationalism, but something that went very deep, into the fibers of the man. And, as in Bartók, the result was a long way from picture-postcard nationalism.

His **Violin Concerto** has recently been recorded by Yehudi Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki (Angel 36912, mono and stereo). About twenty years ago this concerto was played with regularity. Now it seldom turns up. Bloch, who had come to America from his native Switzerland in 1916, composed the concerto in 1938. In it he makes use of American Indian themes. At least, Bloch referred to the opening theme as "American Indian." But later on are heard the melismatic qualities of the Near East, and once again, as in so much of Bloch's music, the murmurings of an ancient Semitic culture are suggested. The Violin Concerto is an exotic score. It is also a powerful one, with considerable thrust, and certainly one of the best violin concertos of the century. It should be heard more often.

Menuhin may swing some attention its way. The violinist in recent years has been having his ups and downs. Here he is consistently up. As such, and as a musician whose performance of this work so delighted the composer, he is a most convincing exponent of the score. His bow arm sounds loose, his intonation is excellent, and he plays as one to whom the music is a moving experience. Naturally he communicates that experience. It is to be hoped that a score as personal, as rich, and as exciting as the Bloch Violin Concerto should not die of neglect. This record will help keep it alive and—who knows?—may spark some live performances.

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

Sin

It isn't often that a jazz instrumentalist (not a pianist) will take on the challenge of a complete solo, absolutely alone, without even a whisper of percussion background. One who did try it was the late Eric Dolphy. An alto saxophonist who also doubled (or tripled) on flute and bass clarinet, Dolphy had played with Cleo Hamilton, Charlie Mingus, John Coltrane, and groups of his own before he took a tour of Scandinavia in the summer of 1961. His solo, "God Bless the Child," was performed at the Studenterforeningen at Copenhagen on September 8. He died, at thirty-six, in Germany last June.

Dolphy's instrument for "God Bless the Child" is the bass clarinet, which he handles with fluency and a rich, controlled tone. His problem, like Bach before him in the sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin, is how to suggest both melody and chord structure at the same time with a single voice line, without quite letting on what you're doing. The simplest solution is to ripple up and down the chords, and Dolphy does a certain amount of it, just as Bach did. The subtle way is to shade in just enough of a chord to plant it in the listener's mind, then play against it as though it were actually being sounded by other instruments, during those few moments while the mental echo of it lasts. Here Bach and Dolphy score again.

A problem Dolphy faced which Bach did not is how to create jazz rhythmic tension with nothing to play against. Dolphy's answer is to ignore the question and play without any emphasized beat, arousing suspense by the apparent formlessness of his form and hinting at patterns only to disavow them at first and return to them later on. He has to feed and refuse on his audience's aural expectations, their sense of what he is referring to —from *"Un bel di vedremo"* to a Mingus blues-shout. The end result (and only a quarter of this fine record) is an extraordinary and original achievement.

Eric Dolphy in Europe, Vol. I. Prestige 7304.